



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

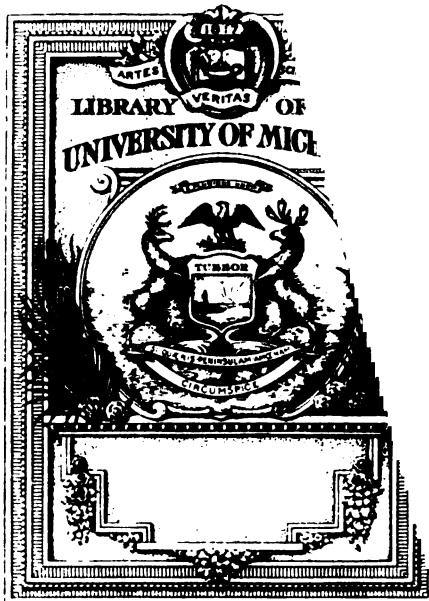
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

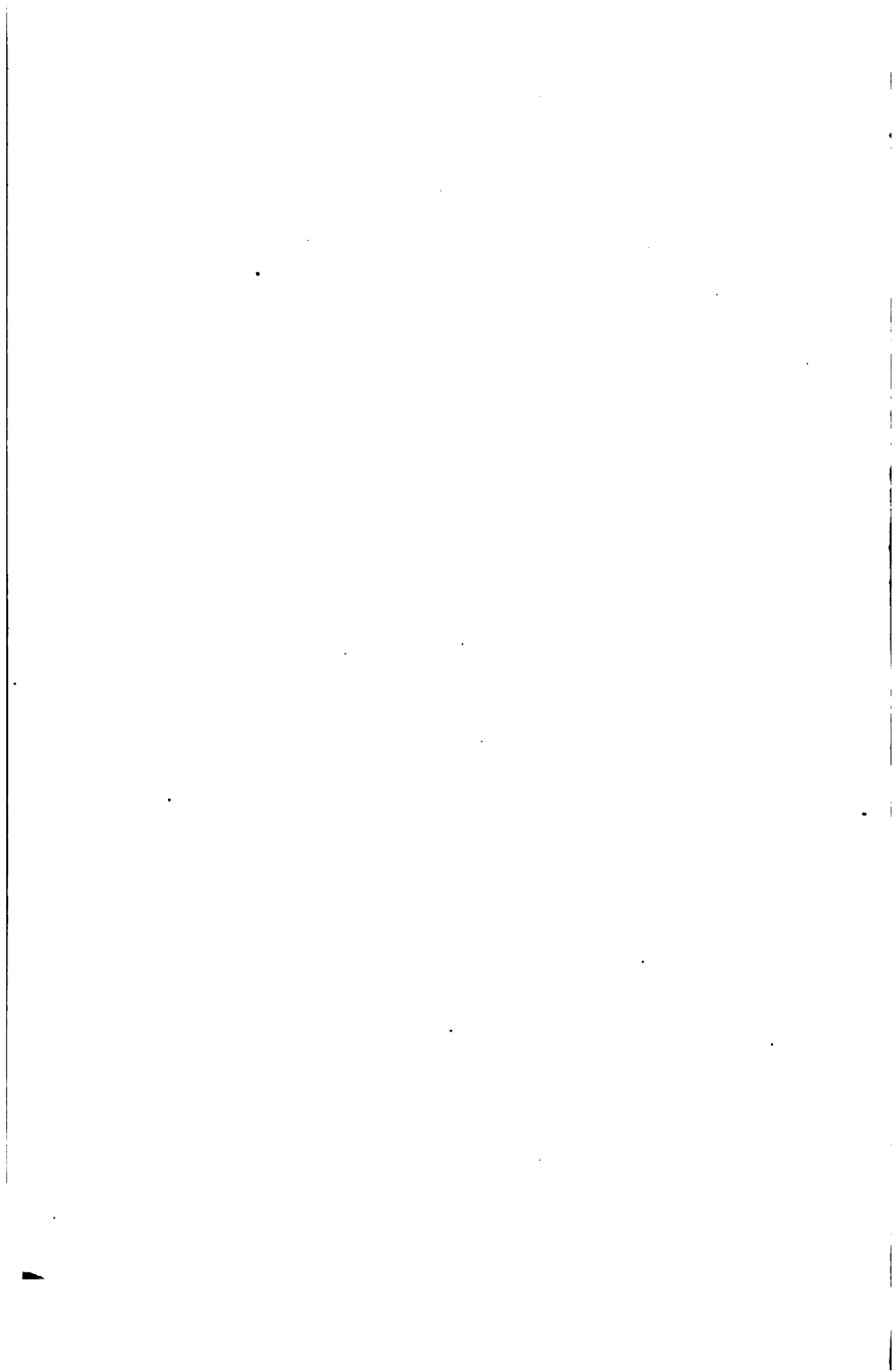
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

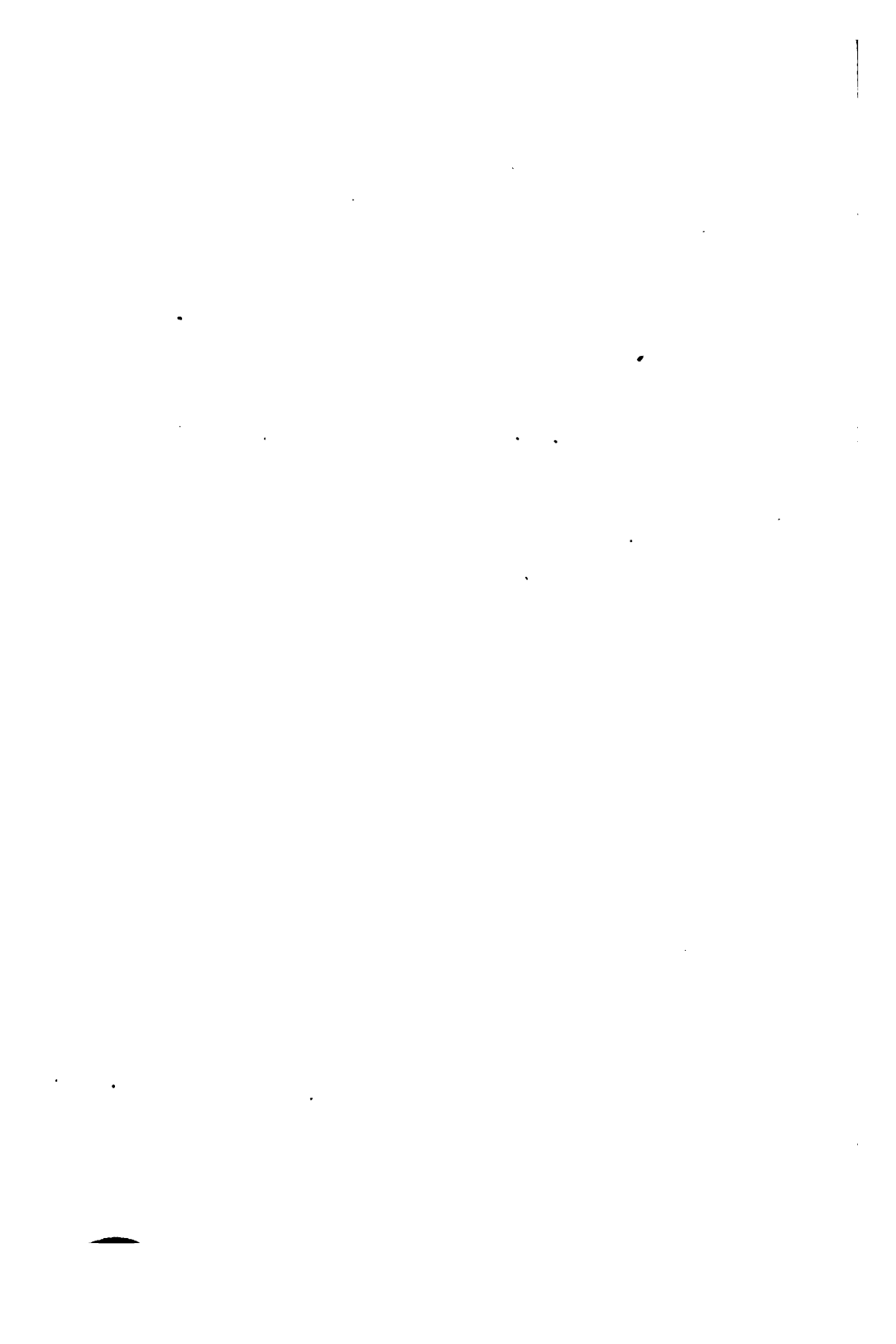
A 526296



THE GIFT OF
Professor I. D. Scott







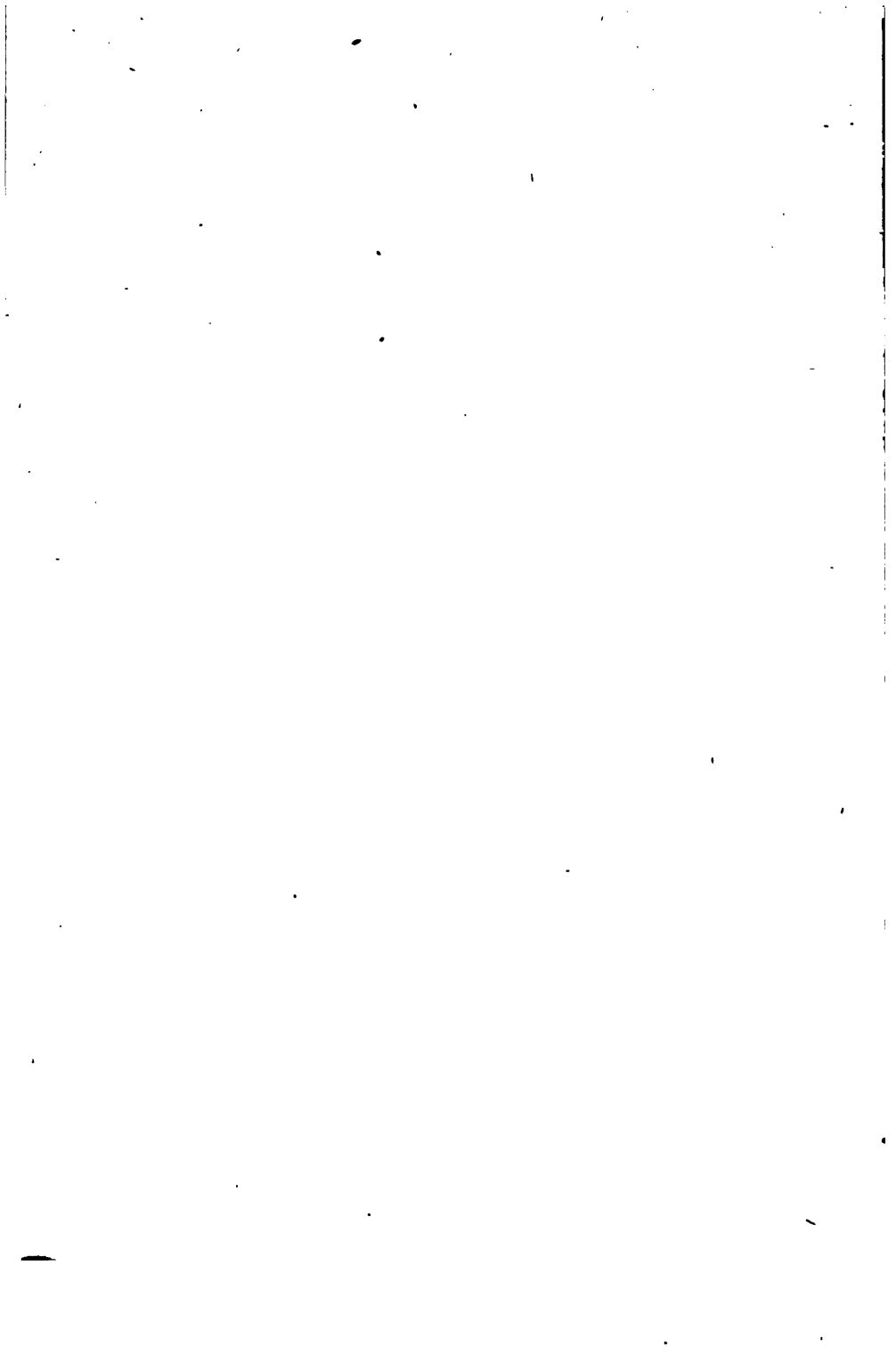
DA
S.E.
270
1843
V.4



Marcella Maria.







LIVES
OF THE
QUEENS OF ENGLAND,

FROM
THE NORMAN CONQUEST;
WITH
ANECDOTES OF THEIR COURTS,

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM
OFFICIAL RECORDS AND OTHER AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS,
PRIVATE AS WELL AS PUBLIC.

NEW EDITION, WITH CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS.

BY
AGNES STRICKLAND.

The treasures of antiquity laid up
In old historic rolls, I opened.
BRAUMONT.

VOLUME FOURTH,

NEW YORK:
JAMES MILLER, PUBLISHER,
779 BROADWAY.

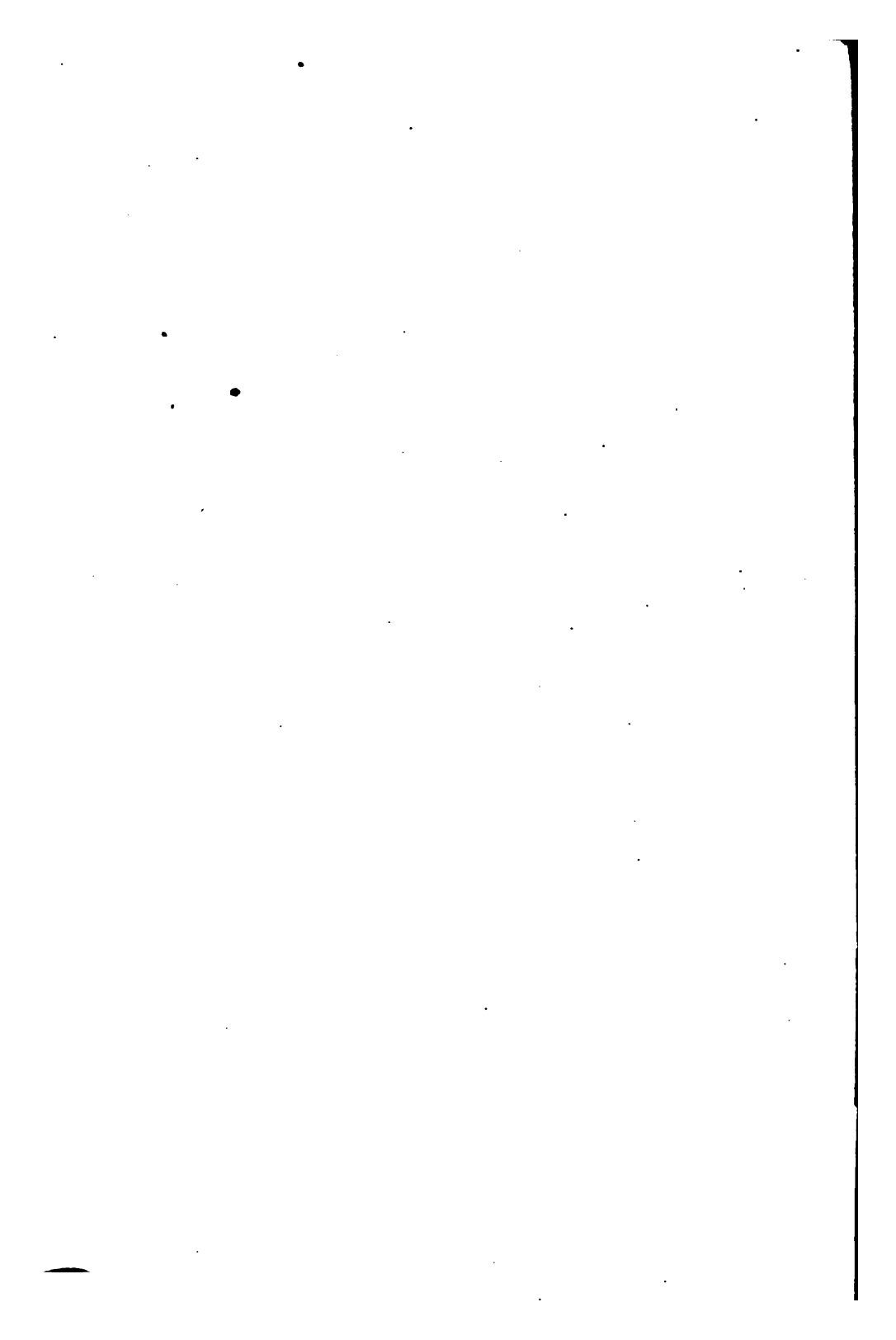


of
Proc. of Ex. Comm.
4 5 45

CONTENTS.

FOURTH VOLUME.

	PAGE
HENRIETTA MARIA, Consort of Charles I., King of Great Britain,	
&c. —	
Chapter I.	5
II.	51
III.	91
IV.	134
V.	166
MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA, Queen-Consort of James II., King of	
Great Britain, &c. —	
Chapter I.	199
II.	230
III.	266
IV.	310
V.	350
VI.	392
VII.	437
VIII.	472
IX.	514
X.	551
XI.	596
XII.	653



HENRIETTA MARIA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF CHARLES THE FIRST, KING OF GREAT
BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

Henriette Marie, princess of France—Youngest daughter of Henry IV. and Marie de Medicis—Baptism—Present at her mother's coronation—Assassination of her father—Infancy—Education—First lover—Charles, prince of Wales, visits Paris—Henrietta regrets his engagement to the Infanta—It is broken—The prince proposes for the princess Henriette—She borrows his picture—Ambassador's letters on her beauty and graces—Pope Urban objects to Henriette's marriage—Accession of Charles I.—His marriage with the princess Henriette—Her splendid progress to England—Farewell letter of her mother—Queen's interview with Charles I. at Dover—Remarried at Canterbury—Enters London by the Thames—Residence at Hampton Court—Queen's alleged penances—Dismissal of her confessor—Court at Whitehall—Description of the queen's person—Jealousies regarding her French household—Differences between the king and queen—Her bigotry—Refuses to be crowned—Her angry dialogue with the king—Expulsion of her French household from Whitehall—Her violence—Her French servants leave England—Her hatred to Buckingham—Bassompierre sent from France to right her grievances—Her interview with him—Bassompierre reproves her—Quarrels with the king—Sharply rated by Bassompierre—Her grievances redressed—Personated by an impostor—Consults a noble prophetess—Birth and death of a prince—Birth of a prince of Wales (Charles II.)—Letters from the queen—Birth of the princess royal (Mary)—Birth of prince James (James II.), &c.

WHEN the beautiful daughter of Henry the Great became the bride of Charles I., two centuries had elapsed since France had given a queen consort to England. The last was Margaret of Anjou—that queen of tears. Perhaps the crowned miseries of Margaret had offered an alarming precedent to her country-women of high degree, for though several French princesses had been wooed by English monarchs, not one had accepted the crown matrimonial of England; till in 1625, Henrietta Maria wedded Charles, and at the same time became the partaker of a destiny so sad and calamitous, that she, in the climax of her sorrows, surnamed herself *La reine malheureuse*.

The father of this princess was the most illustrious sovereign in Europe; she was the youngest child of Henry IV. of France, and of his second wife, Marie de Medicis. Unfortunately the mind of the Italian queen was by no means congenial with that of the royal hero of France; she was weak, bigoted, and petulant, and to the failings in her character most of the future misfortunes of her children may be traced. Neither was Marie de Medicis well treated by her husband, and per

petual jealousy and flagrant wrongs did not improve her disposition. One great point of dispute between the royal pair, was that Henry IV had never permitted his wife to be crowned, although she had brought him a beautiful family, consisting of three living sons and two daughters. He used to say himself, "that his children were the prettiest creatures in the world, and that his happiest moments were passed in playing with them;"¹ nevertheless, a weak superstition prevented this great monarch from settling some disputes regarding his marriage with her mother,² by consenting that her coronation should take place.

The queen obtained this concession just before she added to his family a sixth child and third daughter, by the birth of the subject of this biography. The princess was born at the Louvre, Nov. 25, N. S., 1609. The king, his ministers, and council, with all the princes of the blood, were, as usual, present at the birth of the royal infant, who was, according to custom, presented to her father before being dressed. Henry took the babe, held it up, acknowledged her as his offspring, and then delivered her to the royal governess, madame de Monglat, who had thus received all her brothers and sisters³ at the time of their births; this lady then retired to dress the little princess. The babe was reared in the same nursery with her brother Gaston, who was at that time an infant about fifteen months old.

While the queen kept her chamber after the birth of this child, by her tears and importunities she induced her royal husband to give orders⁴ that her coronation should take place directly after her recovery. Meantime the infant had a grand baptism; she was presented at the font by the Cardinal Maffeo Barbarini,⁴ the papal nuncio at Paris, afterwards the celebrated pope Urban VIII., who was one of the most learned men in Italy, and an elegant poet. This sponsor gave the princess the name of Henrietta Maria, called in France, Henriette Marie. She was the most lovely of a lovely family; she was the darling of her illustrious father, being the child of his old age, his name-child; and she resembled him in features and liveliness more than any other of his family.

Henriette was just five months old when all the preparations for the long-delayed coronation of her mother were completed at the abbey of St. Denis. Henry IV. still put off this ceremonial as long as he could, for some fortune-tellers, who were most likely bribed by his audacious mistress, madame de Verneuil, had predicted that he would not survive his queen's coronation one day.⁵ Strange it is that the mind of so great a man should be liable to such weakness, but so it was. It is probable that the rumour of this prediction, and of the importance that the king

¹ See a quotation from one of his letters in the *Mémoires de Sully*.

² *Mémoires de Sully*, vol. ii. The disputes arose from his pre-contract with his insolent mistress, Verneuil.

³ Official memoir of the births of the children of Henry IV. by the medical attendant.

⁴ Bossuet, *Funeral Oration on Henriette Marie*.

⁵ For some months before it took place, Sully in his memoirs mentions repeatedly the prediction, and Henry's reluctance to the queen's coronation. Sully was quite as superstitious as his master; but this is a weakness they shared with queen Elizabeth, and all the leading characters of their day.

placed on it, first excited the insane fanatic who murdered him to fulfil it, and thus it brought its own accomplishment.

This fatal coronation at last took place on May 13, 1610. Notwithstanding her tender age, the infant Henriette was present at St. Denis. She was held in her nurse's arms on one side of her mother's throne, and was surrounded by her elder brothers and sisters, who likewise assisted at the grand ceremonial, and were, with her, recognised as the children of France. These were, Louis the Dauphin, who became, a few hours after, Louis XIII.; Elizabeth (afterwards the wife of Philip III. of Spain); Henry, duke of Orleans (who died young); Christine (afterwards married to the duke of Savoy); and the infant Gaston, duke of Anjou, so well known in history afterwards as duke of Orleans.

The king and his children returned to Paris after the coronation, but the queen remained at the abbey, in order to make her grand entry into Paris on the following Monday, which was considered the most important part of the pageant.

The next day the mind of Henry IV. was utterly overwhelmed and depressed by the remembrance of the prediction which threatened him; and to divert his thoughts, he ordered his youngest son, Gaston, in whose infant frolics he took the greatest delight, and the baby princess Henriette, to be brought to him; and in the wholesome relaxation of playing with these dear ones, the hero recovered his usual hilarity, and despising his superstitious fears, he went out as usual in his coach,¹ through the streets of Paris. He was brought home pierced to the heart by the knife of the maniac regicide, Ravallac. Thus was our Henriette, with all France, rendered fatherless.

The whole of the dreary night of the 14th of May, the melancholy and terrified inmates of the Louvre kept watch and ward over the body of their murdered king, and his little children. At first it was believed that the blow was struck by some political enemy, and that a great insurrection would succeed. The royal little ones, the eldest of whom, Louis XIII., was but nine years old, were barricaded in the guard-room of the Louvre, and the king's guards, in armour and with their partizans crossed, surrounded them.² During this awful vigil, all hearts beat high with anxiety, and no eyes closed except those of the infant, Henriette, whose peaceful slumbers in her nurse's arms formed a contrast to the alarm around her. It was soon discovered that the murder of Henry the Great arose from private malice or madness, and that all the French people mourned his loss as much as his family; on which the royal children were restored to their mother, and returned to their usual apartments. There the little Henriette remained secluded till the 25th of June following, the day she was six months old; when her grandfather's obsequies took place. She was carried forth in the arms of madame de Monglat, and made one in the long, doleful procession from Paris to St. Denis. She was required personally to assist in the sad solemnity. An asperge being put into her innocent hand, she was made

¹ Life of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

² Memoires de Sully.

to sprinkle his murdered corpse with holy water,¹ in that part of the funeral ceremony, where the nearest relatives and friends of the deceased walk in procession round the bier, and perform this picturesque act of remembrance. It is still a national custom in Normandy for infants to be thus carried.

The next public appearance of the royal babe was at the coronation of the little king, her brother, Louis XIII., which took place in the cathedral of Rheims, October 17, 1610, when she was little more than ten months old. Henriette was carried, at this ceremony, in the arms of the princess of Condé,² herself an historical character of no little interest. The princess of Condé had just returned, with her high-spirited husband, from exile in Flanders, whither the lawless passion of the late king had driven them.

Since the death of Henry the Great, his widow had been appointed to the regency of France, during the minority of the little king. Then the folly and weakness of her character became manifest by her conduct in dismissing her husband's popular ministers, and exalting her own unworthy countryman and domestic, Concini, to the head of the French government. This outrage produced the natural consequence of a violent insurrection, led by the princes of the blood; the little Henriette and the rest of the royal children were hurried from Paris to Fontainebleau, till the faction was appeased.³ It was the first movement of civil war, which never ceased to rage in France during the domination of Marie de Medicis as queen-regent.

Blois and Fontainebleau were the two palaces where Henriette resided chiefly in her infancy. About twelve months afterwards, the duke of Orleans, the second brother of Henriette, sickened and died. A great outcry was made against M. le Maitre, the physician who attended on the royal infants; for no one connected with royalty was believed, in that age of crime and slander, to die by the visitation of God, but all by the malice of man. The consequence was, that the queen-regent was forced to effect a temporary reconciliation with the relatives of her royal husband, and invite all the princes and princesses of the blood to see the five surviving children.⁴

Before the little Henriette had completed her third year, she was carried to the nuptial festival of her eldest sister, Elizabeth, with the king of Spain, which was kept with the utmost splendour at the palace of the Place Royale.

Henry IV., from the first moments of their existence, had, with his own hands, severally consigned his infants to the care of madame de Monglat, a lady who was distantly related to the queen. The beautiful daughter of madame de Monglat, who was about the same age with the side: princesses, had an appointment in the nursery of Henriette; she

¹ *Memoirs of the Life and Death of Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I., dedicated to Charles II., 1671.* A very scarce and valuable private history of this queen. We have been favoured with the copy by the kindness of sir George Strickland, M.P., from the library of his learned and lamented brother, Eustachius Strickland, Esq., of York.

² *Ibid.*

³ *L'Etoile.*

⁴ *Life of Henrietta Maria, 1671.*

exercised through life no little influence over her mind. The young king (who was treated with great severity by the queen-regent) was excessively fond of madame de Monglat, and called her Mamanga; and the princess Henriette called mademoiselle de Monglat, who superintended her infant toilette and arrangements, by the same endearing appellation, as we shall see in her letters. The word is an Italian amplification of endearment, meaning mamma: the children of France had probably learned it from the lips of their Italian mother. Meantime the love of the infant, Henriette, for her own mother amounted to passion, for with the partiality often noted in weak parents, the queen indulged her not a little, and probably spoiled her.

Of all persons that ever reigned, Marie de Medicis was the worst calculated to train a future queen-consort for England, and the sorrows of her daughter in future life, doubtless were aggravated by the foolish notions of the infallibility of sovereigns which had been instilled into her young mind.

Henriette, and her young brother, Gaston, received the practical part of their education from M. de Brevis, a very learned man, who had been attached to several embassies. How this nobleman managed the princess is not known: he controlled her brother Gaston, by tying a rod to his sash when he deserved punishment.

There is a miniature oil-painting, in beautiful preservation, to be seen at this hour, with other curiosities, in the Hotel de Cluny, at Paris, which quaintly represents the princess and her brother Gaston in their childhood. Their mother, queen Marie de Medicis, is seated at dinner, in a chamber at the Louvre, or perhaps the Place Royale. The croissié windows open on a garden with orange trees and embroidered parterres; to the left of the royal dinner table is a state bed of scarlet velvet, with a scarlet velvet counterpane: the queen sits at the head of the table in a grand velvet fauteuil. Madame de Monglat is at dinner, seated at her left hand, and in an angle, screened from general observation by the draperies of the queen and their governess, are seated, both in the same low chair, very near the ground, the *petite Madame* (princess Henriette) and the *petit Monsieur* (Gaston, duke of Orleans). They are about the ages of three and four, but their costumes are, according to the usages of the era, grotesque miniatures of the reigning fashions. The little Henriette wears the ruff, the hood, cap, and puffed sleeves of that era; and her childish brother has the broad beaver hat, looped up, a scarlet velvet cloak, and hose. The conduct of this infant cavalier is by no means in unison with his mature garb. The queen has just given her little ones "somewhat from the dinner table." Henriette holds on her lap the dish, out of which both are eating; she looks askance on Gaston somewhat disdainfully, without condescending to turn her head, for he has abstracted a large piece, more than his share, from the dish, and is devouring it greedily. The little princess seems equally shocked at his breach of etiquette as at his gluttony. She is in the act of raising her elbow to admonish him: the expression of her face is most amusing. The queen, in profile, slyly notes the proceedings of her infants. Two beautiful maids of honour wait behind them. The whole gives a lively

picture of the queen-regent's court, in home life. No male attendant is present in the scene.

The religious education of the princess Henriette was guided by an enthusiastic Carmelite nun, called Mère Magdelaine. She visited this votary at stated times during her childhood, and consulted her constantly respecting her conduct in life.¹ It is possible that the Carmelite might be sincere and virtuous, and yet not calculated to form a character destined to a path in life so difficult as that of a Roman-catholic queen in protestant England.

The taste for solid learning in the education of princesses was somewhat on the decline in the seventeenth century; and in the place of the elaborate pedantry which had prevailed in the preceding age, the lighter acquirements were cultivated. Henriette, and her play-fellow duke Gaston, had inherited inclinations for the fine arts from their Medician ancestors: they were distinguished for passionate love of painting, practical skill in architecture, and scientific knowledge of music. In after life the princess Henriette lamented her ignorance of history to madame de Motteville, declaring that she had had to learn her lessons of human life and character solely from her own sad experience, which was acquired too late, when the irrevocable past governed her destiny. Marie Antoinette made nearly the same observation, when educating her children in the doleful prison of the Temple. The ancient pedantry had at least the advantage of introducing its pupils to the startling facts contained in the pages of Tacitus and Livy. In place of such acquirements the youngest daughter of France learned to dance exquisitely in the court ballets, and to cultivate a voice, which was by nature so sweet and powerful, that if she had not been a queen, she might have been, as Mr. D'Israeli truly observes, prima donna of Europe. The education of the young princess was perpetually interrupted by the recurrence of some gorgeous state-pageant or other, in which her presence was required. When she was but six years old her mother took her to Bordeaux, to be present at the imposing ceremonial of delivering her eldest sister Elizabeth to the young king of Spain, as his wife, and receiving in exchange Anne of Austria, the Spanish bride of Louis XIII.² The family intercourse between Henriette and her sister-in-law, Anne of Austria, thus began at a very tender age; and she was domesticated with this sister-in-law most intimately for ten years before she left France.

The political position of the princess Henriette, as a younger daughter, in a country where the salique law prevailed, did not seem to authorize her mother in thus perpetually bringing her before the public. Perhaps the queen-regent used her infantine beauty, and the passionate tenderness with which it was well known the people of France regarded this child of their great Henry, as a means of counteracting her own deserved unpopularity. With this view, the young princess formed one in the grand entry of Paris, which took place at the pacification between the queen-regent and the princes of the blood, May 11, 1616. This peace proved but a short respite to the civil war which desolated France dur-

ing the regency of Marie de Medicis. Her reign was, however, soon after brought to a conclusion, by the slaughter of her favourite Concini, and the assumption of power by the boy-king of France and his boy-minister, the duke of Luynes. The queen-mother was sent under restraint to the castle of Blois, where her captivity was softened by the society of her favourite daughter. Nearly three years of the life of the princess Henriette were passed in this seclusion, till she was drawn from her mother's prison to be present at the wedlock of her second sister, Christine, with the duke of Savoy. Henriette was not suffered to return to her mother after this ceremony. She was the only unmarried daughter of France; and her own marriage now became matter of consideration by her brother's ministry. The next year, 1620, a reconciliation was effected between the queen-mother, Marie de Medicis, and her son, Louis XIII. By means of her almoner, who afterwards obtained such notoriety as cardinal Richelieu, she acquired more influence in the government of France than ever, and of course took a decided part in the disposal of her daughter. The count of Soissons, a younger prince of the Condé branch of the royal family, pretended to the hand of the princess very pertinaciously. He claimed it, in reward of his great services at the siege of Rochelle. His addresses were not discouraged, although hopes were entertained that the young princess would become queen of Great Britain. This prospect did not appear till after the marriage between Charles, prince of Wales, only surviving son of James I., was broken off with the long-wooded infant.

The early youth of Charles has already been detailed in the biography of his mother, Anne of Denmark: we left him, in 1619, by her death-bed. Since that time he had become the most elegant and accomplished prince in Europe, both in mind and person. Deeply impressed with the idea that a man's affections must be possessed by his wedded partner, whether he were prince or peasant, if he had any hopes of leading a virtuous and happy domestic life, he had early set his mind on wooing in person the bride to whom his hand was destined. The Scottish princes, since the time of their high-spirited ancestor, James V., had shown consideration to the feelings of the princesses they had married, seldom known in the annals of royalty.¹ Instead of receiving the bride as a shuddering victim, consigned to the mercy of a perfect stranger, James V. and James VI. had encountered considerable dangers to make acquaintance with their wives, and induce some friendship and confidence before the nuptial knot was tied. This family example was implicitly followed by Charles when he undertook the romantic voyage, incognito, to Spain, accompanied by the duke of Buckingham, in order to woo Maria Althea, the second daughter of Philip III. of Spain, and the sister of the young sovereign, Philip IV. On this expedition, as they passed through Paris, the prince of Wales and Buckingham, dis-

¹ Melville mentions in his Memoirs that, while the second marriage of James V. was debated in his council, that prince secretly departed from his palace in the disguise of a court page; and after he had arrived at the court of France, he rejected the princess of Vendôme, to whom he had been destined, and chose the lovely widow of the duke of Longueville for his queen.

guised in perukes, and attired in dresses which they considered in keeping with their travelling names of Tom Smith and John Brown, obtained a view of the royal ladies of the French court. The duke de Montbazou, lord chamberlain to the queen of France, seeing two Englishmen among the Parisian crowd, who thronged as usual to gaze on the royal family, gave them places without recognising their persons. The prince and his friend witnessed the rehearsal of a ballet in which the beautiful young queen of France danced, accompanied by her sister-in-law, the princess Henriette, who was childish in person, and had scarcely attained her fifteenth year. Although she had not seen the prince in his disguise, yet when she heard of his adventures, so captivating to the female heart, she was heard to say, with a sigh, "The prince of Wales need not have gone so far as Madrid to look for a wife."¹

The contemporary French memoirs of count de Brienne and madame de Motteville, surmising causes by events, affirm that the love which struck Charles for Henriette at this view, occasioned the whole failure of his purpose in Spain; and that, in consequence, he entered that country resolved to break his engagement with the infanta. But we must go a little nearer to the fountain-head for truth in this matter. Anne of Austria, the young queen of France, (sister to the one lady, and sister-in-law to the other,) spoke differently. Forgetting her sisterly interest in the infanta, out of zeal for her new country, she said, "She regretted that when the prince of Wales saw her and *madame* (Henriette) practise their masque, that her sister-in-law was seen to so much disadvantage by him, afar off, and by a dim light, when her face and person have most loveliness considered nearer."² The attention of Charles was assuredly wholly absorbed in surmising whether the infanta he was going to woo bore any resemblance to her eldest sister, this beautiful young queen of France. His feeling is apparent in a letter he wrote to his father after this adventure, in which he says:—

"Since the closing of our last we have been at court again, (we assure you we have not been known,) where we saw the young queen of France, little *Monsieur* (Gaston, duke of Orleans) and *Madame royale*, (Henriette Marie,) at the practising of a masque, and in it danced the queen and madame, with as many as made up nineteen fair dancing ladies, amongst whom the queen of France is the handsomest, which hath wrought in me a greater desire to see her sister."

It is useless to follow the future husband of Henriette of France through the delusive mazes of his imaginative passion for the infanta, Maria Althea. The woeful matrimony of the Spanish princess, Katharine of Arragon, with Henry VIII., had filled the Spaniards with distrust of an English alliance, on the one hand, and the horrid persecution of the protestants during the wedlock of Philip II. with Mary I., had given the English people still greater cause for disgust at Spanish marriages. The treaty with the infanta was broken off, by reason of the extreme unpopularity of the union in both countries, although the court-poet of Madrid, Lope de Vega, composed verses on the wooing, which have

¹ Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

² It was again repeated to madame de Motteville by queen Henrietta Maria herself. See her Memoirs, vol. i.

obtained an historical celebrity, and the following quatrain was sung to many a guitar at Madrid :

" Carlos Estuardo soy, Que siendo amor mi guia, .	Al cielo d'Espana voy, Per ver estrella Maria."
--	--

Charles himself translated the lines—

" Charles Stuart I am ; Love guides me afar.	To the heavens of Spain, For Maria my star."
---	---

It was in vain that poetry, romance, and mutual preference impelled the marriage; the reasons we have detailed above prevented it. Charles had his heart returned on his hands; and the infanta, after she lost hopes of becoming his wife, resolved to devote herself to a religious life. Some authors actually believe that Maria Althea died a nun professed; she, however, lived to be empress of Germany.¹

The first idea of a marriage taking place between Henriette of France and Charles, prince of Wales, was suggested to him by her eldest sister, Elizabeth. This princess, as the young queen of Spain, wife of Philip IV., was greatly admired by Charles, while at Madrid. He wished to converse with her, but she was so sedulously guarded by the jealousy of the Spaniards, that it was with the greatest difficulty he obtained the opportunity of addressing to her a few words in French. Although a Frenchwoman, the young queen dared not be heard to answer in her native language. She said, however, in a very low voice, "I must not converse with you in French without permission, but I will endeavour to obtain it." She succeeded, and made use of the opportunity to tell him, "That she wished he would marry her sister Henriette, which, indeed, he would be able to do, because his engagement with the infanta would be certainly broken." Charles, in the course of this conversation, expressed a hope that he might again renew it at the theatre, where, in the royal box, it appears the interview took place. But she warned him, very kindly, "never to speak to her again, for it was customary in Spain to poison all gentlemen suspected of gallantry towards the queens." After this charitable intimation, which was perhaps rather premature, the prince of Wales never saw the queen again, for when she went to the theatre, she sat secluded in a latticed box. This incident was related by Charles himself to his wife after his marriage.² It is a curious illustration of the manner in which young queens were trained in Spain, and the romantic notions instilled into their minds.

The Spanish wooing certainly smoothed the way for the marriage of Charles and Henriette. It had accustomed the English people to the idea of a catholic queen. Moreover, the alliance with the daughter of the protestant hero, Henry IV. of France, was not by many degrees so offensive as that with the granddaughter of the persecutor of their faith, Philip II. The ice had in some degree been broken with the pope. This pontiff, who was one of the best men that ever filled the papal

¹ Madame de Motteville, who, being the confidante of her sister, Anne of Austria, and herself of Spanish descent, must have known what became of the sister of her royal mistress.

² Madame de Motteville, vol. i., p. 283.

chair, had a great objection to the marriage with either princess, predicting the utmost misery to Charles if he wedded a catholic; but the powerful catholic sovereigns of France and Spain induced some degree of compliance from him. The marriage articles of the infanta, and the programme of the ceremony, as previously agreed on at Rome, formed a precedent for the terms of the wedlock that actually took place between Charles and Henriette.

Before the engagement with the infanta was formally broken off, James I. sent Henry Rich, lord Kensington, to France, on a secret mission, to ascertain whether the hand of Henriette Marie of France could be obtained for his son.¹ Marie de Medicis, the queen-mother, since the early death of her enemy Luynes, (the boy-minister of her son,) governed the state with greater power than in her ostensible regency, and with her lord Kensington was directed to discuss the alliance.

When the Spanish ambassador resident in Paris guessed the errand of lord Kensington, he endeavoured to raise distrust at the court of France, by exclaiming to some of the French courtiers, "How! does the prince of Wales, then, mean to wed two wives, since he is nearly married to our infanta?"

These words being carried to the queen-mother of France, had no worse effect than inducing a curious dialogue of explanation between her and lord Kensington.

After some diplomatic manœuvring on both sides, Marie de Medicis drew from the English envoy an admittance that the Spanish engagement was wholly broken, and that king James was desirous of matching his heir with her daughter. The queen-mother observed, "That however agreeable such union might be to all parties, yet as no intimation of such desire had been sent to the court of France, she could not consider the matter seriously," adding, significantly, "the maiden must be sought, she may be no suitor."²

The ambassador then owned that he was authorized in what he said; and that his mission, though at present secret, was direct from his king and the prince of Wales.

The object of lord Kensington's visit to the French court soon became public there. Of course it occasioned very earnest discussion among the ladies of the royal household, who eagerly crowded round the handsome Englishman, and questioned him regarding the person and acquirements of the prince of Wales. The ambassador wore a beautiful miniature of Charles enclosed in a gold case, hanging from a ribbon at his bosom. Often when he entered the circle at the Louvre, the French ladies used to petition him to open the miniature, that they might look at the resemblance of the future husband of their young princess. Charles's portrait had been seen by every one but by the lady most interested in it. But Henriette of France was forbidden by the laws of etiquette to mention a prince who had not yet openly demanded her hand. She complained "that the queen and all the other ladies could go up to the ambassador, open the miniature, and consider it as much

¹ D'Israeli, p. 97.

² D'Israeli's Commentaries.

as they liked, while she, whom it so nearly concerned, could hardly steal a glance at it afar off." In this dilemma she recollected "that the lady at whose house the English ambassador sojourned, had been in her service, and she begged of her to borrow prince Charles's picture, that she might gaze on it as much and as long as she chose." This was done, and when the lady brought it to her, Henriette retired to her cabinet, and ordered her to be called in, and to remain alone with her, "where," continues the ambassador,¹ "she opened the case in such haste as showed a true indication of her passion, blushing at the instant at her own guiltiness. She kept it an hour in her hands; and when she returned it, gave many praises of your person. Sir, this is a business so fit for secrecy as I know it shall never go farther than unto the king your father, my lord duke of Buckingham, and my lord of Carlisle's knowledge. A tenderness in this is honourable, for I would rather die a thousand times than it should be published, since I am by the young princess trusted, who is for beauty and goodness an angel."

It was the intention of lord Kensington to promote favourable inclinations between the prince of Wales and the princess of France before they met, by dwelling on their fine qualities to each other. This course he pursued very successfully, by the means of his prettily-written letters addressed to Charles, and by his eloquent discussions on the beauty, graces, and accomplishments of that prince, during his interviews with the queen-mother and her ladies, and subsequently with Henriette herself.

He says, in one of his letters to the prince at this period—"She is a lady of as much beauty and sweetness to deserve your affections as any woman under heaven can be; in truth, she is the sweetest creature in France, and the loveliest thing in nature. Her growth is little short of her age, and her wisdom infinitely beyond it. I heard her, the other day, discourse with her mother and the ladies about her, with extraordinary discretion and quickness. She dances—the which I am witness of—as well as ever I saw any one; they say she sings most sweetly; I am sure she looks as if she did."² In the course of a few days he heard this wonderful voice, and adds to his information, "I had been told much of it, but I found it true, that neither her singing-master, nor any man or woman either in France or Europe, sings so admirably as she doth. Her voice is beyond all imagination, and that is all I will say of it."³ The musical and vocal powers of the queen-mother, Marie de Medicis, were likewise of the first order, and her daughter inherited from her gifts so lavishly bestowed on the children of Italy.

While lord Kensington was thus negotiating between the affections of the young royal pair, without having any ostensible responsibility

¹ Correspondence of Lord Kensington (afterwards the earl of Holland) with Charles; printed in the Cabala, February, 1623-4.

² Memoir of Henrietta Maria, 1671, quoted from a letter of Kensington to Charles, prince of Wales, dated February 28, 1624; printed nearly the same in the Cabala.

³ Memoir of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 8; Cabala, Feb. 24 to 28, 1624

regarding a marriage treaty between them, he experienced very uncivil behaviour from the disappointed suitor of the princess, her cousin, the young count of Soissons. When lord Kensington bowed to him as one of the princes of the blood, he received the salute very scornfully, turning away his head. Count de Grammont, his friend, advised him not to make his displeasure so manifest. Upon which Soissons declared, "that the negotiation for the hand of Henriette went so near to his heart, that were it not in behalf of so great a prince, he would cut the ambassador's throat. Nay," continued he, "were it any prince of Savoy, Mantua, or Germany, here in person, soliciting for themselves in this marriage, I would hazard my life against them."¹

When it was ascertained, by the means of lord Kensington, that the marriage would be agreeable to both royal families, and that the religious prejudices of neither were strong enough to prevent it, James I. sent over an ambassador extraordinary, in the foppish person of one of his favourites, Hay, earl of Carlisle, a courtier chiefly distinguished for his ingenuity in hanging 40,000*l.* worth of finery on his dress. Carlisle being a mere state puppet, the diplomatic part of the marriage treaty was still carried on by the agreeable and elegant Kensington, who was now ostensibly joined with him in the mission. When Marie de Medicis and her daughter gave audience to the English ambassadors, letters and a portrait of Charles were offered by them, in form, to the princess, who, turning to her mother, requested permission to receive them. Leave being granted by the queen-mother, Henriette took the portrait she had so earnestly desired to possess, and, according to the testimony of the ambassadors, read the letter of the prince with tears of joy, and when she had perused it twice, put it in her bosom, and placed the epistle of the king, his father, in her cabinet. When James I. read this account, he said, in his jocose manner, "The young princess means, by this proceeding, to intimate that she will trust me and love my son. Yet I ought to declare war on her, because she would not read my letter without her mother's consent; but I suppose I must not only forgive her, but thank her, for lodging Charles's letter so well."²

In return, a beautiful miniature of the princess was sent to Charles who was transported at the contemplation of those charms, which, though at present in the bud, when fully developed, rendered her renowned as one of the loveliest queens in history. The only fault that could be found in the person of Henriette at fifteen, was, that she was diminutive in stature; but, as our contemporary memoir states, "the wooing ambassador" assured the king and prince "that the princess Christine, her sister, was not taller at her age, and was at present grown into a very tall and goodly lady."³

Lord Kensington requested the queen-mother to authorize a private interview between the princess and him, because he had a message from his prince which he wished to deliver in person. The queen-mother perhaps for the purpose of eliciting a lively dialogue with the handsome

¹ Memoir of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 8; Cabala, Feb. 24 to 28, 1624.

² Memoirs o. Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 10.

³ Ibid.

ambassador, appeared to demur as to whether the interview ought to be granted. "She would," writes lord Kensington,¹ "needs know what I meant to say to her daughter."

"Nay, then," quoth I, smiling, "your majesty would needs impose on me a harder law than they in Spain did on his highness" (alluding to the visit the prince made to court the Spanish infanta). "But the case is now different," said Marie de Medicis, "for the prince was in person there; here you are but his deputy." "Yet a deputy," answered I, "who represents his person." "For all that," returned the queen, "what is it you would say to my daughter?" "Nothing," I answered, "that is not fitting the ears of so virtuous a princess." "But what is it?" reiterated the queen-mother. "Why, then, madam," quoth I, "if you will needs know, it shall be much to this effect, that your majesty having given me liberty of freer language than heretofore, I obey my prince's command in presenting to your fair and royal daughter his service, not now out of mere compliment, but prompted by passion and affection, which both her outward and her inward beauties have so kindled in him, that he was resolved to contribute the uttermost he could to the alliance in question, and would think success therein the greatest happiness in the world. Such, with some little more amorous language, was to be my communication with her highness." "*Allez—allez !*" smilingly exclaimed the queen-mother of France, "there is no great danger in that." "*Je me fie en vous,*" she continued; "I will trust you."

"Neither did I abuse her trust," continues the elegant ambassador; "for I varied not much from what I said in my interview with madame Henriette, save that I amplified it a little more. She drank it in with joy, and, with a low curtsy, made her acknowledgments, adding, that she was extremely obliged to my prince, and would think herself happy in the occasion that would be presented of meriting a place in the affections of his good grace." The flattering courtier had previously informed Charles "that his reputation, as the completest prince in Europe in manners and person, had certainly raised in the heart of the sweet princess, madame Henriette, an infinite affection."²

Notwithstanding this propitious commencement, difficulties, which appeared almost insurmountable, beset the arrangement of every article of the marriage treaty. It even seemed impracticable to agree on a marriage ceremony which should be considered legal and binding, both by the protestants and catholics. Pope Urban was extremely averse to the union, which he predicted would be a disastrous one, and the most dangerous step that his young god-daughter could take. The opinion of the pontiff was founded on his knowledge of the temper of the English people, derived from the information of the seminary priests, actively employed on proselyting missions. He rightly anticipated, that if the royal family of Stuart relaxed the bloody penal laws against the catholics, that their people would not suffer them to reign long. If, on the other hand, King James, or his son, continued those persecutions, how could the princess enjoy one moment's happiness in her wedlock!

¹ Cabala, n. 293-4

² Cabala, p. 287

Thus arguing, pope Urban Barbarini delayed the dispensation, in hopes of frustrating the marriage of Charles and Henriette.¹

The queen-mother of France was, however, determined to expedite the marriage, whether pope Urban approved or not. After great debate, the English procurators agreed that the princess and her attendants, with their families and followers, should enjoy the free exercise of their religion in England. To this end, she should be provided with chapels, oratories, and chaplains, in the same manner, and with the same privileges, as those conceded to the infanta; that her portion should be 800,000 crowns, one moiety to be paid on the day preceding the marriage, the other within twelve months afterwards; and that she should, for herself and for her descendants, solemnly renounce all claim of succession on the French crown.² A clause, fraught with evil consequences to both countries, and with ruin to the house of Stuart, was inserted; this was, "that all the children of Henriette should be brought up under her care till their thirteenth year;" thus giving to the catholic mother the opportunity of infusing into their infant minds a bias towards the faith she professed. It is often asserted in history, that, by the marriage articles, the children of this union were to be brought up catholics till their thirteenth year; this was not expressed, but all reasoning persons will agree that facilities were allowed for it. This clause was broken by Charles I., but of course considered valid by his queen, whenever she had an opportunity.

The treaty was solemnly ratified, Dec. 12, 1624. One of the marriage articles secretly stipulated for a relaxation of the persecution against the catholics; and, in proof that king James meant to observe his promise, he issued instructions, ordering all persons imprisoned for religion to be released, and all fines levied on catholic recusants to be returned; likewise, commanding all judges and magistrates to stop the executions of papists convicted under the penal laws. From this moment may be dated the origin of the direful dissensions between the English parliaments and the Stuart monarchs.

Pope Urban still delayed delivering his dispensation for Henriette's marriage. He required that the toleration on which James had acted should be confirmed publicly; and he forbade his nuncio at Paris to deliver his *breve* of dispensation till this article was ratified.

King James died before the nuncio, Spada,³ delivered the *breve* of dispensation to the queen-mother of France, and the royal betrothed of Henriette ascended the throne of Great Britain under the title of Charles I. He immediately renewed the marriage treaty on his own authority. Pope Urban's reluctance to grant his dispensation greatly displeased the queen-mother of France, who resolved to follow the precedent of the marriage of Margaret of Valois and Henry of Navarre, and celebrate the marriage without the license of Rome. When pope

¹ Dodd's Church History, edited by Tierney, vol. v. p. 154.

² This clause was inserted to prevent a renewal of such fatal wars as arose from the marriages of Isabella of France and Katherine of Valois, which made France desolate, and England bankrupt.

³ Dodd's Church History, vol. v., and D'Israeli, vol. i, p. 241.

Urban found that such was the case, he ordered Spada to deliver the *breve* to the French ministers. "Yet Urban," says one of the Barbarini MSS., "still presaged misery to this marriage. After delaying the *breve* as long as possible, he only granted it to avoid the greater scandal of the princess being wedded without the papal benediction."¹

The duke de Chevreuse, a prince of the house of Guise, and (through the mother of Mary queen of Scots) a near kinsman of Charles I., on that account was appointed to represent his person, and give his hand by proxy to Henriette. The ancient custom of marrying at the church door was revived on this occasion. The formula drawn up at Rome, for the direction of the infant's wedlock with Charles, was observed. This ordained, "that the bride, as soon as the ceremony was over, should enter the cathedral and assist at the mass. Meantime, the English prince should, on the threshold of the cathedral, recognise her as his wife, according to the rites of the catholic church, and with the authority and benediction of the whole pontificate."² It was noticed, as a point of delicacy in the conduct of the duke de Chevreuse, that, although a zealous catholic, when he represented the person of Charles I., his kinsman, he made no more religious concessions than if he had really been a protestant.³ He withdrew from the mass, and joined the two English ambassadors, who were waiting apart, ready to take their proper places in the bridal procession from Notre Dame. This ceremony took place, May 21, 1625.

Scarcely was the marriage over at the door of Notre Dame, when the duke of Buckingham arrived, quite unexpectedly, with a splendid train of English nobles, in order to escort the young queen of England home.

The whole court and royal family of France prepared to accompany the bride of Charles I., in magnificent progress, to the coast opposite to England; during which they were to be entertained with all the pageantry ingenuity could devise. These diversions, suited as they were to the semi-barbarous magnates of the middle ages—who, fierce as they might be, were in intellect like grown-up children—had begun to be tedious in an age which had produced Sully, Bacon, and Shakspeare. The only pageant of historical interest was one in which the young queen was greeted by representatives of all the French princesses that had ever worn the English crown.⁴ They certainly formed a group distinguished by calamity—one was wanting to complete that tableau of beauty and sorrow; and that one, when she took her place on the historic page, is found to be Henriette.

The young king of France was attacked with an illness so violent, that he was forced to give up his intended journey to the coast. The queen-mother, Marie de Medicis, was struck with a dangerous malady on the route at Compeigne, which seems to have occasioned a delay in the arrival of the young queen in England, who was detained by the

¹ The original Italian, from which the above is translated, is printed in Dodd's Church History, vol. v., p. 159.

² Translated from the Barbarini MS., edited in the Italian by Mr. Tierney Dodd's Church History, vol. iii., p. 160.

³ Madame de Motteville.

⁴ D'Israeli's Commentaries vol. i. p. 133

alarming illness of her mother a whole fortnight at Amiens.¹ Different reports were circulated, assigning secret reasons of this delay; the puritan party invented one which has taken its place in history. This was that the pope had imposed a fortnight's penance on Henriette, to punish her for wedding a heretic king! The dangerous illness of her mother was the simple, and therefore the more probable cause. At length the queen-mother was convalescent in health, and had acquired sufficient firmness of mind to take leave, as she thought for ever, of her favourite child. As she bade her farewell, she placed in her hand the following letter, the composition of which had been the occupation of her sick chamber:—

THE QUEEN-MOTHER, MARIE DE MEDICIS, TO THE YOUNG QUEEN OF ENGLAND, HENRIETTE MARIE.

“ 1625, June 25.

“ My daughter,

“ You separate from me, I cannot separate myself from you. I retain you in heart and memory, and would that this paper could serve for an eternal memorial to you of what I am; it would then supply my place, and speak for me to you, when I can no longer speak for myself. I give you it with my last adieu in quitting you, to impress it the more on your mind, and give it to you written with my own hand, in order that it may be the more dear to you, and that it may have more authority with you in all that regards your conduct towards God, the king, your husband, his subjects, your domestics, and yourself. I tell you here sincerely, as in the last hour of our converse, all I should say to you in the last hour of my existence, if you should be near me then. I consider, to my great regret, that such can never be, and that the separation now taking place between you and me for a long time, is too probably an anticipation of that which is to be for ever in this world.

“ On this earth you have only God for a father; but, as he is eternal, you can never lose him. It is he, who sustains your existence and life; it is he who has given you to a great king; it is he who, at this time, places a crown on your brow, and will establish you in England, where you ought to believe that he requires your service, and there he means to effect your salvation. Remember, my child, every day of your life, that he is your God, who has put you on earth intending you for heaven, who has created you for himself and for his glory.

“ The late king, your father, has already passed away; there remains no more of him but a little dust and ashes, hidden from our eyes. One of your brothers has already been taken from us even in his infancy;² God withdrew him at his own good pleasure. He has retained you in the world in order to load you with his benefits; but as he has given you the utmost felicity, it behoves you to render him the utmost gratitude. It is but just that your duties are augmented in proportion as the benefits and favours you receive are signal. Take heed of abusing them. Think well that the grandeur, goodness, and justice of God are infinite, and employ all the strength of your mind in adoring his supreme puissance, in loving his inviolable goodness; and fear his rigorous equity, which will make all responsible who are unworthy of his benefits.

“ Receive, my child, these instructions of my lips; begin and finish every day in your oratory, with good thoughts, and, in your prayers, ask resolution to conduct your life according to the laws of God, and not according to the vanities of this world, which is for all of us but a moment, in which we are suspended over eternity, which we shall pass either in the paradise of God, or in hell with the malign spirits who work evil.

¹ Madame de Motteville.

² Henri, duke of Orleans; his brother Gaston took his title.

"Remember that you are daughter of the church by baptism, and that this is, indeed, the first and highest rank which you have, or ever will have, since it is this which will give you entrance into heaven; your other dignities, coming as they do from the earth, will not go further than the earth; but those which you derive from heaven will ascend again to their source, and carry you with them there. Render thanks to heaven each day, to God who has made you a Christian; estimate this first of benefits as it deserves, and consider all that you owe to the labours and precious blood of Jesus our Saviour; it ought to be paid for by our sufferings and even by our blood, if he requires it. Offer your soul and your life to him who has created you by his puissance, and redeemed you by his goodness and mercy. Pray to him, and pray incessantly to preserve you by the inestimable gift of his grace, and that it may please him that you sooner lose your life than renounce him.

"You are the descendant of St. Louis. I would recal to you, in this my last adieu, the same instruction that he received from his mother, queen Blanche, who said to him often 'that she would rather see him die than to live so as to offend God, in whom we move, and who is the end of our being. It was with such precepts that he commenced his holy career; it was this that rendered him worthy of employing his life and reign for the good of the faith and the exaltation of the church. Be, after his example, firm and zealous for religion, which you have been taught, for the defence of which he, your royal and holy ancestor, exposed his life, and died faithful to him among the infidels. Never listen to, or suffer to be said in your presence, aught in contradiction to your belief in God and in his only Son, your Lord and Redeemer. I entreat the Holy Virgin, whose name you bear, to deign to be the mother of your soul, and in honour of her who is mother of our Lord and Saviour, I bid you adieu again and many times.

"I now devote you to God for ever and ever; it is what I desire for you from the very depth of my heart.

"Your very good and affectionate mother,

MARIA.¹

"From Amiens, the 10th of June, 1625."

The maternal tenderness, and even the sublime moral truths which occur in this elegant letter, ought not to mislead the judgment from the fact, that the spirit of the concluding section was a very dangerous one to instil into the mind of the inexperienced young girl, who was about to undertake the station of queen-consort in a country where the established religion differed from her own. It was calculated to exaggerate and inflame those differences; for wherever the word *Christian* occurs, *Roman catholic* is exclusively meant; and the queen-mother evidently wishes to imply, that in any country where the host was not worshipped, the deity of Christ was blasphemed, and that her daughter was going among a people whose creed was similar to deists or Jews. Part of the letter evidently urges the young queen to enter England as if she were a missionary from the propaganda, about to encounter the danger of martyrdom; and a comparison is drawn, in most eloquent language, between Henriette and the English, and her ancestor St. Louis and the heathens; and, instead of inculcating a wise and peaceful tolerance, the utmost zeal of proselytism is excited in a young and ardent mind. To this letter may be attributed the fatal course taken by the young queen in England, which aggravated her husband's already difficult position as the king of three kingdoms, each professing a different faith.

¹This letter is among the Stuart Papers in the secret archives of France, Hotel de Soubise. It has been copied by one of the children of James II., at St. Germain, and is much worn with being often read and unfolded.

The original plan of the progress of the bride to England was by way of Calais, but she was obliged to embark at Boulogne, because Calais was infected with the plague. At Boulogne another detention occurred, owing to the whims of the duke of Buckingham, who, having previously amazed the French court by the extravagances of his insolent passion for the beautiful young queen of France, Anne of Austria, took it into his head that he would see her once more. Buckingham pretended that he had received despatches of great importance from his court, and rushed back to Amiens, where the young consort of Louis XIII. remained with the queen-mother, and conducted himself there with unparalleled absurdity.¹ The young queen of England took no little affront at being detained, while her escort was amusing himself with these freaks.

Charles I., meantime, had travelled to Dover, where he was waiting impatiently the arrival of his queen. Instead of which he received intelligence of her mother's dangerous illness, and her wish for a few days' delay, which he granted courteously, and requested that she would not come till she could feel perfectly at ease in her mind. During this interval the king retired to Canterbury. The discharge of ordnance from the opposite shores of France, announced the embarkation of the royal bride, June 23d. After a stormy passage, she arrived before Dover on Sunday evening, at seven o'clock, where she stepped from her boat on "an artificial bridge" the king had ordered to be constructed on purpose for her accommodation. Charles was then at Canterbury, where he remained out of a point of delicacy, that the queen might be somewhat recovered from the fatigues of her voyage, before the agitating circumstance of a first introduction took place between them. A gentleman of the royal household, one Mr. Tyrwhit, brought the tidings of the queen's arrival to Charles I. with extraordinary speed; it is said he was but thirty-six minutes riding from Dover to Canterbury. The king came to Dover castle to greet his bride at ten o'clock the following morning. His arrival was unexpected—she was at breakfast—she rose hastily from table, although he wished to wait for the conclusion of the meal. The royal bride hasted down a pair of stairs to meet the king, and then offered to kneel and kiss his hand, "but he wrapt her up in his arms with many kisses."² The set speech that the princess had studied to greet the royal stranger, whom she had to acknowledge as her lord and master, was, "*Sire, je suis venue en ce pays de votre majesté pour être commandée de vous.*" "Sire, I am come into this, your majesty's country, to be at your command." But the firmness of the poor princess failed her, she finished the sentence with a gush of tears; and very natural it was that they should flow. The sight of her distress called forth all the kindness of the heart of Charles; he led her apart, he kissed off her tears, protesting that he should do so till she left off weeping; he soothed her with words of manly tenderness, telling her, "that she was not fallen into the hands of enemies and strangers, as she tremblingly apprehended.

¹ Madame de Motteville, who affirms she had all particulars relating to Henrietta Maria from her own lips. —

² Contemporary news letter.

but according to the wise disposal of God, whose will it was that she should leave her kindred and cleave to her spouse;" adding, "that he would be no longer master himself, than while he was a servant to her."¹

This mingled softness and gallantry reassured the weeping girl; her dark eyes brightened anew, and she soon fell into familiar discourse with the royal lover. In the course of conversation, he seemed surprised that she appeared so much taller than she had been represented to him; for, finding she reached to his shoulder, he glanced downward at her feet, to see whether her height had not been increased by artificial means. With her natural quickness of perception, she anticipated his thoughts, and, showing him the shoes she wore, she said to him in French, "Sire, I stand upon mine own feet; I have no help from art; thus high am I; neither higher nor lower."

At the conclusion of this interview, the young queen presented all her French servants to his majesty, recommending them to him particularly by name. Madame St. George, the daughter of madame de Monglat, the queen's governess, was the principal of her ladies, and to her, king Charles took a very early antipathy.² That beautiful coquette, the duchess de Chevreuse, was of the party, but she seems to have arrived in the quality of guest; she was the wife of the king's cousin, the duke de Chevreuse,³ who had represented his royal person by proxy at the recent marriage ceremony, and completed his trust by escorting the royal bride to England. The absence of madame de Chevreuse³ from Paris was, in fact, a species of banishment inflicted on her as penance for some of the vagaries with which, from the pure love of mischief, she had been bewildering all the heads and hearts she could captivate at the French court. Nor did she lack English admirers, for the "wooing ambassador," lord Kensington, was passionately in love with her. Charles I. received the duke de Chevreuse graciously, and treated him as a kinsman; he conducted him himself to the presence-chamber, in Dover castle, where he found the fair duchess of Chevreuse, and bade her welcome.⁴

The royal party left Dover the same eventful day that saw the king introduced to his queen. On the road to Canterbury, the royal party passed Barham Downs, where there were pavilions and a banquet prepared, and all the English ladies of the queen's household were waiting to be presented to their royal mistress.

The king assisted her to alight from her carriage, and on the green sod, that June morning, the royal bride held her first court, and was introduced to her English ladies. At Canterbury, a magnificent feast awaited them, at which Charles served his beautiful bride at table, performing the office of carver to her, with his own royal hands. The

¹ Life of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

² Ibid.

³ Madame de Motteville. The duchess was a princess of the house of Rohar, married, portionless, for love, by the boy-minister and favourite of Louis XIII., the duke de Luynes. Her husband died in early life, and left her rich and in the bloom of her beauty. She bestowed her wealth and charms on the duke of Chevreuse. Claud de Lorraine, duke de Chevreuse, died 1657.

⁴ Sir John Finett's Observations touching Foreign Ambassadors

queen, that she might not refuse the viands he offered her, ate both of the pheasant and venison he laid on her plate, although her confessor stood by her, and reminded her it was a fast, being the vigil of St. John the Baptist, and entreated her not to give cause of scandal, by eating forbidden food in a strange land, at her first arrival. But the young queen, either determined to conciliate her new subjects, or being very hungry with her journey, paid no heed to these injunctions, but ate, without scruple, the meat the king had carved for her.¹

The same evening, the 24th of June, it is asserted that Charles and Henriette "were personally married," at Canterbury.² The ceremony took place in the great hall of that ancient city, where they sojourned till the 26th of June.

Charles I. chose to enter his metropolis by the old state highway of the river Thames, and for this purpose took the ancient route from Canterbury to Gravesend. Ostensibly he wished to show his bride that magnificent navy, which was always the pride of the Stuart sovereigns, but the chief motive was to avoid passing through the narrow and infected streets of the city of London, then reeking with the plague. At Gravesend, the royal bride was escorted to a state barge by the king; hundreds of beautiful barges, belonging to the nobility and merchants of London, floated around ready to fall into the royal procession, which was greeted by the thundering salutes of the noble navy riding at anchor near Gravesend.

Newspapers were then in their infancy; their places were supplied by news letters, which were manuscript epistles, written by professed intelligencers, to the different nobles distant from court, who could afford to treat themselves with such luxuries. Some of these letters are extant,³ and contain minute particulars of the queen's progress to London from her embarkation.

"Yesterday, betwixt Gravesend and London, our queen had a beautiful and stately view of that part of our navy which is ready to sail, which gave her a volley of fifteen hundred shot." And indeed it required firm nerves to stand a royal salute in those days, for all the guns fired were shotted, and some awkward accidents happened now and then in consequence. At five o'clock, in a warm, thundering June afternoon, the queen drew near the metropolis. A heavy shower was falling at the time, but thousands of boats and ornamental vessels followed or surrounded her royal barge. "Fifty good ships discharged their ordnance, as the gay floating pageant passed up the river, and last of all the Tower guns opened such a peal as, I think, the queen never heard the like. The king and queen were both in green dresses; their barge windows, notwithstanding the vehemence of the shower, were open, and all the people shouting amain. The queen put out her hand, and shook it to them. She hath already given some good signs of hope that she may, ere long, by God's blessing, become ours in religion." One of these

¹ Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, pp. 11, 12.

² Memoirs of Maria Henrietta, 1671, p. 12; and Dr. Lingard, last edition, vol ix. p. 238.

³ Historical Letters, edited by Sir Henry Ellis.

signs, was the rather doubtful one of eating the wing of a pheasant on the vigil of St. John the Baptist; and another, more hopeful, in the answer she made to one of her English attendants, who venturing to ask, "If her majesty could endure a Huguenot?" "Why not," replied the queen, "was not my father one?"¹ It had been well for her majesty, if she had remembered whose daughter she was more frequently; but this speech, uttered some time in the course of her progress to the metropolis, comprehends the whole of the religious toleration she was ever known to practise, though the utmost moderation was required from her, both as a wife and queen, professing a different religion from her husband and his people.

The royal barge, after shooting London bridge, made direct for Somerset House, the queen's dower palace; before the procession arrived there, an accident happened which caused great alarm. The banks of the river were literally lined with spectators, who stood on barges, lighters, and ships' hulls; one of these vessels capsized for want of ballast, and immersed above a hundred persons in the Thames. But the boats that were shooting about in all directions, soon picked up the unfortunate sight-seers, with no other damage than a thorough ducking.

Public rejoicings for the queen's entry prevailed throughout London. That evening the bells rang till midnight, bonfires blazed on every side, and as much revelling was kept up as the plague-smitten state of the city would permit.² Such, however, was the appalling pestilence which prevailed, that king Charles withdrew his young bride from it as soon as he had opened his parliament, at which she appeared, seated on a throne by his side.³ Soon after this splendid scene, the royal pair retired to Hampton Court, where they passed the first weeks of their married life. The French ladies, who had accompanied the young queen from Paris, attended her thither, and formed some of the most brilliant ornaments of her circle. Apartments were assigned to the duke and duchess de Chevreuse at Richmond palace, which favour excited the jealousy of all the ambassadors of different courts then resident in England. King Charles replied, that this favour was granted to them, not as ambassadors, but as relatives, and that it was occasioned by the anxiety his young queen felt on account of the situation of her cousin, madame de Chevreuse. This celebrated lady afterwards gave birth to a daughter in England; but the queen's anxieties respecting her health were not much required, since, in the course of the summer, among other freaks, she astonished the English court by her exploit of swimming over the

¹ Historical Letters, edited by Sir Henry Ellis.

² The state of the metropolis, at this juncture, may be gathered from the description of Judge Whitelock, father to the parliamentary historian. I was needful for the judge to go to Westminster Hall to adjourn the Michaelmas term to Reading. He arrived, early in the morning at Hyde Park Corner (which he calls High Park), where he and his retinue dined, spreading the provisions they had brought with them in the coach, on the ground, in the park. He was then driven to Westminster Hall as fast as his coach could go through the streets overgrown with grass, and forsaken by the people. He went straight to the King's Bench, adjourned the court, and then quickly left the infected metropolis.

³ Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 13.

and, instead of a chapel according to the marriage articles, the most retired chamber in the palace was assigned for the purpose. The first mass that was celebrated in England since the winter of queen Elizabeth's accession, is thus described in the words of an angry news letter: "The queen, at eleven o'clock, came out of her chamber in a petticoat, and with a veil over her head, supported by the count de Tilliers, her chamberlain, followed by six of her women, and the mass was mumbled over her. Whilst they were at mass, the king gave orders that no Englishman or woman should come near the place. The priests have been very importunate to have the chapel finished at St. James's, but they find the king slow in doing that. His answer was, 'That if the queen's closet, where they now say mass, was not large enough, let them have it in the great chamber; and if the great chamber be not wide enough, they may use the garden; and if the garden were not spacious enough to serve their turn, then was the park the fittest place.' With all their stratagems, they cannot bring him to be the least in love with their fopperies. They say there came some English papists to hear the queen's mass on Sunday, but that she rebuked them, and caused them to be driven out."

The queen of Charles I. is known to all readers of history by the name of Henrietta Maria; but she was not called so by her husband, or at her own court. The king chose to call her Mary; and when those in his household remonstrated with him that this name, owing to the Marian persecutions, had become very unpopular to English ears, he still persisted in calling his bride "Mary," declaring that the land should find blessings connected with her name which would counteract all previous evils. Most persons will agree with Charles in his tasteful appreciation of the name of Mary; but his feelings, as lover and poet, ought to have yielded to the good policy of the above suggestion, for popular prejudice is governed by a mere breath, and the slightest association of ideas will raise the fury of the multitude. Yes, history will prove Shakspeare's aphorism, "that there is magic in a name," especially for the working of evil. The political agitators who give nicknames are guided by this aphorism. How many martyrs have not fallen victims to the ridiculous or ill-sounding epithets of Lollard, Papist, or Quaker!

The influence of the French household over the mind of the queen became daily more intolerable to Charles; for she lived among them, and thought and spoke according to their direction. He considered that they interfered between her heart and his, and that she never would become attached to him while they remained in England.

These feelings influenced his determination of dismissing the French household, which he had taken very early after his marriage; he notified this intention to the duke of Buckingham, who was then at Paris as

¹ Ellis's Historical Letters.

² Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs. This admirable lady, though the wife of one of the regicides, always speaks with the utmost respect of the great abilities of Henrietta Maria; neither does she censure her for anything but "haughty temper and papistry."

ambassador extraordinary, requiring him to break this matter to the queen-mother, Marie de Medicis:—

KING CHARLES TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

(Private.)

“ Nov. 20, 1625.”

“ Steenie,

“ I writ to you, by Ned Clarke, that I thought I should have cause enough, in a short time, to put away the *monsers*¹ (monsieurs), either by (their) attempting to steal away my wife, or by making plots with my own subjects. For the first I cannot say certainly whether it was intended; but I am sure it is hindered; for the other, though I have good grounds to believe it, and am still hunting after it, yet seeing daily the maliciousness of the *monsers*, by making and fomenting discontentments in my wife, I could tarry no longer from advertising you that I mean to seek for no other grounds to cashier my *monsers*. That you may (if you think good) advertise the queen-mother (Marie de Medicis) of my intention; for this being an action which may have a show of harshness. I thought it was fit to take this way; that she (the queen-mother), to whom I have had many obligations, may not take it unkindly; and, likewise I think I have done you no wrong in my letter, though in some place of it I may seem to chide you.

“ I pray you send me word, with what speed you may, whether I like this course or not, for I shall put nothing of this in execution *while* (till) I hear from you. In the meantime, I shall think of convenient means to do this business with the best mien; but I am resolved it must be done, and that shortly. So, longing to see thee, I rest,

“ Your loving, faithful, constant friend,

“ CHARLES R.”

“ Hampton Court.”

This letter was accompanied with one meant to be shown to the mother of the young queen, commencing, like the former, with “ Steenie,” but written in a very sensible and reasonable style, which is not exactly the case with the first. For the idea that his wife would be stolen from him, is more like a boy, jealous of the possession of a new plaything, than a king of the personal dignity of Charles. However, he was a young husband, passionately in love with his own wife, and he must be allowed his share in the excuses made for the irrationality of lovers in general. Buckingham assuredly communicated to the queen-mother of France the king’s last letter, and by that means broke to her the intention of dismissing the French household, since Henrietta afterwards gave him all the credit of that measure, and hated him as if he had been the author of it. Yet Charles found no excuse for “ cashiering his *monsers*,” as he calls them, till full six months after.

Another letter to Steenie occurs soon after the foregoing, in which the king makes the following rather ungracious comment on his queen’s conduct: “ As for news, my wife begins to mend her manners. I know not how long it will continue; they say she does so by advice.”²

He was meantime seriously annoyed by the proceedings of madame St. George, who, by virtue of her office as first lady of the bedchamber insisted on a place in the queen’s coach, even when the king was there. One day his majesty put her back with his own hand,³ as she was fol-

¹ Edited by the learned translator of Bassompierre’s Embassy, p. 123. The orthography is here modernized.

² The queen’s French retinue.

³ Hardwicke State Papers, vol. ii. p. 12.

⁴ Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1761, p. 17.

lowing the queen into the royal carriage. He likewise prevented her from taking precedence of the English ladies of his queen's household, and this produced strife between the queen and himself, and sometimes between her and madame St. George. It was, we may suppose, after one of these wrangles that Henrietta Maria wrote the following familiar note to her friend :—

THE QUEEN TO MADAME ST. GEORGE.¹

[No date of any kind.]

"Mamangat,

"I pray you excuse me if you have seen my little vertigo (*vertigo*) which held me this morning. I cannot be right all of a sudden; but I will do all I can to content you meantime. I beg you will no longer be in wrath against me, who am and will be all my life, Mamangat,

"Your affectionate friend,

"HENRIETTA."

The most serious cause of displeasure that Charles I. had against the French domestics of his young wife was, that they infused or strengthened her refusal to share his coronation. This piece of bigotry was at once most injurious to the king, and of mischievous consequences to the queen herself, since it gave occasion for her enemies afterwards to affirm "that she had never been recognised as the consort of Charles I."² So dangerous is it to neglect or scorn the ancient institutions of a country, while they continue to be revered by the great body of the people.

Charles I. was crowned in Westminster abbey, solus, for no representations of his, nor the temptation of being the admired of all beholders, and the *belle des belles* in so splendid a scene, could induce his young and lovely partner to share in it. She refused to conquer her religious prejudices sufficiently to be consecrated by the prelates of the church of England. Henrietta presents the first instance of a queen of England who refused to be crowned. This foolish obstinacy gave the death-blow to her popularity in England, for her people never forgave the contempt she had manifested for their crown. She stood at the bay window over the portal in the gate-house at Whitehall,³ where she had a view of the procession going and coming, and it was observed that her French ladies were all the time dancing and frisking in the room before her.

The queen's absence from the coronation caused likewise the absence of the count de Blainville, the French ambassador. He declared, "that he would have risked a small strain to his conscience which forbade him to be present at the prayers of the English church, but it would be incongruous that he should be a spectator where the queen, his master's sister, not only refused her participation, but even her presence, at the

¹Inedited letter, Imperial Library, St. Petersburg, with which we have been favoured by permission of his imperial majesty, the emperor of Russia.

²Madame de Motteville.

³This must have been the gate-house leading to King-street, pulled down in the last century: it was an ancient Gothic structure, and led from Whitehall to the Abbey.

solemnity of crowning." Thus, in consequence of Henrietta's perverse bigotry, an affront both personal and national was offered to her husband by the representative of her brother, who ought to have been wiser than to have followed the lead of a spoiled, wilful child. King Charles had endeavoured to persuade his queen to be present in the abbey during his coronation, were it only in a latticed box, but she positively refused even that small concession.

The coronation of Charles took place on February 2d,¹ being Candlemas day, a high festival of the Roman-catholic church, and it was kept as such by Henrietta and her French household; and this circumstance, doubtless, strengthened her aversion to be present at a ceremony with which the liturgy of the English church was connected.

Had she attended her husband's coronation, and listened to the oath imposed on him, she would have found that this ceremonial, which she loathed as Huguenot, obliged him to keep the church of England in the same state as did Edward the Confessor!!² The most liberal manner of construing this oath must have been, that the English people required that whatsoever monarch they invested with the power of king and head of the church, should use that power to keep the church of England as near to the model of the Anglo-Saxon church as possible.³

The marriage of Charles with a catholic queen naturally aggravated his difficulties; nor was Henrietta of an age and temper likely to afford him aid in steering dexterously between the adverse currents which beset his course. The parliament believed that the king spared twenty priests condemned to death, through his wife's influence. Henrietta was assuredly unable to influence him in much smaller matters; and if the most thorough annoyance and vexation could have led a good man to have immolated every priest in England, in hopes of including his wife's domestic establishment of chaplains among them, Charles was angry enough at this crisis to have done so.

Henrietta was so far from meeting with any extraordinary indulgence from her husband at this juncture, that his mind was wholly bent upon a step which he knew would overwhelm her with grief. He resolved to break that part of her marriage articles which stipulated that her household and ecclesiastic establishment should be composed of people of her own country. The commencement of this contest is detailed by Charles

¹ Historical Letters, edited by Sir Henry Ellis. First Series.

² Sandford, Arthur Taylor's Glories of Regality.

³ Lest readers should actually consider the coronation oath taken by all the Anglo-Stuart sovereigns (till the era of Mary II.) as a positive act of insanity, both as regards the sovereigns and their people, it is needful to remind them that the primitive church of England, under Edward the Confessor, (cited in the oath as the model for the guidance of the British sovereigns in the 17th century,) allowed of the marriages of the secular clergy, and of the translation of the Scriptures in the vernacular tongue. It must be remembered, too, that James I. took the oath as he found it, and as his predecessor had taken it. It is the people of England had desired the alteration or modification of this oath, never could Providence have presented a fairer opportunity, since he entered England unarmed, and was utterly in the power of the nation—no great proof of his cowardice, by the way.

himself, in a letter to his brother-in-law, Louis XIII., in justification of his proceedings. Henrietta had determined to grant the principal places of profit connected with her revenue-lands to the Frenchmen attached to her household, a proceeding which her husband very properly opposed in the following dialogue, which took place after the royal pair had retired to rest :—

“One night,” wrote king Charles, “after I was a-bed, my wife put a paper in my hand, telling me ‘it was a list of those that she desired to be officers of her revenue.’ I took it, and said ‘that I would read it next morning;’ but withal, I told her ‘that, by agreement in France, I had the naming of them.’ She said, ‘there were both English and French in the note.’ I replied, ‘that those English which I thought fit to serve her, I would confirm; but for the French, it was impossible for them to serve her in that capacity.’ She said, ‘all those in that paper had breviates from her mother and herself, and that she would admit no other.’ Then I said, ‘it was neither in her mother’s power nor hers to admit any without my leave; and if she relied on that, whomsoever she recommended should not come in.’ Then she plainly bade me ‘take my lands to myself; for if she had no power to put in whom she would into those places, she would have neither lands nor houses of me;’ but bade me ‘give her what I thought fit by way of pension.’ I bade her ‘remember to whom she spoke;’ and told her ‘she ought not to use me so.’ Then she fell into a passionate discourse—‘how she is miserable, in having no power to place servants, and that business succeeded the worse for her recommendation.’ When I offered to answer, she would not so much as hear me, but went on lamenting, saying, ‘that she was not of such base quality as to be used so!’ But,” continues Charles, “I both made her hear me, and end that discourse.”¹

A stormy scene at court occurred soon after this royal curtain lecture; the bishop of Mantes, a young ecclesiastic at the head of Henrietta’s catholic establishment, actually contested publicly with the earl of Holland (late lord Kensington), which of them was to act as steward of her dowry. The bishop showed the queen’s warrant, and the earl that of the king. Marie de Medicis, with her usual want of judgment, had appointed, as her daughter’s almoner, a youth of twenty years, who had been advanced to a bishopric on account of his family connexion with Richelieu. It is certain that all the suavity and experience in human nature ever possessed by the wisest bishop of the ancient church, were required to guide an ecclesiastic in the difficult position in which the head of the queen’s band of unwillingly tolerated priests must have found himse. . Lord Holland is the same person as lord Kensington, who negotiated the queen’s marriage. There is no very great manifestation of her partiality to him, although her name has been linked with his in the malicious histories of the times. The origin of these reports seems to have been the praises he bestowed on her in his letters to the court at the time of her marriage. But after she was queen, this nobleman showed all the indications of a disappointed courtier. The king’s discontent at the conduct of the French colony established within his gates, reached its climax in June, 1626, before he had been married a twelve-month. As his wrath effervesced on a very small provocation, or none at all, it is natural to suppose that the quarrel was rather a forced one

¹ Edited by D’Israeli, in his Commentaries of the Life and Reign of Charles I

on his part. "Monday last,¹ about three in the afternoon, the king passing into the queen's side (the queen's suite of apartments, at Whitehall), and finding some Frenchmen, her servants, *unreverently curvetting and dancing* in her presence, took her by the hand and led her into his *lodgings* (apartments), locking the door after him, and shutting out all, save the queen. Presently lord Conway signified to her majesty's French servants, that, young and old, they must all depart thence to Somerset House, and remain there till they knew his majesty's pleasure. The women howled and lamented as if they were going to execution, but all in vain; for the guard, according to lord Conway's orders, thrust them all out of the queen's apartments, and locked the doors after them."

While this scene was transacting in her own apartments, the queen, who was detained by the king in his chamber, became very angry, and when she understood that her French train were being expelled from Whitehall, she flew into an access of rage. She endeavoured to bid them a passionate farewell from the window, whence the king drew her away, telling her "to be satisfied, for it must be so." However, the queen continued to break the windows with her fist, as she was prevented from opening them. Charles was obliged to use all his masculine strength to control his incensed partner, by grasping her wrists in each hand. "But since," adds the news-letter, "I hear her rage is appeased, and that the king and she went to Nonsuch, and have been very jocund together."

The French servants of Henrietta were kept at Somerset House, while the king detained their royal mistress at his country palaces. A few days after he had separated them from the queen, he came in person to Somerset House, attended by Buckingham, Holland, and Carlisle, and addressed the French household in a set speech, informing them of the necessity of dismissing them to their own country. The young bishop requested to know his fault, and madame de St. George passionately appealed to the queen. "I name none," replied Charles; and then peremptorily ordering their return to France, and promising that they should receive their wages with gratuities, to the amount of 22,000*l.*, he withdrew with his attendants.

The French retinue, by various pretences, delayed their departure from day to day, throughout the whole of the month of July. They retained possession of the queen's clothes and jewels as perquisites, and actually left her without a change of linen, and with difficulty were prevailed on to surrender an old satin gown for her immediate use; they brought her in immensely in debt to them for purchases, which she (notwithstanding her partiality in their favour,) allowed to the king were wholly fictitious. At last Charles, exasperated by their struggles to remain in England, wrote to Buckingham the following letter to expedite their expulsion:—

¹ News-letter from John Pery to Joseph Meade. *Historical Letters*, edited by Sir Henry Ellis. First Series.

"Steenie,

"I have received your letter by Dick Græme. This is my answer. I command you to send all the French away to-morrow out of the town—if you can by fair means. but stick not long in disputing—otherwise force them away, driving them away like so many wild beasts, until you have shipped them, and so the devil go with them. Let me hear of no answer but of the performance of my command.

"So I rest your faithful, constant, loving friend,¹

"C. R.

"Oaking, on the 7th of August. 1626."

Although a numerous collection of coaches, carts, and barges, were waiting the next day at Somerset House, the French retinue unanimously resolved not to depart, saying, "they had not been discharged with the proper punctilios." On which the king sent a large posse of heralds, trumpeters, and a strong body of yeomen. The heralds and trumpeters having formally proclaimed his majesty's pleasure at the gates of Somerset House, the yeomen then stepped forward to execute his majesty's orders, which were no other than that, if the French still continued refractory, to thrust them out head and shoulders. This extremity was not resorted to, for the French departed the same tide. A great mob had been gathered in the Strand by these proceedings, and withal most riotously disposed. As the beautiful madame de St. George was departing, gesticulating with the utmost vivacity, and pouring forth a torrent of eloquence on the atrocity of tearing her from her queen, one of the leaders of the mob threw a large stone at her head, which knocked off her cap. An English noble of the court, who was leading the aggrieved fair one to the barge, drew his sword, and ran the man through the body on the spot.² Certainly, a person who could assault a woman thus murderously, deserved little sympathy; but surely the people, of all classes, in the last century but one, had little reason to consider themselves as civilized beings.

The only French attendants left with the queen were her nurse, her dresser, and madame de la Tremouille; the king sent his orders to the housekeeper at St. James's, to prepare suitable apartments for the residence of the latter lady. The official returned answer, "that her majesty's French retinue had so defiled that palace, that it would be long before it could be purified."²

The metropolis was in an infected state with the plague, and the royal family made a progress that autumn in search of salubrious springs; perhaps in imitation of the fashion of the continent, where it had become the custom to frequent watering-places and spas. The king and queen came to Wellingborough this year for the benefit of drinking at the *Re^l Well* there, and actually resided some days in tents, that they might drink the waters at the fountain-head.

The whole summer the young queen was restless and unhappy; she attributed her troubles, perhaps unjustly, to the malign influence of Buckingham; she wrote perpetually home, stating how wretched she was, deprived of her French household, and talked of visiting her native country

¹ Ellis's Letters.

² *Ibid.*

The resident ambassadors, Tillières and Blainville, who appear to have been the most formal fools ever sent on missions of delicate diplomacy, fomented her griefs. At last, the queen-mother of France appointed a man of sense and spirit to mediate this matrimonial difference. The duke de Bassompierre, one of the old friends and fellow-soldiers of Henry IV., was sent to England to inquire into the wrongs of Henrietta, and hear, from her own lips, a recapitulation of her injuries, which her banished household had represented to her mother as most flagrant. One outrage was offered to king Charles, which was, no doubt, to be attributed to the incorrigible folly of Marie de Medicis. Father Sancy, whose fanaticism had caused him to be dismissed from Henrietta's train on her first arrival in England, was now thrust back to this country as the chaplain to the embassy; as if no one could be found to perform such an office, but a person who had made himself personally odious to Charles and his people. Before Bassompierre entered into any other discussion, there was a lengthy controversy regarding this obnoxious person. Charles insisted that he should be sent out of his dominions before he would discuss any point with the French ambassador. Nevertheless, Sancy remained, and did his best to embroil the king and queen irreconcilably.

Bassompierre was certainly the most sensible and honourable person that France had sent to England since the embassy of the great duke de Sully. His notation of his interviews with the young queen prove that he neither flattered nor spoiled her.¹ He found her at open hostility with her husband's favourite and prime minister, Buckingham, of whom she made the most bitter complaints; they had quarrelled violently, and perhaps their enmity was aggravated by the fact that the queen knew no English, and Buckingham very little French; no doubt their angry dialogues were amusing enough. Buckingham, nevertheless, made the queen understand a speech which she never forgave: she quoted it, long years after his death, in confidence to madame de Motteville. He insolently told her "to beware how she behaved, for in England, queens had had their heads cut off before now." Henrietta averred that Buckingham, jealous lest she should possess influence with the king, made mischief perpetually between them, and was the cause of all the unhappiness of the early days of her married life. Bassompierre found this feud between the young queen and the favourite of Charles I. at its very height.

Although four months had passed since her separation from her French retinue, the mind of the queen was in so great a state of excitement regarding it, that Charles I., just before he gave the audience of reception to Bassompierre, at Hampton Court, sent Buckingham to him, to direct that nothing relative to this subject might be mentioned or alluded to at the public interview. "For I cannot," said king Charles, "help putting myself in a passion when discussing these matters, which would not be decent in the chair of state, in sight of the chief persons of the realm; likewise the queen, my wife, seated close to me, grieved at the remembrance of the dismissal of her servants, might commit some extravagance

¹ Bassompierre's Embassy in England, written by himself.

and would at least cry in the sight of every one." Bassompierre, when he found this representation was no diplomatic *ruse* of Buckingham, concerted with him a plan to defer the discussion of the grievance till he had a private audience with the queen, in London.

"The duke of Buckingham," pursues Bassompierre, "then introduced me to the audience. I found the king and queen seated on two chairs raised on a stage of two steps. They rose at the first bow I made. The company was magnificent, and the order exquisite." After answering inquiries regarding the health of the queen's brother and mother, Bassompierre, as had been concerted previously, was told by the king, "that her majesty was impatient to inquire after them more particularly, and to receive their remembrances and greetings in a private interview with him; therefore, in consideration of her feelings, he would delay the communication of his state mission till after that conference had taken place." The queen then added a few words, saying, "that the king had given her leave to go to London, where she would see him and speak to him at leisure." But these few words overcame her spirits; she rose, and was obliged to retire with madame de la Tremouille, or the tears which filled her eyes would have been seen to overflow her cheeks.

Subsequently, the queen, the king, and Buckingham discussed their grievances severally, in long private interviews with Bassompierre. A quotation or two from his journal gives a pretty clear view as to which side found most favour in his eyes. "Oct. 24th: I was with the queen when the king came in, with whom *she picked a quarrel*. The king took me to his chamber and talked a great deal to me, making me complaints of the queen, his wife." The next day, Sunday, was the time on which Bassompierre resolved to bring about the reconciliation he had prepared between the king and queen, and the queen and Buckingham. "Then I went for the duke, whom I took to the queen, who made his peace with her, which I had brought about with infinite trouble. The king came in afterwards, and he also was reconciled to her," on account, it may be supposed, of the quarrel the fair tyrant had picked with his majesty the day before. "Then," resumes the ambassador, "the king caressed her very much; he thanked me, as he said, for reconciling the duke and his wife, then took me to his chamber and showed me his jewels, which are very fine."

Her majesty, nevertheless, considered that her father's old friend had not evinced sufficient partiality to her cause; for the very next day, after dinner, he went to see the queen at Somerset House, "and she fell out with him." The reconciliation which poor Bassompierre had effected with such waste of time and eloquence, and so many journeys between Whitehall, Somerset House, and Hampton Court, was all null and void in a fortnight, and the parties more angry with each other than ever. The cause of wrath was, that the king found that the temper of the times would not permit him to fulfil his engagement of granting to his wife the indulgence of her domestic worship, so openly as the marriage contract specified. He had left her three chaplains when he expelled her French ecclesiastics, and he was reluctant to permit more. At sixteen, Henrietta was no judge of the state of her husband's affairs; it is not at

ago when the faculties which produce foresight are much developed in any class of human beings: those who placed a petulant child in a situation that required all the calm temper and clear judgment of which a woman of twenty-five is capable, were responsible for the whole of the mistakes she committed as queen. Unfortunately, the effects of her childish errors in judgment weighed heavily against her in after life. Yet there was no moral wrong in the conduct of the young queen; her errors merely proceeded from a fervent attachment to her religion, manifested without wise calculation on the prejudices of her new country. Alas! in political history, crimes committed with tact are often viewed with complacency, but small mercy is shown to blunders, even if they may be traced to the virtuous affections. It may be noticed, too, that false chronology has occasioned a very great deal of calumny on Henrietta; for instance, the crime more particularly charged against her, was the fanatic penance she is said to have performed at Tyburn. This, if ever done, was limited within the first few weeks after her arrival. If it were, as she averred, a fabrication, it must have originated with her husband's most intimate friends and trusted councillors, perhaps with Buckingham himself; for a most notable quarrel broke out between the queen and him, while this matter was discussed in council before Bassompierre.

That nobleman acted throughout with impartiality, unawed by the title of queen, borne by the petulant little beauty, who was the youngest child of his old friend, Henry IV. He sharply reproved her for picking quarrels with her husband, and threatened to tell her friends in France of her perversity. With the same spirit of independence, he pointed out to his own government their errors in judgment, in his letter to Herbault, the French minister. "You know," wrote he, "the extraordinary manner in which the domestics of the queen of Great Britain were sent back to France. It was said that she lived very ill with her husband, and that there seemed no way but open war to enforce the terms of the marriage treaty. At first I proved what I had expected, that the company of father Sancy would do little good, and a very great deal of harm, to my design. You have seen how much I have suffered, and been impeded on this head. You know the principal objects which my king had in sending me hither, were to render the queen, his sister, content, the state of her conscience easy, her personal attendants agreeable to her, her health and convenience, and the union and intelligence between her majesty and her royal husband perfectly cemented, likewise to obtain better treatment for the English catholic priests."¹

¹ The whole of this despatch, in French, may be consulted in *M. Croker's Journal of Bassompierre*, p. 148. The wisdom of Bassompierre, and the real desire he showed for the happiness of Henrietta, and to reconcile all parties, by according to each their due, shows him to have been an honest statesman. Very different is the manner in which this noble soldier speaks of Charles and England, to those evil agents of Richelieu who called themselves ambassadors.

² *Bassompierre's Journal*, p. 112. Bassompierre took seventeen catholic priests, under condemnation of death for saying mass, away with him to France, thus commuting their sentence to banishment, to the indignation of Charles's parliament. New victims soon accumulated, whose deaths and tortures were points

In the course of this negotiation, Bassompierre was, in a cabinet council, given a memorial of the causes of complaint that king Charles had to bring against the queen's French domestics. Against the bishop of Mantes, Henrietta's almoner, (who was a Du Plessis, a near relative of the wily and inimical Richelieu, then rising into power,) was brought in this document an accusation "of fomenting plots in England; moreover, the queen's French domestics discovered all that passed between the king and her majesty, and laboured to create in the gentle mind of her majesty a repugnance to all that the king desired or ordered, and they fomented discords between their majesties, as a thing essential to the welfare of their church. They endeavoured to inspire her with a contempt for England, a dislike of its habits, and made her neglect the English language, as if she neither had nor wished to have any common interest in the country. They subjected the person of the queen to a monastic obedience, in order to oblige her to do many base and servile acts, beneath the majesty of a queen, and very dangerous to her own health. Witness what has befallen a person of distinction among her attendants, who died thereof, and complained at her death that that was the cause of it." That is, the queen's French lady died of the severities of the penances inflicted on herself, not on her royal mistress; the narrative is not very luminous on this point. As to the penances imposed on the young queen, they are reported in a letter of court news, with which we must interpolate the grave state paper, which says the same, but in duller language; and if we may credit the affirmation of Bassompierre, and the queen herself, one narrative is as inventive as the other. "No longer agonè than on St. James's day,¹ these hypocritical dogs made the poor queen walk a-foot from her house at St. James's, (the palace,) to the gallows at Tyburn, thereby to honour the saint of the day, in visiting that holy place, where, forsooth, so many martyrs had shed their blood in defence of the catholic cause! Had they not also made her dabble in the dirt, in a foul morning, from Somerset House to St. James's, her Luciferian confessor riding by her in his coach? Yea, they have made her spin, to eat her meat out of *treen*² dishes, to wait at table, and serve her servants; and if these rogues dare thus insult over the daughter, sister, and wife of great kings, what slavery would they not make us, the people, undergo?"

Bassompierre spent the beginning of November in conferences, respecting the above statements, between the queen, the king, and Buckingham; and in each conference they had a separate quarrel. He inquired of the queen how he was to answer the various particulars which had been offensive to the king, as to the wooden trenchers, and other trifling matters? She either disdained to reply to them, or admitted

of dispute between the king and his parliament. In the present times, all sects will rejoice that England was spared the disgrace of butchering the priests that Bassompierre carried away. He says, by mistake, (as supposed,) that he carried away *seventy* of these victims.

¹ The queen would have kept this festival, 1625, July 15, new style. All this is retrospective discussion of the council.

² Dishes made of *tree*, i. e., wooden trenchers.

them by silence; but in regard to the pilgrimage to the gallows at Tyburn, she most earnestly denied it. Bassompierre made so animated an harangue before the privy-council, when he defended Henrietta from having committed this absurdity, that he lost his voice for some days—a very serious loss for this vivacious foreigner, who, however, in his journal, expresses himself dubiously as to whether his affliction was owing to his exertions in behalf of the queen, or to a London fog in November, to which, poor man, he was not accustomed. In his speech he declared that the queen had instructed him to say, “that the king her husband had permitted her to gain her jubilee¹ in the chapel of the fathers of the oratory at Saint *Gemmes* (St. James), within a month of her arrival in England, which devotion had terminated with vespers; and as that time the heat of the day was passed, she had walked in the park of *St. Gemmes*, and in the *Hipparc*² which joins it, a walk she had often taken in company with the king her husband; but, that she made it in procession, or that she ever approached within *fifty paces* of the gallows, or that she made there any prayers, public or private, or that she went on her knees there, holding the hours or chaplets in her hands, is what those who impose these matters on others do not believe themselves.” This oration lasted an hour. “And when I came out,” says Bassompierre, in his journal, “I showed the queen the fine statement they had made to me, and what I had replied and protested, with which she was much obliged.”³

It is proper here to observe, that out of the numerous witnesses who must have beheld Henrietta performing such extraordinary genuflexions at the gallows-tree, not one was examined before the privy-council; therefore the statement is utterly without evidence. Indeed, every person who reads this well-known accusation against the queen of Charles, must have wondered how her majesty could have arrived on a summer's evening at the gallows barefoot, without being followed in such a public place by a vast mob of gazers. But it seems the gibbet, with all its foul and ghastly garniture, was a perennial ornament, abutting on Hyde Park; and there it stood, near where the fashionable throng now turn into the ring at Cumberland Gate—a horrid terminus to the vista—assuredly always within the view of their Britannic majesties, when they chose to enjoy the cool of the evening by taking their accustomed walk from St. James's Park to Hyde Park. The national gibbet, fed as it was from the era of Henry VIII. with almost daily food, was marvellously convenient for Henriette's pilgrimage, had she ever taken it; but she indignantly repelled the idea. She acknowledged she had often walked that way with her husband, but she denied that she ever approached the gibbet *nearer* than fifty paces.⁴ What times! what manners! what an

¹ This is some kind of indulgence granted by the pope in reward of a certain number of prayers performed at some place of worship. Queen Mary and her sister Elizabeth are described by Noailles, as very earnestly engaged in gaining one of these jubilees at Greenwich Palace, in the absence of Philip the Second.

² Hyde Park, often called High Park in old books, probably because St. James's Park is marshy.

³ Bassompierre's Journal, collected with the Minutes of the Privy Council, Nov 1626

⁴ Ibid.

admission! To us it appears still more abhorrent, that a fair royal bride, in her honeymoon, leaning on the arm of her loving lord, should take a summer stroll for pleasure within fifty paces of a gibbet, than that she should approach it, in sorrow and humiliation, to meditate on the agony, sin, and grief, that had throbbled at the hearts of the miserable fellow-creatures who had perished on the horrid spot. The circumstance that such an appendage abutted on the royal parks, more than ever marks the brutality of the 16th and 17th centuries, which had much receded in common decency from the era of the early Plantagenets. Probably the young queen, when she first beheld the grim object so near her courtly promenade, crossed herself in a fright, and repeated some Latin prayer or adjuration, and from thence the whole story grew; perhaps she did so whenever she saw it—who can wonder? This circumstance occasioned the removal of the gibbet, with general approbation, to the vicinity of Paddington.¹

The gallant Bassompierre remained for some time an unwilling mute, having, by his own account, lost his voice in her majesty's vindication.² But the vindication only set the belligerent parties quarrelling again, with greater vivacity than ever. The pains-taking ambassador had to commence anew his series of separate visits, and his course of suitable exhortations, to the queen, the king, and Buckingham. "I came," continues Bassompierre,³ "in the morning to Somerset (House) to meet the queen, who had arrived there to see the lord-mayor go on the Thames, on his way to Westminster, to be sworn in, with a magnificent display of boats. There the queen dined, and afterwards got into her coach, and placed me at the *same door* with her." The royal carriages were huge fabrics, gaudily ornamented; they had no glass as yet, but were sheltered with leather curtains; they were capable of holding eight inside passengers, two of whom were perched in niches, called boots, at each door, places usually reserved for some favoured guest or friend of the king or queen. "The duke of Buckingham, by the queen's commands, likewise got into her coach," observes Bassompierre; "and we went into the street called *Shipside* (Cheapside), to see the ceremony, which is the greatest made for the reception of any officer in the world. While waiting for the lord-mayor to pass, the queen played at primero with the duke, the earl of Dorset, and me; afterwards, the duke of Buckingham took me to dine with the lord-mayor; and after the lord-mayor's dinner, I went to walk in Moorfields."⁴ The early hour of the lord-mayor's dinner may be judged by Bassompierre finishing this festival-day (Nov. 9) with an evening walk in Moorfields, then a sort of garden or park of recreation for the citizens.

In the course of a few days, Bassompierre considered that he had arranged all the disputed points, and made a fair agreement for the future comfort of the queen, the particulars of which he details thus in his letter to the French government, addressed to M. d'Herbault:⁵—"You

¹ Hence it is called Paddington Tree, and its precincts Paddington Pound, is the name of the seventeenth century.

² Bassompierre's Journal.

³ *Ibid.*, pp. 80-82.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 83.

⁵ Bassompierre's Journal, p. 150. French document.

will now find monsieur, that the satisfaction is complete, and that the queen, his majesty's sister, rests infinitely obliged with what I have done for her; and deeming herself content and happy, she lives now with the king in perfect amity. First, she has re-established—and this is for her conscience—a bishop¹ and ten priests, a confessor and his coadjutor, and ten musicians for her chapel; that at St. James's is to be finished with its cemetery, and another is to be built for her at Somerset (House), at the expense of the king, her husband. In attendance on her person she will have, of her own nation, two ladies of the bed-chamber, three bed-chamber-women, one *lingère*, and a clear-starcher. In regard to her health, two physicians, an apothecary, and a surgeon. For her house, a grand-chamberlain, a squire, a secretary, a gentleman-usher of the privy-chamber, one of the chamber of presence, a valet of the privy-chamber, a *baxter-groom* (that is, a baker). All her officers of the mouth and the goblet are to be French." Here were foreign domestics sufficiently numerous to cause Henrietta to be the most unpopular queen-consort that ever shared an English throne in the best of times; the establishment was, however, scanty, in comparison with the army of impracticable people located at the English court on the strength of the first treaty, when they amounted to more than four hundred.

The queen was not really in quite so complacent a state of mind as her father's old friend hoped; a more stormy scene took place than had yet occurred. Bassompierre, out of all patience at seeing Henrietta continue to play the vixen, after all her grievances had been redressed, told her his mind without caring for her rank. In his brief journal he notes: "Nov. 12. Came to the queen's, where the king came, *who* fell out with one another, and I afterwards with the queen, on this account. I told her plainly, that I should next day take leave of king Charles, and return to France, leaving the business unfinished, and should tell his majesty (Louis XIII.), her brother, and the queen her mother, that it was all her fault."

This was the best way of settling Henrietta's mind and affairs. She had been told by her flattering retinue, that all her little tyrannies and lovers' quarrels with Charles were entirely becoming to a queen, and what (as Napoleon truly said) was far better, a pretty woman. But the few plain words of her father's comrade informed her that she behaved unlike a wife, and that he should so report her to her own family. And this honest dealing secured the lovely queen nearly eighteen years of conjugal happiness, with undisputed possession of a true heart that adored her, till it ceased to beat—a rich reward for listening to a few words of truth from a real friend.

The acute mind of Bassompierre had fathomed the real cause of Henrietta's perverse conduct. He has left an observation, showing the imprudence of her confidences. "When I had returned home, father Sancy, to whom the queen had written about our falling out, came to make it up with me"—that is, to bring an apology for the queen's con-

¹ This, we think, was not carried into effect directly. The priests were capuchins, who concern themselves less in politics than other orders.

duct—"but with such impertinences, that I got very angry with him." But whether the impertinences originated with the queen, or her messenger, Bassompierre deposes not. Henrietta had, however, a most imprudent habit of giving confidence without due consideration; she herself told madame de Motteville, "that her hastiness in telling her mind to all about her, had been of infinite injury to herself and to the political affairs of her husband."

Bassompierre returned to France, carrying with him this father Sancy, who certainly always kept the queen's mind in a most mischievous state of agitation, while he was near her. One would have thought that Bassompierre's exertions would have been repaid, with the utmost approbation, by his own country. Far from it; he had behaved too honestly, and told every one the truth too plainly, and had avoided extremes in his mediatorial capacity too decidedly, to give satisfaction to his weak and bigoted master. The learned and dignified king of England could admire the calm majesty of this ambassador's reply, when he asked him, in the course of the recent dispute, "Whether he had come to declare war on him?" "I am not a herald to declare war," was the noble retort of Bassompierre, "but a marshal of France, to make it when declared." Even the spoiled royal beauty, Henrietta, listened to the blunt reproofs of her old friend, and was grateful when her anger was over. But the foolish queen-mother of France, and her weak son, were enraged because every article of the original marriage treaty was not carried into effect. Bassompierre was frowned upon at his own court. Louis XIII., animated with the desire of nullifying the wise toleration his great father had given to the French protestants, pressed on the siege of Rochelle, and war between England and France was the result.

It is very doubtful, whether the modified arrangement of Henrietta's French household was carried into effect, till after the peace with France, since it is certain that the ten capuchin friars were not appointed for her chapel till the year 1630.¹ Charlotte de la Tremouille, lady Strange, who, having married the heir of Derby, had become naturalized as an English subject, indubitably filled the place of one of the two ladies of the bed-chamber, mentioned in the French list. The relationship of this lady to the heroic deliverer of Holland, William, prince of Orange, rendered her less offensive to the English people, than any other foreign attendant of the queen. Her mother, the duchess de la Tremouille, had returned to France a few days before the ambassador departed.

A war with France soon after broke out, notwithstanding which, the queen enjoyed more tranquillity than when her French household was about her. The king wrote, on occasion of the capture of the Isle of Rhé, to Buckingham, who commanded on that expedition, the following remarkable postscript at the end of a familiar letter: "I cannot omit to tell you, that my wife and I were never on better terms; she, upon

¹ MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache, one of those capuchins.

² Charlotte de la Tremouille, afterwards so renowned as the heroic defender of Athlone House

this action of yours, showing herself so loving to me, by her discretion on all occasions, that it makes us all wonder at and esteem her."¹

Meantime great enmity against king Charles prevailed in France, originating in the dismissal of Henrietta's French retinue; and the most sinister reports were circulated among the populace, which were fostered by the servants of the cashiered officials. All classes of the French people thought that their beautiful young princess was the victim and martyr of the heretic king. This state of the public mind caused belief to be given to a very strange imposture.

A girl—who was, without doubt, a monomaniac—took it into her head that she was the persecuted queen of England, and while Louis XIII. was carrying on the siege of Rochelle, presented herself at a convent at Limoges, and claimed the hospitality of the nuns as such. She declared that she had fled from king Charles, and from England, because she was persecuted on account of the true faith. She spoke and carried herself with remarkable dignity. When she was questioned, she gave a very plausible description of the English court, and of the great lords and ladies who composed the household of Henrietta Maria. Her statements were correct—at least, as far as the good people of Limoges were aware—for the whole of that city and neighbourhood flocked to see the distressed queen, and were thoroughly persuaded of her identity. Louis XIII. was exceedingly enraged at what he considered the impudence of this imposition, being attempted at a time when his sister was in peace and prosperity, surrounded by her own court. He sent orders to the lieutenant-general of Limoges to bring the girl to public trial. During the whole of this process, the representative of queen Henrietta abated not a jot of her assumed majesty, answered all questions with great presence of mind and cleverness, and very coolly signed her legal examination, "*Henriette de Bourbon*." She was condemned to make the *amende honorable*—that is, to confess her delinquency, at the end of a public religious procession, with a lighted taper in her hand, and to be imprisoned during the pleasure of the king of France. What further became of her is not known.²

While this self-constituted double was assuming the character of Henrietta in her native land, the queen herself was experiencing the sweet hopes of maternity; but unfortunately, she could not rest contented, without endeavouring to read the future destiny both of her unborn infant and herself. The prophetess to whom she had recourse on this occasion was no juggling gipsy or sordid witch, but a high-born lady of her court,—one of the most extraordinary characters of her day. This was lady Eleanor, the daughter of the earl of Castlehaven, and wife to the king's attorney-general, sir John Davys. The study of the original scripture languages, and a mystical and fanatical belief of her own devising, had turned this noble dame's brain; so as to cause her to believe that a prophetic mantle of no little power had descended upon her. Under its influence, she had foretold the death of her first husband, to

¹ Hardwicke State Papers, vol. ii. p. 14.

² Causes Célèbres, vol. ii., p. 204.

the infinite indignation of Charles I.¹ How she ever obtained a second, her curious autobiography does not explain; regarding her inspirations she was more communicative. The idea that she was a prophetess arose from finding that the letters of her name, twisted into an anagram, might be read in this line:—*Reveal, O Daniel.*

Her prophetic pride was, however, somewhat rebuked by one of the king's privy council, who, having occasion to reprove her for venting some mischievous political predictions, by a suitable exordium in the star-chamber, very wittily attacked her with her own weapons, by assuring her that the letters which composed her name she had not rightly construed, for the real anagram should be read thus: *Dame Eleanor Davys, Never so mad a lady.*

Such was the prophetess to whom queen Henrietta applied, to read the destiny which was in mercy withheld from her. The odd dialogue that passed between her majesty and the prophetess is best given in lady Eleanor's own words. "About two years after the marriage of king Charles I., I was waiting on the queen as she came from mass or evening service, to know what service she was pleased to require from me. Her first question was, 'Whether she should ever have a son?' I answered, 'In a short time.'"² The queen was next desirous to know what would be the destiny of the duke of Buckingham and the English fleet, which had sailed to oppose her brother, and relieve the siege of Rochelle. "I answered," lady Eleanor continued, "that the duke of Buckingham would bring home little honour, but his person would return safely, and that speedily." This reply gave little satisfaction to the duke's enemies, who would have been best pleased to have heard of his death. The queen then returned to her hopes of a son, and I showed that she should have one, and that for a long time she should be happy. 'But for how long?' asked the queen. 'For sixteen years,' was my reply. King Charles coming in at that instant, our discourse was interrupted by him. 'How now, lady Eleanor,' said the king, 'are not you the person who foretold your husband's death three days before it happened?' to which his majesty thought fit to add, 'that it was the next to breaking his heart.'" And probably most husbands will be of the opinion of Charles I.

Although the king had thus successfully cut short the conference with lady Eleanor, he could not prevent the maids of honour from crowding round that prophetess, and assailing her with the questions which their royal mistress had intended to ask. Lady Eleanor informed these ladies, "It was indeed true that the queen would shortly have a son; but it was no less true that it would be born, christened, and buried, all in one day." Perhaps this vexatious prophecy was made on purpose to plague the king for his interruption and sharp reproof.

Probably the evil prediction of this mad gentlewoman dwelt on the mind of the young queen; others say she was hurried and alarmed by some trifling accident; she was, however, taken very ill, and rather unex-

¹ *Britannia's Celebrated Women.*

² This was on All Saints' Day, Nov. 1st, 1627. The queen's son was born seven months afterwards.

pectedly gave birth to a son, May 13, 1628. A contest took place between Charles I. and the queen's confessor, whether the heir of England should be baptized according to the church of England or the church of Rome; but the king carried his point, and the boy was named Charles James, by Dr. Webb, the chaplain in attendance. As the royal babe had been born a little before its time, it was in a languid state, and died the day of its birth, an hour after its baptism, and was buried just before midnight, by Dr. Laud.

The king forbade the queen to consult dame Eleanor any more on the destiny of their offspring. But if we may believe the testimony of the sibyl herself, and the reports of the day, this prohibition only made her majesty the more eager for the forbidden conference, when, in a short time after, she again had hopes of maternity. Lady Eleanor plumed herself very much on the fulfilment of her divination regarding the death of the queen's first-born, and forthwith vented such a tirade of impertinent prophecies on politics, religion, and affairs in general, which did not concern her, that king Charles, much annoyed at her proceedings, sent Mr. Kirke, one of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber, to complain to her husband, and desire him to make her hold her tongue. But this was a piece of discretion seemingly beyond her own power; neither could her husband ever succeed in controlling that unruly member. Nevertheless, the king's dutiful law-officer, sir John Davys, did all he could to impede the promulgation of his lady's prophecies, by throwing a large bundle of them in manuscript behind the fire.

The king's messenger proved a very unfaithful one, for after delivering his royal master's message, he added a request on his own account, to know "if the queen's second child would be a son?" "And I," says lady Eleanor, "unwilling to send him empty away, assured him of a prince and a strong child, which he not sparing to impart, the news was solemnized with bonfires." This last is a piece of perversity almost too ridiculous for belief. How thoroughly tormented must the king have been with the absurdity of his messenger, who, when sent to reprove lady Eleanor's conjuring spirit, took the opportunity of exciting her to exercise it anew, by the request of his queen.

The sudden death of Buckingham, by the stroke of a fanatic's dagger, August, 1628, removed one to whose influence the queen attributed all the differences which had occurred between herself and her husband. It is certain that the matrimonial happiness of the royal pair improved after the decease of this powerful minister.

The queen was little more than eighteen; her reason had not been cultivated, and her tastes were as yet childish. Among other frivolities, she had a great fancy for dwarfs, and was a noted patroness of those mannikins; one of them proved something like an historical character, and about this time stepped out of a cold pie into her majesty's service. This incident occurred in one of the royal progresses, when Charles and Henrietta were entertained by the duchess of Buckingham. The queen was induced to partake of a noble venison pasty in the centre of the table; when some of the crust was removed, the little man Geoffr

Hudson rose out of the pie, and hastened to prostrate himself before her majesty's plate, entreating to be taken into her service. She was greatly diverted with this odd addition to her retinue, especially at the mode of his appearance. He was then but eighteen inches high, a Gulliver among the Brobdignagians, and almost as accomplished a character. The queen entertained him as her dwarf *par excellence*, although, according to the taste of her era, she was already provided with a pair of these little monsters, whose marriage was celebrated by the courtly strains of Waller. Master Geoffry proved a very valiant and sensible modicum of humanity, fit to be employed in state messages of small import. In 1630, for instance, he was despatched to France by the queen, to escort over the channel the French *sage femme* her royal wother deemed the best to preside over her approaching accouchement. The homeward voyage was disastrous: a Dunkirk privateer, being no respecter of persons, captured both the *sage femme* and Master Geoffry, and plundered them of all the rich presents they were bringing to the queen from her mother, Marie de Medicis; and, what was worse, the *sage femme* was detained in captivity till her office was no longer needed by the royal patient.

Matters of more import at this time gave no little pain to Henrietta. The prospect of the royal line being continued by a Roman-catholic queen excited party rage in a violent degree, and political pamphlets were published full of reviling epithets against her. In these she was termed a daughter of Heth, a Canaanite, and an idolatress, whose hopes of progeny could give no general joy, God having provided much better for England, in the hopeful issue of the queen of Bohemia. This idea had thus taken possession of the Calvinistic party in England, previously to the birth of Charles II.¹ This prince was born on the morning of May 29, 1630, at the palace of St. James. He was a strong, fine babe, but by no means remarkable for his infantine beauty. The king rode in great state that very morning, to return thanks for the birth of his heir, and the safety of his queen, at St. Paul's Cathedral. During the royal procession, a bright star appeared at noon-day, to the great astonishment and admiration of the populace. An accident so poetical was immediately seized by one of the learned gentlemen in the king's retinue. A Latin epigram, with the following elegant translation, was presented to him as a congratulation on the birth of the prince:—

“When to Paul's Cross the grateful king drew near,
A shining star did in the heavens appear.
Thou that consultest with bright mysteries,
Tell me what this bright wanderer signifies?
'Now there is born a valiant prince in the west,
That shall eclipse the kingdoms of the east.'”²

Prince Charles was baptized the Sunday before the 2d of July, the same year, “in the chapel at St. James's, but not the queen's chapel,” as one of the news-letter informants³ especially notes, and not without

¹ Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 20.

² Ibid., p. 21.

³ In a letter to Mr. Joseph Meade.

reason, for Henrietta Maria's chapel was a retired apartment in the palace, fitted up as a Roman-catholic place of worship. The ceremony of the royal baptism was the first time performed in this country for an heir to the throne, after the form prescribed in our Book of Common Prayer; Laud, bishop of London, dean of the royal chapel, officiated, assisted by the bishop of Norwich, royal almoner. The sponsors were the zealous Roman-catholic, Louis XIII., his bigoted mother, Marie de Medicis, and that protestant champion, the unfortunate Palgrave, who joined in answering that the heir of Great Britain should be brought up in the tenets of the church of England, which neither of them professed. The duke of Lenox, the old ostentatious duchess of Richmond, and the marquis of Hamilton, were the proxies for these incongruous sponsors. The duchess's gifts on the occasion outwent her usual boastful profusion. for she presented the prince with a jewel worth 7000*l.* A wet-nurse from Wales¹ was provided for the infant, probably to keep up the old custom and promise to the principality — that the first words of every prince of Wales should be uttered in Welsh. To this nurse the ostentatious duchess presented a gold chain worth 200*l.*; to the midwife and dry-nurse, a quantity of massy plate; and even the rockers received from her a silver cup, salt, and a dozen of spoons. The queen had very politically sent her own state carriage, attended by two lords, many knights and gentlemen, preceded by six running footmen, and drawn by six horses with plumes on their heads and backs, to fetch this bountiful dowager to the christening, from her house in the Strand. The old lady paid dear for her ride in the queen's carriage that short distance, for she gave to the knights fifty pounds each, to the coachman twenty pounds, and to each of the footmen ten pounds. The state dresses at this baptism were white satin trimmed with crimson, and crimson silk stockings. The lady to whom the personal charge of the prince was committed was Mrs. Wyndham, who, throughout his life, had extraordinary influence over him.²

The queen possessed, in a high degree, that talent of writing charming little letters, for which Frenchwomen have always been admired. One of the earliest letters from her pen, which is extant, is replete with the fascination of playful *naïveté*; it is addressed to her old friend, madame St. George, with whom she constantly corresponded, notwithstanding her unceremonious dismissal by king Charles. This letter proves that Henrietta—despite of the proverb which affirms that even the crows think their own nestlings fair—was not blind to the fact that her boy was a fright. The likeness of some tawny Provençal ancestor of Henri Quatre must have revived in the person of the prince of Wales, for the elegant Charles I. and the beautiful Henrietta had no right to expect so plain a little creature as their first-born. It is amusing enough to read the queen's description of the solemn ugliness of her fat baby.

¹ News-letter.

² Clarendon Correspondence. Appendix. The gold chain, mentioned in the text, was, in all probability, presented to Mrs. Wyndham, the superintendent of the prince's nursery, and not to the wet-nurse.

[No date, but written in the first year of the life of Charles II.]

¹ Mamie St. George.¹

"The husband of the nurse of my son going to France about some business of his wife, I write you this letter by him, believing that you will be very glad to ask him news of my son, of whom I think you have seen the portrait that I sent to the queen my mother. He is so ugly, that I am ashamed of him; but his size and fairness supply the want of beauty. I wish you could see the *gentleman*, for he has no ordinary mien; he is so serious in all that he does, that I cannot help aseming him far wiser than myself.

"Send me a dozer pairs of sweet chamois gloves, and also I beg you send me one of doeskin; a game of *joncheries*, one of *poule*, and the rules of any species of games now in vogue. I assure you, that if I do not write to you so often as I might, it is not because I have left off loving you, but because—I must confess it—I am very idle: also I am ashamed to avow that I think I am on the increase again; nevertheless, I am not yet quite certain. Adieu, the man must have my letter."

Henrietta wrote another letter to her friend, as follows, some time before November, 1631:—

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO MADAME ST. GEORGE.²

[No date; probably just before the birth of the queen's eldest daughter.]

¹ Mamie St. George,

"Barbereau having asked leave to go to France for his particular affairs, I would not let him depart without assuring you of the continuation of my friendship, and also to complain a little, that I have been so long without hearing news of you. I know well you may retort the same thing; but at this time I am out of London, and have no opportunities: also, I am not a little incommoded with my size, which renders me indolent; but assure yourself that I fail not to remember you on all occasions, and that I hope you will always find me

"Your affectionate friend,

HENRIETTE MARIE, R

"Make my commendations to my *niece*.³ I am having the portraits of my children and of myself done, which I shall send to you very soon."

¹ Inedited letter, Imperial Library, St. Petersburg, by favour of his imperial majesty, the emperor of Russia.

² Imperial Library, St. Petersburg. Inedited MS.

³ Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the eldest daughter of her brother Gaston, duke of Orleans. The beautiful madame de St. George, who played so important a part in the historical comedy of the dismissal of queen Henrietta's French suite was the daughter of madame de Monglat, governess of the children of Henry IV and his queen. She was the wife of a noble of the house of Clermont-Amboise. It has been shown that Henrietta had been reared from childhood with her when she was mademoiselle de Monglat, which accounts naturally for the excessive love she bore her as madame de St. George. After her return from England, madame de St. George was appointed state-governess to that capricious princess, mademoiselle de Montpensier, daughter to Gaston, duke of Orleans. Mademoiselle de Montpensier, in her autobiography, displays more feeling in her description of the death of madame de St. George, than in any other instance. This lady left several little children; and her pupil gives a very touching account of the manner in which she gave them her last blessing on her death-bed. She begged mademoiselle de Montpensier to permit her to include her in it. The princess received this blessing kneeling, and weeping passionately. "Directly after," says mademoiselle, "madame de St. George entered into her last agonies, and expired a quarter of an hour afterwards. This dear friend of queen Henrietta died February 13, 1642, just before the deaths of Marie de Medicis, Louis XIII. and cardinal Richelieu."—*Mémoires de Mad. de Montpensier*, vol. i. p. 70

The queen gave birth to her eldest daughter at St. James's palace, Nov. 4, 1631; this infant was baptized Mary, by Dr. Laud, in St. James's chapel. The queen committed the little princess to the care of Catherine, lady Stanhope, who served her with the most attached fidelity through life.

When Charles could no longer delay his Scottish coronation, the queen was invited to share this northern inauguration, which she as firmly refused as she did the ceremony of the English consecration; and she suffered her husband to depart on his northern progress alone: It is here necessary to mention, that the attachment of Charles I. to domestic life, had caused him to neglect the royal duty of occasional progress towards distant portions of his dominions. Queen Elizabeth had carried this usage to an abuse; yet, if we closely trace the causes of her popularity, it will be found that it owed much to her progresses.

King Charles probably considered that the difference of the queen's religion excited unpleasant remarks, if she visited the protestant magnates of the land, and the furious jealousy of the whole community, if she visited any of the old catholic families. Scotland had been suffering all the pains and penalties of absenteeism since the union of the kingdoms, and these were never alleviated by the circulation of a portion of the royal revenue in that direction. Assuredly the Stuarts had little reason, since the Gowry conspiracy, to be forward in paying a visit unarmed to one of their northern lords. The extreme poverty of the crown, owing to the refusal of the parliament of Charles to grant him the usual tonnage and poundage, unless he put in force the penal laws against the condemned catholic priests, limited his expenses to the most rigid economy; and royal progresses cannot be made without a certain degree of royal expenditure.

The following occurrence, which took place in Sept., 1632, increased the unpopularity of the queen to an alarming degree. "On Friday, at eleven in the forenoon, her majesty, with her own hands, helped to lay the two first square corner-stones, with a silver plate of equal dimensions between them, in the foundation of her capuchin's church, intended to be built in the tennis court-yard of Somerset House; which stones, in the presence of upwards of 2000 persons, were consecrated with great ceremony, having engraven upon the upper part of that plate the portraits of their majesties as founders, and of the capuchins as consecrators."¹ Another chapel for the queen was commenced at St. James's; but the approaching revolution ripened and strengthened as these establishments for the Roman-catholic church approached completion, and the personal libels on the queen became frequent and furious. The service of the Roman-catholic church was, in the course of about two years, celebrated at these chapels with a splendour and publicity most injurious to the prosperity of Charles I.

The desire of Charles I. to show his preference for the church of England, perhaps occasioned his attempt to establish it in his northern kingdom. This fatal step appears to be connected with his Scottish

¹ Pery's News-letter, Ellis's Original Letters. New Series, vol. .i., p. 271

coronation; probably the oath which the constitution of the country required him to take was not consistent with the popular religion. Henrietta remained at Greenwich palace during the king's absence in Scotland: it was the first separation which had occurred between the royal pair. Charles showed no little impatience at its duration; he hurried the latter part of his journey of return, and to avoid entering the metropolis, lest he should be delayed by tedious greetings, he rode across the country almost alone from Waltham to Blackwall, where he was ferried over the river, and gave his queen a loving surprise.

The queen's delicate situation probably occasioned the homeward haste of the king. Within a few weeks of his return was born, at St. James's palace, her second son, Oct. 14,¹ 1633. The child was baptized in St. James's chapel by the name of James, in memory of his grandfather, James I. The new archbishop, Laud, officiated on this occasion. Charles I., according to a custom prevalent in the royal family of England since the accession of the line of York, created the child duke of York. The queen committed him to the care of lady Dorset. His infantine beauty, and fair and blooming complexion, somewhat atoned to his mother for the ugliness of his elder brother; he was her best beloved son.² King Charles destined him for the marine service of his country, and caused his education to tend to everything naval. He was named lord high admiral in his infancy, and the fleets of England sailed under his flag. No one could at that time tell that he was to be one of the greatest naval warriors the British island ever produced.

The queen's name was involved, about this time, in a desperate quarrel, which took place between lord Holland and the resident ambassador at Paris, lord Weston. The dispute merely related to some letters which the queen had written to her mother and relatives in France. Lord Holland had undertaken to convey them, but they fell into the hands of the English ambassador, who sent them to the king. Great jealousy existed regarding the queen's correspondence with France, especially on the subject of religion. "The king justified the proceedings of lord Weston, and placed lord Holland under arrest, for offering "to fight the ambassador to the death." The vague scandals regarding the queen and lord Holland have misrepresented this circumstance.³

This was almost the last difference that ruffled the wedded happiness of the royal pair; and, during their future years, the fondest attachment succeeded to the gusty passion which prompted them to a series of lovers' quarrels in the first days of their marriage. An increasing and lovely family cemented their conjugal union. Henrietta was a fond mother, and devoted much of her time to her nursery. Occasionally her divine voice was heard singing to her infant, as she lulled it in her

¹ Autograph Memoirs of James II.—Evelyn. History always quotes Oct. 13.

This was the assertion of the queen's niece, mademoiselle de Montpensier, in her Memoirs.

² Howell, in one of his letters, mentions the circumstance as it really was, and adds, "My lord of Hol and takes this in such scorn, that he has defied lord Weston, and demanded the combat of him since his return, for which he is committed to his house at Kensington" (Holland House).

arms, filling the magnificent galleries of Whitehall with its enchanting cadences. Queenly etiquette prevented her from charming listeners with its strains at other times.

Sometimes little flaws of anger overclouded the serenity of her temper, which all her countrywomen mention as being usually a very happy one. Dean Swift, in his history of his own times, makes a malicious use of the following anecdote, which he only has preserved; but it was no great crime, either on the side of Charles or Henrietta:—

“Charles I., in gallantry to his queen, thought one day to surprise her with the present of a diamond brooch, and, fastening it to her bosom with his own hand, he awkwardly wounded her with the prong so deeply, that she snatched the jewel from her bosom and flung it on the ground. The king looked alarmed and confounded, and turned pale, which he never was seen to do in his worst misfortunes.” Then follows a long tirade against the uxoriousness of the king, which, to the cynical dean, was the deepest of crimes. Alas! Charles’s enemies were woefully at a loss for personal faults, when they place *this* at the head of the list.

HENRIETTA MARIA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF CHARLES THE FIRST, KING OF GREAT
BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER II.

Queen deems herself the happiest woman in the world—Poems in her praise—Her portrait by Vandyke—Family portrait, with children—Queen’s want of sleep—Her pastoral festival—Prynne’s abuse of the queen—She intercedes for him—Birth of the princess Elizabeth—Letters to her son Charles—Queen’s reception of her mother—Commencement of the queen’s own narrative of the civil war—Her grief for Strafford—Departure of her mother—Queen’s letters to the king in Scotland—Her conduct till his return—Betrayed by lady Carlisle—Invents the name of Roundhead—Forced from London by tumults—Political measures attributed to the queen—Her voyage to Holland—Leaves her eldest daughter there—Obtains stores for the king—Embarks to return—Adventures in a storm, &c.—Lands at Burlington—Great dangers—Tradition—The queen’s pledge—Queen saves an enemy’s life—Her march to York—Her letters from thence—Queen at Newark—Her answer to the ladies’ petition—Her march from Newark—Meets the king in the vale of Keynton—Medal struck in her honour—Her residence at Oxford—Her illness—Journey to Bath and Exeter—Expected confinement—Her privations—Assistance given her—Birth of the princess Henrietta—Queen obliged to fly—Leaves her infant at Exeter—Danger from rebel army—Her sufferings and perils—Embarks for France—Her vessel cannonaded—Her desperate resolution—Lands near Brest—Adventures—Kind reception in France—Ill state of health—Goes to the bath of Bourbon—Reflections of Charles I. on his separation from her.

At the epoch when Henrietta Maria was apostrophized by the most popular poet of her day, as

Great Gloriana! bright Gloriana!
Fair as high heaven is, and fertile as earth!

she had been heard to consider herself the happiest woman in the world, —happy as wife, mother, and queen.¹ All was peaceful at this juncture; the discontents of the English people, whilst Charles I. governed without a parliament, were hushed in grim repose—it was a repose like the lull of the winds before the burst of the electrical tornado; but she knew it not.

Henrietta Maria was not only the queen, but the beauty of the British court; she had, about the year 1633, attained the perfection of her charms, in face and figure; she was the theme of every poet, the star of all beholders. The moral life of Charles I., his conjugal attachment to his queen, and the refined tastes of both, gave the court a degree of elegance till then unknown.

Edmund Waller, a gentleman of senatorial rank, a kinsman of the Cromwell family, who were all, save one, gentlemen of the most ardent loyalty, exercised his poetic talents as honorary poet-laureate. His polished stanzas, descriptive of the beauty of the queen and of the noble ladies of her circle, are now more valuable for their historical allusions than for their poetic merit.

ON THE QUEEN'S PORTRAIT BY VANDYKE.

“Well fare the hand, which to our humble sight
Presents that beauty, which the dazzling light
Of royal splendour hides from weaker eyes,
And all access, save by this art, denies.

The gracious image, seeming to give leave,
Propitious stands, vouchsafing to be seen,
And by our muse saluted—Mighty queen!
In whom the extremes of power and beauty move,
The queen of Britain and the queen of love!
Heaven hath preferred a sceptre to your hand,
Favoured our freedom more than your command.
Beauty hath crowned you, and you must have been
The whole world's mistress, other than a queen.”

In the Vandyke room at Windsor Castle are four portraits of Henrietta, one of which probably inspired the foregoing verses. Three of these paintings are full lengths; in the first, the queen is evidently a girl in her teens; the features are very delicate and pretty, with a pale, clear complexion, beautiful dark eyes, and chestnut hair. Her form is slight and exquisitely graceful. She is dressed in white satin; the bodice of her dress is nearly high, with a large falling collar trimmed with points. The bodice is made tight to her form, closed in front with bows of cherry-coloured ribbon, and is finished from the waist with several large tabs, richly embroidered. The sleeves are very full and descend to the elbows, where they are confined by ruffles. One arm is encircled with

¹ Madame de Motteville often repeats this saying of queen Henrietta.

a narrow black bracelet, the other with one of costly gems. She wears a string of pear-shaped pearls about her neck; a red ribbon, twisted with pearls, is placed carelessly among her hair at the back of her head. She stands by a table, and her hand rests on two red roses, which are placed near the crown. One of Vandyke's most magnificent paintings represents queen Henrietta in the same piece with the king, her husband, and their two eldest sons, Charles II. and James II.

Henrietta and Charles I. are seated in chairs of state; she has her infant in her arms, whom she holds with peculiar grace, but bestows her attention on the prince of Wales, who is standing by the king, with his little hand caressingly placed on the royal father's knee. Two little dogs are in the foreground, between the king and queen. One sits at the king's foot, the other stands on its hind legs, with its paws on the queen's dress, looking up to the baby in her arms whose attention it has attracted. The infant is about six months old, in long white draperies, black-eyed and intelligent, but has no border to its droll little cap. The appearance of the queen is maternal, but she has an air of care and sadness. Her hair is confined with a string of large round pearls; a cross adorns her bosom. Her dress is of rich brown brocade, with very full lace ruffles, and the graceful little cape, called, in the modern vocabulary of costume, a *berthe*, falls over the bodice, which is finished round the bosom and at the waist with a purple band.

King Charles is very handsome, graceful, and chivalric. He wears the collar and star of the garter, with a regal dress of purple velvet slashed with white satin; a Vandyke collar, and white satin shoes with enormous rosettes. The crowns, both of the king and queen, are placed on a small round table. The palace of Whitehall appears in the back ground.¹

To turn from the characteristics of Henrietta perpetuated by the pencil, to those effected by the pen, we must quote the lines of Waller, inscribed to the "Lady who could do anything but sleep when she chose." In this elegant little poem he has personified Sleep, who, in the first person, is supposed thus to address the insomnolent queen:²

"My charge it is those languors to repair,
Which nature feels, from sorrow, toil, and care,
Rest to the limbs and quiet I confer
On troubled minds, but nought can add to her
Whom heaven and her transcendent charms have placed
Above those ills which wretched mortals taste.
Yet as her earnest wish invokes my power,
I shall no more decline that sacred bower,
Where Gloriana, the great mistress, lies;
But gently fanning those victorious eyes,
Charm all the senses, till the joyful sun,
Without a rival, half his course has run,
Who, while my hand that fairer light confines,
May boast himself the fairest thing that shines."

¹ Very similar to this picture is the noble painting of the family group, by Vandyke, in the state drawing-room at Lambeth palace.

² It was probably introduced in some masque.

If the queen could be deceived out of a sense of her mortality by such adulatory stanzas as these, the time was fast approaching which would show that she was in nowise distinguished above other sojourners in this world of trouble, save by the pressure of a double load of sorrow. That insomnolency, which was adroitly turned into compliment by the poetical adulator, was probably induced by the prognostics of the approaching political storm.

Another sketch of Henrietta, in Waller's poetical portraiture, is still more elegant :

“ Could nature there no other lady grace,
Whom we might dare to love with such a face,
Such a complexion, and so radiant eyes,
Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies ?
Beyond our reach, and yet within our sight,
What envious power has placed this glorious light ?
* * * * *

All her affections are to one inclined ;
Her bounty and compassion to mankind,
To whom, while she so far extends her grace,
She makes but good the promise of her face ;
For Mercy has, could Mercy's self be seen,
No sweeter look than this propitious queen.”

Queen Henrietta had made such slow progress in the English language, in the first years of her marriage, that her deficiencies, in 1632, became a matter of serious consideration. Previously, Charles I., among other reasons for dismissing her French household, had sent to her mother that his queen obstinately refused to learn the English tongue; this fault was so sedulously mended in subsequent years, that her sons could not express themselves in French when they were resident in Paris. Madame de Motteville likewise complains that queen Henriette had, in her constant practice of English, forgot the delicate idioms of her mother tongue. Mr. Wingate, a learned barrister of Gray's Inn, was, in 1632, appointed her majesty's tutor, and to facilitate her acquisition of English, a grand masque, called the Queen's Pastoral, was acted at Whitehall. The part destined for the queen to learn by rote was so unmercifully long, that her majesty complained piteously to her ladies of the labour of learning it, and said, “ that it was as long as a whole play.” The parts of her ladies were equally lengthy and heavy, so that the Queen's Pastoral took eight hours in the performance !

The piece was written by a young aspirant, and possessed no literary merit. It was from the pen of Walter Montague, the second son of the earl of Manchester, who finished life an ascetic priest, and the queen's grand almoner, of whom we shall have much to say hereafter. He was in youth a gay gallant of the court, little anticipating his own transmutation. Ben Jonson was usually the poet of the courtly masques; unfortunately, for the queen, he and Inigo Jones had had a furious quarrel, regarding their merits as poet and designer of masques, and on this account the Queen's Pastoral had been furnished with words by the unskilled amateur, Montague. It was the part that the queen took in this luckless pastoral which called forth the furious vituperations of Master

Prynne, in his "Histromatrix," yet it was only for her majesty's private exercise in her own courtly circles.

In honour of the birth of the second English prince, and to show how little they participated in the illiberal attacks of the fanatic agitator, Prynne, (which occurred about the same period,) the queen was invited, by the gentlemen of Lincoln's Inn and of the Temple, to a splendid masque and ballet, given at their charge.¹

The Lincoln's Inn and Temple masques lasted three days, they put the majority of the people into an ecstasy of good humour, and, for a while, contributed to soften the sour and acrid temper of the times.

These outward glories were, notwithstanding, chequered with dark indications of approaching troubles, a concealed volcano was glowing beneath the feet of those who gaily trod the courtly measures in the elegant and really harmless ballets, which rendered still more furious the fanaticism of Prynne and his coadjutors. The brutal attack of Prynne on the queen, in his Histromatrix, drew down on him the vengeance of Charles, in a manner inconsistent with his former character, though perfectly consistent with the law at that time in force. No one commented on the conduct of Prynne with more terse severity than that honest but mistaken fanatic himself. It is well to conclude the subject with his own words, which he wrote when he was keeper of the records of the Tower, after the accession of Charles II.: "King Charles ought to have taken my head when he took my ears." It is to Henrietta's great credit that she did all in her power to save Prynne² from the infliction of the pillory and the consequent loss of his ears, which was part of that barbarous and disgusting punishment.³

The queen's favourite residences were Somerset House, St. James's Palace, and the palace of Woodstock. Her partiality to these palaces was principally induced by the facilities they presented for the Roman-catholic worship. Somerset House was settled on her as her dower-palace, in case of widowhood, and this was peculiarly her private resi-

¹ It is a curious circumstance that the leaders in these stately revels were two gentlemen, who afterwards became the two most celebrated statesmen legalists of their era, but of different parties. Edward Hyde, afterwards lord Clarendon, lord chancellor and royalist historian; the other, Bulstrode Whitelock, lord keeper, (appointed by parliament) and afterwards parliamentary historian. Hyde and Whitelock were the gayest and handsomest gentlemen of the Temple and Lincoln's Inn. These magnificent entertainments to the queen, cost the inn of court 22,000*l.*; and though the puritans at the time made a horrid outcry at the waste and extravagance of the outlay, yet these rich societies did much good by dispensing part of their wealth.

² Dr. Lingard's History of England. Charles I.

³ This punishment was still part of the law of the land in the reign of queen Anne; and was endured by the author of Robinson Crusoe, for some printed reflection on the corrupt parliaments of that era. It is brutally alluded to by Pope in his line:—

"Earless, on high, stood unabashed Defoe."

The scourge was likewise used as a punishment after the revolution by the government of William III., for political offences, as the answering line shows:—

"And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below."

dence; St James's was her family abode, and the habitation of her children when they were in London; in each of these residences she had chapels and lodgings for her twelve capuchin almoners. Woodstock was her favourite country palace, and here she likewise had a regular chapel for her worship.¹

While Waller's lyrics were doing their best to hymn the queen into immortality, Vandyke's glorious pencil was illustrating her personal graces, and Inigo Jones's devising the scenery of the masques and ballets which formed the amusements of her picturesque and stately court, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, wrote dramatic poems, for the purpose of perfecting the queen in our language. Her majesty often took a part in these diversions, but much less publicly than her predecessors. The royal taste for these elegant amusements caused the great nobility to dispense the superfluity of their incomes in encouragement of the fine arts. When their majesties paid visits in their progresses, it was the fashion for their noble hosts to engage some poet, distinguished

¹ A sketch of that noble sylvan seat of the Plantagenets, now vanished from the earth, and the state in which it existed when inhabited by Henrietta Maria, will be particularly agreeable to those readers who recall its memory through the magic creations of Sir Walter Scott. The following is from the pen of a contemporary:—

"I found that famous court and princely palace, Woodstock, ancient, strong and magnificent, and situated on a fair hill. We entered into the first spacious court through a large strong gate-house, where the keeper of that royal castle commanded her daughter, a pretty modest maiden, to be my guide. So up we mounted many fine steps of freestone, at the further side of the great court, into a spacious church-like hall, with two fair aisles, with six pillars, white and large, parting either aisle with rich tapestry hangings at the upper end thereof, in which was wrought the story of the wild boar. On the left hand of the hall we entered a stately rich chapel, with seven round arches, with eight little windows above the arches, and fifteen in them. A curious font there is in the midst of it; and all the roof is most admirably wrought. And having performed my devotions in that princely chapel, I nimbly ascended with my guide into the guard-chamber; by this means our entrance was free and uninterrupted into the presence-chamber, and the privy-chamber that looks over the tennis-court, the withdrawing-chamber and the bed-chamber, both of which have their sweet prospect over the privy-garden. After which I presumed to rest myself in the waiters' chamber; and after a small time of reposing to refresh ourselves, she conducted me, crossing the privy-chamber, into the queen's bedchamber, where our late renowned queen (Elizabeth) was kept prisoner. There are withdrawing, privy, presence, and guard chambers for her majesty queen Henrietta Maria. Out of the wardrobe-court we come into a fair hall for her majesty's guard. There is also a council-chamber curiously arched, and a neat chapel by it, where queen Henrietta Maria hears mass; and divers other fair and large rooms for the nobility and officers of the court. On the large l.g. loads of the goodly and fair gate-house I had a full prospect of the great and spacious walled park, and the brave lawns and waters of the neat and fair-built lodge for his majesty's chief ranger to inhabit, sweetly seated on a hill near this sumptuous court. One thing more, I desired my fair and willing guide to conduct me to, near this place—the labyrinth where the fair lady was surprised by a clew of silk. I found nothing in this bower but ruins of many strong and strange winding walls and turnings, and a dainty clear-paved well, wherein this beautiful creature did use to bathe herself."—From a Topographical Excursion by three Norwich Gentlemen, in 1636. Edited by Mr. Brayley.

by their approbation, to compose a dramatic entertainment for their amusement. Such was the case when the earl of Newcastle received the royal pair at his castle of Bolsover, in Derbyshire.¹ On this occasion he obtained the assistance of Ben Jonson to write the verses which formed part of their majesties' entertainment. So much pleased were the royal pair with the literary taste of the earl and his loyal hospitalities at Bolsover, that they agreed in the appointment of Newcastle, as governor to Charles prince of Wales.

The queen brought into the world, at St. James's, January 28, 1635, the princess Elizabeth. The states of Holland sent an especial embassy to congratulate her majesty on the birth of this little one, and propitiated her with rich presents,² which are described as "a massy piece of amber-grease, two fair and almost transparent china basons, a curious clock, and of far greater value than these, two beautiful originals of Titian, and two of Tintoret, to add to the galleries of paintings, with which the king was enriching Whitehall and Hampton Court."

It has been said that the queen brought up her children in the exercise of the catholic ritual, till they were thirteen. There exists a great mass of evidence, to prove that this assertion was false, for whatever she might wish to do, it is certain that they had governors and tutors devoted to the church of England.

The first letter the queen wrote to her young son, is preserved in the British Museum; the prince was then but eight years old. He had been obstinate in his refusals to swallow some physical potion, with which his royal mother wished to regale him :

THE QUEEN TO HER SON CHARLES, PRINCE OF WALES.³

" Charles,

" I am sorry that I must begin my first letter with chiding you, because I hear that you will not take *phisicke*. I hope it was onlie for this day, and that to morrow you will do it; for if you will not, I must come to you and make you take it, for it is for your health. I have given order to mi lord of Newcastle to send mi word to-night whether you will or not, therefore I hope you will not give mi the paines to goe: and so I rest

" Your affectionate mother,

" HENRIETTE MARIE.

" To mi deare sonne, the prince.

" 1638."

The prince, in answer to his governor, who made suitable remonstrances, according to the queen's directions, wrote him the following original note, which, though penned between double-ruled lines, in a round text-hand, gives some indication of the sprightly wit that afterwards distinguished him—many who dislike pills and potions will sympathize with the prince :

CHARLES, PRINCE OF WALES, TO HIS GOVERNOR, LORD NEWCASTLE.

" My lord,

" I would not have you take too much *phisike*, for it doth always make me worse; and I think it will doe the like with you. I ride every day, and am ready to follow any other directions from you.

" Make haste back to him that loves you.

" CHARLES P."

¹ Historical Collections of Noble Families, by Collins, p. 26.

² Memoir of Henrietta Maria, 1672.

³ Dr. Lingard, vol. ix. p. 329

It is possible that Charles I. might have successfully contended with the inimical party, if, at the critical juncture of the year 1638, he had not incurred the uncompromising hatred of cardinal Richelieu, by granting an asylum in England to the object of that minister's persecution, the queen-mother of France, Marie de Medicis. The affectionate reception given by Charles to the mother of his queen, was a fresh instance of his conjugal attachment. The king travelled in state to meet Marie de Medicis at Harwich,¹ where she landed, and escorting her, with the greatest respect, to London, her entry was made there, with as much solemnity as if she had been at the pinnacle of royal prosperity. In reality, she was a distressed fugitive, impoverished, and hunted from kingdom to kingdom, through the ingratitude of Richelieu, the creature who originally owed his grandeur to her favour.

The filial care of Henrietta was active in providing all that could contribute to soothe the wounded mind of her mother, especially in proving that, fallen as she was from her high estate, she was, in the eyes of a dutiful daughter, more a queen than ever. The words of one of the servants² of the fugitive queen will prove how warmly she was welcomed to England by her loving child. "You shall only know, that the Sieur Sebat, who officiated as the superintendant of her household, had permission to mark with his chalks fifty chambers at St. James's as her apartments, the whole furnished by the particular care of the queen of Great Britain, who seemed to convert all her ordinary occupations into attention to give satisfaction to the queen, her mother."³

But there was a personal trait of affection in Henrietta, which spoke more to the heart than any cost or splendour of reception could have done. When the royal carriage, in which were seated Marie de Medicis and her son-in-law, Charles I., entered the great quadrangle of the palace of St. James, queen Henrietta, at the first flourish of trumpets, left her chamber and descended the great staircase, to receive her august mother. She was accompanied by her children, the little prince of Wales, the duke of York, and the two princesses, Mary and the infant Elizabeth. The queen being then near her time, and in critical health, a chair was placed for her majesty at the foot of the stairs; but when she perceived her royal parent, such was her anxiety to show her duty and tenderness, that she arose, and hurrying to her carriage, endeavoured, with her trembling hands, to open the door, which she was too weak to accomplish. The moment her mother alighted, she fell on her knees before her, to receive her blessing, and the royal children knelt around them. Every one who saw it was affected to tears at the meeting.³

The restless spirit of Marie de Medicis, and the selfish turbulence of her numerous and hungry train, made but an ill return to Charles and Henrietta, for their disinterested and loving-kindness to her in her distress. Henrietta related, with tears, to the sympathizing historian, ma-

¹ Dr Lingard, vol. ix. p. 322.

² The Sieur de la Serres, historiographer of France, who accompanied Marie de Medicis to England, and has left a narrative of her visit. It shows the immensity of the palace of St. James at that era.

³ Ibid

name de Motteville, "how dreadfully the king was embarrassed by the extravagance of her mother's attendants, and when he could not find means to satisfy their rapacity, they had the folly and malignity to carry their complaints to parliament and petition for larger allowances"—that parliament, which had viewed the visit of the queen-mother with inimical feeling, and had considered the circumstance of a second establishment for the catholic worship at court with angry disgust.

The queen, in the winter of 1640, lost her youngest daughter, the princess Anne, who died, December 8, 1640, at the age of four years. Just before the royal child expired, the necessity of prayer being mentioned to her, she said, that she did not think she could say her long prayer, (meaning the Lord's prayer) but she would say her short one, and repeated: "Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, that I sleep not the sleep of death."¹

There is an important section in madame de Motteville's work, being neither more nor less than an historical memoir, of which the queen of Charles I. is the authoress, quite as much as the celebrated memoirs of Sully were written by that great man.²

This tract is headed *Abrege des Revolutions d'Angleterre*, and is thus introduced by the editress: "Recital made by the queen of England, Henriette Marie, daughter of Henri Quatre and Marie de Medicis in the monastery of the Virgins of St. Mary de Chaillot, of which she was foundress, written by madame de Motteville,³ to whom this princess dictated."

The regnal history of Charles I. is too wide a field for the biographer of his wife to enter, unless forced upon the portion in which the queen was personally involved. Yet the view taken by Henrietta herself of some parts of that history justly demands a place in her life. The queen relates affairs without troubling her head, whether by her admissions, her much-loved lord, is convicted of invading the English constitution or not; for she evidently comes to the point in ignorance, that such was a crime. Henrietta declares that when a vast number of books of Common Prayer were prepared to be sent to the Scotch, (at the time of the Liturgy being forced on that unwilling people,) her husband, glad to take the opportunity of her attention being then forcibly drawn to the subject, brought her one of the Common Prayer Books, and sat down by her for a whole evening and prevailed on her to examine it with him. He pressed on her notice, the fact, which no living creature can deny, that though there is much in the mass book not to be found in the Common Prayer Book, yet there are very few pages in the Common Prayer which are not supplied from the mass book and breviary. Henrietta's prejudices were scarcely neutralized by this conviction, for she adds directly, "it was this *fatal* book which occasioned the first revolt in Scotland."

The rage of the people, the queen observed, had been excited against Strafford because he had obtained funds of the Irish parliament, sufficient

¹ Granger, vol. ii. p. 100-2.

² They were written by dictation to his secretaries.

³ Madame de Motteville, vol. i. pp. 242, 260. Edited narrative of the queen

to enable the king to raise an army. He had likewise proposed to his royal master the plan to gain a greater degree of power by means of this army. The parliament pursued him with vengeance—Strafford boldly requested the king “to let them take their course and do their worst.”⁷ “The king,” she says, “too yielding, did as this generous minister advised, and suffered him to be immured in the Tower; when there, his enemies loaded him with calumnies and crimes; for a long time he was brought every day before the commons to be interrogated, he replied to every impeachment with dauntless spirit and irrepressible wit; many who had been indifferent towards him at first, became his warmest partisans.”⁸ “The queen,” observes madame de Motteville, “while telling me these things, interrupted her narrative by this description of Strafford. ‘He was ugly, but agreeable enough in person, and had the finest hands in the world.’”

Notwithstanding the spirited defence of the fascinating and brilliant Strafford, the queen acknowledged that she was dreadfully alarmed for him, and laboured with all the energy of female diplomacy, to save this faithful friend. We suspect that her exertions did Strafford no good, but a prodigious deal of harm; however, she satisfied herself that she was doing wonders in his cause. “Every evening,” says her narrative, “was a rendezvous given, and the most *mechant* of his enemies admitted to a conference with her, by the way of the back stairs of the palace, leading into the apartments of one or other of her ladies of honour, who happened to be off duty and away in the country.”⁹ At the foot of the back stairs the queen often met the leaders of the parliamentary faction alone, “lighted only by a flambeau which she held in her hand;”¹⁰ she offered them all things to turn them from their purpose, yet gained no one but lord Dembi,¹¹ (Digby.) It is to be feared that in these interviews, which resemble the conferences between the beautiful Marie Antoinette and the demagogue Mirabeau, that the wily republicans contrived to elicit intelligence from the vivacious and loquacious Henrietta, which were fearfully injurious to her own party. “Only prevail upon a lady to talk on what is nearest her heart,” say the diplomatists, “you have nought to do but listen, and all her intentions are revealed.” The observation is true, and ought to be sufficient to keep woman out of the thorny paths of political intrigue.

The next great mistake made by the queen was her choice of agents in negotiating with the army, which had become disgusted with the parliament, and were inclined to declare for the king. Two gentlemen belonging to the queen’s household held commands in this army, and were entrusted by her majesty as agents to bring it over to the king. These were George Goring, her chamberlain, and Arthur Wilmot; the king determined to send the queen’s equerry, Harry Jermyn, to negotiate a dispute which had occurred between them. The queen had reason to believe that it would prove a most dangerous office for Jermyn to mediate

⁷ Madame de Motteville, vol. i. p. 25.

⁸ Ibid.

⁹ Ibid.

¹⁰ Both Jermyn and Goring held their offices when Bassompierre was in England, they are mentioned by him. Jermyn was twenty-six years older than his queen.

this quarrel; she called him into her cabinet, and, after communicating the king's intention, told him "that her fear was, that in case the parliament got an inkling of the business, they would drive him and every other confidential servant from her household." At that instant, the king entered into the cabinet, and said, playfully, "If to be done, it is he that must do it."

"He must not do it," replied the queen; "and when you learn why, you will be of my mind."

"Speak then, madame," replied the king, still smiling, "that I may know what it is that I have commanded, and that you forbid."

The queen then explained seriously, "how fearfully inconvenienced they should be if one of their principal servants was discovered in this negotiation, and driven from them." The king allowed she was right, but said "there was no one to whom Goring and Wilmot would listen but Jermyn, who was esteemed by both, and was mild and conciliatory; besides, all ought to be risked for Strafford's sake." The queen yielded to these reasons, and Jermyn departed on his errand. He represented to his two friends, Goring and Wilmot, the message of the king, with which he was charged. The flawy temper of Goring was aggravated by finding that he was not destined to command the army; but, being exceedingly deceitful, he dissimulated his wrath. That very evening, he stole forth secretly, and betrayed the whole scheme to the parliament. There can be no doubt that the real object of his envy was Strafford; he was determined that he should die without aid.

The event took place directly, which the queen had anticipated: the parliament sent humbly to request that the king would please to command that no person of the queen's household should quit Whitehall. The king and queen were then morally certain that some person had betrayed their design, and that Jermyn's mission had been discovered; but neither of them suspected the frank, rattling, gallant George Goring, as the informer — on the contrary, they were peculiarly anxious for his safety, lest the ebullitions of his zealous loyalty should compromise it.

The whole intrigue ended with Jermyn, and several other gentlemen in the royal household, flying to France. It is certain that these courtiers, though descended from the heroes of Cressy and Agincourt, were troubled with very little of their superfluous valour, and evidently deemed discretion the better part of it. But the only man who could have guided valour by the soul of genius, and righted the car of state, whirled out of its place, now bereft of all aid, by the envy of the little great men of the court, was nearly hunted to the last gasp. Yet, day by day, Strafford defended himself at the bar of the house, with undaunted eloquence, that agitated all hearts. The king and queen witnessed the scene with painful interest from latticed boxes; and every evening they met each other with aching hearts and tearful eyes, as the queen told madame de Motteville.¹

To the surprise of their majesties, Goring declared himself vociferously against Strafford and the royal party; and when, afterwards, he

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. i., p. 260 Edited Narrative of the Queen.

was reproached by message from the queen for his ingratitude, when he had been her officer so many years, he affirmed that, "his conduct arose from his aversion to having any coadjutor in the service he meant to render their majesties." Thus this man's egotism effected the first fatal blow to the cause of king Charles. Strafford, when he found he had lost his friend Jermyn, gave himself up for lost. "It was not," continues the queen, "that the viceroy of Ireland feared to die; he could easily have saved himself by flight more than once, but he would not do it. All his ambition was bent on confounding the malice of his enemies, by the proofs of his innocence; he ought to have been forced to take more sure means."

The queen's frequent expression, "that the king and herself were left without servants," arises from a political movement of the parliament, by which the whole royal household were changed at a blow. Some of the leaders of the opposition were placed in immediate domestication with the royal family; as, for instance, the discontented peer, lord Essex, was made lord chamberlain, and his brother-in-law, the marquis of Hertford, was appointed governor of the prince of Wales,¹ in hopes that he would act as a rival claimant of the crown, being the representative of the Grays, the hereditary leaders of the Calvinistic party, or Edward VI.'s church.

English history usually affirms that the queen, terrified at the mobs which surrounded Whitehall, yelling for Strafford's head, implored Charles to give him up, and save her and her children, and that he signed Strafford's death-warrant in consequence of her feminine fears. The queen ought, however, to be heard in her own defence, and she declares² it was a procession of the bishops which shook the king's resolution, as these prelates represented "that it was better one man should die than the whole realm perish." Henrietta so frankly acknowledges, in general, her erroneous conduct, that there is nothing to hinder her from doing so here, if she had felt herself betrayed by her feminine fears; for terror at the sight of a howling mob is no disgrace to a woman. The truth is, Henrietta's faults arose, not from want of courage, but from loquacious communication. The assertion of the queen's pusillanimity being entirely founded on palace-gossip, we believe that Henrietta has been confounded with the queen of France, her mother, Marie de Medicis, who was domesticated with her at that period, and was exceedingly frightened at the violence of the revolutionary mob.

"Strafford," continues the queen,³ "himself sent to entreat his royal master to sign his death-warrant, to appease the insurgents, expecting,

¹ The marquis of Hertford became much attached to the king; and one of the most gallant and devoted of cavaliers, cherishing more gratitude for the recognition of lady Katherine Gray's marriage with his grandfather, by the house of Stuart, than resentment for the persecution he himself had undergone in his youth, for his first marriage with lady Arabella Stuart.

² Queen's Narrative, Mémoires de Madame de Motteville, vol. i. p. 260-2.

³ Madame de Motteville, Queen's Narrative, vol. i. p. 260. The queen, perhaps unintentionally, presents some parallel between the execution of Strafford's death-warrant and that of Mary queen of Scots.

doubtless, that he should be pardoned when their first rage was over. But as soon as his enemies had the king's signature, without heeding the royal commandment to the contrary, they hurried the victim to death. The more public was his death, the more was seen of the grandeur of his mind and his admirable firmness. He spoke uncompromisingly to his enemies, and, in spite of their barbarity, he forced them to regret him, and tacitly to avow that they had done him injustice."

It has been asserted that the royal friends for whom Strafford sacrificed himself were indifferent to his fate, but these are the actual words of the queen:—"The king suffered extreme sorrow, the queen wept incessantly; they both anticipated, too truly, that this death would, sooner or later, deprive the one of life and the other of all happiness in this world." Let no one, after this, say that the high-minded Strafford fell unpitied, a victim to the selfish fears of the queen.¹ In the midst of these awful scenes, the princess royal, a little girl of ten years of age, was espoused in person at Whitehall chapel, by the son of the prince of Orange, a boy of the age of eleven, a truly protestant alliance, which ought to have given the country great satisfaction. This marriage took place May 2, 1641. The day after, the mob broke into Westminster Abbey, pillaged it, and did all the mischief with which revolutionary mobs generally amuse themselves, yelling all the time for Strafford's death, who was executed May 12, 1641. The queen's mother, Marie de Medicis, was so infinitely terrified at the violence of the in-urgent mobs at this crisis, that she insisted on departing forthwith to Holland. This queen was a marked person by the insurgents; they excited the popular wrath against her by every invention within the range of possibility. The means by which they effected this purpose may be guessed by the following proceedings of the House of Lords:—"August 26, 1641. The house have committed to prison the man that printed the scandalous *ballet* concerning the queen's mother going away, and will consider of further punishment; they have ordered that these *ballets* (ballads) be burnt by the hand of the common hangman."²

Lord Arundel, the earl-marshal, escorted the queen's mother to Dover, by the orders of the king. Nearly at the same time, when she bade farewell to her mother, the queen was obliged to part from the king, who commenced his journey to Scotland, August 9, 1641, when he abolished that episcopacy which he had recently shaken his throne to enforce. He travelled so rapidly, that by the 15th, the queen received a letter from him, announcing his safe arrival in Edinburgh. Her majesty instantly sent the tidings to the royal secretary, sir Edward Nicholas. Her letter, in broken English, is a curiosity.

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO SIR EDWARD NICHOLAS.³

* Maistre Nicholas,

"I have reseaved your letter; and that (which) you send me from the king, which (who) writes me word he *as* (has) been verè well reseaved in Scotland,

¹ Madame de Motteville, Queen's Narrative, vol. i. p. 261.

² Letter of sir Edward Nicholas, secretary to Charles I., to the king. Printed in Evelyn's Works, vol. iv. p. 7.

³ Ibid.

and that both the armi and the people have *shued* a *creat* joy to see the king, and such that *they* say was never seen before. Pray God it may (be) *continued*.

For the letter that I *writt* to you *counserning* the *commissionaires*, it is them *tha* are *toe* dispatch *bussinnes* in the king's absence. I thank you for you care of geving me advises of what passes at London; and soe I reste,

"Your frand,

"HENRIETTE MARIE R.

"Otelands, the 19th August."

Indorsed—"For mistre Nicholas."

The manor and mansion of Oatlands had been a favourite dower residence of the queens of England for several centuries. The ancient building was originally built in the lowest part of the domain; for the vicinity of a plentiful supply of fish for fast-days, and of stagnant water for replenishing the moats and fosses which defended such habitations, were the chief recommendations of the site of a castellated dwelling in the middle ages. The old palace of Oatlands was levelled with the dust in the civil wars¹ in common with every other dwelling to which queen Henrietta was particularly attached. Here the queen was residing with all her children excepting Charles, prince of Wales, who often visited her from Richmond or Ham. The parliament, which either could not or would not be prorogued till the end of October,² busied itself exceedingly regarding the queen's residence with her children, and testified the utmost jealousy of her confessor, father Phillipps, who underwent several examinations, and many portentous hints were dropped by the round-head orators in the House of Commons respecting the queen's establishment of capucins at Somerset House.

The storm of civil war meantime was growling and muttering around. Its first symptoms among the middle classes were indicated by large bands of people of eighty or a hundred in company mustering together, and hunting down the king's deer in the day-time in Windsor forest, and even attempting the same incursions in the demesnes of Oatlands.

Sir Edward Nicholas came to reside at his house within three miles of Oatlands park, for the convenience of the royal correspondence. The king's plan of signifying his approbation, as to the events going on in England and in his family, was to send back the letters of his secretary with his opinion written on the margin. The queen is often mentioned in these notations. The king usually mentions her by the appellation of "my wife." As, for instance, he writes to Nicholas, "Your despatch I received this morning; but tell my wife that I have found fault with you because none of hers was within it." Many measures are discussed in this correspondence, which were likely to incur the displeasre of the queen. Among others, the faithful secretary advises the king to obviate the discussion of the capucins at Somerset House, in the ensuing sessions of parliament, by sending them all away before the attack commenced. Perhaps the secretary thought this measure was as well to take place when his royal master was out of hearing of the queen's mentations and remonstrances.

"The king was dubious on this head. "I know not what to say," he

¹ Evelyn's Memoirs, vol. iv. Nicholas Correspondence, p. 2.

² Ibid. p. 16.

wrote on this letter, "if it be not, to advertise my wife of the parliament's intention concerning her capucins, and so first to hear what she will say?"¹

It was by no means likely that the queen would say anything reasonable. That elegantly-worded but mischievous letter of her mother, already quoted, was the code on which she always acted in regard to her religion. The utter downfall of her husband's dignity, and the reign of her family, according to the principles she imbibed from it, were to take place before she would give up the least particle of the Roman-catholic observances, that her obstinacy could preserve. The consequence was, that the establishment of capucins remained till about a year afterwards, when the infuriated mob destroyed every vestige of the chapel.

The queen at this period fancied that she obtained very valuable information from her first lady of the bed-chamber, lady Carlisle, regarding the proceedings of lord Kimbolton and Mr. Pym, two leaders of the roundheads, who governed those committees of the lords and commons, which exercised extraordinary power during the recess of parliament. Lady Carlisle was on terms of extraordinary intimacy with both these agitators; but instead of communicating useful intelligence of their proceedings, she betrayed to them every incident that occurred in the royal household, which the queen soon after found to her cost.

"Being yesterday at Oatlands, to attend the queen's command," wrote sir Edward Nicholas to the absent king, "her majesty gave me this paper, enclosed, with command to send it this day to your majesty. It was brought to the queen by lady Carlisle, who saith she had it from lord Mandeville.² I confess it were not amiss to have it published."

The nature of this paper is not mentioned. It was probably some attack on the queen, or measure regarding the royal children's residence with her. The treacherous spy, in order to obtain more credit with her royal mistress, had given this small piece of information on a subject which was to be public in a few days.

Both houses of parliament met before the king's return, and discussed the fact of the frequent visits of the prince of Wales to the queen.

"And though," wrote sir Edward Nicholas, "the commons asserted 'that they did not doubt the motherly affection and care of her majesty towards him; yet there were some dangerous persons at Oatlands, jesuits and others; and therefore it was desired that the marquis of Hertford should be enjoined to take the prince into his custody and charge, attending on him in person.' This resolution was delivered yesterday at Oatlands, by my lord of Holland to the queen, who, I hear, gave a very wise and discreet answer to the same, as, I believe, her own pen will speedily acquaint your majesty."³

The answer that the queen made to Holland was, "that the prince of Wales merely visited Oatlands to celebrate his sister's birth-day."⁴

¹ Evelyn's Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 24. Sept. 27, 1641.

² Better known by the title of *Kimbolton*, in the civil wars; he was heir to the earl of Manchester: his next brother was a catholic, although this lord was a puritan.

³ Letter of sir Edward Nicholas to the king. Evelyn's Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 53

⁴ Correspondence of sir Edward Nicholas. Evelyn's Journal, vol. iv. p. 56

This is not the only instance in which the earl of Holland appears in the reality of documentary history, in a displeasing light to queen Henrietta; he is, in fact, usually found acting in direct opposition to her will, despite of the assertions of Horace Walpole, who, having clinked a coarse rhyme, that he thought peculiarly wounding to the reputation of queen Henrietta, deemed himself bound to prove his idle words, by twisting every possibility of scandal into a serious charge against her.

About the same time the queen's confessor, Phillipps, was brought before the House of Commons, as an evidence to enable them to convict Benson, a member of parliament, of selling protections to the miserable catholics. In England, be it observed, that every species of persecution, besides its other more apparent evils, formed opportunities for bribery and robbery. Father Phillipps would not be sworn on our translation of the Bible, and the house, instead of allowing him to take an oath which he considered binding to him, commenced a theological wrangle, and eventually committed him to prison for contempt of the scriptures "authorized in England." In this exigence, the queen sent a sensible and conciliatory message to the houses of parliament, saying, "that if her confessor did not appear to have done any wrong against the state maliciously, she hoped, for her sake, they would forgive and liberate him." The House of Lords complied; but the House of Commons refused him bail.¹

The queen says, in her own narrative,² "that the parliament sent to her that she must surrender her young family into their hands during the absence of the king, lest she should take the opportunity of making papists of them." And here it is proper to observe, that from the best authority,³ it is certain that the queen had, at an early period, tampered with the religion of the princess Mary, her eldest daughter, having secretly given her a crucifix and a rosary, taught the use of them, and made her keep them in her pocket. Probably ambition had a share in this furtive proceeding, because, as a protestant, the princess-royal could only match with a petty prince. The matrimonial destiny of the child was now decided as the spouse of the prince of Orange, therefore less occasion existed for religious jealousy on the part of the parliament. Most likely, lady Carlisle had given information of the queen's conduct to Kimbolton and Pym. The queen, unconscious of the spy that was about her, replied to the parliament, "that her sons were under the tuition of their separate governors, who were not papists; and, above all, she knew that it was the will of her husband that they should not be brought up in her religion." To remove all cause of complaint, she left Oatlands and withdrew to Hampton Court, from whence she came occasionally to see her little ones, and thus gave up her constant sojourn with them. Then her enemies raised reports that she meant to leave the

¹ Nicholas Papers (Evelyn), vol. iv. p. 62.

² Madame de Motteville, vol. i., p. 263. From the Queen's Narrative.

³ MS. Journal of Père Cyprian Gamache, one of the queen's capucins at Somerset House. Father Cyprian does not mention any attempts on the religion of the queen's sons in their childhood.

king, and carry off her children. They sent orders to a gentleman, who was in the commission of the peace at Oatlands, "to hold himself ready, with a certain portion of militia," called by the queen *paysans armés*, "to serve the king according to their orders." For, among the other anomalies of this revolution, almost to the last all measures in opposition to the king were enforced in his own name, to the infinite mystification of the mass of the people, who were mostly well meaning, though unlearned.

"The parliamentary order to the Oatlands magistrate commanded him and his posse to wait till midnight in the park at Oatlands, where they would be joined by cavalry, whose officers would direct what they were to do. The magistrate immediately sought the queen, showed her his order, and declared his intentions to obey her commands. She thanked him warmly, but told him that 'she wished him to do exactly what parliament dictated, and then to remain tranquil.' Meanwhile, without raising any alarm, she sent promptly to the principal officers on whom she could rely in London, who were absent from the army on furlough, and she entreated them to be with her before midnight, with all the friends they could muster; then she summoned all her household capable of bearing arms, not even excepting the scullions in her kitchen; without showing any inquietude, she proposed to spend the evening in Oatlands Park, where her muster arrived and joined her party. The night, however, wore away, without the threatened attack from the adverse powers, save that about twenty horsemen, on the road near the park, were seen prowling around, and watching till day-break; but these, perhaps, had only hostile intentions against the deer." There is no doubt but that the queen would have done battle in defence of her little ones, if need had been for such exertion. The family, which the royal mother was thus personally guarding, somewhat in lioness fashion, by nocturnal patrol round Oatlands Park, was numerous and of tender ages. They were soon after separated, never again to meet on earth in their original number. Charles, prince of Wales, was then just eleven years of age; Mary, the young bride of Orange, was ten; James, duke of York, between seven and eight; Elizabeth, about six; and the little infant Henry, but a few months old, who had been born at Oatlands the preceding year.

"The queen continued her precautions against the abduction of her infants. She had regained the co-operation of Goring;" a somewhat doubtful policy, considering the instability of his conduct, and the falsehood of his word. "She told him 'to hold himself ready at Portsmouth, and that, perhaps, he would see her very soon at that place, for the purpose of embarkation; to which, nevertheless, she would not have recourse but at the last extremity.' The queen likewise sent to find her new ally, lord Digby, and entreated him to send her all the friends he could muster, and on whom he could rely, to remain in the neighbourhood of the seats where she and her children were abiding. This was immediately done, to the amount of one hundred cavaliers; then she

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. i., p. 263. From the Queen's Narrative.

took the opportunity, when at Hampton Court, of paying a visit to a loyal gentleman who lived in the vicinity, who was noted for the number of fine horses he kept. He put them all at her majesty's disposal.¹

After the queen had made all these preparations, no enemy appeared to attack her or her infants. On the contrary, the parliament offered the most elaborate excuses for calling out the militia at Oatlands without the king's sanction; and every member of the House of Commons thought fit separately to deny that he was concerned in it.¹

The two following letters, from the queen to the king's secretary, were written at this crisis. They are composed in the broken English which she then spoke:—

THE QUEEN TO SIR EDWARD NICHOLAS.

¹ Maistre Nicholas,

"I am *verd* sorry that my *lettre* did not come time enouf to go. I have reserved yours, and I have writt to the king to hasten (h)is coming. I send you the *lettre*, and if litle Vil Murray is vel enouf, I voud have him go back againe to Scotland, *whitout comin yer. for a voud* (without coming here, for I would) have him go *to-morrow* morning, tel him from me; but if he wher not well, then you must provide some bodie that will be sure, for my *lettre* must not be lost, and I voud not *trusted* (trust it) to an *ordinaire* post. I am so ill provided *whitt personnes* (with persons) that I dare trust, that at this instant I have no living creature that I dare send.

"Pray, do what you can to helpe me (if litle Vill Murray cannot goe) to send this *lettre*, and so I rest your assured friend,

"HENRIETTE MARIE, R.

"For your selfe,
"10th Nov. 1641."

The Irish rebellion broke out the same autumn, with one of those atrocious massacres which are the usual consequence of a long series of civil strife and religious persecution on both sides. The roundhead party, founding their accusations on similarity of religion, accused the queen of having fostered the rebellion and encouraged the massacre: not one particle of real evidence has ever appeared to support these calumnies.² In fact, it was a deadly calamity to the royal cause, and the queen ever deemed it as such. It was a Celtic rising, in the *...pes* of breaking the chains of their enemies, while those enemies were quarrelling among themselves. There was scarcely a name among the homicides but what began with a Mac or an O.

The king, after a long stay in Scotland, began, in his homeward despatches, to give preparatory orders for his return to his southern metropolis. The earl of Essex, who at that time filled the office of lord chamberlain,³ received orders to prepare the palaces for his royal mas-

¹ Madame de Motteville, Queen's Narrative, vol. i. p. 263. This act of the right of calling out the militia was one of the disputed points between the king and his parliament at that juncture. It was probably a trial of power.

² The pretended royal commission that Macguire and O'Neale displayed to the ignorant Celts, was adorned with a broad seal, torn from a patent which they had stolen when the castle of Charlemont was sacked. Rapin, (albeit a deadly enemy of Charles,) notes the forgery, vol. ii. p. 513.

³ This is not generally known. See the Nicholas Correspondence, Evelyn, vol. iv. pp. 74-78

ter's reception, which orders were rather pettishly communicated by her majesty through the faithful secretary, in this little billet:—

QUEEN HENRIETTA TO SIR EDWARD NICHOLAS.

"Maistre Nicholas,

"I did desire you not to acquaint *mi lor* of Essex of what the king commanded you touching (h)is *commun*. Now you may do it; and tell him that the king will be at *Tibols* (Theobalds) *Vendesday*, and shall sleep there. And upon Thursday, he shall dine at *mi lor major's* (the lord-mayor's), and be at Whitthall only for one *nitgh* (night), and upon Friday will go to Hampton Court, where he *maenes* (means) to stay this vinter. The king commanded me to tell this to *mi lor* of Essex, but you may do it, for their lordships *ar to* (are too) *great* princes now to *received* (receive) any direction from mee.

"*Beeng* all that I have to say I shall rest your assured *frand*,

"HENRIETTE MARIE R

"For Maistre Nicholas,

"20th Nov. 1641."

E. n. s. e.—["The queen to me, to signify to the lord chamberlain."]

The king actually did return five days after the date of this letter, November 25. He was received with extreme loyalty in England, and was greeted everywhere with cries of "God save the king!" The queen flattered herself that she had done wonders towards effecting this reaction, by her gracious conferences with the lord-mayor and other well-disposed magnates of the city. She accompanied the king with all their children, at his solemn entry of the metropolis. The prince, her son, rode by the side of his father, and she followed in an open carriage, surrounded by her infants; they were all received with the most fervent benedictions from the populace, and with every mark of good-will that could be testified.

The king, who had in Scotland obtained full proof that five of the most factious of the members of the House of Commons were in treasonable correspondence with his rebels there, resolved to take advantage of this gleam of popularity, to go to the house and arrest them. His predecessor, Elizabeth, had often sent and taken obnoxious members into custody while actually in the House of Commons, for very trifling offences in comparison.

History insists that Henrietta had, by taunts and reproaches, urged the king to the arrest of the five members. As she most piteously blames herself for the error she really committed, to which she, with deep humiliation, attributed all his future misfortunes—even his death: we cannot help thinking she would have been equally candid if such a charge were true.

It has been shown that the queen bestowed a great share of her favour and affection on lady Carlisle.¹ This person had as bad and treacherous

¹ When lady Carlisle was lady Lucy Percy, she had, under pretence of visiting her father, the earl of Northumberland, a prisoner in the Tower, formed a league with the infamous countess of Somerset, then under sentence of death for murder, in the same fortress; and at her instigation eloped with the gaudy and worthless court profligate, Hay, earl of Carlisle. The grim old earl, who had forbidden the union, thundered maledictions from his prison-hold on the head of his Lucy, not only for the deed she had done, but for the heartless manner in which she had deceived him. The features of lady Carlisle have lately been

a heart as ever deceived a parent or betrayed a friend. The queen would have had better companionship with the French ladies, whose friskings had so much offended the dignity of king Charles.

It was in company with this lady that queen Henrietta sat in her cabinet at Whitehall, with her watch in her hand, counting the weary minutes of the king's absence, when he went to arrest the obnoxious members of the House of Commons. No one knew his intentions but the queen; he had parted with her on that fatal morning, with these words, as he embraced her—"If you find one hour elapse without hearing ill news from me, you will see me, when I return, the master of my kingdom."

The queen remained, with her eyes fixed on her watch, till that tedious hour had passed away; meantime she heard nothing from the king, and she was prompted by her impatience to believe that no news was good news; therefore, deeming the king was successful, she broke the silence that was pain and grief to her, with these words to the fair Carlisle:—

"Rejoice with me, for at this hour the king is, as I have reason to hope, master of his realm, for Pym and his confederates are arrested before now."¹

Unfortunately, lady Carlisle was, at the same time, the relative and political spy of one of the members named. She had certain reasons for believing that the blow had not yet been struck, although the hour had elapsed. She promptly gave intelligence to one of her agents; and, as the House of Commons was close to Whitehall palace, the persons marked for arrest had intelligence just before Charles entered the house. They fled, while their party rallied and organized a plan of resistance, under plea that it was against the privileges of the commons for any member to be arrested while on duty.²

"The king had been accidentally prevented from entering the House of Commons, to carry his intentions into effect, by various poor, miserable persons, who presented petitions to him as he was about to enter. The hour he had announced to the queen, as pregnant with their future fate, had passed away in reading and discussing the particulars of individual wrong and misfortune;"³ an ancient duty of the English sovereign when on progress to his parliament, not then obsolete. This the king did not consider himself bound to waive, in preference to his somewhat illegal errand; for he knew that his intent of arresting his enemies was, when he left his palace, a profound secret between himself and his royal partner, and he suspected not that the secret had escaped her. The whole incident is a noted instance of the danger of opening the lips re-

made familiar, by a most exquisite miniature at Strawberry-Hill sale, deemed the most perfect specimen of the nearly extinct art of miniature painting. The fair face of lady Carlisle, with soft black eyes, glancing with treacherous voluptuousness from under an enormous round black hat, is exquisitely worked. Lady Carlisle always contrasted her ivory complexion with a dress of intense blackness. Waller has described her as

"A Venus rising from a sea of jet."

¹Madame de Motteville, vol. i. Queen's Narrative, pp. 265-267.

²Madame de Motteville, vol. i. Queen's Narrative, p. 266.

³Ibid

regarding diplomatic affairs, till there is indisputable conviction that a deed is done. It would have been well if Henrietta had heard and heeded the warning axiom of countess Tertsy, in Wallenstein, regarding the portentous nature of "shouts before victory."

When Henrietta found, as she soon did, that her heedless prattling had done the mischief, she threw herself into the arms of her husband, and avowed her fault, blaming herself with most passionate penitence. Not a reproach did he give her; and she paused in her narrative, in an agony of regret, to call the attention of madame de Motteville to his admirable tenderness to her. "For never," said she, "did he treat me for a moment with less kindness than before it happened, though I had ruined him."¹

Directly after the occurrence, which the queen termed her *malheureuse indiscretion*, the people mutinied in London, from which the king retired with all the royal family. When they left Whitehall, they went through a multitude of several thousand roundheads; every one held a staff in his hand, with a white paper placard, whereon was inscribed the word "liberty." Henrietta herself, with her usual petulant vivacity, had previously given the name of roundhead to these opponents. In opposition to the flowing love-locks of the courtiers, the partisans of the parliament had their hair clipped so close and short, that their turbulent heads looked as round as bowls, excepting that their ears seemed to jut out in an extraordinary manner. Samuel Barnadiston, a noted republican of that century, was in his youth the leader of a deputation of London apprentices, for the purpose of communicating to parliament their notions regarding civil and religious government. The queen, who saw this *possé* arrive at Whitehall, then first noticed the extraordinary roundness of their closely clipped heads, and saw at the same time that Samuel was a personable apprentice; upon which she exclaimed, "La! what a handsome young roundhead!"

The exactness of the descriptive appellation fixed it at once as a party name; roundheads they were called from that moment, and roundheads they will remain while history endures.

Many a satirical ballad and chorus repeated the sobriquet; nor were the jutting ears forgotten. Captain Hyde, a cavalier of the royal guard, proposed cropping into reasonable dimensions the ears of the next deputation which arrived from the city on the same errand. Rather a dangerous experiment, that of cropping ears which stuck out by reason of the superfluous destructiveness of the owners, especially when those owners had the majority in numbers.

"Few of the puritans," says a lady author of that day,² "wore their hair long enough to cover their ears; and the ministers and many others cut it close round their heads, with so many little peaks, as was ridiculous to behold; whereupon Cleveland, in his 'Hue and Cry,' describes them—

'With hair in characters and lugs in texts.'³

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. i. Queen's Narrative, p. 266.

² Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs of her Husband.

"From this custom of wearing their hairs," continues the republican lady, "the name of roundhead became the scornful term given to the whole parliament party." The rest of the appurtenances of these stalwart agitators is described by another contemporary. "In high-crowned hats, collar-bands, great loose coats, with long *turks* (swords) under them, and calves' leather boots, they used to sing a psalm and drub all before them." When, at the end of the struggle, the laws and liberties of England fell under military terror, the roundheads assumed a regular livery of war; and Cromwell, when he had need of their assistance to expel the commons with their speaker, or doom the king, used to coax his troopers by the endearing epithet of his "red brethren."¹

The king and queen went no further than Hampton Court; there they determined to watch the event of these insurrections, not having the slightest idea that the least restraint would be put on their personal freedom. They were deceived, for the parliament sent a circular to all the nobility to arm and prevent the king from going further. In this extremity, the queen proposed to her royal husband that she should depart for Holland, on the ostensible errand of conducting the little princess-royal to her young spouse, the prince of Orange; but, in reality, for the purpose of selling her jewels to provide her consort with the means of defence. It was astonishing to her with what avidity the opposite party seized on the idea of her departure from England. Every facility was given her for putting the project in execution.² Such was the queen's own impression; but lord Clarendon declares "that it was intimated to her majesty that, if she did not prevail on the king to permit the law excluding the bishops from sitting as peers in the House of Lords, the parliament would interfere to prevent her from going abroad. Consequently, by her influence, the king permitted this act to pass by commission, while he was escorting her majesty to Dover."³

Such was the state of affairs when the king conducted his consort and daughter to the place of embarkation at Dover, Feb. 23, 1641-2.

He stood on the shore, watching their departing sails with tearful eyes, doubtful whether they should ever meet again. "As the wind was favourable for coasting," the queen declares "her husband rode four leagues, following the vessel along the windings of the shore."⁴ Party malice may stain the name of this unfortunate prince with venomous invective; yet, to every heart capable of enshrining the domestic affections, the name of Charles must be dear. But not with his bereaved spirit and troublous career does our narrative at present dwell; we must embark with his adored Henrietta: merely observing that, at her departure, the king went to Theobalds, where the parliament sent a petition "that he would be pleased to reside nearer to the metropolis, and not take the prince away from them." The king went directly after to Newmarket, and from thence retired to York.⁵ During the queen's absence, the fatal adventure at Hull occurred, where sir John Hotham

¹ Larrey's Charles I.

² Madame de Motteville, vol. i., p. 269.

³ Clarendon's Life, vol. i.

⁴ Madame de Motteville, vol. i. Queen's Narrative, p. 269.

⁵ Mrs. Hutchinson.

first denied his majesty access to his own town and military magazines.

"The queen was well received in Holland by Henry, prince of Orange, which, indeed, she well deserved, since she had warmly espoused the cause of his country against the tyranny of Richelieu. The burghomasters of Holland, nevertheless, showed no great veneration to her royal person; they entered her presence with their hats on, threw themselves on chairs close to her, stared at her from under the brims of their Dutch beavers, and flung out of the room without bowing or speaking to her." The result proved that Henrietta exerted, in the exigence of her affairs, the good sense and governing science of her great father. For, one by one, she fascinated all these boorish-behaved republicans, and utterly and entirely obtained her own way. In proof of which, Walter Strickland, who had been deputed by the parliament ambassador to the States of Holland, to forbid their granting any assistance to the queen, was dismissed without effecting his purpose. King Charles would not have succeeded so well; he could not have concealed his displeasure and disgust at the coarseness of ill-breeding; but the feminine tact of Henrietta revealed to her the well-known axiom in diplomacy, that after republicans have gratified their self-esteem by showing their ill-behaviour to their hearts' content, they become peculiarly amenable to the charm of graceful and courteous manners, generally pertaining to persons of exalted rank.

The Dutchmen, notwithstanding their odd mode of showing their regard, behaved bountifully to queen Henrietta. Their high mightinesses at Rotterdam lent her 40,000 guilders; their bank, 25,000; the bank at Amsterdam, 845,000. Of merchants at the Hague, Fletcher and Fitcher, she borrowed 166,000. On her pendant pearls she borrowed 213,200 guilders: she put six rubies in pawn for 40,000 guilders; and, altogether, raised upwards of 2,000,000*l.* sterling.¹

The queen was one year in effecting this great work; during which time she sent valuable remittances of money, arms, and warlike stores, to her royal husband, who had raised his standard at Nottingham soon after her departure, and commenced the warlike struggle with some success, at least wherever he commanded in person.

The queen superintended the education of her daughter, the little princess of Orange, whilst she was in Holland, retaining her always near her, while she pursued her studies under various masters. The young prince of Orange, her spouse, was likewise still under tuition. The queen very wisely remained with her daughter till she was accustomed to the manners and customs of her new country. This alliance proved a most fortunate one for the royal family of Stuart, as the young princess became infinitely beloved by the people of Holland. It does not appear that any jealousy was manifested by them, lest Henrietta should imbue her young daughter with catholic predilections.

The unfortunate mother of queen Henrietta died in misery at Cologne, the same winter. It had been the intention of the queen to continue

¹ *Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 41.*

her journey up the Rhine, to attend her parent's sick-bed, but the Dutch burgomasters interfered, and wholly prevented her;¹ and she, fearful of compromising the advantages she had gained, dared not pursue her intentions, lest her husband's interest should suffer severely.

When the queen had obtained all the stores possible in Holland, she bade farewell to her little daughter, and leaving her under the personal care of her mother-in-law, the princess of Orange, re-embarked for England, almost on the anniversary of her departure the preceding year, Feb. 2, 1642-3. She sailed from Scheveling in a first-rate English ship, called the Princess Royal, and was accompanied by eleven transports, filled with ammunition and stores, for the assistance of the king; her fleet was convoyed by the Dutch admiral, Von Tromp.

So tremendous a north-east gale began to blow directly the queen and her ladies had embarked on board this fleet, that they were tossed on the stormy billows nine days, expecting death hourly. The ladies wept and screamed perpetually, but the queen never lost her high spirits. To all the lamentations around her, the daughter of Henry the Great replied gaily — "Comfort yourselves, *mes chères*, queens of England are never drowned."² The ladies suspended their wailings to reflect, and recollected that such a case had never occurred, and were greatly consoled. This conversation is declared by a French writer to have passed on deck, while the queen was leaning on the rudder, when she had persuaded her train to leave the discomforts of the cabin for a little fresh air.³ Indeed, the scene below, as related by the queen herself, was anything but inviting. When the tempest blew heavily, and the ship laboured and pitched, they were tied in small beds, in all the horrors of sea-sickness. At the time the storm was at its worst, all the queen's attendants, even the officers, crowded into her cabin, and insisted on confessing themselves to the capucins of her suite, believing death would ensue every moment. These poor priests were as ill as any one, and were unable to be very attentive; therefore the penitents shouted out their sins aloud, in the hearing of every one, in order to obtain absolution on the spur of the moment. The queen, having no terrors of her own to distract her, amused herself with remarking this extraordinary scene, and made a sly comment on what she heard, saying, "that she supposed that the extremity of their fears took away the shame of confessing such misdeeds in public."⁴ Her gay spirits were not then broken, and she declared that the absurdities she witnessed in that voyage, at times, made her laugh excessively, although, like the others, she could not help expecting the ship to go to the bottom every moment. When any eating or drinking was going forward, the attempts to serve her in state, and the odd disasters that occurred both to her and her servitors, tumbling one over the other, with screams and confusion, were so ridiculous, that no alarm could control her mirth. After a fortnight's pitching and tossing, the good ship was beaten back on the wild Scheveling coast, and the queen landed safely at the port close to the Hague, from whence they had set out.

¹ Ellis's Original Letters, vol. iii., p. 294.

² Madame de Motteville, vol. i. Queen's Narrative, pp. 271 to 278.

³ Madame de la Fayette.

Motteville.

After a few days' rest and refreshment, the undaunted Henrietta again set sail, minus two ships, which she had lost in the storm. This time she had a quick and prosperous voyage, and anchored in Burlington Bay, Feb. 20, 1642-3, after an absence of a year all but two days. She did not attempt to land till the 22d, when a gallant squadron of one thousand cavaliers appeared in sight on the hills; under their protection by land, and that of Van Tromp by sea, the queen came on shore at Burlington quay, where, on the same day, the landing of her stores commenced with the utmost celerity.

At five in the morning, the queen was roused by the thundering of cannon and the rattling of shot. Five ships of war, commanded by the parliamentary admiral, Batten, which had been previously cruising off Newcastle, had entered Burlington Bay in the night, and by peep of dawn commenced an active cannonade on the house where the queen was sleeping. The parliament having voted her guilty of high treason, for obtaining supplies of money and arms for her distressed husband, their heroic admiral was doing his best to take her life.

"One of their ships," says the queen, in a letter¹ she wrote at this juncture to the king, "did me the favour of flanking upon the house where I slept; and before I was out of bed, the cannon-balls whistled so loud about me, that my company pressed me earnestly to go out of that house, the cannon having totally beaten down the neighbours' houses, two cannon-bullets falling from the top to the bottom of the house where I was. So, clothed as well as in haste I could be, I went on foot to some little distance from the town of Burlington, and got into the shelter of a ditch like that at Newmarket, whither, before I could get, the cannon-bullets fell thick about us, and a servant was killed within seventy paces of me." The queen does not venture here to mention to her husband her blameworthy temerity regarding her lap-dog, though she confessed this fine adventure to madame de Motteville. "She had an old ugly dog, called Mitte, whom she loved very much; when she was in the middle of Burlington-street, she remembered that she had left Mitte at the mercy of the parliamentary admiral. She instantly turned on her steps, rushed up stairs into her chamber, and caught up the animal, which was reposing on her bed, and carried her off in safety."² After this adventure, the queen and her ladies gained the ditch she described, and crouched down in it, while the cannon played furiously over their heads. "One dangerous ball," says the queen, "grazed the edge of the ditch, and covered us with earth and stones: the firing lasted till the ebbing of the tide." Von Tromp, whose ships were too large to approach the quay to defend the queen, attacked the valiant Batten in his retreat; and as this admiral had no support from the Yorkshire land forces, he sheered off to report his deeds to his masters. The queen's transports then landed the rest of their stores, and her majesty established herself in peace and quiet in the neighbourhood of Burlington, where she remained at least ten days.³

¹ *Memoirs of Henrietta Maria*, 1671, p. 34.

² *Madame de Motteville, Queen's Narrative*, vol. i., p. 273.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 275

A Yorkshire tradition alone mentions the abode of the queen during this delay, which was unavoidable, whilst her stores and cannon were put in order of march. It is said that her majesty established her headquarters at Boynton Hall, near Burlington, the seat of sir William Strickland, who, although he had accepted the honour of a baronetcy from king Charles, so recently as the year 1640, was a staunch leader of the puritan party, and had rendered himself very obnoxious to the court by his political conduct. His brother, Walter, had recently been ambassador from the parliament to the states of Holland, where he had fiercely argued against the queen being furnished there with the munitions of war. Notwithstanding, the queen asked and received hospitality and shelter for herself and her train, at the native hall of these inimical brethren. During her majesty's entertainment, a grand display was made of heavy family plate, for the honour of the house. This the queen observing, took occasion, at her departure, when she returned thanks for her entertainment, to say, "that she feared it would be thought that she was about to make an ungracious return for the courtesies she had received; but, unhappily, the king's affairs had (through the disaffection and want of duty on the part of some of those who ought to have been among his most loyal supporters) come to that pass, that he required pecuniary aid. The parliament had refused to grant the supplies requisite for maintaining the honour of the crown, and therefore money must be obtained by other means; and she was sorry to be under the necessity of taking possession of the plate she had seen during her visit, for his majesty's use. She should," she added, "consider it as a loan; as she trusted the king would very soon compose the disorders in those parts, when she would restore the plate, or, at any rate, its value in money, to sir William Strickland; and, in the mean time, she would leave at Boynton Hall her own portrait, both as a pledge of her royal intentions, and a memorial of her visit."

Who it was that performed the part of host at Boynton Hall to the queen, is uncertain, as it appears that both sir William and his brother were absent; it is possible that there were ladies of the family not so inimical to the royal party, since the mother of sir William Strickland and his brother was a Wentworth, and their grandmother a daughter of the catholic family of the Stricklands, of Sizergh Castle, in Westmoreland.

The portrait left by the queen is regarded as a very fine work of art, and was probably painted during her late visit to the court of Orange.¹ It is the size of life, and represents her as very pretty and delicate in features and complexion. Her hair is ornamented with flowers at the back of the head, and is arranged in short, thick, frizzled curls, according to the fashion, called at the court of France, *tête de mouton*. Her dress is very elegant, simple white, with open sleeves drawn up with broad green ribbons; the bodice is like the present mode, laced across

¹ I have been favoured by sir George Strickland with a miniature copy, reduced by himself from the original, which remains in the possession of the worthy representative of the republican baronet on whom this unwelcome gift was forced by the royal beauty.

the stomacher with gold chains, and ornamented with rows of pendent pearls on each side.

The family plate was never restored, neither was Henrietta ever in a condition to redeem her promise of making a compensation for it in money. but her portrait has, in process of time, become at least of equal value.

Unfortunately, Boynton Hall was soon afterwards completely pillaged by a marauding party, who followed on the queen's track, and sir William Strickland and his brother became confirmed roundheads.¹

At this period, Henrietta had recourse to the painful expedient of soliciting personal loans for the service of her royal husband, not only from the female nobility of England, but from private families whom she had reason to believe well-affected to the cause of loyalty. To such as supplied her with these aids, she was accustomed to testify her gratitude by the gift of a ring, or some other trinket from her own cabinet; but when the increasing exigencies of the king's affairs compelled her to sell or pawn in Holland the whole of her plate, and most of her jewels, for

¹ Sir William Strickland was a celebrated parliamentary general, one of those amateur military preachers withal, who regaled their brigades with extempore prayers and sermons of two hours' duration. His brother Walter, at that time ambassador from the parliament to the states of Holland, became one of Cromwell's lords, and was gratified with a pension of 12,000*l.* a year for his diplomatic services. As a proof of the manner in which persons of the same name and lineage were opposed in politics, it may not be irrelevant to the history of the times, to mention that, at the very time these mutual offices of ill-will were exchanging between the queen and the parliamentary Stricklands of Boynton, sir Robert Strickland, of Sizergh Castle and Thornton Briggs, (the head of the elder branch of that house, a catholic cavalier,) had, out of his own private resources, raised two regiments, one of horse, the other of foot, for the service of king Charles. The following original letter, addressed to sir Robert Strickland by sir Edward Osborne, the ancestor of the duke of Leeds, affords an amusing specimen of the epistolary style of a military county magnate of that period, and shows how equally his attention was divided, between the duty of calling the loyal muster together to meet their sovereign at his house, and his anxiety to secure good poultry for the royal supper.

ORIGINAL LETTER, FROM THE STRICKLAND PAPERS, SIZERGH CASTLE.

"Colonel Strickland,

"I have received notice this night from a *com* (suppose commissioner), that the king will be at York on Saturday next, when I am to entertain him for a day or two. I will therefore entreat you to add to your former courtesies this one, that is to help me to some fatt fowls, if possibly you can, either from yourself or your farmers, or sir William Alford (*the brother-in-law of Sir Robert Strickland*), or both, against Saturday night's supper; whereby you will do me an extraordinary favour. Must likewise desire you not to fail to be here on Saturday by noon. for the king intends to speake with all the commanders of this county. I pray both (you) and sir William Robinson to understand as much from me, as it will save me a labour of writing to him on purpose, which is very pretious to me. This in great hast, with my kind love to yourself, your friends, and your ladye.

"I rest your very affectionate friend,

"ED. OSBORNE."

[No date, but suppose the summer of 1642.]

Endorsed—"To my most esteemed friend Robert Strickland, esq, one of the deputy lieutenant-colonels for the North Riding; or, in his absence, for Mistress Strickland. This with haste, haste."

his use, she adopted an ingenious device, by which she was enabled, at a small expense, to continue her gifts to her friends, and in a form that rendered these more precious to the recipient parties, because they had immediate reference to herself. Whilst in Holland she had a great many rings, lockets, and bracelet-clasps made with her cypher, the letters H. M. R., Henrietta Maria Regina, in very delicate filagree of gold, curiously entwined in a monogram, laid on a ground of crimson velvet covered with thick crystal, cut like a table diamond, and set in gold. These were called "the queen's pledges," and presented by her to any person who had lent her money, or rendered her any particular service, with an understanding that, if presented to her majesty at any future time, when fortune smiled on the royal cause, it would command either repayment of the money advanced, or some favour from the queen that would amount to an ample equivalent. Many of these interesting testimonials are in existence, and in families where the tradition has been forgotten, have been regarded as amulets which were to secure good fortune to the wearer. One of these royal pledges, a small bracelet clasp, has been an heir-loom in the family of the author of this life of Henrietta, and there is a ring with the same device, in possession of Philip Darrell, esq., of Cales Hill, in Kent, which was presented to his immediate ancestor by that queen.

Whilst the queen waited in the neighbourhood of Burlington, she did a great deal of business in distributing arms to those gentlemen of Yorkshire who were loyally disposed, and in winning over many influential persons to the king's party. Sir Hugh Cholmondely delivered Scarborough castle to his majesty, and declared himself a cavalier, whilst her majesty sojourned at Burlington.¹ Many other gentlemen, quite captivated by the adventurous valour of their queen, resolved on the same course; among others, the Hothams, whose defection had so infinitely injured the king.²

A complete reaction seems to have taken place in the royal cause in Yorkshire; it arose, perhaps, from the following circumstance: While the queen yet remained in the vicinity of her landing-place, one of the captains of the five parliamentary vessels which bombarded the queen's house at Burlington, was seized on shore. He was tried by a military tribunal, and, as it was proved that he was the man who directed the cannon which had so nearly missed destroying her, he was condemned to be hanged. The queen happened to meet the procession when he was conducted to execution, and she insisted on knowing what it meant. She was told that king Charles's loyal subjects were about to punish the man who had taken aim at her chamber in Burlington. "Ah," said the queen, "but I have forgiven him all that, and as he did not kill me, he shall not be put to death on my account." The captain was set at liberty by her commands, and she entreated him "not to persecute one who would not harm him when she could." "The captain," adds the

¹ Madame de Motteville, Queen's Narrative, vol. i. p. 273.

² Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

narrative,¹ "was so deeply touched by her generosity, that he came over to the royal cause, and, moreover, persuaded several of his shipmates to join him."

At last, her gallant escort of 2000 cavaliers arrived from York, sent by the earl of Newcastle, headed by the heroic marquis of Montrose, and the queen set out in triumph, crossing the wolds to Malton, on her march to York, guarding six pieces of cannon, two large mortars, and two hundred and fifty wagons loaded with money. Her army gathered as she advanced, and when she reached York, it had swelled into a formidable force. She herself gave an animated description of her military progress; she rode on horseback throughout all the march, as general; she ate her meals in sight of the army, without seeking shelter from sun or rain; she spoke frankly to her soldiers, who seemed infinitely delighted with her; she took a town, too, by the way, "which truly," adds she, "was not defended quite so obstinately as Antwerp, when besieged by the duke of Parma, but it was a considerable one, and very useful to the royal cause."²

The queen wrote from York as follows:—

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO CHARLES I.³

York, March 20, 1643.

"My dear heart,

"I need not tell you from whence this bearer comes, only I will tell you that the propositions he brings are good. I believe there is not yet time to put them in execution; therefore find some means to send them back which may not disappoint them: and do not tell who gave you this advice.

"Sir Hugh Cholmondeley is come in with a troop of horse to kiss my hand; the rest of his people he left at Scarborough, with a ship laden with arms, which the ships of the parliament had brought thither (at Scarborough). So she is ours.

"The rebels have quitted Tadcaster, upon our sending forces to Wetherby, but (the rebels) are returned with 1200 men. We send more forces to drive them out, though those we have already at Wetherby are sufficient; but we fear, as they have all their forces thereabout, lest they have some design, for they have quitted Selby and Cawood, the last of which they have burnt. Between this and to-morrow we shall know the issue of the business, and I will send you an express.

"I am the more careful to advertise you of what you do, that you and we may find means to have passports to send; and I wonder that, on the cessation, you have not demanded that you might send in safety. This shows my love."

The cessation the queen mentions, was a treaty of peace which the parliament were negotiating with the king. If they had no other terms to offer than those the queen recapitulates here, no one can wonder at her indignation regarding them. Clarendon blames her exceedingly for her opposition to the treaty. She must speak for herself as follows:—

¹ This adventure is mentioned by Bossuet, in his fine oration at the funeral of the queen; it is detailed in a memoir of her, printed with the discourse. The name of the captain is not mentioned.

² This warlike progress of Henriette is extremely difficult to trace in all English histories, excepting one called *Mercurius Belgicus*, which perfectly agrees with the French memoirs.

³ Letter printed among the letters of king Charles, from his cabinet, taken at Naseby. Published by parliament.

"I understand to-day from London that they (*the parliament*) will have no cessation (*of arms*), and that they treat in the beginning (in the two first articles) of surrender of forts, ships, and ammunition, and afterwards of the disbanding of the (king's) army.

"Certainly I wish a peace more than any, and that with greater reason than any one else; but I would desire the *disbanding* of the perpetual parliament first, and certainly the rest will be easy afterwards."

This parliament, it must be remembered, had voted itself life-long, an encroachment at once on the constitution of England, far more astounding than anything that king Charles had done.

"I do not say this," resumes the queen, "of my own head alone, for generally both those who are for you and against you, in this country, wish an end of it; and I am certain that, if you do not demand it at first, it will not be granted.

"Hull is ours, and all Yorkshire, which is a thing to consider of; and for my particular, if you make a peace, and disband your army before there is an end of this perpetual parliament, I am absolutely resolved to go to France, not being willing to fall again into the hands of those people, being well assured that, if the power remains with them, it will not be well for me in England.

"Remember what I have written you in three precedent letters, and be more careful of me than you have been, or at least dissemble it (*that is, affect to be more careful of me*).

"Adieu, the man hastens me, so that I can say no more."

In a fragment of a letter from York, the queen notices other naval force taken from the parliamentary party.

"You now know by Eliot the issue of the business at Tadcaster, since that we almost lost Scarborough. Whilst sir Hugh *Cholmly* was here, Brown Bushel would have rendered that place up to parliament; but sir Hugh having notice of it, is gone with our forces and hath retaken it, and hath desired a lieutenant and forces of ours to put within it, and in exchange we should take his (garrison). Sir Hugh *Cholmly* hath also taken two pinnaces from Hotham,¹ which brought forty-four men to put within Scarborough for the parliament, with ten pieces of cannon, four barrels of powder, and four of bullets. This is all our news. Our army marches to-morrow to put an end to Fairfax's excellency; and will make an end of this letter, this third of April. I must add that I have had no news of you since Parsons."

"April 3d, 1643."

As for "making an end of Fairfax's excellency," that was sooner said than done. This is another instance of those "shouts before victory," into which the queen's sanguine and ardent temperament perpetually betrayed her. The royal pair could not meet till Fairfax and Essex were cleared out of their path, achievements which required some months' time, and several minor victories, to effect; and the queen was actually detained on the north-east coast of England nearly six months, while the king and prince Rupert were fighting and skirmishing round Oxford and the mid counties. At last the rebels were fairly beat out of the field and the queen and her army advanced to Newark, from whence she wrote the following letter, in the most triumphant spirits:—

Letters printed among the letters of king Charles. In the preceding letter the queen says, "Hull is ours," but it was not yet rendered, though the Hothams were now secretly in the queen's interest. Young Hotham was accused by parliament, when put to death, of having betrayed the above force into the queen's hands.

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO CHARLES I.¹

"Newark, June 27, 1645.

"My dear heart,

"I received just now your letter by my lord Saville, who found me ready to go away, staying but for one thing, for which you may well pardon me two days' stop; it is to have Hull and Lincoln. Young Hotham having been put in prison, by order of parliament, is escaped, and hath sent to 260,² that he would cast himself into his arms, and that Hull and Lincoln should be rendered.³ Young Hotham hath gone to his father, and 260 (Newcastle) waits for your answer.

"I think that I shall go hence on Friday or Saturday; I shall sleep at Werton, and from thence go to Ashby, where we will resolve what way to take, and I will stay there a day, because the march of the day before will have been somewhat great, and also to learn how the enemy marches. All their forces of Nottingham at present being gone towards Leicester and Derby, which makes us believe that they intend to intercept our passage. As soon as we have resolved I will send you word; at this present, I think it best to let you know the state in which we march, and what force I leave behind me for the safety of Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire. I leave 2000 foot, and wherewithal to arm 500 more, and 20 companies of horse; all this is to be under Charles Cavendish, whom the gentlemen of the country have desired me not to carry with me, for he desired extremely not to go. The enemy have left in Nottingham 1000 (garrison).

"I carry with me 3000 foot, 30 companies of horse and dragoons, 6 pieces of cannon, and two mortars. Harry Jermyn commands the forces which go with me, as colonel of my guard, sir Alexander Lesley the foot under him; (sir John) Gerard the horse, and Robin Legge the artillery, and her she-majesty, generalis sima over all, and extremely diligent am I, with 150 waggons of baggage to govern, in case of battle."

With all this valour, her "*she-majesty generalissima*," as Henrietta calls herself, has an eye to dangers that might occur by the way, from the earl of Essex, whom the king was doing his best to keep in check. for she adds:

"Have a care that no troop of Essex's army incommode us. I hope that for the rest we shall be strong enough, for at Nottingham we had the experience that one of our troops have beaten six of theirs, and made them fly.

"I have received your proclamation or declaration, which I wish had not been made, being extremely disadvantageous to you, for you show too much apprehension, and do not do what you had resolved upon.

"Farewell, my dear heart."

Before the queen departed from Newark, the ladies of that town brought up a petition, entreating her majesty not to march from Newark till Nottingham was taken.⁴ The right of petitioning royalty was a perfect mania at that time; it had been a point of dispute between the king and the parliament, and all sorts and conditions of persons, of both sexes, thought proper to dictate by petition the public measures they

¹ Letter printed among the letters of king Charles.² This number is probably a cypher which designates the marquis of Newcastle.³ The event proved that the two Hothams had more power to do the king harm than good. They were both beheaded by the parliament.⁴ D'Israeli's Commentaries, Reign of Charles I., vol. iii., p. 134.

thought best to be pursued. Women were especially active in petitioning at this era.¹

Her majesty gave the ladies of Newark, in her answer, a sly hint or feminine duties, in these words :

"Ladies, affairs of this nature are not in our sphere. I am commanded by the king to make all the haste to him that I can. You will receive this advantage, at least, by my answer, though I cannot grant your petition, — you may learn, by my example, to obey your husbands."

As this fine petition had been got up without the knowledge of the husbands of the Newark dames, a more provoking answer could not have been devised — not that queen Henrietta could boast of being the most submissive wife under the sun, as some phrases in her epistles above can testify.

At last, all invidious obstacles were cleared from her majesty's path, by the valour of the king, his nephews, and the Oxford cavaliers.

The queen's name formed the battle-cry of this desultory warfare. The word of the cavalier charge was "God for queen Mary!" the name by which Henrietta Maria was then known in England. The loyalists likewise mentioned their queen in the party songs, popular in the mid counties, which were founded on some recent successes.

"God save the king, the queen, the prince also,²
With all loyal subjects, both high and both low;
The roundheads can pray for themselves, ye know,
Which nobody can deny.

"Plague take Pym and all his peers!
Huzza for prince Rupert and his cavaliers!
When they come here, those hounds will have fears,
Which nobody can deny.

"God save prince Rupert and Maurice withal;
For they gave the roundheads a great downfall,
And knocked their noddles 'gainst Worcester wall,
Which nobody can deny."

It was in the vale of Keynton, near his own victorious ground of Edgehill, that Charles met with transport his adored Henrietta. Such a meeting was some atonement for their lives of ill fortune; the king praised the high courage and faithful affection of her whom he proudly and emphatically called "his wife."³

The mid counties had been so thoroughly cleared of the insurgents, that the king was only accompanied by his own regiment, and by prince Rupert's horse, when he marched to meet the queen. Just before the triumphant entry of the king and queen into the loyal city of Oxford

¹ The custom seems to have been broken by the inhuman cruelty of Cromwell's ruffian soldiers, who massacred many of the unfortunate women of Essex and Kent, when they came, in 1647, (in the sixth year of this horrid war,) to implore the miserable intimidated parliament, then under military terror, for peace. — Evelyn's Diary.

² Collection of Loyal Songs.

³ In all the king's despatches to Newcastle and other loyalists, Charles, with manly plainness, terms the queen *his wife*, in preference to any of her *royal*

they received the news of one of prince Rupert's dashing, victorious skirmishes, which added to the exhilaration of the festival with which the Oxford cavaliers welcomed them.

A large silver medal was struck at Oxford,¹ to commemorate this event, and the queen was received in that beautiful and loyal city with the most enthusiastic admiration, as the heroine of the royal party. Her triumphs, however, replete as they are with incident which develops her character, are regretted by some of the king's friends. Clarendon declares that the queen was so much elated at the flush of success which her supplies had been the means of obtaining, that she would not hear of any means of terminating the civil war, excepting by conquest.² Thus, by her influence, the opportunity of making peace was lost. This was a great error, a defect in moral judgment, to which heroes and heroines are extremely prone. It is doubtless one of the mistakes, for which queen Henrietta blamed herself, with unsparing severity, and is the reason why, in her narrative, she passes over the particulars of her sojourn at Oxford with painful brevity.

Those who from the vantage ground of two centuries survey the evil times in which the lot of Charles I. was cast, will be dubious whether any peace could have been lasting. All that was good and vital in the spirit of feudality was nearly extinct, but at the same time the people were vexed and encumbered, with what we may be permitted to call, its lifeless husks. Among these the abuses appertaining to the Court of Wards were alone sufficient to impel the most enduring people to revolution. But the puritan-patriots, so far from reforming these real wrongs, were contending for the sinecures connected with them.³

There were many individuals in those days, as in these, to whom all worship, but that of mammon, was indifferent; who, incited by the splendour of the new aristocracy, which had been built on the spoils of the monasteries, remembered that the church of England (if they could induce the king to join in the robbery) would afford goodly prey, —and these were the most impracticable of all agitators. Nevertheless, it was the bounden duty of the queen to have promoted peace, however hopeless of its continuance, instead of opposing its establishment.

With the skill in portraying character, which forms Lord Clarendon's principal claim to literary merit, he has displayed the influence that Henrietta possessed over the mind of her husband, and thus analyses it,

¹ The king and queen are seen seated in chairs of state, the sun is over his chair, the crescent-moon and stars over hers. The dragon Python, symbolizing rebellion, lies dead before them. On the reverse is, XIII. JUI. MB. F. ET' HIB. R.R. IN. VALLI. KEINTON. AUSPICAI. OCCURRENT. FUGATO. IN. OCCIDENT. REBELLION. VICT. ET. PAC. OMEN. OXON. M.DCXLIII. *July 13, the king and queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, auspiciously met in the vale of Keinton, and rebellion fled to the west. Omen of victory and peace. Oxford. 1643.* The figure of the queen, dressed in the graceful costume of her day, in a flowing open robe, falling sleeves, and pointed bodice, is singularly elegant.

² *Life of Clarendon*, vol. i. p. 185.

³ Lord Say and Sele, a roundhead, had helped himself to the lucrative place of Master of the Wards.

with its effects :¹ "The king's affection to the queen was a composition of conscience, love, generosity, and gratitude, and all those noble affections which raise the passion to the greatest height; insomuch that he saw with her eyes and determined by her judgment. Not only did he pay her this adoration, but he desired that all men should know that he was swayed by her, and this was not good for either of them. The queen was a lady of great beauty, excellent wit and humour, and made him a just return of the noblest affections, so that they were the true ideal of conjugal attachment in the age in which they lived."

"When the queen was admitted to the knowledge and participation of the most secret affairs, (from which she had been carefully restrained by the duke of Buckingham,) she took great delight in examining and discussing them, and from thence forming judgment of them, in which her *passions* (prejudices) were always strong. She had felt so much pain in knowing nothing, and meddling with nothing, during the time of the great favourite, that now she took no pleasure but in knowing all things, and disposing of all things, as he had done. Not considering that the universal prejudice that great man had undergone was not in reference to his person but his power, and that the same power would be equally obnoxious to complaint if it resided in any other person than the king himself. Nor did she more desire to possess this unlimited power longer than that all the world should notice that she was the entire mistress of it; and it was her majesty's misfortune (and that of the kingdom) that she had no one about her to advise and inform her of the temper of the people." And so thought the queen herself when it was too late.

For a few months the beautiful city of Oxford was the seat of the English court, over which the queen presided. There all that was loyal, refined, and learned, gathered round the royal family, and, for a while, hope existed that the discontents of the people would be finally silenced by force of arms. From such a result only evil could have ensued; no reflective person, to whom the good of their country was dear, could have wished it.

While the spirits of the queen were yet sustained by martial enthusiasm, she wrote from Oxford the subjoined little French billet, to the loyal defender of York, in the spring of the year 1644:—

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO THE MARQUIS OF NEWCASTLE.

"My cousin,

"I have received your letter by Parsons, with the account of all that has passed at Newcastle, and am very glad you have not yet eaten rats: so that the Scotch have not yet eaten Yorkshire oat-cakes, all will go well I hope, as you are there to order about it.

"Your faithful and very good friend,

"HENRIETTE MARIE, R.

"Oxford, this March 15."

All the pride of the queen is laid aside while cheering her faithful partisan. In these few lines she shows she had made herself mistress of the customs of the northern counties; she alludes to their provincial

¹ *Life of Clarendon*, vol. i. pp. 185, 186.

food, the oat-cakes, with the certainty of giving delight to the garrison.

The queen remained at Oxford during the change of fortune that befel the king's cause. It was at the commencement of the year 1644 that the royalist poet, Davenant, addressed to her majesty some lines, which Pope imitated in his youth, when they were forgotten, and founded his early fame upon them.¹ Perhaps their harmony was never surpassed in English verse.

TO THE QUEEN AT OXFORD.

"Fair as unshaded light, or as the day
Of the first year, when every month was May,
Sweet as the altar's smoke, or as the new
Unfolded bud swelled by the morning's dew,
Kind as the willing saints, but calmer far
Than in their dreams forgiven votaries are—
But what, sweet excellence, what dost thou here?"

This last line conveyed a question prompted by the delicate situation of the queen; Oxford was likely to remain no secure harbour for her in her approaching hour of peril and weakness. The king delayed the agonizing separation from his adored consort, till the approach of the parliamentary forces made a battle near Oxford inevitable. Previously to the battle of Newbury, so fatal to his cause, Charles I. escorted his beloved wife to Abingdon, and there, on the 3d of April, 1644, with streaming eyes and dark forebodings for the future, this attached pair parted, never to meet again on earth.

The queen's first destination was Bath, where she sought the cure of an agonizing rheumatic fever, of that kind which is sharpened into intolerable acuteness by anxiety of mind. This complaint was called, in the phraseology of the day, a rheum, and thus the queen names it in the letter which announced her arrival at Bath.

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO KING CHARLES.²

"My dear heart,

"Fred Cornwallis will have told you all our *voyage* (journey) as far as Abury, and the state of my health. Since my coming hither, I find myself ill, as well as in the *ill rest* I have, as in the increase of my *rheum*.

"I hope this day's rest will do me good. I go to-morrow to Bristol, to send you back the carts; many of them are already returned.

"Farewell, my dear heart, I cannot write more than that I am absolutely yours.

"Bath, April 21, 1644."

Nothing could be more calamitous than the queen's prospects in her approaching time of pain and weakness. Ugly and sorrowful as she already was, she sought refuge in the loyal city of Exeter, where, amidst the horrors and consternation of an approaching siege, she was in want of everything. She took up her abode at Bedford House, in Exeter. The king had written to summon to her assistance his faithful household physician, Theodore Mayerne; his epistle was comprehended in one emphatic line in French.

¹ In the opening of his Pastorals.

² King Charles's Works and Letters, printed at the Hague, p. 266.

KING CHARLES I. TO DR. SIR THEODORE MAYERNE.

"Mayerne,

"For the love of me, go to my wife!

C R."

The queen likewise wrote an urgent letter in French to Dr. Mayerne, entreating him to come to her assistance, to the following effect:¹

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO SIR THEODORE MAYERNE.

"Exeter, this 3d of May.

"Monsieur de Mayerne,

"My indisposition does not permit me to write much, to entreat you to come to me if your health will suffer you; but my malady will, I trust, sooner bring you here than many lines. For this cause I say no more; but that, retaining always in my memory the care you have ever taken of me in my utmost need it makes me believe that if you can, you will come, and that I am, and shall be ever,

"Your good mistress and friend,

"HENRIETTE MARIE R."

There is great generosity of mind in this letter. The queen does not say, as many a one does who requires impossibilities in this exacting age, "Help me now, or all you have hitherto done will be of no use." But, in a nobler spirit, "If you cannot come to me in my extreme need, I shall still remain grateful for all your previous benefits." Such, we deem, offers a good instance of that ill-defined virtue, gratitude.

The faithful physician did not abandon his royal patroness in the hour of their distress; he obeyed their summons, though we have reason to believe that he looked not with affection on the queen, deeming her religion one of the principal causes of the distracted state of England.

Henrietta likewise wrote to her sister-in-law, the queen-regent of France, Anne of Austria, giving her an account of her distressed state. That queen, who was herself just set free, by death, from the tyranny of her husband's minister, cardinal Richelieu, was enabled to obey the impulses of her generous nature. She sent 50,000 pistoles, with every article needful for a lady in a delicate situation, and her own *sage femme*, madame Perronne, to assist Henrietta in her hour of trouble.

Perhaps the best trait in the character of queen Henrietta occurs at this juncture; she reserved a very small portion of the donation of the queen of France for her own use, and sent the bulk of it to the relief of her distressed husband. Boundless generosity—a generosity occurring in the time of privation, was a characteristic of Henrietta.

Meantime, sir Theodore Mayerne arrived at Exeter,² May 28th; he travelled from London in the queen's chariot with sir Martin Lister. Although so faithful in his prompt attendance to the summons of his royal master, in behalf of the queen, he was rough and uncompromising enough in his professional consultations. The queen, feeling the agony of an overcharged brain, said, one day at Exeter, pressing her hand on her head, "Mayerne, I am afraid that I shall go mad some day."

¹ The original is in the Sloan MS., 1679, fol 71 b. The letter, printed in the original French, may be seen in Ellis's *Historical Letters, Second Series, vol. iii.* p. 315; likewise the letter of king Charles, *ibid.*, p. 316.

² Ellis's *Historical Letters, Second Series, vol. iii.*, p. 316.

"Nay," replied the caustic physician, "your majesty need not fear going mad, you have been so some time."

The queen, when she related this incident to madame de Motteville, mentioned the incident as Mayerne's serious opinion of her bodily health; but his reply is couched more like a political sneer than a medical opinion.

The queen gave birth to a living daughter, at Exeter, June 16, 1644, at Bedford House, and in less than a fortnight afterwards, the army of the earl of Essex advanced to besiege her city of refuge. On the approach of this hostile force, the queen, who was in a very precarious state of health, sent to the republican general, requesting permission to retire to Bath for the completion of her recovery. Essex made answer "that it was his intention to escort her majesty to London, where her presence was required, to answer to parliament for having levied war in England." This was tantamount to avowing an intention of leading her to the metropolis as a prisoner, and the French writers¹ aver that Essex actually went so far as to set a price on her head.

The daughter of Henry the Great summoned all the energy of character which she had derived from that mighty sire, to triumph over the pain and weakness that oppressed her feminine frame at this awful crisis. She rose from her sick bed, and escaped from Exeter in disguise, with one gentleman and one lady, and her confessor. She was constrained to hide herself in a hut, three miles from Exeter gate, where she passed two days without anything to nourish her, couched under a heap of litter.² She heard the parliamentary soldiers defile on each side of her shelter; she overheard their imprecations and oaths, "that they would carry the head of Henrietta to London, as they should receive from the parliament a reward for it of 50,000 crowns." When this peril was passed, she issued out of her hiding-place, and, accompanied by the three persons who had shared her dangers, traversed the same road on which the soldiers had lately marched, though they had made it nearly impassable. She travelled in extreme pain, and her anxious attendants were astonished that she did not utterly fail on the way.

The rest of her ladies and faithful attendants stole out of Exeter, in various disguises, to meet her.³ Their rendezvous was at night in a miserable cabin, in a wood between Exeter and Plymouth. The valiant dwarf, Geoffry Hudson, was of this party; he had grown up to the respectable stature of three feet and a half, and showed both courage and sagacity in this escape. The queen, whose original destination was Plymouth, found Pendennis castle a safer place of refuge. She arrived with her company, in doleful plight, at this royal fortress, on the 29th of June, 1644. As a friendly Dutch vessel laid in the bay, the queen resolved to embark at once, and she sailed, with her faithful attendants,

¹ *Mémoires de Madame de la Fayette*, and of the queen's cousin, *Mademoiselle de Montpensier*.

² *Vie de Henriette de France*, prefixed to the *Oration of Bossuet*.

³ *Mémoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier*.

from the western coast, early the following morning;¹ nevertheless, the worst perils of this escape were not yet passed.

Meantime, her royal husband made incredible efforts to succour his beloved Henrietta; and, urged by despair, fought his way to Exeter by means of a series of minor victories, which were complete, because he was entirely his own general. So near were this loving pair towards meeting once more, that Charles entered Exeter triumphantly but ten days after the queen sailed from Pendennis.

Lady Morton presented to the king the little princess, left to her care on the flight of the unfortunate queen. For the first and last time, the hapless monarch bestowed on his poor babe a paternal embrace. He caused one of his chaplains to baptize this little one Henrietta Anne, after her kind aunt of France, and her mother. He relieved Exeter, and left an order on the customs for the support of his infant, who remained there for some time in the charge of her governess, lady Morton.

Queen Henrietta did not reach the shores of her native land without a fresh trial to her courage. The vessel in which she had embarked was chased by a cruiser in the service of the parliament. Several cannon-shots were fired at the vessel in which she was embarked; and the danger of being taken or sunk seemed to her imminent. In this exigence, the queen took the command of the vessel. She forbade any return to be made of the cannonading, for fear of delay, but urged the pilot to continue his course, and every sail to be set for speed; and she charged the captain, if their escape were impossible, to fire the powder magazine,² and destroy her with the ship, rather than permit her to fall alive into the hands of her husband's enemies. At this order, her ladies and domestics³ sent forth the most piercing cries, she meantime maintaining a courageous silence, her high spirit being wound up to brave death rather than the disgrace to herself, and the trouble to her husband, which would have ensued if she had been dragged a captive to London. The cannonading continued till they were nearly in sight of Jersey, when a shot hit the queen's little bark, and made it stagger under the blow. Every one on board gave themselves over for lost, as the mischief done to the rigging made the vessel slacken sail. At that moment a little fleet of Dieppe vessels hove in sight, and hastened to the scene of action. This friendly squadron took the queen's battered bark under their protection, and the enemy sheered off. A furious storm sprung up before a landing could be effected, and Henrietta's vessel was driven far from the shelter offered by the harbour of Dieppe.⁴

In a few hours the coast of Bretagne—the refuge of many an exile from England—rose in sight. The queen ordered the long-boat out, and was rowed on shore. She landed in a wild, rocky cove at Chastel,⁵

¹ Madame de Motteville, whose account is partly confirmed by the MS. of Père Gamache, belonging to Mr. Colburn, to which we have access, see p. 71.

² Madame de Motteville, vol. i. Queen's Narrative, p. 267. Edition of Maestricht, 1782.

³ Ibid. p. 276.

⁴ Vie de Reine Henriette (Bossuet).

⁵ It is said that her pursuer's name was captain Batts. Batten was the enemy who cannonaded her at Burlington. These names often occur in the diary of Pepys, as of persons in trust and favour in Charles II.'s navy

not far from Brest. Here she had to climb over rocks, and traverse on foot a most dangerous path. At last she descended into a little rude hamlet of fishermen's huts, where she thankfully laid herself down to rest in a peasant's cabin covered with stubble. The Bas-Bretons took her people at first for pirates, and rose in arms against them; and the queen, exhausted as she was, was forced to explain to them who she really was.¹ Next morning, the neighbouring Breton gentlemen, being apprised of her landing, thronged to her retreat in their coaches, offering her all the service in their power. In all eyes, as she afterwards observed, she must have appeared more like a distressed wandering princess of romance than a real queen. She was very ill, and very much changed; but the memory of Henri Quatre was still dear to the French people; his daughter was followed by their benedictions, and supplied, from private good-will, with all she needed. She used the equipages, so generously offered, to convey her to the baths of Bourbon, where she sought health for her body, and repose for her overwrought mind.

Her first feeling, she declared, was that of penitence for her intended self-destruction. The indomitable determination of purpose, which all ancient writers, and too many modern ones, would have lauded as an instance of high resolve worthy a Roman matron, queen Henrietta very properly condemned as sinful desperation, unworthy of a Christian woman. "I did not," she said to madame de Motteville, when she related to her this adventure, "feel any extraordinary effort when I gave the order to blow up the vessel; I was perfectly calm and self-possessed; I can now accuse myself of want of moral courage to master my pride; and I give thanks to God for having preserved me at the same time from my enemies and from myself."²

The feelings of Charles I. on his queen's departure, left desolate as he was to accomplish his sad destiny, are best known by his lonely meditations in his Eikon Basilicon. He says of her, "Although I have much cause to be troubled at my wife's departure from me, yet her absence grieves me not so much as the scandal of that necessity which drives her away doth afflict me—viz., that she should be compelled by my own subjects to withdraw for her safety. I fear such conduct (so little adorning the protestant profession) may occasion a farther alienation of her mind, and divorce of affection in her from that religion which is the only thing in which my wife and I differ."

"I am sorry that my relation and connection with so deserving a lady should be any occasion of her danger and affliction. Her personal merits would have served her as a protection among savage Indians, since their rudeness and uncivilized state knows not to hate all virtue as some men's cruelty doth. Among whom I yet think there be few so malicious as to hate her for herself.—the fault is, *she is my wife.*"

Here we think the conjugal affection of king Charles misleads him. The fact is, that his chief fault in the eyes of his people was, that he

¹ Vie de Reine Henriette.

² Madame de Motteville's Mémoires, vol. i. p. 276. Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Père Cyprian's Mémoires and the Life of Henrietta (Bossuet), all mention this resolution of the queen.

was *her* husband. He continues his observation with pathetic earnestness :—

“I ought, then, to study her security who is in danger only for my sake. I am content to be tossed, weather-beaten, and shipwrecked, so that she be safe in harbour. I enjoy this comfort by her safety in the midst of my personal dangers. I can perish but half, if *she* be preserved. In her memory, and in her children, I may yet survive the malice of my enemies, although they should at last be satiate with my blood.”

Thus Charles, at a comparatively early part of his calamities (1644), always looked forward to a violent death; but he was greatly mistaken, if he supposed that the malice of party would be satiated with his blood.

“I must leave her, then, to the love and loyalty of my good subjects. Neither of us but can easily forgive, since we blame not the unkindness of the generality and vulgar; for we see that God is pleased to try the patience of us both, by ingratitude of those who, having eaten of our bread, and being enriched by our bounty, have scornfully lifted up themselves against us. Those of our own household are become our enemies. I pray God lay not their sin to their charge, who think to satisfy all obligations to duty by their Corban of religion, and can less endure to see, than to sin against their benefactors, as well as their sovereigns.”

“But this policy of my enemies is necessary to their designs. They sought to drive her out of my kingdom, lest, by the influence of her example, eminent as she is for love as a wife, and loyalty as a subject, she should have converted or retained in love and loyalty, all those whom they had a purpose to pervert. Pity it is that so noble and peaceful a soul should see, much more suffer, from the wrongs of those who must make up their want of justice by violence and inhumanity.”

“Her sympathy with my afflictions makes her virtues shine with greater lustre, as stars in the darkest night. Thus may the envious world be assured that she loves me, not my fortunes. The less I may be blest with her company, the more will I retire to God, and to my own heart, whence no malice can banish her. My enemies may envy me: they can never deprive me of the enjoyment of her virtues while I am myself.”¹

Surely—surely every woman must feel that it was a brighter lot to have been loved and mourned for by a man whose mind was capable of these feelings, than to have shared the empire of a world with a common character, in commonplace prosperity.

¹ These sentences are abstracted and collected from the *Eikon Basilicæ*.

HENRIETTA MARIA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF CHARLES THE FIRST, KING OF GREAT
BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER III.

Queen Henrietta at the baths of Bourbon—Her illness and alteration of person—Message and munificent allowance from the queen-regent of France—Journey of queen Henrietta to Paris—Met by the queen-regent—Inducted into apartments at the Louvre—And at St. Germain's—Sends money to Charles I.—Their affectionate letters—Receives her eldest son at Paris—Her routine at the French court—Interferes with the English church—Her messengers offend king Charles—Escape of her infant daughter Henrietta—Queen Henrietta and the Fronde—She mediates in the war of the Fronde—Besieged in the Louvre—Suffers from want—Alarmed by reports of the danger of Charles I.—Her letters—Her sufferings and deprivations—Cardinal Retz visits her—Finds her without fire—Relieves her—Obtains a grant from the parliament of Paris—Queen Henrietta deprived of all intelligence from her husband—Her agonizing suspense—Calamitous adventures of Charles I.—Sends a message to the queen by lady Fanshawe—Hurried from Carisbrooke castle to Hurst castle—To Windsor—To London—Trial—Execution—Burial—Queen Henrietta remains ignorant of his fate.

Queen Henrietta trusted that the air and waters of her native land would restore her to convalescence, and repair the constitution shattered by the severe trials, mental and bodily, which she had sustained. The springs of Bourbon, indeed, somewhat ameliorated her health; but her firmness of mind was greatly shaken. She wept perpetually for her husband's misfortunes; she was wasted almost to maceration, and her beauty was for ever departed. This loss she bore with great philosophy; she did not even suppose that it was caused by her troubles. She was used to affirm, "That beauty was but a morning's bloom, and that she had plainly perceived the departure of hers at twenty-two; and that she did not believe that the charms of other ladies continued longer."¹ It mattered little to her, since her husband loved her with increased affection, and proved to her, by a thousand tender expressions and kind deeds, "how much the wife was dearer than the bride."

The following graphic portrait, drawn by her friend madame de Motteville, gives a faithful description of queen Henrietta, both in person and mind; and it must be remembered that the study was from life, and the result of familiar acquaintance.² "I found this once lovely queen very ill, and much changed, being meagre and shrunk to a shadow. Her mouth, which naturally was the worst feature of her face, had become too large; even her form seemed marred. She still had beautiful eyes,

Madame de Motteville, vol. i, p. 278.

² Ibid., p. 290.

a lovely complexion, a nose finely formed, and something in her expression so *spirituelle* and agreeable, that it commanded the love of every one; she had, withal, great wit and a brilliant mind, which delighted all her auditors. She was not above being agreeable in society, and was, at the same time, sweet, sincere, easy, and accessible, living with those who had the honour of her intimacy without form or ceremony. Her temper was by nature gay and cheerful. Often, when her tears were streaming, while she narrated her troubles, the reminiscence of some ridiculous adventure would occur, and she would make all the company laugh by her wit and lively description, before her own eyes were dry. To me her conversation usually took a solid tone; her grief and deep feeling made her look on this life and the pride of it in a true light, which rendered her far more estimable than she would have been had sorrow never touched her. She was naturally a most generous character. Those who knew her in her prosperity assured me that her hand was most bounteous, as long as she had aught to give."

Such is the sketch drawn by Henrietta's most intimate friend, who was at the same time one of the most virtuous, the most accomplished, and the best of her countrywomen.

Candour demands that we should place this portrait of Henrietta, drawn at a time when she utterly vanishes from the historic page of England, in contradistinction to the prejudiced caricatures which our native authors furnish.

The French people, not yet agitated by the insurgency of the civil war of the Fronde, paid the most affectionate attention to Henrietta, regarding her as the daughter, sister, and aunt of their kings. As she had, when in power, done sufficient to provoke the political vengeance of her sister-in-law, Anne of Austria, in whose hands the sovereignty of France rested as queen-regent, her thoughts became a little uneasy on that subject. Henrietta had most warmly taken the part of her mother, Marie de Medicis, with whom Anne of Austria had always been on bad terms; and, as her biographer expresses it, she had inflicted on the latter some *petites malices*, which are great evils at a time when an exalted person is undergoing a series of persecutions. Fortunately, however, the manly character of Henrietta's consort had interposed in the behalf of Anne of Austria, and he had been able to perform some important services for her during the sway of her tyrant Richelieu, especially by the protection he had afforded to her persecuted favourite, the duchess of Chevreuse, which that queen now remembered with gratitude, and repaid to his afflicted wife and children.¹

Madame de Motteville enjoyed every possible opportunity of writing true history in all she has testified, since she was on the spot, and domesticated with the exiled queen at this juncture. The queen-regent, Anne of Austria, whose confidential lady of honour madame de Motteville was, sent her to the baths of Bourbon, to offer queen Henrietta all the assistance that was in the power of France to bestow. To this,

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. i. p. 235. That lady, in a foot-note, says of Henrietta, "It was herself who recounted to me the remarks which I have inserted here."

Anne of Austria added many marks of beneficence, most liberally supplying her afflicted sister-in-law with money for her expenditure; of all which bounty Henrietta stripped herself, and sent every farthing she could command to the king her husband. Madame de Motteville continues to observe, after relating this good trait of Henrietta, "that many persons have attributed the fall of king Charles to the bad advice of his queen, but that she was not inclined to believe it, since the faults and mistakes she actually committed she candidly avowed, in the foregoing narrative, which," pursues our fair historian, "she did me the honour to relate to me exactly as I wrote it, when we were domesticated together in a solitary place, where peace and repose reigned around us, unbroken by worldly trouble.¹ Here I penned, from first to last, the detail of her misfortunes which she related to me, in the confidence of familiar friendship."

Lord Jermyn had retained his post in the household of Henrietta through every reverse of fortune, and was now the superintendent of her expenditure, the steward of her finances, and the person who provided her with everything she either wore or consumed. He had enriched himself, as her treasurer, in the days of her prosperity; and he had contrived, by foreseeing the disastrous tendency of the royalist cause in England, to invest his large capital on the continent. The English authors suppose that lord Jermyn maintained the queen when she was in exile—a great mistake, since the French archives prove that she had a noble income settled upon her, as a daughter of France in distress. She might even have saved money, if her hand had not been over-bounteous towards her distressed husband. The assistance, therefore, given her by Jermyn, must be limited to the failure of her French supplies during the extreme crisis of the war of the Fronde, which did not occur till several years after her return to France. However, the devoted fidelity of this servant of her household, his adherence to his office in times of the utmost danger, when he occasionally felt himself obliged to disburse the queen's expenses, instead of reaping wealth from the income of his appointment, naturally raised gratitude in her mind. He was called her minister, and by some her favourite; as such, madame de Motteville draws the following portrait of him at this period:—

"He seemed an honourable man, remarkably mild in his manners, but to me he appeared of bounded capacity, and better fitted to deal with matters of petty detail than great events. He had for the queen that species of fidelity usual to long-trusted officials. He insisted that all her money must be deposited with him before any other person in the world, that he might apply it to her expenses, which at all times were great. The queen reposed much confidence in him; but it is not true that he governed her entirely. She often manifested a will contrary to his, and maintained it, as absolute mistress. She always showed proper feeling in regard to all who depended on her; but she was naturally inclined to be positive, and to support her own opinions with vivacity. Her arguments, while maintaining her own will, were urged with no

¹ The convent of Châillot, where queen Henrietta usually retired when under the pressure of ill health or sorrow.

little talent, and were mingled with a graceful playfulness of raillery which tempered the high spirit and commanding courage of which she had given so many proofs in the principal actions of her life. Queen Henrietta, unfortunately for herself, had not acquired in early life the experience given by an intimate knowledge of history. Her misfortunes had repaired this defect, and painful experience had improved her capacity; but we saw her in France lose the tottering crown, which she at this time (1644) could scarcely be considered to retain."

Our fair historian, who was literally behind the scenes, and saw all the springs of movement which influenced the conduct of the royal family of England as well as that of France, proceeds to make the following observation, which is not merely a brilliant antithesis of French genius, but a sober and simple truth, which may be corroborated by every examiner into documentary history. "The cabinets of kings are theatres where are continually played pieces which occupy the attention of the whole world. Some of these are entirely comic; there are also tragedies, whose greatest events are almost always caused by trifles." And such is ever the result when power falls into the hands of those who, ignorant of the events of the past, have never studied history, or drawn rational deductions, by reasoning on the causes of those events. Chance governs the conduct of such royal personages. Great tragedies spring from trifling caprices. If of good capacity and virtuous inclinations, experience may be learned by a royal tyro, but generally too late; for mistakes in government cannot be rectified by the work being taken out and better put in, as a craftsman's apprentice gains his skill by rectifying mistakes. The irrevocable past assumes the awful mien of destiny, and too often governs the future.

"The queen of England, my aunt," says mademoiselle de Montpensier, "in the autumn of 1634 was afflicted with a malady, for which her physicians had already prescribed for her the warm baths of Bourbon, and she was forced to make some stay there before she was well enough to come to the French court. When she was convalescent, her arrival was formally announced, and I was sent in the king's coach, in the name of their majesties, (the infant Louis XIV. and his mother, the queen-regent) to invite her to court, for such is the usual etiquette."¹

Gaston, duke of Orleans, the favourite brother of Henrietta, had not, however, waited for the formality of such an approach; he had flown to visit and comfort her, and was with her at the baths of Bourbon, when his daughter, the *grande mademoiselle*, arrived in the queen's coach. "I found Monsieur, my father," continued that lady, "with the queen of England; he had been with her some time before I arrived; we both brought her in state on the road to Paris."

The precise time of this progress is noted in the journal of the celebrated Evelyn, who, as a philosopher, and therefore, we suppose, a non-combatant, had very wisely asked the king leave to spend his youth in travel, while broad-swords were clashing, and the war-cry of "Ho for cavaliers! hey for cavaliers!" was resounding throughout his native

¹ Mémoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier, vol. ii. p. 106.

island. He encountered queen Henrietta on this journey, at Tours; he saw her make her entry in great state; the archbishop went to meet her, and received her with an harangue at the head of the clergy and authorities of that city, on the 18th of August, O. S., 1644.² Her majesty rested at Tours, in the archbishop's palace, where she gave Evelyn an audience. She re-commenced her journey to Paris on the 20th of August, in the state-coach, with her brother Gaston, and *la grande mademoiselle*, who observes, "that at the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, the queen-regent came to meet the queen of England, my aunt, and she brought the little king and the child, his brother, to receive her; they all kissed her, and invited her into the king's coach, and thus she made her entry into Paris."

Mademoiselle de Montpensier was as much struck by the wretched appearance of the poor queen, as madame de Motteville had been; she says:—

"Although queen Henrietta had taken the utmost care to recover her good looks, her strength, and her health, she still appeared in a state so deplorable, that no one could look at her without an emotion of compassion. She was escorted to the Louvre, and given possession of her apartments by the queen-regent and her son, in person; they led her by the hand, and kissed her with great tenderness; they treated her not only with the consideration due to a queen, but to a queen who was, at the same time, a daughter of France."³

Anne of Austria gave her distressed sister-in-law the noble income of 12,000 crowns per month. Much has been said relative to the pecuniary distress suffered by queen Henrietta during her exile in France; but justice obliges the remark, that her generous relatives supplied her most liberally with funds, till the civil war of the Fronde reduced them all to similar destitution. The pecuniary deprivations of the exiled queen lasted only a few months, although it is usually affirmed that such was the case during the rest of her life. The truth was, she stripped herself of whatever was given her, and gradually sold all her jewels, to send every penny she could command to her suffering husband; her boundless generosity, and her utter self-denial, in regard to all indulgences that she could not share with him, is the best point of her character. The kindest of her friends, the most credible of witnesses, madame de Motteville, and those two bright examples of old English honour and fidelity, sir Richard and lady Fanshawe, bear testimony in many passages to this disposition of Henrietta's income. Mademoiselle, her niece, observes, with some contempt: "The queen of England appeared, during a little while, with the splendour of royal equipage; she had a full number of ladies, of maids of honour, of running footmen, coaches, and guards. All vanished, however, by little and little, and at last nothing could be more mean than her train and appearance."³

We have seen the unfortunate queen of Charles I. inducted into the Louvre by the generous regent of France. That palace was not, during

² Evelyn's Journal, vol. ii. p. 64.

³ Mémoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier.

³ Ibid.

the minority of Louis XIV., occupied by the court, and its royal apartments were vacant for the reception of their desolate guest. Anne of Austria likewise appointed for her country residence the old château of St. Germain, whither she retired that autumn, within three or four days after she had taken possession of her apartments in the Louvre.

One of Henrietta's first occupations, when settled in her residence at St. Germain-en-Laye, was to indite the following letter to the bishop of Laon; it affords a specimen of childish devotion better befitting the semi-barbarians of the middle ages, than a woman of brilliant intellect of the 17th century:—

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO THE BISHOP OF LAON.

“Monsieur l'Evesque de Laon,

“I am apprised of the pains you have taken at the reception of a little offering which the father-capucins have brought, on my part, to our lady of Liesse, to mark my gratitude to her for having preserved me from shipwreck, through the goodness of our Lord; and for the intervention of this our holy mother, in the tempest which I encountered at sea the preceding years,¹ which has induced me to propose founding a mass to be said for me every Saturday in the year, in the said chapel, for perpetuity; and I have at the same time empowered those who deliver this, to enter into the contract for this effect, as I send a capucin of my almoner's, with power to do all that is needful in this affair, who promises that you, who have already given your cares to this good work, will continue them, and employ your authority to establish it, to the glory of God and the honour of the holy Virgin, and to mark my perpetual reliance on the one and on the other.

“Meantime I myself will, in person, render my vows at the said chapel, to testify the good-will I shall ever bear you, praying God, monsieur l'Evesque, ever to hold you in his keeping.

“From St. Germain en Laye, this 7th of September, 1644.

“Your good friend,

“HENRIETTE MARIE R”

The contribution the queen sent to the chapel by her capucin almoner was 1500 livres, for a low-mass to be said every week in perpetuity; this sum she doubtless devoted as a thank-offering from the bounteous supply which had been accorded by her munificent sister-in-law, the queen of France.

Although so generously soothed and succoured, queen Henrietta remained for many months deeply depressed in spirit, mourning her utter bereavement of husband and children. Her time was principally spent in writing to king Charles, and her establishment at the Louvre proved the rallying point for loyalist English emigrants, who sought shelter under her influence in France, when the various plots broke and fell to pieces, which were devised for the restoration of king Charles. Among these were found the illustrious literary names of Cowley, Denham, and Waller. Cowley followed the queen to Paris after the surrender of Oxford, and became Latin secretary to lord Jermyn, who had the whole care of her household. The office of the poet extended to the translation of all the letters that passed between the queen and king Charles in cypher; and so indefatigable was their correspondence, that it employed

¹This hitherto unedited letter is from Père Cyprian's MS.

²In her voyages to and from Holland, in February, 1642 and 1643.

Cowley all the days of the week, and often encroached on his nights for several years.¹

Brief must be the specimens of the letters which passed between this pair so tender and true. How deeply their correspondence was marked by heart-feeling, the following will show:—

KING CHARLES TO QUEEN HENRIETTA.

“1645.

“Since I love thee above all earthly things, and that my contentment is inseparably conjoined with thine, must not all my actions tend to serve and please thee? If you knew what a life I lead—I speak not of the common distractions, even in point of conversation, which, in my mind, is the chief joy or vexation of one’s life—I dare say thou wouldst pity me, for some are too wise, others are too foolish, some are too busy, others are too reserved and fantastic. (*Here the king gives in cypher the names of the persons whose conversation, in domestic life, suits his taste so little, owning at the same time that, in matters of business, they were estimable. After enumerating names, to which the cypher is now lost, the king adds*)—Now mayest thou easily judge how such conversation pleaseth me. I confess thy company hath perhaps made me hard to be pleased, but no less to be pitied by thee, who art the only cure for this unease.

“Comfort me with thy letters; and dost thou not think that to know particulars of thy health, and how thou spendest thy time, are pleasing subjects to me, though thou hast no other business to write of?

“Believe me, sweetheart, thy kindness is as necessary to comfort my heart, as thy assistance is to my affairs.”

In this series occurs a letter from Henrietta, in which she alludes to a passage in one from her husband, where he seemed to doubt that she had shown his correspondence to some other than lord Jermyn, who, with his assistant-secretary, the young cavalier poet Cowley, were the only persons entrusted with the decyphering of the royal letters.

QUEEN HENRIETTA TO KING CHARLES.

“There is one thing in your letter which troubles me much, where you would have me ‘keep to myself your despatches, as if you believe that I should be capable to show them to any, only to lord *Jer* (Jermyn), to uncypher them, my head not suffering me to do it myself; but if it please you, I will do it, and none in the world shall see them. Be kind to me, or you kill me!

“I have already affliction enough to bear, which, without your love, I could not do, but your service surmounts all. Farewell, dear heart! Behold the mark which you desire to have, to know when I desire anything in earnest. X.”

This letter proves that lord Jermyn was the king’s trusted friend, and that his majesty expressed displeasure if the confidence of the queen was not entirely limited to him. It is another instance which fully proves the fact, that the person to whom the world gave the epithet of royal favourite, was in reality private secretary and decypherer of the letters of the king or queen. Envy and scandal perpetually pursued such confidants of royalty, and the malicious stories circulated by their enemies always take a vague place in general history, without any definition being afforded of the close attendance the office required, especially when the economy induced by the king’s misfortunes obliged lord Jermyn to unite the duties of the queen’s chamberlain, steward, and secretary, in one.

¹ Johnson’s Life of Cowley.

On these reports Horace Walpole has founded one of his malicious tales, on no better authority than oral tradition. "One evening," he says, "before the queen quitted England, the king had nearly surprised lord Jermyn alone with her. One of the gentlemen in waiting, who were walking backwards before the king with lights down the gallery, stumbled and fell on purpose, which gave Jermyn time to escape." As lord Jermyn had been the queen's domestic ever since she was seventeen—being appointed as such by the king, to her great displeasure, on the dismissal of her French servants—the astonishment of his majesty would have been caused by his absence from the queen's apartment when he arrived, and not by his presence. Fortunately for the memory of Henrietta, her self-sacrifices in behalf of king Charles are quite sufficient to refute such slanders. It is not usual for women whose affections wander from their husbands, to deprive themselves of every splendour, every luxury, and even of the necessaries of life, for their sakes. Horace Walpole knew best if such was the way of *his* world.

The following letter, quoted from the cabinet captured at Naseby, alludes to the sums sent by the queen to the assistance of her husband:—

QUEEN HENRIETTA TO KING CHARLES.¹

"Paris, Jan. 27, 1644-5.

"My dear heart,

"Tom Elliot, two days since, hath brought me much joy and sorrow; the first, to know the good estate you are in; the other, the fear I have that you go to London. I cannot conceive where the wit was of those that gave you this counsel, unless it be to hazard your person to save theirs. But thanks be to God, to-day I received one of yours by the ambassador of Portugal, dated in January, which comforted me much to see that the treaty shall be at Uxbridge. For the honour of God, trust not yourself in the hands of those people. If ever you go to London before the parliament be ended, or without a good army, you are lost.

"I understand that the propositions for peace must begin by disbanding your army. If you consent to this you are lost; they having the whole power of the militia, they have and will do whatsoever they will.

"I received yesterday letters from the duke of Lorraine, who sends me word that, if his services be agreeable, he will bring you 10,000 men. Dr. Goffe, whom I have sent into Holland, shall treat with him in his passage upon this business; and I hope very speedily to send you good news of this, *as also of the money. Assure yourself I shall be wanting in nothing you can desire, and that I will hazard my life, that is, I will die with famine, rather than not send it to you.* Send me word, always, by whom you receive my letters, for I write both by the ambassador of Portugal, and the resident of France. Above all, have a care not to abandon those who have served you, as well the bishops as the poor catholics. Adieu."

Charles I. very truly anticipated that the publication of the letters and papers which his rebels captured at Naseby, in his private cabinet, would raise his character in the estimation of the world. He thus mentions the subject in a letter to his secretary, sir Edward Nicholas:—"My rebels, I thank them, have published my private letters in print, and though I could have wished their pains had been spared, yet I will neither deny

¹ Rapin, vol. ii., folio, p. 611.

that those things were mine which they have set out in my name (only some words here and there are mistaken, and some commas misplaced, but not much material); nor will I, as a good protestant or honest man, blush for any of those papers. Indeed, as a discreet man, I will not justify myself; yet would I fain know him who would be willing that all his private letters should be seen, as mine have now been. However, so that but one clause be rightly understood, I care not much so that the others take their fortune. It is concerning the mongrel parliament: the truth is, that Sussex's factiousness, at that time, put me out of patience, which made me freely vent my displeasure against those of his party to my wife."¹

In the course of her correspondence, the queen most earnestly strove to dissuade her husband from his fatal determination of trusting himself in the hands of the prevalent political party in Scotland. We say the prevalent party, for we scorn to re-echo the imputations cast on the gallant nation, as a whole, for the misdeed committed by the greedy leaders of a faction. Charles I., however, took the disastrous step against which his queen had vainly warned him; the Scotch calvinists sold him to the republican army; and to which the palm of infamy is to be awarded, his buyers or sellers, we think would puzzle a casuist. After this event, the royalist cause was hopeless in England, and the queen, torn with anguish in regard to the personal safety of her husband, sent sir John Denham from France,² in order to obtain a personal conference with him, that she might know his real situation. Sir John either influenced or bribed that strange fanatic, Hugh Peters, to obtain for him this interview. The faithful and learned cavalier saw the king at Caversham, and informed him of the exact situation of his queen in her native country, and of all her hopes and fears regarding foreign assistance. Denham relates a most pleasing anecdote relative to the interest the king took in his literary productions. All the troubles which oppressed his royal heart had not prevented Charles from reading and analysing Denham's poem on sir Richard Fanshew's translation of the *Pastor Fido*. The pleasures arising from literature were the sole consolations of the unfortunate Charles, during his utter bereavement and separation from all he loved in life.

The first gleam of satisfaction to the mind of queen Henrietta, was the arrival of her eldest son in France. This boy, with his young brother, the duke of York, had early been inured to the sound of bullets and the crash of cannon; they had followed their royal father through many a field of various fortune. Sometimes exposed to the range of the murderous bullet,³ sometimes crouched from the pelting storm beneath a hedge, suffering in company with some much-enduring divine of the

¹ *Memoirs of Henrietta Maria*, 1672, pp. 103, 104.

² See the Dedication of sir John Denham's noble descriptive poem of Cooper's Hill, published after the Restoration.

³ See an incident of the kind in Ellis's *Original Letters*, Second Series, vol. iii: p. 304. James II., in his autobiography, draws a most extraordinary picture of the battles and sieges of which he was a witness, from his detention in Hull, by sir John Hotham, to the Restoration.

persecuted church of England, their tutor, hunger, cold, and pitiless weather, while their royal sire was putting the fortunes of England on a field; then, when the strife was over, springing to the arms of their father, and comforting him by their passionate caresses. In after life, James, duke of York, often narrated his early reminiscences of such adventures occurring when he was little more than nine years old; he recalled them with the feeling of love and admiration with which he always mentioned his father's name. This young prince was left in Oxford at its disastrous surrender, and was committed by the parliament to the custody of the earl of Northumberland, and afterwards lodged as a prisoner in the palace of St. James.

The young prince of Wales was hurried to the loyal west of England, where, on her own dower possessions as the queen of England, and on the stannary district belonging to the prince, a more settled government had been established by Henrietta than in any other part of the country; and here she had promoted a trade with France for tin, which has been quoted as a proof of her practical abilities.¹ When the fortunes of Charles I. became still more and more disastrous, the young prince of Wales was withdrawn to Scilly, afterwards to Jersey, finally he took shelter on the opposite coast, Sept. 18, 1646, and joined his royal mother at Paris. From thence the mother and son were invited by the queen-regent of France, to visit her and the little king, Louis XIV., at Fontainebleau, and their reception is thus described by an eye-witness:—

“The queen-regent and the little king of France came to meet their royal guests, and received them into their coach. When they alighted, Louis XIV. gave his hand to his aunt, the queen of Great Britain, and the prince of Wales led the queen of France. The next day, the prince of Wales came to her drawing-room, when she appointed him a *fauteruil*, as concerted with his mother, queen Henrietta. But when his mother afterwards entered the apartment, it was etiquette for the prince only to occupy a joint-stool in her presence, as queen of Great Britain; he therefore rose from the arm-chair and took his place in the circle, where he remained standing during the audience.² Very singular does it seem, that these royal exiles were employing their thoughts and occupying their time with arrangements of precedence between joint-stools and arm-chairs—yet so it was. Till Henrietta Maria was a refugee in France, it appears that she disliked such pompous trifles as much as did her mighty sire, Henri Quatre, and never exacted them in her private intercourse with her friends; we see how utterly free her letters are from cold ceremonial. But when under the protection of her munificent Spanish sister-in-law, Anne of Austria, she was forced to take the heavy chain of etiquette on her neck more than ever, or run the risk of giving offence every moment, by breaking those little incomprehensible laws by which an observer of ceremonies governs every movement of those domesticated with them. It seems to have been Anne of Austria's favourite manner of testifying her hospitality and consideration for her guests and protégées, to offer them precedence to herself and her sons

¹ Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 44.

² Madame de Motteville.

on every occasion. Of course it was but good manners in the royal guests to protest against such precedence and distinction. Thus was time tediously spent in ceremonials idle and absurd; and the worst was, that an elaborate example was set for such follies to the by-standing courtiers, from whom it spread all over Europe. A scene of this kind occurred soon after the arrival of the prince of Wales at the French court. Madame de Motteville says, "that at the betrothal of mademoiselle de Themines with the marquis de Cœuvre, queen Henrietta, who was among the guests at this festival, was given by the royal family of France the precedence in signing the marriage articles, which she did not do till after all the civilities and resistances required on such occasions had been carried to the utmost. Then the queen-regent of France, Anne of Austria, signed, and the minor king, Louis XIV.; then Charles, prince of Wales; and then *Monsieur*, (Gaston, duke of Orleans,) because the *veritable Monsieur*, Phillippe, duke of Anjou, was too little to sign, not being able to write."¹

Madame de Motteville proceeds to declare that the young king of France seldom took precedence of Charles, prince of Wales, when they met at court, or when they danced the *brulé* or brawl, without great apology. The two queens had so arranged the ceremonial, that these representatives of the two greatest kingdoms in the world were either accommodated with equal joint stools in their royal presences, or stood in the courtly circle.

The following sketch of Charles in his youth, then about sixteen, was drawn from the life. "This prince was very well shaped, his brown complexion agreed well enough with his large bright black eyes, though his mouth was exceedingly ugly, but his figure was surpassingly fine. He was very tall for his age, and carried himself with grace and dignity. His natural tendency to wit and repartee was not noticed, for at that time of his life he hesitated, and even stammered, a defect observed in his father, Charles I., and still more seriously in his uncle, Louis XIII."² This defect was nevertheless no fault of the organs of utterance, as madame de Motteville supposes, for the prince's tongue was glib enough in his own language, but was owing to his great difficulty in pronouncing French—a proof that his mother had not accustomed herself to talk to her children in her native tongue. For a year or two after his arrival in France, we shall find that the young prince was forced to remain nearly a mute for want of words.

Queen Henrietta manifested, at an early period of her sojourn in France, an extreme desire to unite her niece, mademoiselle de Montpensier, to her son, the prince of Wales. Mademoiselle de Montpensier was not only of suitable rank, being the first princess in France, the

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. i. pp. 412, 413. This child, "the *veritable Monsieur of France*," afterwards inherited the title of Orleans, on the death of Gaston without sons. The title of *Monsieur* always reverted to the second brother or son of the reigning king of France. Phillippe was the only brother of Louis XIV., and the patriarch of the Orleans-Bourbon line now on the throne of France.

² *Ibid.*, p. 376.

daughter of the favourite brother of Henrietta, but likewise the greatest heiress in Europe.

Her portraits at Versailles and Eu show that she had no little beauty, and her memoirs, that she had wit sufficient to encourage her in her vanity and presumption. Gaston of Orleans, father of this fantastic royal beauty, was poor, considering his high rank as the first prince of the blood. All his first wife's vast possessions, as heiress of Montpensier and Dombes, had passed to his daughter, and he was often dependent on her for funds, when she was a very young woman, and this position inflated her intolerable self-esteem. She took pleasure in mortifying her aunt, queen Henrietta, whenever she opened the subject of her union with the prince of Wales; it is evident that she suspected him of indifference to her charms and advantages, for she never mentions the matter without apparent pique. "Although I had," she observes, "been sufficiently informed of the wishes of my aunt, the queen of England, when we were together at Fontainebleau, yet I seemed not to give the slightest credence to a second declaration the prince of Wales made me through madame d'Epemon, who was the friend of the English royal family. The first offer of the prince of Wales, as I said, was made me by the queen his mother. I really know not, if he had spoken himself, whether he might not have succeeded; but I am sure I could not set great account on what was told me in behalf of a lover who had nothing to say for himself." Afterwards she consoles her pride by the reflection, that young Charles had nothing to say for himself, because he could not utter an intelligible sentence in French; yet she considered that he ought to have obtained proficiency on purpose. Thus *la grande mademoiselle* remained indignant that he only courted her through the agency of the tender and flattering speeches made by his royal mother.

"I noted, nevertheless," says the literary princess, "that whenever I went to see queen Henrietta, her son always placed himself near me; he always led me to my coach; nothing could induce him to put on his hat in my presence; he never put it on till I quitted him, and his regard for me manifested itself a hundred ways in little matters. One day, when I was going to a grand assembly, given by madame de Choisy, the queen of England would dress me, and arrange my hair herself; she came for this purpose to my apartments, and took the utmost pains to set me off to the best advantage, and the prince of Wales held the flambeau near me, to light my toilette, the whole time."¹ What an extraordinary historical group here presents itself! The artists of the day could draw nothing but the *fade* subject of Venus, attired by the graces; here, to the mind's eye, rises the elegant figure of the royal Henrietta dressing her beautiful and *spirituelle* niece, then in the first splendour of her charms, and, in contrast to their beauty, was the dark Spanish-looking boy, standing by with the flambeau. First courtiers, it is true, have privileges; Charles was not more than fifteen, but yet too old for an attendant Cupidon.

¹ Mademoiselle de Montpensier, vol. i. p. 143.

"I wore black, white, and carnation," pursues this literary princess; "my parure of precious stones was fastened by ribbons of these colours; I wore also a plume of the same kind: all had been fancied and ordered by my aunt, the queen of England. The queen-regent, (Anne of Austria,) who knew by whose hands I was adorned, sent for me to come to her before I went to the ball; therefore the prince of Wales had an opportunity of arriving at the hotel de Choisy before me, and I found him there, at the *portes cochères*, ready to hand me from my coach. I stopped in a chamber, to re-adjust my hair at a mirror, and the prince of Wales again held the flambeau for me; and this time he brought his cousin, prince Robert, (Rupert,) as an interpreter between us, for believe it who will, though he could understand every word I said to him, he could not reply to me the least sentence in French. When the ball was finished, and we retired, the prince of Wales followed me to the porter's lodge of my hotel, and lingered till I entered, and then went his way. His gallantry was pushed so far, that it made a great noise in the world that winter, and was much manifested at a fête, celebrated at the Palais Royal, where there was played a magnificent Italian comedy, embellished with machinery and music, followed by a ball; and again my aunt, the queen of England, would dress me with her own hands. It had taken three entire days to arrange my ornaments. My robe was all figured with diamonds, with carnation trimmings. I wore the jewels of the crown of France, and to add to them, the queen of England lent me some very fine ones, which at that time she had not yet sold. She said not a little on the fine turn of my shape, my good mien, my fairness, the brightness of my light hair." She was placed on a throne in the middle of the ball-room, and the young king of France and the prince of Wales seated themselves at her feet. "I felt not the least embarrassed," adds this modest damsel, "but as I had an idea of marrying the emperor, I regarded the prince of Wales but as an object of pity!"

In the course of this egotist's memoirs, she marks with contempt the increasing poverty of her aunt, queen Henrietta, the plainness of her attire, the humility of her equipage, as she gradually parted with every diamond and glittering thing, the remnants of her former splendour, which, together with the liberal allowance she derived from the French government, she sacrificed to her conjugal affection.

As the fortunes of her royal lord grew darker and darker, queen Henrietta was induced to persuade him to abandon the episcopal church in England, in hopes of restoration and peace. The agents who undertook to inform the king of her wishes in this matter, certainly gave him great pain and displeasure. These were Bellièvre, the French ambassador, who arrived at Newcastle in 1646, on this errand from his court; and sir William Davenant, who was sent by the queen direct from Paris to tell the king "that all his friends there advised his compliance." The king observed "that he had no friends there who knew aught of the subject." "There is lord Jermyn," replied Davenant. "Jermyn knows nothing of ecclesiastical affairs," said the king "Lord Colepepper is of

¹ *Mademoiselle de Montpensier, vol. i., p. 143.*

the same opinion." "Colepepper has no religion whatever," returned the king; "what does Hyde think of it?" "We do not know, please your majesty," answered Davenant; "the chancellor has forsaken the prince, having remained in Jersey instead of accompanying him to the queen, and her majesty is much offended with him." "My wife is in the wrong; Hyde is an honest man, who will never forsake me or the church," rejoined the king. "I wish he were with my son." Davenant proceeded to mention "that the queen had resolved, if her opinion was not taken, to retire into a convent, and never to see the king again," an intimation which gave the severest pangs to the heart of her husband, who drove the negotiator from his presence, which he never permitted him to enter again.¹ The king remonstrated with the queen on her avowed intention of deserting him, which she passionately denied, and it is supposed that Davenant had dared to threaten the king with some of the idle gossip he had gathered in her majesty's household in Paris.

Notwithstanding this sharp trial of his dearest affections, Charles stood firm, and the church owes the preservation of the remainder of her property to his honesty and justice, and the grand object of the rebels of dividing her spoils among the strongest, and devouring them like the abbey lands, met with no legal sanction. The vast access of despotism attained by Henry VIII., in a similar case, seems to have offered no inducements to Charles I. Had he really been a tyrant, would he not have followed such an example with impunity, and taken the opportunity not only of relieving his pecuniary distress, but of throwing rich sops to the new set of upstarts greedy for prey?

No part of the sad pilgrimage of the unfortunate monarch was more afflicting to him than his sojourn at Newcastle, yet the great body of the people always treated him with respect and affection. A little circumstance that occurred to him when at church in that town he often repeated with pleasure. In the course of the service, the clerk gave out a psalm, chosen with a factious tendency:

"Why boastest thou, thou tyrant,
Thy wicked works abroad?"

The king arose and forbade it, and gave out the commencement of the 46th psalm:

"Have mercy, Lord, on me,
For men would me devour."²

The whole congregation joined with the Head of the church in his amendment, and sang the psalm which was indeed the most applicable to his case.

In the course of the year 1646, the queen had the pleasure of welcoming to her arms her little daughter, Henrietta, whom she had left an infant, of but a fortnight old, at Exeter. The escape of the babe from the power of the parliament was effected by lady Morton, her governess. This young lady was one of the beautiful race of Villiers, a great favourite

¹ Clarendon's History of the Rebellion.

² Whitelock's Parliamentary Memorials.

of the queen, whose favour she certainly deserved by her courageous fidelity, both in attending her to Exeter in the worst of her troubles, taking care of her infant, and ultimately bringing it safely to her. Lady Morton had been permitted, by the parliamentary army, to retire with the infant princess from Exeter to the nursery-palace of Oatlands. The year after, when all royal expenses were cashiered, and the parliament meditated taking the child to transfer it with its brothers and sisters to the custody of the earl and countess of Northumberland, lady Morton resolved only to surrender this little one to the queen, from whom she had received her.

Père Cyprian Gamache, who was afterwards the tutor of the princess, details the story of the escape, and the simple man seems to believe, in his enthusiasm, that Providence had ordained all the troubles of king Charles, in order that his youngest daughter might be brought up a Roman catholic.

"Queen Henrietta," he says, "separated from her husband and children, living in loneliness of heart at the Louvre, had thought intensely of this babe, and earnestly desiring her restoration, had vowed that if she was ever reunited to her that she would rear her in her own religion."¹

"Can a mother forget her child?" repeats Père Gamache; "a hundred times each day did the thoughts of the bereaved queen recur to her little infant; as many times did her prayers, accompanied with maternal tears, ask her of God; nor did he refuse the just request. In fact it was clearly his will that the infant should be restored to the mother, and in bringing it to pass he caused feminine weakness to triumph over all the power of the English parliament. His goodness inspired the countess of Morton to divest herself of her rich robes and noble ornaments to assume the garb of poverty, and disguise herself as the wife of a poor French servant, little better than a beggar. She likewise dressed the infant princess in rags, like a beggar-boy, and called her 'Pierre,' that name being somewhat like the sound by which the little creature meant to call herself, 'princess,' if she was asked her name." Lady Morton was tall and elegantly formed, and it was no easy matter to disguise the noble air and graceful port of the Villiers beauty. She, however, fitted herself up a hump, with a bundle of linen. She walked with the little princess on her back in this disguise nearly to Dover, giving out that she was her little boy.² Subsequently lady Morton declared that she was at the same time alarmed and amused at the indignation of the royal infant at her rags and mean appearance, and at the pertinacity with which she strove to inform every person she passed on the road "that she was not a beggar-boy and Pierre, but the little princess."³ Fortunately for the infant Henrietta, no one understood her babblings but her affectionate guardian. Lady Morton had arranged all things so judiciously that she crossed the sea from Dover to Calais, in the common packet-boat, without awakening the least suspicion. When once on the French territory

¹ MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache, section 115.

² Vie de Reine Henriette (Bossuet).

the royal child was no longer "Pierre" but "princess;" and lady Morton made the best of her way to the queen at Paris. "Oh, the joy of that meeting!" exclaims Père Cyprian—"oh, the consolation to the heart of the mother when her little one who was lost was found again! How many times we saw her clasp her round the neck, kiss her and kiss her over again. The queen called this princess the 'child of benediction,' and resolved to rear her in the Roman-catholic faith. In fact, as soon as the first sparks of reason began to appear in the mind of this precious child, her majesty honoured me by the command of instructing her."¹

Lady Morton's successful adventure caused a great deal of conversation at Paris; and Edmund Waller, who had previously celebrated her as a leading beauty at the court of England, made her the heroine of another poem, in which he lauded her fidelity to her royal mistress; in one of his couplets (which we do not quote as the best of his strains) he alludes to lady Morton's stratagem thus:—

"The faultless nymph, changing her faultless shape,
Becomes unhandsome, handsomely to 'scape."

This poem was presented to queen Henrietta Maria, at the Louvre, on New Year's Day, 1647.²

The little princess, who was born in so much peril, and preserved amidst adventures more romantic than any invented by writers of fiction, was received by her royal mother as a consolation sent by Heaven for her troubles.

The mother and child, thus wonderfully reunited, were never separated for any length of time again. The sad queen seems to have centred her warmest maternal affection in this youngest and fairest of her offspring.³

A parliamentary war broke out in Paris in the first days of the year 1648. It is well known in history as the war of the Fronde. It raged for about eighteen months.

Henrietta Maria, enlightened by sad experience, thus early in the struggle warned her sister-in-law how to avert the coming storm.⁴ Few persons, however, take any warning, except by their own personal suffering, and the war of the Fronde, which broke out on the 7th of January, 1648, with a stormy meeting of the merchants of Paris, to resist a heavy illegal house-tax, had assumed a very alarming character in the course of that spring. The people took advantage of the minority of the king, the discontents of the princes of the blood, and the successes of the English parliament, in a far worse cause, to demand rights which had been gradually extinguished since the death of their beloved Henri Quatre. Henrietta Maria took a just and sensible view of the grievances of her native country—a view well becoming her father's daughter. She

¹ Père Cyprian Gamache, MS., 116.

² Waller's Poems. Clarendon, madame de Motteville, and Waller, and many contemporaries, all authenticate this extraordinary escape of the infant Henrietta.

³ Father Cyprian's MS.

⁴ Madame de Motteville, who is the historian and eye-witness of the Fronde.

subsequently employed her influence in negotiating a peace with the princes of the house of Condé, who were the leaders of the popular party.

While this national convulsion was progressing towards its crisis, Henrietta Maria resided either at the Louvre or at St. Germain's. She continued to be highly respected by the French court; she was invited to stand god-mother to the *petit monsieur* of France, who was given the name of Philippe, at his confinement, on the 11th of May, 1648. Two or three days afterwards, the news arrived that her second son, James, duke of York, had made his escape from his imprisonment in St. James's palace, by one of those romantic series of adventures which seem to pertain to every sovereign who bore the name of Stuart. The queen had written to him from France, charging him to effect his escape, if possible; but this design was suspected by the authorities paramount in the kingdom, and his governor was threatened with committal to the Tower, if he were detected in any such design. In one of those interviews with his royal father which were sometimes permitted, the young prince obtained the consent and approbation of his majesty; he retained the secret closely in his own bosom for an entire year, without finding an opportunity of confiding it to any one, but, as he declared, the idea never left him night or day.

The queen was in constant correspondence with agents in England, to effect the escape of James. The chief difficulty was, that he had given a promise to the earl of Northumberland, that he would not receive any letters whatsoever without his knowledge. So strictly did the young boy keep his promise, that, as he was going into the tennis-court in St. James's palace, a person, whom he knew to be perfectly faithful, offered to slip a letter into his hand, saying softly to him, "It is from the queen." James answered, "I *must* keep my promise, and for that reason I cannot receive it." As he spoke thus, he passed onward, so that no notice was taken of the colloquy. This incident was told to the queen at Paris, who was much displeased, and said, angrily, "What can James mean by refusing a letter from me?" He afterwards explained to her in Paris, that his boyish honour was pledged, and the queen declared that she was satisfied.

For the present, the royal boy remained on board that portion of the English fleet which had forsaken Cromwell, and taken refuge at Helvoetsluys. He hoisted his flag there as lord-admiral; and as the English sailors were much encouraged by his presence, queen Henrietta gave him leave to continue on board; and his brother, the prince of Wales, prepared to leave France, to join him there.

"In this year," observes madame de Motteville, "a terrible star reigned against kings. On the 14th of July, 1648, mademoiselle de Beaumont and I went to see the queen Henrietta, who had retired to the convent of the Carmelites, in order to compose her mind after the anguish she had endured in parting with her son, the prince of Wales, who had departed to take the command of the English ships which were at that

time lying at Helvoetsluys. We found the queen alone in a little chamber, writing and closing up despatches, which, she assured us, after she had finished them, were of the greatest importance. She then communicated to us the great apprehensions she felt regarding the success of her son's undertaking. She confided to us her present state of pecuniary distress, which originated in the destitution of the queen-regent of France, the civil war of the Fronde having disorganized all the resources of government. Queen Henrietta showed us a little gold cup out of which she drank, and protested that she had not another piece of gold, coin or otherwise, in her possession. She told us, with tears, 'that her misery in parting with her son was much aggravated by the fact that all his people came to her, demanding payment of their salaries;' and had told her, at his departure, 'that if she could not pay them, they must quit his service; but,' she added, 'that she had the grief of finding it impossible to relieve their wants, knowing, at the same time, how real they were.'” Queen Henrietta then mentioned, with anguish, “how much worse the officers of her mother had behaved when that queen was resident, at the beginning of the civil war, in England;” and thus did justice to the superior manliness and endurance of the English cavaliers,¹ with whom, nevertheless, she was the most unpopular woman in the world.

“We could not but marvel,” continued madame de Motteville, “at the evil influence which dominated at this juncture over the crowned heads who were then the victims of the parliaments of France and of England; though ours was, thanks to God, very different to the other in their intentions, and different also in their effects, yet, to all appearances, the future lowered dark enough!”

During the dreadful days of the first battle of the Barricades and that of the gate of St. Antony, Henrietta came from her peaceful residence at St. Germain, and sojourned with her royal sister-in-law at Paris, sharing her hopes and fears, and supporting her by her presence. As yet she had not herself lost all hope of the restoration of the king her husband. The time now drew near that was to show how dismally that hope was to be blighted.

It was at the alarming juncture, when the royal family of France were finally driven from Paris by the Fronde, that queen Henrietta courageously exchanged her residence at St. Germain-en-Laye, for the Louvre. Her niece, mademoiselle de Montpensier, marks this fact, and observes, it was when the prince of Wales went to Holland; this was in the summer

¹Of this some of them were not aware, or did not know the extreme straits to which the royal exiles were often reduced; many letters exist which speak bitterly of the queen for not relieving their wants. “I am a sad man to understand that your honour is in want,” wrote Endymion Porter, from Paris, to Mr. Secretary Nicholas; “but it is all our cases, for I am in so much necessity, that, were it not for an Irish barber, that was once my servant, I might have starved for want of bread. He hath lent me some monies, which will last me for a fortnight longer, and then I shall be as much subject to misery as I was before. Here in our court no man looks on me; the queen thinks I lost my estate for want of wit, rather than my loyalty to the king my master.” The above passage proves that this complaint had no foundation, but merely arose from the peevishness or misery.—Ellis's Historical Letters, Second Series, vol. iii., p. 314.

of 1648. Public affairs assumed, at this period, so dangerous an aspect in Paris, that the regent-queen, Anne of Austria, thought it best to strengthen herself in the château of St. Germain. Modern policy has been wholly regardless of the commanding station of that fortress; but it is formed by nature, and in ancient times was ever used as a bridge in Paris. Its bold range of cliffs, following the windings of the Seine in front, its flank guarded by a dense forest of thirty miles, might be forgotten by the Bourbons of the 18th and 19th centuries, but not by the warriors who could remember the wars of Henri Quatre. "When at St. Germain," observed Marie de Medicis to Bassompierre, "I seem to have one foot in Paris." In fact, Anne of Austria and her court retired to this fortified ridge, which those familiar with the scene are aware commands a view of one long arm of Paris. The royal army occupied the plain below, between the metropolis and the Seine. Queen Henrietta, who was much beloved by the Condé family, and had a great influence with them, came to the Louvre for the real purpose of undertaking the office of mediatrix between the people and the regent-queen—an office which, after many troubles and deprivations, she subsequently successfully accomplished. Much was, however, to be done and suffered before either party would listen to the suggestions of peace and reason, and to the representations of Henrietta's dearly bought experience. The siege of Paris, and the war of the Fronde, darkened the close of the year 1648. Henrietta was beleaguered in the Louvre by the Parisian faction of the Frondeurs, and Paris was at the same time besieged by the queen-regent, her sister-in-law, from St. Germain-en-Laye.¹

Queen Henrietta passed the inclement and dismal Christmas of 1648, with a reduced household, shut up in the vast edifice of the Louvre, her thoughts divided between the civil war around her and the distant and darker prospect of affairs in England. The besieged state of Paris often obstructed the passage of the couriers who brought her despatches from her unfortunate husband, and thus her misery was tantalized by suspense.

Cardinal de Retz, the principal leader of the Fronde, paid a visit of inquiry on the 6th of January, to learn what had become of the desolate queen of England, after a series of furious skirmishes and slaughters, which had convulsed Paris during the days immediately preceding the 6th of January. It was well that he had not forgotten her, for her last loaf was eaten, and her last faggot had been consumed, and she was destitute of the means of purchasing more. The cardinal, who was one of the leading spirits of his age, was a friend of the queen. He found her without any fire, though the snow was falling dismally; she was sitting by the bedside of her little daughter, the princess Henrietta; it was noon, but the child was still in bed. "You find me," said the queen, calmly, "keeping company with my Henrietta; I would not let the poor child rise to-day, for we have no fire." The little princess was but four years old when she was thus sharing with her mother the extremes of destitution. The cardinal sent queen Henrietta assistance immediately from his own resources, which she accepted thankfully

¹ Madame de Motteville's Memoirs.

The same day he flew to the parliament of Paris, with which he was all-powerful, and represented, with a burst of passionate eloquence, the dire distress to which the daughter of their Henri Quatre was reduced. They instantly voted her a subsidy of 20,000 livres.¹

And what was the occupation of the sad queen in her desolate watch by her little child? The date of the following letter, long hid among the archives of Russia, most touchingly proves. "What pathos in a date," exclaims one of our poets. We find it so, indeed, in many an historical coincidence. On this 6th of January, when the providential visit of de Retz possibly saved queen Henrietta and her little one from perishing by destitution, she had received the heart-rending tidings that the military terrorists in London were about to institute a tribunal to sentence the king, her husband; and her occupation, on that eventful day, was writing the following letter to the French ambassador in London, count de Grignan, entreating to be permitted to come to London, and share her husband's destiny:—

HENRIETTA MARIA TO M. DE GRIGNAN, AMBASSADOR FROM LOUIS XIII., TO ENGLAND.²

"Monsieur de Grignan,

"The state to which the king my lord finds himself reduced, will not let me expect to see him by the means he heretofore hoped. It is this that has brought me to the resolution of demanding of the two chambers (*both houses of parliament*) and the general of their army, passports to go to see him in England.

"You will receive orders from M. le cardinal (*Mazarine*) to do all that I entreat of you for this expedition, which will be to deliver the letters that I send you herewith, according to their address.

"I have specified nothing to the parliaments and to the general, but to give me the liberty to go to see the king my lord; and I refer them to you, to tell them all I would say more particularly.

"You must know, then, that you are to ask passports for me to go there, to stay as long as they will permit me, and to be at liberty all the time I may be there, and likewise all my people; in regard to whom it will be necessary to say, that I will send a list of those that I wish shall attend me, in order that if there are any in the number of them that may be suspected or obnoxious, they may be left behind.

"There are letters for the *speakers* of both houses, and for the general (*Fairfax*). You will see all these persons, and let me know in what manner they receive the matter, and how you find them disposed to satisfy this wish. I dare not promise myself that they will accord me the liberty of going; I wish it too much to assure myself of it at a time when so little of what I desire succeeds; but if, by your negotiation, these passports can be obtained, I shall deem myself obliged to you all my life, as I shall, (whatever may happen,) for all the care you have taken, of which make no doubt.

"I shall add no more, except to assure you that I am, monsieur de Grignan most truly

"Your very good friend,

"HENRIETTE MARIA R

"From the Louvre,
"This 6th of January, 1649."

¹ Autograph Mémoires of Cardinal de Retz, vol. i. Confirmed by madame de M^eville. Queen Henrietta, honourably remembering the cruel manner in which her mother's officers had compromised king Charles, by asking alms of the parliament of England, did not receive this benefaction till she had obtained leave of the queen-regent.

² Translated from an inedited autograph in the imperial library of St. Peters

About the same time, probably on the same day, she wrote to her husband, (by one Wheeler, an agent of major Boswell,)¹ expressing her deep sense of sorrow for his condition, adding, "that with all his afflictions she bears an equal share, and that she wished to die for him, or, at least, with him, nor can she live without hopes of being restored to him, for whom she hath done, and will do her utmost in all possible ways, and still trusts to help him." She likewise wrote a letter, endorsed, "*To her trusty and well-beloved Thomas, lord Fairfax, General*, desiring his assistance, that she might see the king, her husband, before he be proceeded against by any trial, and to have a pass for her secure coming and returning." Which letter was delivered by the French ambassador to general Fairfax, and being sent by him to the House of Commons, was thrown aside, with the mere remark that the house had, in 1643, voted her majesty guilty of high treason.²

Before Henrietta accepted the aid of the parliament of Paris, she had sent an account of her extreme destitution to the queen-regent of France, then at St. Germain, and craved some present relief, in order to procure food for herself and her servants. Anne of Austria answered, "that the destitution was equal in her own household, for neither she nor the king had a *sou*, and that she had neither credit to obtain a dinner or a gown."³

Sometimes, when Paris was more than usually tumultuous, the household servants of queen Henrietta who had dispersed themselves in various directions in search of food, rallied round her, either to protect her or to be protected by the defences of the Louvre, and sometimes the royalist nobility left in the French metropolis came thither for shelter. Madame de Motteville had frequent interviews with the queen on these occasions.

"Hither," exclaims this writer, with eloquence, which draws its grandeur from the power of truth—"hither should the great of the earth have come; they who deem themselves destined to a permanent puissance; they who imagine their magnificence, their pleasures, and their apparent glory will never cease! Here they should have come to meditate, and to be undeceived in their false opinions. The destitution of this royal lady was distressing, was afflicting enough, yet she told me it was light, in comparison to the apprehension that laid on her heart of the greater calamity which was to come. But it was the will of God that she should feel the difference between the greatest prosperity and the greatest misery that can happen in this life. It may be truly said that she experienced these two states in their extremes."⁴

Yet the queen's ever-sanguine temperament gave a certain buoyancy to her manners in the day-time; it was in the silent watches of the night

¹ Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 42.

² Ibid. That Henrietta wrote the letters, of which this little old memoir gives the abstracts, cannot now be doubted, since the copy of her autograph letter on the same subject, addressed to the French ambassador, de Grignan, strongly confirms this assertion.

³ Letter of viscount Lisle to his father, the earl of Leicester, dated January 1648-9.

⁴ Madame de Motteville, vol. iii., pp. 150. 151.

that her full heart was relieved by tears. The English newspapers of the day contrived, notwithstanding the siege of Paris, to obtain accurate knowledge of the real state of her feelings. "The queen," they said, "is returned from her devotions in the house of the Carmelites, where she hath been for divers days; she seems not dejected at the state of her husband in England, yet her ladies declare that her nights are more sad than usual."¹

A dead pause and cessation of intelligence had occurred since queen Henrietta had despatched to London the letters which have been recently quoted. No information whatsoever of all that was going on there had reached her during the principal part of January and February, 1649. The civil strife in and around Paris had stopped the access of all couriers and letters to the Louvre. And in this agonizing state of suspense we must leave our queen, and trace the consummation of that great tragedy in England, the dim forebodings of which, she said, so heavily oppressed her heart.

To give the personal history of Charles I., during the four years through which he suffered and struggled, after his sad separation from the partner of his heart, would far exceed our limits. The plan of this biography of his queen must be the exact reverse of the histories of his reign, which cleave to Charles, and scarcely condescend to note what became of Henrietta. On the contrary, we have but given glimpses, through the loopholes of her correspondence, of the long series of battles, lost or won, persecutions and imprisonments, which led her monarch to a violent death.

King Charles I. had escaped more than once from his enemies, yet nothing could induce him to show to the French the piteous and degrading sight of a king of Great Britain as a suppliant in France. It has been noted that it was his conviction, from an early period in the struggle, that the rebels meant to shed his blood; yet he preferred enduring the worst cruelties that they could find in their hearts to inflict on him, rather than abandon his country. Charles was right. Yet his daily life, in England, presented few enviable moments.

"When all was done that man could do,
And all was done in vain,"

he passed his time either as a fugitive or a prisoner. One of his old cavaliers has described him after the battle of Naseby, wandering without a place where to rest his head. Often he dined "at a very poor man's house," on the charity of one of his lowliest subjects, who perhaps needed money more than the Scotch calvinists who sold him to his enemies. Again the observation is forced upon us, that never was a Stuart betrayed by one of the lower classes.

Sometimes the unfortunate monarch starved; sometimes the entry in the journal is "dinner in the field." "No dinner," is the entry for several successive days. Another, "Sunday, no dinner; supper at Worcester—a cruel day." The king himself, writing to Nicholas, men-

¹ Moderate Intelligencer, from Dec. 28 to Jan. 4, 1649, quoted by Sir Henry Ellis, *Historical Letters*, vol. viii., 2d series, p. 344.

tions receiving a letter from the queen, when marching over Broadway hills, in Worcestershire; he mentions it as if he were too much harassed in mind and body to note well its contents. This seems to have been the march mentioned in the "Iter Carolinum" as the long march, that lasted from six in the morning till midnight. Once it is noted, "that his majesty lay in the field all night, at Boconnock Down." Again, his majesty had his meat and drink dressed at a very poor widow's. Sir Henry Slingsby¹ declares that when the king and his tired attendants were wandering among the mountains of Wales, he was glad to sup on a pullet and some cheese; "the goodwife who ministered to his wants having but one cheese, and the king's attendants being importunate in their hunger," she came in and carried it off from the royal table. Charles was too true a soldier to repine at this incident; he was glad that his faithful followers had wherewithal to satisfy their famine, though with homely viands. "For," said he, "my rebel subjects have not left enough from my revenue to keep us from starving." One Rosewell, a dissenting minister, when a boy, by accident beheld the fugitive king, sitting with his attendants, resting under the shelter of a tree in a lonely field. The canopy was not very costly, but, from the demeanour of the monarch, the beholder received the most reverential idea of his majesty. Rosewell had been bred an enemy, yet he did not find "majesty a jest divested of its externals." He never forgot the personal elegance, the manly beauty of Charles; the grace reflected from a highly cultivated mind, which gave him as kingly an air under one of England's broad oaks, as beneath a golden canopy at Whitehall.

"Often the king rode hard through the night, and saw the break of day, which only recalled the wearied fugitive to the anxious cares of a retreat or a pursuit. Once, late in the evening, he dismissed some loyal gentlemen to their homes, with these pathetic words:—'Gentlemen, go you and take your rest; you have houses, and homes, and beds to lodge in, and families to love and live with; but I have none! My horse is waiting for me to travel all night.' The king often compared himself, in the words of the psalmist, 'to a partridge hunted on the mountains.' In the beautiful and touching memorial of his afflictions, he has noted himself, not only as destitute of the common necessaries of life, but as bereaved of his wife, his children, and his friends. 'But,' said he, 'as God has given me afflictions to exercise my patience, so hath he given me patience to bear my afflictions.'"² Such was the life led by the much tried monarch, towards the conclusion of the war.

Wearied of this life of homeless sufferings and perils, the king threw himself on the generosity of the Scotch covenanters. They sold him to the English commons. It was represented to him, that he might yet escape further into Scotland. He replied, with a mournful smile, "I

¹ Sir Henry Slingsby (who wrote these notations) was, with Dr. Hewet, executed by Cromwell. The death of these loyal gentlemen drew on the usurper those reproaches from his dying daughter, Mrs. Claypole, which awakened his conscience and hastened his own death.

² From one of the most beautiful passages in D'Israeli's Commentaries on Charles I., vol. iv

think it more respectable to go with those who have bought me, than stay with those who have sold me." He added, "I am ashamed that my price was so much higher than my Saviour's." If Charles had taken refuge among the highlanders, in the loyal districts, Scotland had never groaned under the bitter reproach of this transaction. There was little to choose between the honour of the covenanters and the round-heads.

The roundhead army dragged their king a prisoner, in their marches, until he finally rested at Hampton Court, where he had a short breathing time, while the army and commons manifested some jealousy which should possess him. Here Cromwell paid deceitful court to him; but it is evident, from every word the king said to his real friends, or wrote in the Eikon Basilikou, that he looked forward to nothing but a violent death. Such were his intimations in the last interview he had with sir Richard and lady Fanshawe.

Oh! the beautiful, the touching memorials which that admirable woman has left of her conjugal love, to the noblest of mankind, her own beloved cavalier, sir Richard Fanshawe! Next to her husband, her suffering monarch and his queen were the objects of lady Fanshawe's affection and veneration. She risked and suffered much to carry to the queen a message from king Charles. An interview occurred between him, sir Richard, and lady Fanshawe, which few can read, in her words of sweet simplicity, without being moved. It was during the king's melancholy sojourn at Hampton Court, in the autumn of 1647.

The reader must be reminded that the writer was the wife and daughter of the king's familiar friends, with whom he had been intimate from his youth upwards. "I went three times to pay my duty to his majesty, both as I was the daughter of his servant, and the wife of his servant. The last time I ever saw him, I could not refrain from weeping. He kissed me when we took our leave of him; and I, with streaming eyes, prayed aloud to God, to preserve his majesty with a long and happy life.

"The king patted me on the cheek, and said, impressively, 'Child, if God willeth, it shall be so; but you and I must submit to God's will, and you know what hands I am in.'

"Then, turning to my husband, sir Richard Fanshawe, he said, 'Be sure, Dick, to tell my son all I have said, and deliver these letters to my wife. I pray God to bless her, and preserve her, and all will be well.'

"Then, taking my husband in his arms, he said, 'Thou hast ever been an honest man; I hope God will bless thee, and make thee a happy servant to my son.'

"Thus did we part from that benign light, which was extinguished soon after, to the grief of all Christians not forsaken of their God."¹

During the detention of the king at Carisbrooke castle, in the year 1648, a strong reaction had taken place in his behalf, among all ranks and conditions of his people, who, after six years of war, famine, and

¹ Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs.

enormous taxation, had wofully drawn comparisons between the economical expenditure of their king, and that of the rapacious democrats.

The whole of Charles I.'s annual expenditure, reckoning even the disputed item of ship-money, was within one annual million of pounds. The expenditure voted by parliament to oppose him, could not have been less than ten millions annually. The price of wheat during three years of the struggle amounted to the famine price of four pounds per quarter—the intense sufferings of the poor may be imagined when the relative value of money is calculated. Moreover, the kings of merry England, in the olden time, only required their dues from men who had something: the grand secret how to wring money from men who were worth nothing but the clothes they wore and the food they consumed; how to pinch a tax out of the poor man's candle, his modicum of salt, his brewing of malt, the leather that kept his feet from the cold, was first discovered by the political economists of the roundhead parliament. Neither the king, the nobles, the bishops of England, instituted the excise taxes; revolutionists did this deed.¹ And what was far worse than their abstraction of the enormous masses of money² they gained, these vexatious exactions created numberless new crimes. It was a virtuous action, in the reign of king Charles I., for an industrious cottager to make her own candles, or for her husband to malt and brew his own barley; under the commonwealth, and still more in the protectorate, it subjected them to inquisitorial inspections, from a new race of petty placemen, and converted good into evil, household duties into crimes. The king, the ancient nobility, and the bishops, were not the only victims of the roundheads, but the poor suffered with them, in a manner never before experienced.

It will scarcely excite wonder, that towards the close of the year 1648, the whole population, excepting those who were sharing among themselves the produce of this taxation, should be extremely desirous of peace.

But when a majority in the House of Commons was found in favour of pacification with the king, Cromwell sent colonel Pride with a body of troopers, who seized those members of parliament as they came into the house, who voted for peace, and thrust them into a dungeon of the ancient palace of Westminster, called Hell. Thus were forty of them incarcerated, and one hundred and sixty expelled. Whenever a majority was found in favour of the king, the same violence was repeated.³

¹ Vol. i. p. 309, of Toone's Chronology,—an easily accessible authority, for this statement; but from the papers published by authors still more inimical to royalty, as Whitelock and Ludlow, inferences more startling, regarding the public expenditure, when in the hands of republicans, may be drawn.

² Toone, vol. i. p. 310. The amount of the expenditure of the commonwealth in fourteen years was the almost incredible sum of ninety-five millions five hundred and twelve thousand pounds. Twelve millions of this sum were the produce of the new excise laws.

³ Guizot's English Revolution. The same facts may be gathered from Rapin, Whitelock, and Ludlow, but the inimical spirit of these historians to Charles I., involves the incidents in such a tedious narration of *presbyterian* and *independent*

Two alarming revolts in favour of the king, one in London and the other in its vicinity, had just been crushed with unsparing bloodshed. Such was the state of the metropolis, when Charles I. was dragged to die in it.

The first movement towards the accomplishment of this tragedy took place Nov. 30, 1648. The king was seated at dinner, in the hall of Carisbrooke castle, where, according to the ancient customs of an English monarch, the public were permitted to see him at meals. On that fatal day a cadaverous-looking gaunt man, whose military vocation was indicated by his spanner (belt) and scarf, entered, and placing himself opposite to his majesty, continued to regard him in grim funereal silence all dinner-time. The king's few faithful servants, who were waiting on him, whispered together, that he was certainly one of the "ill spirits of the army." After the king rose from table, one of his attendants broke the ominous silence of the gaunt stranger by asking him to eat. After the wretch had fed, he vouchsafed to growl out, as if he had indeed been an evil spirit, "I am come to fetch away Hammond to-night." Hammond was the governor, who considered himself responsible for the king's safety, to the House of Commons, and was therefore obnoxious to the army. The grim man was that colonel Isaac Ewer, whose name appears on the king's death-warrant.

The king's faithful servants, among others a gallant cavalier, called Ned Cooke, entreated him to fly, telling him a boat was ready on the beach. The king, who knew not the open warfare between the army and House of Commons, said—"I have passed my word to Hammond and the house; I will not be the first to break my promise."

Escape, in fact, was scarcely possible. Two regiments were landing from Southampton, of which the grim colonel had been the precursor. A cordon of soldiers encircled Carisbrooke castle as night drew on.

At day-break there was a loud knocking at the outer door of the royal chamber. The duke of Richmond, the king's attached kinsman, who slept there, rose, and asked who was there. "Officers with a message from the army," was the answer. Several roundhead officers rushed in, and abruptly told the king they came to remove him. "To what place?" asked the king. "To the castle," answered colonel Cobbett. "The castle is no castle," replied the king. "I am prepared for any castle; but tell me the name?" "Hurst castle," was the answer. "Indeed! you could not have named a worse."

Hurst castle was a desolate block-house, projecting into the sea, at high tides scarcely connected with the Isle of Wight. The king's coach was drawn out; he entered it. Major Rolfe, one of the garrison at Carisbrooke, suspected of tampering with the king's life, endeavoured to follow him; the king placed his foot to hinder his entrance, and pushed the armed ruffian back, saying, very coolly, "Go you out, we are not yet come to that." He called his grooms of the chamber, Harrington,

contests, that the facts regarding the pacification with the king are lost to the apprehension of the general reader. The presbyterians, led by Prynne, were at this time loyalists.

¹ Herbert's Narrative.

(the author of the "Oceana," who had been placed about him by the parliament,) and his own faithful Herbert. The ruffian whom he had repulsed mounted the king's led horse, and rode by the side of the carriage, abusing him all the way. The king amused himself by making Herbert and Harrington guess to what place they were going.

Nothing could be more dismal than Hurst castle. This lonesome spot, jutting out into the ocean, and severed from all concern with human life, seemed a suitable scene for some murder, such as the king had received intelligence was meditating against him. The room or rather den, in which he was immured, was so dark that candles were needed at noon day. Nevertheless, the king was not ill-treated by Cobbett, who reproved and displaced the original commander of the block-house for some blustering insolence at his majesty's first arrival. The deprivation felt most by Charles was the loss of the accomplished Harrington, in whose literary conversation he exceedingly delighted.

The king's spirits had begun to droop with the monotony of this doleful sea-girt fortress, when just three weeks after his arrival he was startled from his sleep by the rattling fall of the draw-bridge. The faithful Herbert, now the solitary attendant of his royal master, stole forth to learn his fate. Whilst the king had been incarcerated at Hurst castle, the last struggle between the parliament and the army had taken place.¹ The presence of the intended victim was needed, and major Harrison was sent for him. The king had been warned against this man, who had talked in a wild way of assassinating him. Harrison seems to have been insane in the faculty of destructiveness. He had been bred a butcher by trade, and was remarkable for the homicides he had committed since he had changed his vocation of killing beasts. His retribution had, however, already commenced, and he at times fancied that he was attended by a fearful spectre, and dogged by following fiends.

It was soon found that the errand of this homicide was to take the king to Windsor castle. Charles, who could not imagine that any regicide was likely to be perpetrated in his ancient regal fortress, was glad to exchange the obscure den in which he was immured for such a dwelling. On the road thither, at Winchester, and at every considerable town, his people of England came forth and invoked blessings on his royal head, and prayed aloud for his safety, despite of the terrors of his military escort.² Tears, which his own misfortunes could not draw from his eyes, were seen on these occasions. Once he recognised a loyal gentleman, in deep mourning for sir Charles Lucas, who, with his gallant friend, Lisle, had been executed by the command of Ireton, in defiance of the terms of capitulation at the recent surrender of Colchester. The king recognised the relative of his faithful friend; he murmured to

¹An expulsion of the parliamentary majorities for the fourth or fifth time had been perpetrated by Cromwell's armed ruffians. In one of these struggles, Prynne, the author of the *Histriomatrix*, escaped from the troopers, and rushed into the House of Commons; the troopers tore after him, dragged him ignominiously out of the House by the collar, and hurled him violently down a flight of steps into the dungeon, where he had leisure to meditate on the liberty and privileges of parliament.

²State Trials; Herbert's Narrative; Whitelock's Memoirs.

himself the names of "Lisle and Lucas," and then burst into a passion of tears.

The king passed one month at his royal castle in comparative serenity of mind. He heard, from time to time, of the preparation of a court to try him; but the absurdity of an attempt at legality, after the violence offered to the freedom of the house of commons, appeared preposterous to common sense. Murder the king expected, but not the farce of judicature. His heart yearned towards his wife and children; he spoke of them incessantly, and this was made a crime by the base hireling press. Cromwell's licenser¹ or censor of the public press (for he had provided himself with such a functionary, whose office has been little known, either before or since in Great Britain) thus speaks of the captive monarch:—"The king is cunningly merry, though he hears of the parliament's proceedings against him. He asked one who came from London how his young princess did? He was answered that the princess Elizabeth was very melancholy. The king answered, 'And well she may be, when she hears the death her old father is coming to.' We find his discourse very effeminate, talking much of women."² Thus were the domestic affections of the king discussed by a hireling who affected to cater news for the army.

While the king remained at Windsor, vast masses of military were drawn nearer and nearer to the metropolis, and in and about it, till, as the Venetian ambassador wrote, "London seemed as if it were besieged within and without; the troopers with which it swarmed were quartered and stabled in" Westminster Abbey and other desecrated places of worship, where they duly exercised their destructiveness in their hours of recreation.

When the iron yoke of military control was firmly fitted on the necks of the people, Cromwell, the chief terrorist, thought the time was fit for the presence of the captive king on the scene. He was sent for to London, January 15, 1648-9, O.S.

As the king left Windsor castle, his kinsman, the duke of Hamilton, who was imprisoned there, had, by bribes and tears, prevailed on his gaolers to let him see his king once more. He was accordingly brought out by his guards, and the party intercepted the king in his path; Hamilton flung himself on his knees before him, with the passionate exclamation of "My dear, dear master!" These were the only words he could utter. "I have indeed been a *dear* master to you," replied the king, with pathetic emphasis, while he embraced his kinsman for the last time.³

The king was guarded to London by colonel Harrison and a large squadron of troopers, who carried loaded pistols pointed at his carriage

¹ Newspaper, called "The Moderate," by George Mabbot, licenser of the press Jan. 9 to 16, 1649.

² Edited by D'Israeli, in his Commentaries of the Life of Charles I., vol. v. p. 414.

³ The duke of Hamilton, the earl of Holland, and lord Capel, were beheaded March 5 1649, O.S., about five weeks after the murder of Charles I. Hamilton's crime was, being taken in arms at the head of a raw Scotch militia, with which he hoped to make a diversion in favour of Colchester.

He was brought to St. James's Palace, where, for the first time, he was entirely deprived of all the usages of royalty. His attendants were dispersed, and he was left alone with his faithful Herbert, who fortunately was sufficiently literary to be the historian of his master's progress to his untimely tomb.

Meantime, the councils of his persecutors were full of dissension and uncertainty. Further violent expulsions took place from the intimidated remnant who called themselves the house of commons, until only sixty-nine members remained who thought themselves fitted for the task of king-killing. These were chiefly officers in the army; yet, even of these, many found themselves mistaken, in regard to the hardness of their hearts, when they saw their king face to face, and heard him speak. Many of the persons summoned as judges were neither members of parliament, nor even lawyers. At last, after several consultations in the Painted Chamber, it was agreed, "that while the tribunal sat, the king was to be imprisoned in sir Robert Cotton's house," which was part of the ancient structure of Edward the Confessor's palace; "that the chamber next the study, in Cotton-house, be the king's bedroom, and the chamber before it be his dining-room; that a guard of thirty officers and choice men be placed above stairs, and that two of them be always in his bed-chamber; and other guards at all the avenues; that the king be brought to his trial the lower way into Westminster Hall, guarded by the body of halberdiers. Guards to be placed, not only in and about Westminster Hall, but on the leads and at all windows of the adjoining houses that look towards the Hall; that there be troopers on horseback all without the Hall; and that all back-doors, from the place called *Hell*, be stopped up."¹

The regicide junta was supported by ten companies of foot, and squadrons of horse, and yet seemed to sit in terror. They met privately in the Painted Chamber, January 20, where they consulted how they were to answer the king's certain objections to their authority. At last Cromwell's purple face was seen to turn very pale. He ran to the window, where he saw the king advancing, between two ranks of soldiers, from Cotton House. "Here he is—here he is!" exclaimed he, with great animation; "the hour of the great affair approaches. Decide speedily what answer you will give him, for he will immediately ask by what authority you pretend to judge him." A deep silence ensued which was broken by the jocosely destructive, Harry Marten, who, it is supposed as a sneer, uttered, "In the name of the commons assembled in parliament, and of all the good people of England."² The mere sight of the scanty numbers of the commons, with the army at the door, choking every avenue of Westminster Hall, offered forcible answers to the illegality of this arraignment; but brute force is not obliged to be logical.

The procession of the regicides then took their way to Westminster Hall, with sword and mace. Bradshawe, a serjeant-at-law of no prac-

¹ Trial of Charles I. State Trials, vol. ii., p. 477.

² State trials of the regicides. Evidence of sir Purbeck Temple.

tice, was their president; as he was in some terror of an inbreak of the people, he had caused his high-crowned puritan hat to be lined with iron,¹ a precaution which seems to have been taken by the rest of the lawyers busy on this iniquitous work. When all was ready, and a large body of armed men were stationed on each side of the mock tribunal, the great gate of Westminster Hall was set open, and the populace rushed into all the vacant spaces as spectators.

Whilst the king was on his progress to Westminster Hall, his anxious people crowded as near to his person as possible, crying, "God save your majesty!" The soldiers beat them back with their partisans, and some of the men in colonel Axtel's regiment raised the cry of "Justice—justice!" But as their commander was actively exerting himself among them, bestowing on them vigorous canings, the cry was somewhat ambiguous. This furious regicide, by the application of his cudgel, elicited, subsequently, a cry from a few individuals of "Execution—execution!"²

The king was conducted under the guard of colonel Hacker and thirty-two officers. His eyes were bright and powerful; his features calm and composed, but bore the traces of care and sorrow, which had scattered early snows on the curls which clustered beneath his hat. As he advanced, he regarded the tribunal with a searching and severe regard, and without moving his hat, seated himself with his usual majesty of demeanour. Soon after, he rose and looked around him; his eyes earnestly dwelt on the armed force, which was but a continuation of the vast masses crowding the avenues of Westminster Hall, and overpowering the people. "With a quick eye and gesture," says a contemporary print, "he turned himself about, noting not only those who were on each side of the court, but even the spectators who were in the hall." A poet, who was present, wrote on the spot the following lines, descriptive of his mien at this awful crisis:—

"Not so majestic on thy throne of state;
On that but men, here God's own angels wait,
In expectation whether hope, or fear,
Of life, can move thee from thy kingly sphere."³

The arraignment was opened by one Cook, an obscure lawyer, who, when he read "that the king was indicted in the name of the Commons assembled and the people of England," his majesty interrupted him. The lawyer read on. The king then stretched out his cane, and tapped him on the shoulder. Cook glared angrily round.⁴ At that instant the gold head of the cane fell off, and rolled on the floor. To such acute tension were the nerves of every one present wound up, that this petty incident

¹ Guizot's *English Revolution*, 355. This is a curious little circumstance, which has escaped the research of our native writers; it is mentioned in the *State Trials*.

² *State Trials*. Col. Axtel's Trial. The regicide, in his defence, alleged that these cries from his men were meant as complaints against the cudgellings he then found it necessary to bestow on them, and that they were reflections on him, and not on the king.

³ *Reliquiæ Sacræ*, printed at the Hague, 1650, p. 354.

⁴ *Cook's Trial*.—*State Trials*.

made a great impression on the whole assembly, even on the august victim. But in every pause, in every interruption, the words "God save your majesty! God save the king!" resounded from the spectators, as if meant for a choral response in the great drama.¹ Angry requisitions for silence proceeded from the persons in power; some vigorous bastinadoes were distributed, together with a due proportion of kicks and cuffs, on the people by the military ruffians at the door, accompanied by threats of murderous treatment. Then the voice of the regicide-advocate was heard, recommencing the arraignment. The ominous document, under terror of firelocks pointed against protesting voices, was at last read through, with no other comment than a smile or two of contempt from the king. Bradshawe then demanded his answer, in his plea of guilty or not guilty. As Cromwell had anticipated, the king denied the authority of the court, though not the power, observing, in illustration, "that there were many illegal powers, as those of highwaymen and bandits;² likewise that the House of Commons had agreed to a treaty of peace with him when he was at Carisbrooke, since which he had been hurried violently from place to place. There is colonel Cobbett," continued the king, "ask him whether it was not by force that he brought me from the Isle of Wight? Where are the just privileges of a House of Commons? Where are the Lords? I see none present to constitute an assembling of parliament. And where is the king? Call you this bringing him to his parliament?"³ A dialogue of argument took place between the royal prisoner and Bradshawe, on the point of whether the monarchy of England was elective or not? and when the man of law was worsted in the dispute, he hastily adjourned the court.

The king was taken from the hall amidst the irrepressible cries of "God bless your majesty! God save you from your enemies!" Such was the only part that the people of England took in the trial. The king was brought before his self-appointed judges again and again, when similar dialogues took place between him and Bradshawe; each day, however, brought an alarming desertion from the ranks of those who were supposed staunch to their bloody task. Twelve members on the first day refused to vote or assist in bringing the trial to a conclusion.⁴

Seven agitated days had passed away, during which the king had appeared thrice before his self-constituted judges, when, on January 27th, alarmed by the defection of more than half of their numbers, the regicides resolved to doom their victim without further mockery of justice, and without producing their evidence. Indeed, this evidence chiefly consisted of the depositions of witnesses who saw the king perform acts of personal valour in the field, of his rallying broken regiments, and leading them up to the charge, and thereby oftentimes redeeming the fortunes of a desperate field. His valour at Cropredy Bridge was not forgotten,

¹ Ibid.—Evidence of Joseph Herne, who swore, that when the king was brought to the bar, for some time nothing could be heard but acclamations of

² "God save your majesty!" Vol. ii. p. 715.

³ Guizot's English Revolution.

⁴ Ibid.

⁵ Trial of Charles I.—State Trials of Axtel, Harrison, &c.

though turned against him. These details, however, only proved that, when devoted loyalists had arrayed themselves in his cause, the king had shared their perils to the utmost.

With the determination of pronouncing the sentence on which they had previously agreed, the king, for the fourth time, was brought before the remnant of the regicide junta. Bradshawe was robed in red, a circumstance from which the king drew an intimation of the conclusion of the scene. When the list of the members was read over, but forty-nine of them answered; with that miserable remnant the trial proceeded. As the clerk read over the list, when the name of Fairfax occurred, a voice cried, "Not such a fool as to come here to-day." When the name of Cromwell was called, the voice exclaimed, "Oliver Cromwell is a rogue and a traitor." When Bradshawe uttered the words, "that the king was called to answer, by the people, before the commons of England assembled in parliament," "It is false," answered the voice; "not one half-quarter of them." General attention was now turned towards the gallery, for the voice was a female one, and issued from among a group of masked ladies there. A great disturbance took place, and many symptoms of resistance among the populace. At last, the oaths and execrations of the ruffian commander, Axtel, were heard above the uproar, mixed with gross epithets against women, to which he added the following command to his soldiers:—"Present your pieces. Fire—fire into the box where she sits!"

A dead silence ensued, and a lady rose and quitted the gallery. She was lady Fairfax. Her husband was still in power. The ruffian, Axtel, dared not harm her. This lofty protest against a public falsehood will remain, as a glorious instance of female courage, moral and personal, till history shall be no more. The earnest letter the queen had written, entreating the parliament and army to permit her to share her royal husband's prison, may be remembered. It is known that she wrote to Fairfax on the same subject. The conduct of the general's wife was probably the result of Henrietta's tender appeal.²

When this extraordinary interruption was suppressed by force of arms, another soon after arose among the regicides themselves. Bradshawe was proceeding to pass sentence on the king, who demanded the whole of the members of the House of Commons, and the Lords, who were in England, to be assembled to hear it, when one of the regicides, colonel Downes,³ rose in tears, and in the greatest agitation, exclaimed, "Have we hearts of stone—are we men?" "You will ruin us and yourself too," whispered Mr. Cawley, one of the members, pulling him down on one side, while his friend, colonel Walton, held him down on the other. "If I were to die for it," said colonel Downes, "no matter."

"Colonel," exclaimed Cromwell, who sat just beneath him, turning

¹ State Trials,—that of the regicide Axtel. Evidence of sir Purbeck Temple.

² Lady Fairfax was daughter of lord Vere of Tilbury.

³ State Trials, p. 496, where it appears that Downes's repentance took place on the fourth day, as his name appears on the list, and such is the assertion, though it is in contradiction to most histories of the incident. Guizot has followed the documentary authority.

suddenly round, "are you mad? Can't you sit still?" "No," answered Downes, "I cannot, and I will not sit still!" Then, rising, he declared that his conscience would not permit him to refuse the king's request. "I move that we adjourn to deliberate." Bradshawe complied, probably lest Downes's passionate remorse should become infectious; and the whole conclave retired. The adjournment only proved convenient for the torrent of Cromwell's fury to be poured forth on the head of Downes, whom he brutally browbeat. He was, to use Downes's own expression, "full of storm." "He wants to save his old master," exclaimed he, "but make an end of it, and return to your duty." Colonel Harvey supported Downes's endeavours; but all they obtained was one half-hour added to the king's agony.

At the end of that time, the dark conclave returned. Colonel Axtel, who was literally the whipper-in of the military, assisted by a few round-head officers, had marvellously exerted himself during the recess, and by the means of kicks, cuffs, and his cudgel, had prevailed on the troopers to raise yells of "Justice—justice! execution—execution!" Mingled with the tumult, were plainly heard the piteous prayers of the people, of "God save the king! God keep him from his enemies!" In the midst of confusion, the sentence was passed, and the king, who in vain endeavoured to remonstrate, was dragged away by the soldiers who surrounded him. As he was forced down the stairs, the grossest personal insults were offered him. Some of the troopers blew their tobacco smoke in his face; some spit on him; all yelled in his ears, "Justice—execution!" The real bitterness of death to a man of Charles I.'s exquisite sensitiveness, in regard to his personal dignity, must have occurred in that transit; the block, the axe, the scaffold, and all their ghastly adjuncts, could be met, and were met with calmness; the spitting and buffetings of a brutal mob were harder to be borne.¹

The king recovered his serenity before he arrived at the place where his sedan stood. How could it be otherwise? The voices of his affectionate people, in earnest prayers for his deliverance, rose high above the brutal tumult. One soldier, close to him, echoed the cry of the people of "God help and save your majesty!" His commander struck him to the earth. "Poor fellow!" said the king, "it is a heavy blow for a small offence."² To the hired hootings of the military mob, he replied, coolly, "Poor souls! they would say the same to their generals for sixpence."

As the royal victim approached his chair, his bearers pulled off their hats, and stood in reverential attitudes to receive him. This unbought homage again roused the wrath of Axtel, who, with blows of his indefatigable cudgel, vainly endeavoured to prevail on the poor men to cover their heads. Whether his arm was tired with its patriotic exertions that day, or whether he found the combativeness of the labouring class of his countrymen indomitable, is not decided; but it is certain the bearers persisted in their original determination. As Axtel followed the king's

¹ M. Guizot, vol. ii. p. 368. This great writer has followed Herbert, *Warwick and the State Trials*.

² Herbert's Narrative.—*State Trials*.

chair Jown King-street, the spectators called to him, "Do you have our king carried in a common hired chair, like one who hath the plague? God help him out of such hands as yours!"¹

As soon as the king arrived at Whitehall, "Hark ye," said he to Herbert, "my nephew, (Charles Louis, prince palatine,) and a few lords here, who are attached to me, will do all in their power to see me. I thank them; but my time is short and precious, and must be devoted to preparation. I hope my friends will not take offence because I refuse to see any one but my children. All that those who love me can do for me now, is to pray for me."²

It appears that the fanatical buffoon, Hugh Peters, was very anxious to intrude his spiritual aid on his majesty, and would have thrust his abhorred person into his presence, but was expelled by colonel Tomlinson, the humane and manly commander of the guard. Several of the sentinels posted within the king's bed-room, endeavoured to smoke tobacco, and practise other annoyances, but were prevented by Tomlinson, for whose conduct Charles was most grateful.

Permission was to be obtained from the regicid conclave, before the king could either see his children, or receive religious aid according to his own belief. The night of his condemnation he was deprived of rest, by the knocking of the workmen who were commencing the scaffold for his execution.³ In the restless watches of that perturbed night, Charles finished his verses, found among the papers of his kinsman, the duke of Hamilton.⁴ The last lines appear to have been written after his sentence; there is in them the pathos of truth. Their ruggedness arises from being cast in the Sapphic metre, which is nearly impracticable in our language:—

"Great monarch of the world, from whose gift springs
All the puissance and the might of kings,
Record the royal woe this sad verse sings.
Nature and law, by thy divine decrees,
(The only root of righteous royalty),
With my dim diadem invested me.
The fiercest furies which do daily tread
Upon my grief—my grey discrowned head—
Are those who to my bounty owe their bread.
Churchmen are chained, and schismatics are freed,
Mechanics preach, and holy fathers bleed,
The crown is crucified with the creed.

¹ State Trials.—Axtel's trial. Hackney sedan-chairs were at that era more commonly used than hackney-coaches, or any coaches, by those who traversed London, on account of the bad state of the pavement. There were public stands, where these conveyances could be hired.

² Herbert's Memoirs.

³ Clement Walker, a contemporary presbyterian writer, affirms this fact, which is disputed. It is, however, certain that the king passed the Saturday night at Whitehall. The time being short, the Sunday intervening, when work could not publicly be done, and considerable alterations, a passage from a window of the banqueting-room, having to be effected, the carpenters must have worked in the dark hours of Saturday night and Sunday morning.

⁴ Percy's Reliques, and Bishop Burnet's History of the Duke of Hamilton.

My royal consort, from whose fruitful womb
 So many princes legally have come,
 Is forced in pilgrimage to seek a tomb.
 Great Britain's heir is forced into France,
 Whilst o'er his father's head his foes advance:
 Poor child, he weeps out his inheritance!
 With mine own power my majesty they wound;
 In the king's name, the king himself's uncrowned;
 So doth the dust destroy the diamond!
 Felons obtain more privilege than I;
 They are allowed to answer ere they die:
 'Tis death for me to ask the reason why.¹
 Yet, sacred Saviour, with thy words I woo
 Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
 Such as (thou knowest) know not what they do!
 Augment my patience, nullify my hate,
 Preserve my children, and inspire my mate;
 Yet, though we perish, bless this church and state!"

The king was removed from Whitehall, Sunday, January 28th, to St. James's palace, where he heard bishop Juxon preach in the private chapel. "I wanted to preach to the poor wretch," said the absurd fanatic, Hugh Peters, in great indignation, "but the poor wretch would not hear me."²

When bishop Juxon entered the presence of his captive sovereign, he gave way to the most violent burst of sorrow. "Compose yourself, my lord," said the king; "we have no time to waste on grief; let us rather think of the great matter. I must prepare to appear before God, to whom, in a few hours, I have to render my account. I hope to meet death with calmness, and that you will have the goodness to render me your assistance. Do not let us speak of the men in whose hands I have fallen. They thirst for my blood—they shall have it. God's will be done; I give him thanks. I forgive them all sincerely; but let us say no more about them."

It was with the greatest difficulty that the two sentinels appointed by the regicidal junta could be kept on the other side of the door, while his majesty was performing his devotions. They opened it every two or three minutes, to see that he had not escaped.

At the dawn of the next day, the king was up and ready to commence his devotions with the bishop, who came to St. James's soon after. The royal children arrived from Sion House to see their parent for the last time. He had not been indulged with a sight of them since his captivity to the army, and on the morrow he was to die!

The princess Elizabeth burst into a passion of tears at the sight of her father, and her brother, the little duke of Gloucester, wept as fast for company. The royal father consoled and soothed them, and, when he had solemnly blessed them, he drew them to his bosom.

¹ On demanding the reasons of sentence of death being passed, the soldiers raised yells of "Execution—execution!" and hustled him away. This verse alludes to that circumstance.

² State Trials. Evidence on the trial of Hugh Peters.

The young princess, who was but twelve, has left her reminiscences of this touching interview in manuscript; it were pity that the king's words should be given in any other but her simple narrative, which is endorsed, "*What the king said to me on the 29th of January, 1648, the last time I had the happiness to see him.*"¹ "He told me that he was glad I was come, for, though he had not time to say much, yet, some what he wished to say to me, which he could not to another, and he had feared 'the cruelty' was too great to permit his writing. 'But, sweetheart,' he added, 'thou wilt forget what I tell thee.'" "Then, shedding abundance of tears," continues the princess, "I told him that I would write down all he said to me. 'He wished me,' he said, 'not to grieve and torment myself for him, for it was a glorious death he should die, it being for the laws and religion of the land.' He told me what books to read against popery. He said 'that he had forgiven all his enemies, and he hoped God would forgive them also; and he commanded us, and all the rest of my brothers and sisters, to forgive them also.' Above all, he bade me tell my mother, 'that his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love for her would be the same to the last;' withal, he commanded me (and my brother) to love her, and be obedient to her. He desired 'me not to grieve for him, for he should die a martyr; and that he doubted not but God would restore the throne to his son, and that then we should be all happier than we could possibly have been, if he had lived.'" "Then, taking my brother Gloucester on his knee, he said, 'Sweetheart, now will they cut off thy father's head.' Upon which the child looked very steadfastly upon him. 'Heed, my child, what I say; they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king; but, mark what I say, you must not be a king as long as your brothers Charles and James live; therefore, I charge you, do not be made a king by them.' At which the child, sighing deeply, replied, 'I will be torn in pieces first.' And these words, coming so unexpectedly from so young a child, rejoiced my father exceedingly. And his majesty spoke to him of the welfare of his soul, and to keep his religion, commanding him to fear God, and he would provide for him.² All which the young child earnestly promised."

"Then, taking my brother Gloucester on his knee, he said, 'Sweetheart, now will they cut off thy father's head.' Upon which the child looked very steadfastly upon him. 'Heed, my child, what I say; they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king; but, mark what I say, you must not be a king as long as your brothers Charles and James live; therefore, I charge you, do not be made a king by them.' At which the child, sighing deeply, replied, 'I will be torn in pieces first.' And these words, coming so unexpectedly from so young a child, rejoiced my father exceedingly. And his majesty spoke to him of the welfare of his soul, and to keep his religion, commanding him to fear God, and he would provide for him.² All which the young child earnestly promised."

The king fervently kissed and blessed his children, and called to bishop Juxon to take them away. The children sobbed aloud; the king leant his head against the window, trying to repress his tears, when, catching a view of them as they went through the door, he hastily came from the window, snatched them again to his breast, kissed and blessed them once more, then, tearing himself from their tears and caresses, he fell on his knees, and strove to calm, by prayer, the agony of that parting.

While this tender interview took place between king Charles and his bereaved children, the regicides sat in secret conclave, to determine on the hour and manner of their victim's death. It was with the greatest difficulty that the junta could be gathered together. When they were

¹ Reliquia Sacrae, pp. 337, 338.

² Ibid., p. 339.

driven in, by a small knot of thorough-going destructives, there was greater difficulty to induce them to sign. Cromwell, whose general demeanour always appeared as if stimulated by strong drink, seems that morning to have fortified his spirits beyond the restraints of caution.

After he had written his name he smeared the ink all over Henry Marten's face, who instantly returned the compliment. Ten or twelve of the persons, among whom was colonel Downes, afterwards pleaded that their signatures were extorted by him under threats of death; and as they proved their assertions, when times changed, their lives were spared in consequence. Colonel Ingoldsby, who had positively refused to sit as judge, happened to come into the room on business, on which Cromwell, who was his cousin, sprung on him, and dragged him forward, with bursts of laughter, saying, "This time thou shalt not escape!"¹ and with much laughing and romping, assisted by several others, put the pen in his hand, and guided it while he affixed his name.²

On the night preceding the awful day, Charles I. was blessed with calm and refreshing sleep. He awoke before day-break, and hearing sighs and moans, he drew his curtain, and saw, by the light of a great cake of wax, which burnt in a silver bason, that his faithful Herbert, who slept in his room on a pallet, was troubled by the unrest of a fearful dream. The king spoke to Herbert, and he awoke. Under the agitation of the direful matter impending, Herbert had dreamed "that Laud, in his pontifical habit, had entered the apartment—had knelt to the king—that they conversed—the king looked pensive—the archbishop sighed—and on retiring, fell prostrate." Herbert related this vision, on which Charles observed, "The dream is remarkable, but he is dead; had we conferred together, it is possible (albeit I loved him well) that I might have said somewhat which would have caused his sigh."³

"I will now rise," added the king; "I have a great work to do this day." Herbert's hands trembled while combing the king's hair. Charles, observing that it was not arranged so well as usual, said, "Nay, though my head be not to stand long on my shoulders, take the same pains with it that you were wont to do. Herbert, this is my second marriage day—I would be as trim to-day as may be."

The cold was intense at that season, and the king desired to have a warm additional shirt. "For," continued he, "the weather is sharp, and probably may make me shake. I would have no imputation of fear—for death is not terrible to me. I bless my God, I am prepared. Let the rogues come whenever they please." He observed, that he was glau

¹ State Trials of Henry Marten and Colonel Ingoldsby. Guizot's English Revolution, vol. ii. p. 373.

² Many of the persons who signed the warrant for the king's death, and even those who affected to sit as judges, like Adrian Scroop, were not members of parliament. Only forty-six of the members sat on the trial, and but twenty-six of them signed their names to the regicidal warrant; which could never be called an act of parliament, since a great majority were expelled and kept out of the house by force. Nay, a far greater number than those who signed, were actually incarcerated in prison.—Statement of the Lord Chief Baron on the Trials of the Regicides.

³ Herbert's Memoirs.

he had slept at St. James's, for the walk through the park would circulate his blood, and counteract the numbness of the cold.

Bishop Juxon arrived by the dawn of day. He prayed with the king and read to him the 27th chapter of the gospel of St. Matthew. "My lord," asked the king, "did you choose this chapter as applicable to my situation?" "I beg your majesty to observe," said the bishop, "that it is the gospel of the day, as the calendar indicates." The king was deeply affected, and continued his prayers with increased fervour.

At ten o'clock the summons came to conduct the king to Whitehall, and he went down into the park through which he was to pass. Ten companies of infantry formed a double line on each side of his path. The detachment of halberdiers preceded him, with banners flying and drums beating. On the king's right hand was the bishop; on the left, with head uncovered, walked colonel Tomlinson. The humanity and kindness of this gentleman were acknowledged by the king with the utmost gratitude; he gave him a gold *etui*, as a token of remembrance, and requested that he would not leave him till all was over.¹ The king discoursed with him on his funeral, and said that he wished the duke of Richmond, and the earl of Hertford, to have the care of it. The king walked through the park, as was his wont, at a quick lively pace; he wondered at the slowness of his guard, and called out, pleasantly, "Come, my good fellows, step on apace." One of the officers asked him, "if it was true that he had concurred with the duke of Buckingham in causing his father's death?"

"My friend," replied Charles, with gentle contempt, "if I had no other sin than that, as God knows, I should have little need to beg his forgiveness at this hour."² The question has been cited as an instance of premeditated cruelty and audacity, on the part of the officer. By the time and place, and the mildness of the king's answer, the questioner must have been Tomlinson, who evidently had become, in the course of his guardship of a few days, the king's ardent admirer. He had been prejudiced, like many others, by the absurd scandal that Charles had conspired with Buckingham, and had poisoned James I.

This falsehood was probably invented by the enemies who accused James I. of poisoning his son Henry. Absurd as these tales appear, the systematic slanders of that day, in the absence of all wholesome information from the public press, had a direful effect on the prosperity of the royal family.

As the king drew near Whitehall palace, he pointed to a tree in the park, and said, to either Juxon or Tomlinson, "That tree was planted by my brother Henry."

There was a broad flight of stairs³ from the park, by which access was gained to the ancient palace of Whitehall. It is expressly said by Herbert, that the king entered the palace that way; and that he ascended

¹ State Trials, vol. ii. p. 744.

² Herbert's Memoirs.

³ The position of these stairs, on which a sentinel always stood, is clearly indicated by a trial for a drunken murder committed on them by lord Cornwallis and Mr. Gerard.—State Trials, vol. ii. p. 145.

the stairs with a light step, passed through the long gallery, and gained his own bed-room, where he was left with bishop Juxon, who administered the communion to him. Nye and Godwin, two independent ministers, knocked at the door, and tendered their spiritual assistance.

"Say to them frankly," said the king, "that they have so often prayed against me, that they shall not pray with me in mine agony. But if they will pray for me now, tell them that I shall be thankful."

Dinner had been prepared for the king at Whitehall; he refused to eat. "Sir," said Juxon, "you have fasted long to-day, the weather is so cold, that faintness may occur."

"You are right," replied the king, and took a piece of bread, and a glass of wine.

"Now," said the king, cheerfully, "let the rascals come. I have forgiven them, and am quite ready."

But the rascals were not ready. A series of contests had taken place, regarding the executioner, and the warrant to him. Moreover the military commanders, Huncks and Phayer, appointed to superintend the bloody work, resisted alike the scoffings, the jests, and threats of Cromwell, and had their names scratched out of the warrant,¹ and Huncks refused to write or sign the order to the executioner. This dispute occurred just before the execution took place. Huncks was one of the officers who guarded the king on his trial, and had been chosen for that purpose as the most furious of his foes; he had, like Tomlinson, become wholly altered from the result of his personal observations.²

Colonel Axtel and colonel Hewson had, the preceding night, convened a meeting of thirty-eight stout serjeants of the army, to whom they proposed, that whosoever among them would aid the hangman in disguise, should have 100*l.* and rapid promotion in the army. Every one separately refused, with disgust. Late in the morning of the execution, colonel Hewson prevailed on a serjeant in his regiment, one Hulet, to undertake the detestable office, and while this business was in progress, Elisha Axtel, brother of the colonel, went by water, to Rosemary lane, beyond the Tower, and dragged from thence the reluctant hangman, Gregory Brandon, who was, by threats and the promise of 30*l.* in half-crowns, induced to strike the blow. The disguises of the executioners were hideous, and must have been imposed for the purpose of trying the firmness of the royal victim. They wore coarse woollen garbs buttoned close to the body, which was the costume of butchers at that era. Hulet added a long grey peruke, and a black mask, with a large grey beard affixed to it. Gregory Brandon wore a black mask, a black peruke, and a large flapped black hat, looped up in front.³

A horrible butchery was meditated, in case of the king's personal re-

¹ The erasures may be seen to this day, not only in the warrant itself, but in all fac-similes.

² Axtel's Trial. — Dialogue with Huncks and Axtel. It appears, from the recriminations of these men, that the *halberdiers* guarding the king were all colonels or majors of the standing army, that overawed the populace.

³ Gitten's evidence, Hulet's trial, State Trials.

sistance, for by the advice of Hugh Peters, staples were driven into the floor to fasten him down to the scaffold.

The king, meantime, had had the satisfaction of receiving a letter from his son Charles, by Mr. Seymour, a special messenger, enclosing a *carte blanche*, with his signature to be filled up at pleasure. In this paper, the prince bound himself to any terms, if his royal father's life might be spared. It must have proved a cordial to the king's heart to find in that dire hour, how far family affection prevailed over ambition. The king carefully burnt the *carte blanche*, lest an evil use might be made of it, and did not attempt to bargain for his life, by means of concessions from his heir.¹

It was past one o'clock before the grisly attendants and apparatus of the scaffold were ready. Hacker knocked at the door of the king's chamber. Bishop Juxon and Herbert fell on their knees. "Rise, my old friend," said Charles, holding out his hand to the bishop, and he ordered Herbert to open the door.

Hacker led the king through the present banqueting hall, at the further end of which a window had been taken out, and a passage constructed, which led to the scaffold raised in the street. The noble bearing of the king, as he stepped on the scaffold, his beaming eyes, and high expression, were noticed by all who saw him. He looked on all sides for his people, but dense masses of soldiery only presented themselves far and near. He was out of hearing of any persons but Juxon and Herbert, save those who were interested in his destruction. The soldiers preserved a dead silence; this time they did not insult him. The distant populace wept, and occasionally raised mournful cries in blessings and prayers for him. The king addressed a short speech to the bishop and to colonel Tomlinson, which last person stood near the king, and yet screened from the sight of all the world, in the entrance of the passage which led into the banqueting hall.²

The substance of the speech that the king made, was to point out that every institution of the original constitution of England, as the church, lords, and commons, had been subverted with the sovereign power; that, if he would have consented to reign by the mere despotism of the sword, he might have lived, and remained king, therefore he died a martyr for the liberties of the people of England. He added, that he died a Christian of the church of England, in the rites of which he had just participated.

While he was speaking, some one touched the axe, which laid enveloped in black crape on the block. The king turned round hastily, and exclaimed,

¹ The prince sent a duplicate of the same paper to the generals of the army.

² Tomlinson and Huncks, who both had much communication with the king, seemed exceedingly anxious, after the restoration, that those should be punished who had treated him brutally. (See their evidence, State Trials.) Huncks was afterwards mainly instrumental in preventing Cromwell from assuming the crown. (See Axtel's Trial.) Their conduct could not proceed from a tendency to time-serving, if the revenue of Cromwell's administration was *five times as large; as that of Charles II.* Moreover, he had the enormous robberies of church and crown lands at the disposal of his despotic junta.

"Have a care of the axe; if the edge is spoiled, it will be the worse for me!"

The executioner, Gregory Brandon, drew near to him, and kneeling before him, entreated his forgiveness.

"No!" said the king, "I forgive no subject of mine who comes deliberately to shed my blood."

Charles had probably guessed the cause of the delay of his execution, in the trepidation of the executioner, and thought that if the man refused to perform the bloody task, there might arise a diversion in his favour. In that case, the other masked ruffian, serjeant Hulet, would, there is no doubt, have perpetrated the murder, and was placed there for the purpose, lest the firmness of the common executioner failed in action. Nevertheless, the king spoke as became his duty as chief magistrate, and the source of the laws, which were violated in his murder.¹ The wretched Brandon might have revenged himself by mangling his royal victim; on the contrary, he was convinced of the justice of the answer, and behaved most reverentially to him on the scaffold.²

The king put up his flowing hair under a cap, then turning to the executioner, asked, "Is any of my hair in the way?" "I beg your majesty to push it more under your cap," replied the man, bowing. The bishop assisted his royal master to do so, and observed to him, "There is but one stage more; which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. Consider, it will carry you a great way, even from earth to heaven." "I go," replied the king, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can take place."

He then threw off his cloak and George; the latter he gave to Juxon, saying, with emphasis, "Remember!" No explanation of which mysterious injunction has ever been given.

He then took off his coat, and put on his cloak; and, pointing to the block, said to the executioner, "Place it so that it will not shake." "It is firm, sir," replied the man. "I shall say a short prayer," said the king; "and when I hold out my hands thus—strike!"

The king stood in profound meditation, said a few words to himself, looked upwards on the heavens, then knelt, and laid his head on the block. In about a minute, he stretched out his hands, and his head was severed at one blow.

A simultaneous groan of agony arose from the assembled multitude at the moment when the fatal blow fell on the neck of Charles I. It was the protest of an outraged people, suffering equally with their monarch, under military tyranny; and those who heard that cry recalled it with horror to their deaths.³

¹Historical Letters, Second Series, vol. iv., edited by sir Henry Ellis, who proves that it was Gregory Brandon who struck the blow. His learned researches agree thoroughly with the evidence on the trial of Hulet, the other masked man. State Trials, vol. ii.

²It is a fact, that Gregory Brandon, the public executioner, pined himself to death for want of the forgiveness he craved, and died eighteen months after saying, "that he always saw the king as he appeared on the scaffold; and that withal, devils did tear him on his death-bed." (Sir Henry Ellis. Historical Letters, vol. iv.)

³This is not the testimony of a churchman, but of the worthy and conscientious

When the king's head fell, Hulet, the grey-beard mask, came forward to earn his bribe and subsequent promotion.¹ He held up the bleeding head, and uttered, "This is the head of a traitor!" A deep and angry murmur from the people followed the announcement. Two troops of horse, advancing in different directions, dispersed the indignant crowd. The royal corpse was placed in a coffin, and, followed by bishop Juxon and Herbert, was carried into the palace of Whitehall, where Cromwell came to see it. He considered it attentively, and taking up the head, to make sure that it was severed from the body, said, "This was a well-constituted frame, and promised long life."²

Crowds of people beset the palace, but very few were admitted to see the corpse of their murdered monarch, over which colonel Axtel, the person who was so peculiarly active in his destruction, kept guard. Sir Purbeck Temple, with infinite difficulty, and by making great interest, was admitted to see the remains of the king. As the coffin was unclosed, Axtel said, "If thou thinkest there is any holiness in it, look there." "And the king," added sir Purbeck Temple, "seemed to smile as in life."³

The body was conveyed to St. James's palace to be embalmed; here it remained till February 7, when it was conveyed for interment to Windsor, followed by bishop Juxon and the attached gentlemen who had attended on the king in all his wanderings. The king had expressed a wish to be interred by his father, in the royal chapel at Westminster Abbey, but Cromwell forbade it, having, from an absurd species of ambition, reserved that place for himself. He answered, "that opening the vaults at Westminster Abbey would prove an encouragement to superstition." He probably dreaded the excitement of the populace.

When the royal hearse, with its poor escort of four mourning coaches, arrived at Windsor castle, the coffin was placed for the night in the king's late bed-chamber, and the next day brought down into the noble hall of St. George. Four bearers of gentle blood belonging to the king's late household, in deep mourning, carried the coffin on their shoulders; the pall was sustained by the duke of Richmond, the earl of Hertford, and the lords Lindsay and Southampton. The most profound sorrow was visible in their countenances. "The afternoon had been clear and bright till the coffin was carried out of the hall, when snow began to fall so fast and thick, that by the time the corpse entered the west end of the royal chapel, the black velvet pall was entirely white, the colour of innocence. 'So went our king white to his grave!' said the sorrowing servants of Charles I."⁴

The roundhead Whichcott, then governor of the regal seat of Windsor, rudely interrupted bishop Juxon, who, with open book, met the

nonconformist, Philip Henry, who was present, and heard it. He was father of Mathew Henry, the pious author of the celebrated Commentary on the Bible.

¹ He was made a captain in colonel Hewson's regiment, where he ever went by the cognomen of Old Greybeard, in allusion to his disguise. (State Trials.)

² Herbert's Memoirs, pp. 140-2. Warwick's Memoirs, pp. 294-6. Guizot.

³ Axtel's Trial. Evidence of colonel Temple.

⁴ See papers in the Appendix of Stanier Clarke's Life of James II., vol. ii., p. 672

coffin reverentially. Whichcote prevented him from reading the beautiful service of the church of England, as profane and papistical. It was found, withal, that no inscription had been placed on the royal coffin. One of the gentlemen present supplied this want by a simple but effectual expedient: a band of sheet-lead was procured, and they cut out of it, with penknives, spaces in the forms of large letters, so that the words

CHARLES REX,
1648,

could be read. The leaden band was then lapped round the coffin.

Half blinded with their tears, and with the gloom of impending night, thick with falling snow, the faithful friends and servants of Charles I. lowered his coffin among that portion of England's royal dead who repose at Windsor, and left him there without either singing or saying, or even the power of ascertaining the precise spot where he was laid.¹

The mourning people of Charles I. wrote many elegies on the deep tragedy of his death, which was perpetrated before their eyes, and in their despite. The following lines preserve some forgotten historical traits.² They were evidently written at the moment, and are valuable, because they identify the tradition that the wife of Cromwell, a good and virtuous matron, shared in the general grief for the murder of her king. The first couplet alludes to an assertion of some of the rebels in their treaties, that they would make Charles I. the most glorious monarch in Christendom.

"They made him glorious,—but the way
They marked him out was Golgotha.
The tears of our new Pilate's wife³
Could not avail to save his life.
They were outbalanced with the cry
And clamour of a—'Crucify!'

¹ So completely had the republicans succeeded in divesting the chapel of St. George of every vestige of its original appearance, that when the survivors of that sad, silent funeral searched, after the restoration, for the vault into which the royal coffin had been lowered, there were no land-marks to guide them. Some reminiscences alone remained, that the coffin had been placed near one enormously large and a small one, supposed to be those of Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour. The intention was to bury the king in the vault of Henry VI., for which search was vainly made.—Clarendon's Life, and Herbert's Memoirs.

The place of interment of Charles I. remained a mystery long after the time when Pope wrote the celebrated lines in his Windsor Forest:—

"Make sacred Charles's grave for ever known,
Obscure the spot, and unscripted the stone."

Many absurd tales regarding the disposal of the corpse of Charles I. were circulated among the enemies of monarchy in the course of the last century. These were all set at rest by the accidental discovery of the vault containing his remains, and those of Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour, which were equally forgotten. King George IV., on the evening of the funeral of his aunt, the duchess of Brunswick, 1813, went, attended by sir Henry Halford and several noblemen, and assisted personally at the opening of Charles I.'s coffin, when the corpse was satisfactorily recognised.—Narrative, by sir Henry Halford.

² 4001, MS.—Sir Thomas Phillipps' library.

³ This alludes to Mrs. Oliver Cromwell.

'Those sons of dragons that did sit
 At Westminster contrived it,
 And the vile purchased crew will have
 Their sovereign hurried to the grave,
 Cause from that conclave came the cry
 'It was expedient he should die.'
 Him they delivered to the hands
 Of those accursed bloody bands;
 To make his sufferings more complete,
 He suffered, too, without the gate.¹
 The king is dead! the kingdom's hearts thus cry,
 Though the law says the king doth never die;
 But laws had died before his blood was spilt.
 * * * * *
 Therefore, as he was ready to lay down
 His mortal for a true immortal crown,
 This, his own epitaph, he left behind,
 Which men and angels to his glory sing—
 'The people's martyr and the people's king.'"²

The trial, death, and burial of Charles I. had taken place before the queen, besieged as she was in Paris, could receive the least intelligence of these awful incidents.

HENRIETTA MARIA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF CHARLES THE FIRST, KING OF GREAT
BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER IV

Dreadful suspense of queen Henrietta on the fate of Charles I.—Manner of being apprized of his death—Her extreme sufferings—Her message to Anne of Austria—Retirement—Mortifying retreat from Paris—Guarded by Charles II.—Her regrets at his departure for Scotland—Her alarms concerning the battle of Worcester—Goes to meet him at Rouen—Death of her daughter Elizabetha—Queen educates her youngest daughter as a Roman catholic—Her dower withheld by Cromwell—She is insulted by him at the peace with France—Her son, the duke of Gloucester, restored to her—Her residence changed at the Palais Royal—Founds Chaillot—Persecutes her son Gloucester—Expels him from her home—Queen's partiality to her youngest daughter—Her mortification at her first ball—Queen receives the news of Cromwell's death—Her letter on the subject—English courtiers come to propitiate her—Sir John Reresby's description of her court—His gossip concerning her—Secret visit of Charles II. to the queen—Restoration—The queen remains in France—Negotiates the marriage of her daughter—Hears of the contract of the duke of York with Anne Hyde—Her indignation—Goes to England to break the marriage.

¹Holbein's gate of Whitehall, which stood just below the Banqueting House.

²Contemporary Elegy on Charles I. Collection of sir Thomas Phillipps, bart

THE queen remained in ignorance, not only of the death of her husband, but of every particular relating to his trial, until February 1st. 1648-9.¹ She was beleaguered in the Louvre, in double circles of siege and counter-siege. That portion of the French troops still loyal to Anne of Austria, and her son, the young king, besieged the insurgent city of Paris; but the Frondeurs, knowing that the queen of England warmly favoured the royal party, kept strict guard and watch round her residence, in order to prevent any communication between her and the court at St. Germain. Thus was all intelligence cut off, since it was not without the greatest personal risk that any agent of queen Henrietta could pass both circles.

Nevertheless, despite of siege and counter-siege, rumour had carried the portentous tidings to the Louvre, and it was whispered, only too truly, in the queen's household; but the agonized hope to which Henrietta still clung was so pitiable, that no one would mention the dreadful report, which had not yet received official confirmation. No one of her household dared plunge her into the despair they dreaded, without being sure that the fact was past dispute. Lord Jermyn, however, thought he could prepare her for the worst, by inventing a rumour that the king had been tried, condemned, and even led to execution; but that his subjects had risen *en masse*, torn him from the scaffold, and preserved his life. Unfortunately, this tale raised no alarm, but rather increased the false hopes in the sanguine mind of the queen. "She knew," she said, "how dearly the king was beloved by many, who were ready still to sacrifice life and fortune in his service; and she was sure, now the crisis had come, that the great body of his subjects, to whom he was really dear, would be roused into activity by the cruelty of his persecutors, and that all for the future would go well."²

While this terrible suspense continued, James, duke of York, suddenly made his appearance at the Louvre. "He came in while the queen was at dinner," says father Cyprian, "knelt down and asked his mother's blessing; for such is always the custom of English children, when they have been absent for any time from their parents." The queen received him with transports of joy; she had, some time previously, written to Lim to expedite his arrival, but the tumultuous state of Paris had prevented his journey.³ He was guided to the arms of the queen, his mother, by sir John Denham, the cavalier poet.⁴

¹ France reckoned by the new style, England by the old style; as it was in England considered, until the middle of the last century, exceedingly papistical to reckon by the new style, that improvement in science having been first adopted by the court of Rome. Hence, according to the present computation, Charles I. was beheaded Feb. 8, and his queen did not hear of it till Feb. 18,—however the time be reckoned, the news did not reach her till ten days after the event.

² Madame de Motteville, vol. iii., p. 163, Maestricht edition. This incident forms a most valuable introduction to the grand scene of the queen's reception of the fatal truth, which we herewith translate from the original inedited MS. of Père Gamache, now before us. It must be remembered that both madame de Motteville and the Père Gamache were eye-witnesses at the period, and were intimates of the distressed queen.

³ Memoirs of James II., written by himself. ⁴ Johnson's Lives of the Poets.

Greatly exhilarated by the arrival of her favourite son, the queen rose on the morning of February $\frac{1}{8}$,¹ with the determination that a fresh effort should be made to obtain tidings of her husband; she entreated a brave and faithful gentleman of her household to proceed to St. Germain's to ascertain what news the queen-regent had lately received from London.

The messenger accordingly undertook the perilous service of passing and repassing both circles of besiegers, and set off for St. Germain's-en-Laye, where the court of France was then resident. Those who knew the dreadful secret, anticipated the agonizing scene that would ensue if the messenger ever succeeded in making his way back; and after Père Gamache had said grace after dinner, lord Jermyn entreated him not to retire, but to stay to offer the yet unconscious widow all the consolation she could derive from the ministers of her religion. Oh, the dull anguish of those hours of suspense, when the shadow of the fatal event was casting its gloom over part of the assembly, and the heart of her most concerned in the approaching tidings was still agitated by the "sharp pangs of hope!"

The actual truth had been communicated to the Père Gamache, who thus had nothing to distract his observation from the effect of the authentic tidings on the mind of the hapless queen; but what words can we find so forcibly to delineate this climax of a royal tragedy, as those of him who drew it from the life? "At this grievous intelligence," says the Père Gamache,² "I felt my whole frame shudder, and was forced to turn aside from the royal circle, where conversation went on for an hour on divers matters, without any subject being started which had the effect of diverting the mind of the queen from the dire inquietude under which it was secretly oppressed. At last, she complained piteously of the tardiness of her messenger, and said 'that he ought to have returned before with his tidings.' Then lord Jermyn spoke: 'The gentleman despatched on this errand,' he said, 'is known to be so faithful, and so prompt in executing all your majesty's commands, that, if he had had aught but very disastrous tidings, he would have been in your presence ere this.'

"'Whatever they may be,' replied the queen, 'I see that you know them full well.'"

"'I do indeed know somewhat,' replied lord Jermyn. Then the queen, dreadfully alarmed, entreated him to speak less darkly, and, after

¹ It is now requisite, when any great precision of dates is desirable, that the numerals should be thus arranged, which shows at once the new and old style, the first being used in France, the last in England.

² Mémoires, par le Père Ciprien de Gamache, or Gamache, Prédicateur Capucin et Missionnaire en Angleterre. The original MS. is the property of Mr. Colburn; and the author has been favoured with the loan of it, for study at leisure, of which the above (and various other passages, indispensable to the personal biography of Henrietta Maria) is the result. As, in the course of this autograph history, the père writes his name both *Gamage* and *Gamache*, we have an idea that he adopted the former name during what he called his mission in England, and that *Gamache* was his family or French name, but that it was Anglicised into *Gamage*, because the English catholic priests excited much less hatred in England than those who bore foreign names.

many circumvolutions and ambiguous words, he at length explained the horrid truth to her, who never expected such intelligence."¹

Oh, the cruel kindness of those who undertake to break calamitous tidings by degrees! And yet sudden death has been known to follow such a tale too bluntly told, and indeed the communication, as it was, almost stopped the springs of life, when the widowed queen at length was brought to comprehend her loss.

"She stood," continues Père Gamache, "motionless as a statue, without words and without tears. A great philosopher has said that ordinary griefs allow the heart to sigh and the lips to murmur; but that extraordinary afflictions, terrible and fatal, cast the soul into stupor, and, by locking up the senses, make the tongue mute, and the eyes tearless." If the good father had been, like Charles I., himself a reader of Shakspeare, he would have described the state into which the royal widow was plunged, by that exquisite quotation:—

"The grief that cannot speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break."

"To all our exhortations and arguments," the Père continues, "our queen was deaf and insensible. At last, awed by her appalling grief, she ceased talking, and stood round her in perturbed silence, some sighing, some weeping, all with mournful and sympathizing looks, bent on her immovable countenance. So we continued till nightfall, when the duchess of Vendome,² whom our queen tenderly loved, came to see her. Weeping, she took the hand of the royal widow, and tenderly kissed it; and at last succeeded in awakening her from the stupor of grief into which she had been plunged since she had comprehended the dreadful death of her husband. She was able to sigh and weep, and soon expressed a desire to retire from the world, to indulge in the profound sorrow she suffered. Her little daughter was with her, and her maternal love found it hard to separate from her; yet she longed to withdraw into some humble abode, where she might weep at will. At last, she resolved to retire, with a few of her ladies, into the convent of the Carmelites, Fauxbourg St. Jacques,³ in Paris." Before Henrietta went to the convent, her friend madame de Motteville obtained leave to see her; it was the day after she had learned the fatal tidings. Madame de Motteville's friends had made interest with the Frondeurs to permit her departure from Paris, to join her royal mistress, the queen-regent of France. She was anxious to know if the afflicted queen of England had any message to send to her royal relatives. "I was," she says,⁴ "admitted to her bedside, where I fell on my knees, and she gave me her hand, amidst a thousand sobs, which often choked her speech. She commanded me to tell my queen the state in which I found her; that king Charles, her lord, whose death had made her the most afflicted woman on the wide

¹ MS. Gamache, section 92.

² Françoise de Lorraine, her sister-in-law, being wife to her half-brother César, duke of Vendome, eldest son of Henry IV. and the fair Gabrielle. This lady died aged 60, in 1669.

³ MS. of Père Gamache, section 93.

⁴ Madame de Motteville, vol. iii. p. 165.

earth, had been lost because none of those in whom he trusted had told him the truth; and that a people, when irritated, was like a ferocious beast, whose rage nothing can moderate, as the king, her lord, had just proved; and that she prayed God that the queen-regent might be more fortunate in France, than she and king Charles had been in England. But, above all, she counselled her to hear the truth, and to labour to discover it; for she believed that the greatest evil that could befall sovereigns, was to rest in ignorance of the truth, which ignorance reverses thrones and destroys empires. That if I was really faithful to my queen, (Anne of Austria,) I should tell her these things, and speak to her clearly on the state of her affairs; and she finished with an affectionate remembrance I was to make to my queen, in her name."

"Then the afflicted queen gave me some orders relative to the interests of the young king, her son, (become Charles II. through the lamentable death of his father.) She entreated that he might be recognised as such by the king and queen of France, and that her second son, James, duke of York, might receive the same entertainment as the king, his brother, had done previously. As she reiterated these requests, she wrung my hand, and said to me, with a burst of grief and tenderness, 'I have lost a king, a husband, and a friend, whose loss I can never sufficiently mourn, and this separation must render the rest of my life a perpetual torture! I avow that the tears and words of this afflicted queen touched me deeply. Besides the sympathy I felt in her grief, I was astonished at the words she commanded me to repeat to my queen, and the calamities she seemed to foresee for us; nor did I ever forget the discourse of this princess, who, enlightened by adversity, seemed to presage for us such disasters. Heaven averted them from us, but we merited them all from the justice of God.'"

Thus does madame de Motteville clearly indicate that this warning message, which was duly repeated by her, from the mourning queen of England in the depth of her misery, to the queen-regent of France, had the effect of delaying that awful revolution which, in these our latter days, ravaged France, and which is yet rife in the memory of many of our contemporaries in the present century.

"Often did queen Henrietta say to me that she was astonished how she ever could survive the loss of Charles, when she so well knew that life could contain, after this calamity, nothing but bitterness for her. 'I have lost a crown,' she would say, 'but that I had long before ceased to regret; it is the husband for whom I grieve—good, just, wise, virtuous, as he was, most worthy of my love and that of his subjects—the future must be for me but a continual succession of misery and afflictions!'"² It had been well if those historians, who choose to represent this queen as indifferent to her husband, had taken the trouble to read the testimony of this witness of her conduct, and, at the same time, to have identified how worthy the virtuous life and noble sentiments of that witness made her of belief; for, without the least democratic bias, madame de Motteville moderately, but firmly, indicates that there were abuses needful to be reformed in the government both of France and

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. iii. p. 168

² Ibid., p. 164

England, which could only be effected by the sovereigns of either country acquainting themselves with facts as they existed, and conscientiously learning the truth of all that was going on under their government. Most faithfully, as a true friend of humanity, has she preserved the testimony of queen Henrietta Maria, uttered in the agony of bereaved affections, "that if her husband and herself had learned the truth in time, much of their own sufferings and those of their people might have been averted."

"Queen Henrietta," continues her friend,¹ "had enlightened and noble sentiments; in consequence she keenly felt all that she had lost and all she owed to the memory of a king and husband, who had so tenderly loved her, who had given her his entire confidence, and had always considered her above all persons. He had shared with her his grandeur and prosperity, and it was but just, as she said, 'that she should take her part in the bitterness of his adversity, and sorrow for him, as if his death had taken place each day that she lived, to the last hour of her life.' In fact, she wore a perpetual widow's mourning for him on her person and in her heart. This lasting sadness, those who knew her were well aware, was a great change from her natural disposition, which was gay, gladsome, and apt to see all the ordinary occurrences of life in a bright and cheerful light. From that hour she surnamed herself *La malheureuse reine*."

"The royal widow left the Louvre, amidst the tears and sobs of her attendants, for her temporary retirement with the Carmelite nuns, Fauxbourg St. Jacques; her last words were to commend her little daughter, the princess Henrietta, to her affectionate governess, the countess of Morton, charging her to take care of her manners and conduct, while to me (Père Gamache) she left the instruction of this royal infant.² Directly she entered into the convent she gave herself up to prayer, to mortification, and a course of meditation on the inscrutability of the decrees of God, the inconstancy and fragility of human life, and of the riches, grandeur, and honours of this world. Too soon was she roused from the holy calm which such salutary exercises give to sorrow. The affairs of the king, her son, and of her own family and household, being in so bad a state that they demanded her utmost care, her wisest counsel and even active exertions, and I was obliged to seek her, to urge her to leave her peaceful retirement with the nuns, and return to the Louvre. At that time her son, Charles II., was at the Hague, where he was recognised as king by the states of Holland. It was the wish of the young king to remain there; but the strong military despotism of Cromwell was too formidable to the states of Holland to suffer it. The queen wrote to her son to come to her; he arrived in the summer of 1649. The mother and son had their first interview at St. Germain's, and afterwards she returned with him to her abode at the Louvre."³

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. iii. pp. 164, 165.

² MS.—Père Gamache, section 93.

³ See Toone's Chronology, from July 19, 1648, (when the royal brothers were with their fleet off Yarmouth,) to Sept. 11, same year, when the prince, from his fleet in the Downs, endeavoured to make some terms for his royal father with

Two of the royal children remained prisoners in England; one of these was the hapless princess Elizabeth, the other the little duke of Gloucester. They were soon after, for a few months, consigned to the care of their mother's former favourite, the treacherous lady Carlisle, who, for none of her good deeds, had been favoured by parliament with a grant of 3000*l.* per annum for their maintenance, but, with a strict charge, that they were to be deprived of all princely distinction.

We now and then gather the movements of Henrietta from the narrative of her niece, mademoiselle de Montpensier. It is well known that Gaston, duke of Orleans, secretly favoured the Fronde, and maintained a species of factious neutrality between the queen-regent and the Parisians; he chose to be the arbiter between the people and the court. Gaston affirmed that his sister, queen Henrietta, took the part of Anne of Austria against the Fronde. He strove to rid himself of her embarrassing presence in Paris, where she unwove the meshes his shallow ambition was spinning. He was, however, a character whose affections always ran counter to his policy; he was angry with Henrietta, but finally forgave her. She declared that both loyalty and gratitude obliged her to espouse the cause of the court; but that her advice was pacific, in regard to the people; we have the evidence of madame de Motteville that such was truly the case. Mademoiselle de Montpensier made Charles II. feel her resentment for her political pique with his mother: he was still endeavouring to gain her hand. One day, soon after the triumphant return of mademoiselle de Montpensier from Orleans, where she had really done much good by her intrepid decision in a moment of great popular excitement, queen Henrietta addressed these remarkable words to her: "I am not astonished that you saved Orleans from the hands of its enemies, for the Pucelle had, in the old times, set you that example, and, like the Pucelle of Orleans, you began the matter by chasing the English, for before you went thither, my son was *chassé* by you."¹

"I paid my duty to her as my aunt," adds mademoiselle de Montpensier, "but I was forced to be less frequent in my visits to her, for it is not pleasant to dispute perpetually with persons that one ought to respect."

Although Condé and the heads of the Fronde held the queen in great estimation, the rabble of the Frondeurs pursued her with insults, whenever she appeared beyond the gates of the Louvre. At last she would go out no more, but remained in a state of siege, suffering a thousand privations, with a patience which silenced all murmurs among her household, who often observed that, whilst their queen seemed so satisfied, they ought not to complain. Henrietta found herself, however, so useful to the queen-regent, that she would not quit her sojourn at the Louvre; though alarmed for her safety, she was perpetually entreated to come to St. Germain's, and share what they had there.²

the parliament. He afterwards retired to the Hague, whence he sent the celebrated *carte-blanche* for his father's life.

¹ Mémoires de Montpensier, vol. ii., p. 144.

² Vie de Henriette de France. (Bossuet.)

Once or twice, Henrietta went to St. Germain's to visit the queen regent and the young king; she was, however, glad to take the escort of her fantastic niece, mademoiselle de Montpensier, at that time heroine of the Fronde, who conducted her to the gate of the château of St. Germain's. On one of these occasions, mademoiselle de Montpensier makes a great merit of reconciling her father, the duke of Orleans, to queen Henrietta.

At last Henrietta found it was impossible to remain longer at the Louvre, and retired finally to St. Germain's. Her journey was a very dangerous one; the people menaced her as she went through Paris, and her creditors threatened to arrest her coach.¹

This scene, which was perhaps more trying to the generous spirit of Henrietta than all her other misfortunes, is confirmed by the malignant exultation of the roundhead newspapers. From the superabundance of spite in the republican party is to be learned the fact that the young king, in his deep mourning for his murdered sire, rode by the side of his mother's coach, and guarded her person in this dangerous transit. The enemies of the royal exiles seemed to think that the reproach of poverty would make all the world view a circumstance so deeply interesting with the scorn they did themselves.²

The royal children of France, with the queen-regent, came to Compiègne to welcome the unfortunate Henrietta and her son, after their perilous and miserable journey,³ and they conducted her to her apartments in the old château of St. Germain's, which were, in all probability, the same angle looking over the parterre and Place des Armes of St. Germain's, which was subsequently more celebrated as the place of her son James II.'s last exile. The melancholy old château, desolate and degraded as it is at present, has survived the gay sunny palace of recent date, built on the terrace above the Seine, by Henri Quatre, and looking out over the pleasant land of France. Anne of Austria would not live in the old grim castle, because it affected her health; and indeed the stone trench surrounding it, which was at that time full of water, must have been injurious to queen Henrietta, who often suffered from pulmonary maladies.

The sojourn of queen Henrietta at St. Germain's proved, however, but a temporary visit. The fury of the civil war abated; her mediation became so needful with Condé and Lorraine, that she in the summer returned to Paris, and was actually there, August 18, 1649, when Anne of Austria and her young son, Louis XIV., made their grand entry into the metropolis.⁴ After giving an audience of forgiveness to the principal Frondeurs, they paid a state visit of condolence to queen Henrietta on the death of her husband. These royal relatives, when they had previously met at St. Germain's, had found opportunity to discuss the melancholy subject; therefore, nothing was mentioned likely to agonize the feelings of Henrietta. "The young king of England," observes

¹ Mademoiselle de Montpensier's Memoirs.

² Evelyn's Journal, and Mercurius Politicus.

³ Mademoiselle Montpensier's Memoirs.

⁴ Memoir of Henrietta Maria, 1673, p. 45.

madame de Motteville, "was there in his deep mourning for his father, it was his first formal state recognition at the court of France." Early in September, this prince resolved to set out for the isle of Jersey, which still, with its sister islands, acknowledged its allegiance to the royal house of Stuart. From thence he resolved to pass to Scotland or Ireland. The queen was greatly averse to this scheme, and reproached her son and sir Edward Hyde (Clarendon) with neglect of her advice. At that time, her differences had not arisen to any great height with Hyde; she expressed her esteem for his great integrity and devoted love to her late husband, and said, "that she wished he would always be near the young king, because he would, she knew, deal plainly and honestly with him, and advise him to live virtuously." It was agreed by Charles II.'s privy council, that chancellor Hyde should depart on an embassy to Spain, to supplicate for assistance against the English regicides. Queen Henrietta expressed her regret¹ that the means and time of this valuable minister should be thus wasted; she said, "that if they would listen to her advice, she could tell them beforehand, that they would find the court of Spain cold and unwilling to render any assistance." This the chancellor owns he found, by experience, was exactly the case.

The queen and the chancellor seldom agreed, yet she always rendered justice to his uncompromising sincerity. One day, at this juncture, when talking of her affairs among her ladies—a dangerous habit, which she never left off—her majesty expressed some resentment towards a person who had been influential in the council of the late king, who always spoke the fairest words to her, and courteously promised compliance with all her wishes, even suggesting to her to ask of her husband indulgences she had never thought of before. Yet she found out, soon after, that he was the only man who advised the king privately to deny her the very same favours. Some of the queen's ladies had a great curiosity to know who this double-dealer was, but the queen persisted in concealing his name. One of the ladies present said, "that she hoped it was not chancellor Hyde?" "No," replied her majesty, "be sure it is not him, for he never uses flattering compliments to me; I verily believe that if, by my conduct, he deemed that I deserved the most infamous name, he would not scruple to call me by it."² The lady repeated this saying to the chancellor, who was much pleased with the queen's opinion of him.

The young king, notwithstanding all his mother's remonstrances, persisted in his intention of venturing into his lost dominions to seek his fortune. Queen Henrietta was alarmed; the youth of her son, and the desperate state of their party in England, took from her all hopes of success, and as she found that he would not listen to her, she desired lord Jermyn to represent the danger to him. The young prince replied, "It is far better for a king to die in such an enterprize, than to wear away life in shameful indolence here." The high resolve and daring adventures so frequently undertaken by Charles II., before he was

¹ Life of Clarendon, vol. i., p. 262.

² Ibid., p. 263.

twenty, form remarkable contrasts to the indolence and reckless profligacy in which his manly years were wasted.¹

Charles II. went to Jersey in September, 1649, with his brother James, duke of York, and was proclaimed king of Great Britain in the loyal channel islands. Scotland, being offended at Cromwell's recent change of the British kingdoms into a republic, sent deputies to negotiate with Charles II., who received and conferred with them at Jersey; and this proved the commencement of his temporary recognition in Scotland, and of the series of wild and daring adventures in which he engaged, from his landing in Scotland till his escape after the battle of Worcester. A large proportion of the Irish people were desirous that the attempt of the king should be made on their shores, which was doubtless the reason why Cromwell visited that devoted island with the fierce scourges of fire, confiscation, and the exterminating sword, in the year of blood, 1649; a visitation which drew from a noble English historian, albeit never too sympathizing in the case of Ireland, the appalling comment, "that since the middle of the 16th century, the miseries of that country could only be compared with those of the Jews after the taking of Jerusalem." A foreboding instinct warned the royal mother to prevent the reckless courage of her young son from leading him among these scenes of horror.² Queen Henrietta did not believe the time ripe for movement; but she advised her son, if he ventured, to bend his course to Scotland, rather than to Ireland.

"They parted; but it lists not here to tell
Aught of the passionate regrets that broke
From the sad prince, or perils that befel
Him in his wanderings, nor of that famed oak
In the deep solitudes of Boscobel."³

The health of the queen sunk under the reiterated trials which marked the dreadful year of 1649. She went to the bath of Bourbon the same autumn that she parted from her son. On her way thither, she passed through Moulins, the retreat of her friend, the duchess of Montmorenci, whose calamitous widowhood bore some resemblance to her own. This illustrious lady was nearly related to Henrietta's mother, being a princess of the house of Orsini. She had dedicated her youth, her beauty, and her life to the memory of her lost husband, the last duke of Montmorenci. It is well known that cardinal Richelieu laid the foundation of his despotism on the ashes of that hero. The widow

¹ The friendship of madame de Motteville for the mother did not blind her to the faults of the son. She says, "The greatest heroes and sages of antiquity did not guide their lives by grander principles of action than this young prince felt and expressed at his outset in life; but, unfortunately, finding all his struggles in vain, he at last sunk into indifference, bearing all the evils which pertained to his exile and poverty with careless nonchalance, and snatching all the pleasures that were attainable without considering the degradation annexed to them. At last it came to pass that we saw this prince give himself up to the seductions of lawless passion, and pass many years in France and elsewhere in the utmost sloth."

² *Memoirs of Henrietta Maria*, p. 46.

³ Poems by Agnes Strickland.

of Charles I. could trace the commencement of her sorrows to the malign influence of that same stony-hearted politician. In the spirit of sympathy, the queen went to the convent of the Visitation, at Moulins, where, in a chamber hung with black, the widow of Montmorenci kept watch over the urn that held the heart of her murdered husband, although that true heart had been cold in death for many a long year. The widow of Montmorenci was as popular in France for her charity and piety, as her husband had been for his valour and heroic qualities. All mourners sought the duchess de Montmorenci for consolation. No one needed it more than the royal widow of Charles I. The illustrious kinswomen wept together, and received consolation from the sympathy of each other.¹

Henrietta Maria had given over her son for lost, after the battle of Worcester; the particulars of his return are thus mentioned by her flip-pant niece, mademoiselle de Montpensier:—"All the world went to console the queen of England; but this only augmented her grief, for she knew not if her son were a prisoner or dead. This inquietude lasted not long; she learned that he was at Rouen, and would soon be at Paris, upon which she went to meet him.² On her return, I thought my personal inquiries could not be dispensed with, therefore I went without my hair being dressed, since I had a great defluxion. The queen, when she saw me, said, 'that I should find her son very ridiculous, since he had, to save himself in disguise, cut his hair off, and had assumed an extraordinary garb.' At that moment he entered, and I really thought he had a very fine figure, and I saw great improvement in his mien since we last parted, although his hair was short and his moustaches long, which, indeed, causes a great alteration in the appearance of most people."

Lady Fanshawe was at the court of the exiled queen at the time of the return of her son, after an absence of upwards of two years. She says, "He had attained a majestic stature, and had grown manly and powerful in person, coarse in features, and reckless in expression; all his rich curls had been cut off for the purpose of disguise, and were replaced by a black periwig."³ He was far more changed in character than appearance; all the high heroic sentiments derived from the classics, all the noble romance of youth, which usually brings forth grand fruits in manhood, were obliterated by his visit to his native land.

Mademoiselle de Montpensier found, to her astonishment, that her mute cousin Charles II. had, in his absence from France, learned to speak the French tongue with the utmost volubility; "and while," she says, "we walked together in the great gallery which connects the Louvre with the Tuilleries, he gave me the history of all his adventures and escapes in Scotland and England," in which, to her French imagination, nothing was so marvellous "as that the Scotch should fancy that it was a crime to play on the fiddle." The morning after this promenade, queen Henrietta gravely renewed with this princess the subject of her

¹ Lady Fanshawe's Autobiography.

² He landed at Fescamp, near Havre, October 22, 1651.

³ Lady Fanshawe's Autobiography

son's passion. She said to her, "that she had reprov'd Charles, but that he still persisted in loving her." All this infinitely flattered the vanity of *la grande mademoiselle*, but touched not her heart. Charles was too cool a lover to please her; but she coquetted with the anxious mother, and paraded her hopes of being the empress of Germany, or the queen of France. Many a bitter pang did this heartless woman give the fallen queen of Great Britain by her own account. Sometimes Henrietta would observe to her, "that her son, once the heir of the finest country in the world, was now considered too beggarly and pitiful to aspire to the hand of the rich heiress of Dombes and Montpensier;" then sighing, the unfortunate Henrietta would narrate all the wealth, state, and luxury of a queen in England. At this narration, the purse-proud heiress owns that she deliberated within herself whether she should make a merit of accepting the young king in his distress;¹ but then the doubt was, whether his restoration would ever take place, which doubt finally turned the scale against the royal exile. The unfortunate widow of Charles I. found that she had in vain administered food to the vanity of her niece, who liked her son well enough to be jealous of him, but not well enough to make the slightest sacrifice in his behalf.

The contest that Charles II. had maintained for his hereditary rights from 1649 to 1651, caused his young sister and brother, who still remained prisoners in England, to be treated with additional harshness by their gaolers, the republicans. Reports arrived at the queen's court, that Cromwell talked of binding her little son, the duke of Gloucester, apprentice to a shoemaker; and that her daughter, "that young budding beauty," the princess Elizabeth, was to be taught the trade of a button-maker. There was really some discussion in the House of Commons, relative to the maintenance of these royal orphans, in which Cromwell said, that "as to the young boy, it would be better to bind him to a good trade;" but the nearest approach to their degradation was, that the young prince's servants were directed to address him only as "Master Harry." At his tender years, a top, or even a marble, more or less, is of more consequence than a title or a dukedom. But the young prince was neither harmed in mind nor body by his republican gaolers. The fair young princess Elizabeth was unfortunately of an age when the reverses of fortune are felt as keenly, nay, more so, than at a more advanced period of life. Perhaps her death-wound was inflicted by the agony she suffered at the touching interviews with her father: interviews which drew tears down Cromwell's iron cheeks, it may be sup-

¹ The newspapers of the English roundheads allude to this unprosperous suit of Charles to the daughter of Gaston duke of Orleans, and exult sordidly over the fallen fortunes of the royal family. "The Scots' king is still in Paris, but now on his remove. What shall we do then? Trail a pike under the young lady of Orleans, who has lately raised a regiment. It is an honour too great for the late majesty of Scotland. His confidants have sat in council; and it is allowed, by his mother, that, during these tumults in France, it is neither honourable nor expedient for him to continue in Paris."—July 16, 1652, *Mercurius Politicus*.

posed, gave mortal pangs to the tender mind of the young bereaved daughter.

"The princess was," says Père Gamache, "of a high and courageous spirit, and possessed a proud consciousness of the grandeur of her birth and descent. The anguish she felt at her father's murder was still farther aggravated, when she was forced from the palace of St. James, the place of her birth, and carried to Carisbrooke castle, the scene of his saddest imprisonment, from whence he was dragged to die. She perpetually meditated on his bitter sufferings, and all the disasters of her royal house, till she fell into a slow but fatal fever. When she found herself ill, she resolutely refused to take medicine."¹ Her little brother, Master Harry," as he was called, was her only companion. She expired alone, sitting in her apartment at Carisbrooke castle, her fair cheek resting on a Bible, which was the last gift of her murdered father, and which had been her only consolation in the last sad months of her life. Sir Theodore Mayerne, her father's faithful physician, came to prescribe for her, but too late; he has made the following obituary memorial of the death of this princess, saying, "she died on the 8th of September, 1650, in her prison at the Isle of Wight, of a malignant fever, which constantly increased, despite of medicine and remedies."²

"The queen, her mother," resumes Père Cyprian Gamache,³ "did not learn the sad death of the young princess Elizabeth without shedding abundance of tears; but the grief of her brothers, the duke of York and the king, bore testimony to the fine qualities this beautiful princess possessed. All the royal family had, considering her great talents and the charms of person, reckoned on her as a means of forming some high alliance, which would better their fortunes." Her lot was, however, very different; she was

"Doomed, in her opening flower of life, to know
All a true Stuart's heritage of woe."⁴

The young Elizabeth's melancholy death occurred in her fifteenth year. She was buried obscurely at Newport, on the 24th of September, 1650.

The queen had now resided upwards of six years in France, and all her habits and feelings began strongly to return to their original channel. A certain degree of liberality and political wisdom, which the strong pressure of calamity had forced into her mind, vanished after the war of the Fronde was pacified. The first step she took in utter opposition to her duty as the widow of Charles I., and queen-mother of the royal family, was acting on her resolution of educating her younger children as catholics. With this view she placed her little daughter Henrietta under the tuition of the capuchin, whose inedited MS. we have already quoted.

Père Cyprian Gamache was one of those men, such as we often see among Christian clergymen, of various denominations. The sincerity of belief, and the simplicity of heart and kindness of manner of the old

¹ MS. of Père Gamache, section 106.

² Mayerne's Ephemerides. MS. Sloane, 2075.

³ MS. of Père Gamache, 106.

⁴ Poems by Agnes Strickland

frar, must have made him far more persuasive to the queen's children and household, who were of church of England principles, than his learning, his talents as an author, or his skill as a controversialist in the subtleties of disputation. The picture he draws of the royal child, who was given up by the queen entirely to his tutelage, is a pretty simple sketch, and most valuable to us besides, as an insight into the domestic manners of the banished court of England, with which the Père Cyprian brings us closely acquainted, in recording his hopes and fears regarding the conversion of those who professed the principles of the church of England.

"The queen," says Père Cyprian Gamache, "had, during the life of the king her husband, employed every effort, in her letters, to obtain the permission of her royal husband to bring up their youngest child as a catholic." And we must observe that, if she had succeeded, father Cyprian would most certainly have had infinite pleasure in naming the circumstance; he, however, reconciled the queen to her open disobedience of her husband's last injunctions, by pointing out to her that king Charles, with many other professors of church of England principles, allowed that a good person of the Roman-catholic faith could be saved. It is hard that the liberality of the church of England should be turned against her cause by controversialists; but this is neither the first nor the last instance.

"As soon, then," continues Père Cyprian, "as the first sparks of reason began to light in the mind of the precious child, the queen honoured me with the command to instruct her; and her majesty took the trouble to lead her herself into the chapel of the Louvre, where I was teaching the little ones of poor humble folk the principles of Christianity, and there she gave a noble instance of humility, by placing her royal daughter below them, and charging her, all the time I catechised, to listen. Then I taught her in her turn, even as the most simple of my company, how to learn to seek God, who made us. The princess profited so well by these humble examples, that, as she went out, she said aloud, 'that she would always come to hear me teach those little children.'"¹

Père Cyprian soon after began to give the princess Henrietta a regular private course of instruction, in which he mentions, "that he continually pressed on her mind that she ought to consider herself eternally indebted to the troubles of her royal family, for the opportunity of being brought up a catholic." The countess of Morton, who still continued governess to the princess, was always present when Père Cyprian gave the little princess her religious instruction; this lady had been brought up a member of the church of England, and still continued in its principles. Father Cyprian had an extreme desire to convert the countess. One day that lady said to her charge, "I believe father Cyprian intends his catechism as much for me as for your royal highness." This casual remark did not fall unheeded on the mind of her loving pupil, who immediately confided it to her tutor, and he, who owns that lady Morton had accurately divined his intentions, was wonderfully encouraged in

¹ MS. of Père Gamache, pp. 116. 117

his hopes. Soon after, the queen being present at his tuition, the little princess, at the end, expressed a great wish that every one believed in her religion.

"Since you have so much zeal," said the queen, "I wonder, my daughter, you do not begin by trying to convert your governess."

"Madame," replied the little princess, with childish earnestness, "I am doing so as much as I can."

"And how do you set about it?" asked the queen.

"Madame," replied the princess, in her infantine innocence, "I begin by embracing my governess; I clasp her round the neck; I kiss her a great many times, and then I say, 'Do be converted, madame Morton; be a catholic, madame Morton; father Cyprian says you must be a catholic to be saved, and you have heard him as well as me, madame Morton. Be then a catholic, *ma bonne dame*.'"¹

Between the entreaties and caresses of this sweet prattler, whom she loved so entirely, and the persuasions of Père Cyprian, poor lady Morton, who was no great theologian, was almost coaxed out of her religion. Nevertheless, her affections only were engaged, not her religious principles, as Père Cyprian acknowledges in his manuscript, with more anger than he expresses in any other passage.²

The political horizon, in 1652, darkened on every side round the house of Stuart. A strong military despotism was established in the British islands by the successful general, who found himself at the head of the veteran troops, who proved victors at the time when the people were utterly worn out with the horrors of anarchical strife. Despotism, in the hands of a military man, sufficiently cruel and cunning, is always the strongest of all governments, therefore it is not very marvellous that Cromwell was finally able to dictate a peace to Anne of Austria, who was not the strongest-minded female that ever governed an empire.

During the course of these long-pending negotiations, queen Henrietta requested cardinal Mazarine, in her name, to demand the annual payment of her dower. Cromwell promptly replied, "that she had never been recognised as queen-consort of Great Britain by the people, consequently, she had no right to this dower."³ The usurper would

¹ MS. of Père Gamache, p. 119.

² Lady Morton had promised the queen and her beloved charge, that she would profess their faith; but craved leave to retire to England, that she might make an effort to arrange her affairs. In London she fell ill of a burning fever, which seems to have been fatal. When she was at the point of death, a catholic lady of high rank, and her intimate friend, came to her, and said aloud, "Lady Morton, you say nothing of religion; are you not a catholic?" "No," replied Lady Morton, "I am not, and I never will be one." "Thus," adds Père Cyprian, "died this miserable lady, who pretended to dispose of divine grace according to her pleasure." (MS. of Père Gamache, p. 118.) This passage shows that the countess had been outwitted, but not converted.

³ Carte's *Life of Ormonde*. This historian seems lost in astonishment at the circumstance. But the recognition of the queen-consort, either at her own or at her husband's coronation, was a most important point in legalizing her claims on her dower; and it appears that Henrietta had carried her girlish whims so far, as to renounce the solemn recognition procession through the city, as well as the crowning and unction as queen. The coronations of the second wife of Ed

have, doubtless, found some other excuse to deprive the helpless queen of her maintenance, if her own act and deed, in her inexperienced girlhood, had not furnished him with so injurious a reply. It will be remembered, that Henrietta refused to be crowned as queen-consort, because her religious bigotry would not permit her to assist in the liturgy of the church of England, and this refusal, which proved the first step to the misfortunes of her husband, obtained for her, in course of time, this bitter insult, which struck at her character as a woman, as well as her rank as queen, and had probably a prospective view towards the illegitimation of her children.

Henrietta observed, with some dignity, to Mazarine, "that if she were not considered by the English nation as the wife and consort of their late sovereign, the question was, what had she been? And the obvious answer, that a daughter of France could have been otherwise than a wife of the king of England, was more disgraceful to her country than to herself; and if the king of France could submit to such a public stigma on his royal honour in a treaty, she must rest satisfied, being perfectly content herself, with the constant respect paid her as queen, by her husband and his loyal subjects."¹

Although the usurper would not pay queen Henrietta's dower, he returned to her the young duke of Gloucester, declaring "that Henry Stuart, third son of the late Charles I., had leave to transport himself beyond seas."

Charles II. was about to be driven a wanderer from his mother's home at the Louvre, when young Gloucester arrived there. Queen Henrietta acknowledged the authority of her eldest son, as king over her children; she therefore requested him at his departure to leave her youngest son with her, for she represented, "that he had been brought up as a prisoner in England, without learning either manly exercises or languages; that he had seen nothing of courtly manners, or good company, till he came to Paris; and that it was not right to take him from a city where he had the best opportunity in the world for acquiring everything of the kind." The queen was very importunate, and the young king acknowledged "that her reasons were good, for he had no funds to educate his young brother, or even to support him, according to his quality; his only objection was, that he feared that Gloucester would be perverted in his religion."² Queen Henrietta assured him that she would not suffer any such attempt to be made; and she added, "that the queen-regent of France, as some compensation for her discourtesy in driving him away, had augmented her pension at the rate of 2000*l.* per month, "and this," she said, "will enable me to maintain Gloucester."³ King Charles, before he left Paris, made his mother reiterate her promise that his young brother should not be brought up a catholic, and then departed, to wander over Europe, wherever his evil fortune chose

ward I., and the last four wives of Henry VIII., had, it is true, been omitted, but each had solemnly taken her place as queen at the royal chapels, at the celebration of divine service, which Henrietta had never done.

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. v. pp. 250, 251.

² Carte's Life of Ormonde, vol. ii. pp. 149, 150.

³ *Ibid*

to lead him. He settled his head quarters at Cologne, where a hospitable widow received him into her house, and lodged him for two years gratis.¹

To aggravate her misfortunes, queen Henrietta, some time before, had received the news of the death of her son-in-law, the prince of Orange; a severe loss for her family, as it threw the preponderance of power in Holland into the hands of the republican party there, the sworn friends of Cromwell. The death of Henry Frederic, the father of her son-in-law, had occurred at a fatal time for Charles I., in 1647; and now her daughter's husband was suddenly carried off by the small-pox, at the early age of twenty-two, leaving his young widow overwhelmed with grief, and in a dangerous state of health, being ready to become a mother. She brought forth a posthumous son, three days after the death of her husband. This boy, the first grandchild queen Henrietta had, was afterwards William III., the elective king of Great Britain.

Whilst the prince of Orange lived, queen Henrietta and her children had always, in all their wanderings and distresses, found an hospitable welcome at his court; now she saw her daughter left a young widow of nineteen, the mother of a fatherless son, with an inimical party to contend against in Holland, which was supported by all the might of Cromwell's successful despotism. How the young princess of Orange struggled through all the difficulties that environed her, and reared her son without seeing him wholly deprived of his father's inheritance, is one of the marvels of modern history. The princess of Orange was no longer able to receive her brothers openly at her court, the burgomasters of Holland being informed by Cromwell, that such reception was tantamount to a declaration of war against him. Charles II. therefore established his abode at Cologne, whence he frequently visited his sister as a private individual.

A great alteration took place in the conduct of queen Henrietta at this disastrous epoch, which was occasioned by the change of her confessor. Father Phillipps had held that office since the second year of her marriage; he was a mild, unambitious man, under whose influence the best points of her character had appeared. Unfortunately for the peace of her family, he died at the close of 1652, and his place was filled by abbé Montague, a diplomatic priest, who was naturalized in France, and had long been immersed in the political intrigues of that court. It is a singular fact, that Montague was brother to the puritan, lord Kimbolton,² who had taken so active a part in revolutionizing England at the commencement of the civil war; if we may judge by results, neither the puritan nor the priestly brother were very ardent lovers of peace.

The same restless spirit that made the puritan disturb the quiet of Charles I.'s kingdom, impelled the jesuit brother to break the harmony that had hitherto subsisted between the unfortunate sovereign's family. The first fruits of abbé Montague's polemic activity was to suggest to

¹ Evelyn's Works.—Correspondence, vol. iv.

² Afterwards the earl of Manchester. His brother, the abbé, called lord Walter Montague, was converted by the Jesuits, when *attaché* to an embassy in France.—Carte's Ormonde, and Evelyn's Journal.

he queen of France, that it was injurious to the catholic religion to permit the church of England service to be celebrated under the roof of the Louvre. He likewise accused queen Henrietta of great sin, because she had established it there, for she had, from her first settlement in that palace, set apart one of her largest saloons for that purpose, where our church ritual was performed with great reverence by Dr. Cosins, the exiled bishop of Durham. The young king and the duke of York, who were both at that time zealously attached to the religion of their father, attended its service regularly when they were in Paris, likewise any persons of the queen's household who belonged to the church of England.¹

Queen Henrietta at first was grieved at the intolerance of abbé Montague; she expressed to her ladies how much the loss of father Phillipps had embarrassed her, and said with displeasure, "that it was abbé Montague, who had induced her sister-in-law to break up her establishment at the Louvre, and transfer her residence to the Palais-Royal." This was a severe blow to the English exiles, for the queen-regent then held her own court at the Palais Royal, and queen Henrietta lost the independence of a separate dwelling. The queen-regent, at the same time, forbade her to receive her son, Charles II., to visit the Palais Royal, on account of political expediency, and likewise declared that no religious worship, excepting according to the ritual of the Roman-catholic church, should take place within the walls of her palace.

Thus the duke of Gloucester, and other members of the church of England attached to queen Henrietta's family, were deprived of all opportunities of worship, excepting at the chapel of sir Richard Browne,² for this gentleman had been ambassador from Charles I., and still retained the residence and privileges of the embassy — among others, a chapel. Thither the duke of Gloucester went every day, as he walked home from his riding and fencing academy;³ and when the duke of York returned from his campaigns, he likewise attended his religious duties of the church of England at the same chapel. Thus matters continued for some months after Charles II. left his young brother under his mother's care; her confessor, Montague, viewed the daily attendance of the Stuart princes at divine service very invidiously; however, he formed his plans in secret, and began to work on queen Henrietta's mind accordingly; the fruits of his machinations appeared in due time.⁴

It was probably owing to the influence of abbé Montague, that queen Henrietta founded the convent of Chaillot at a period when scarcely a hope remained of the restoration of the royal family. After her independent residence at the Louvre was broken up, queen Henrietta yearned for some private home, where she could pass part of her time in perfect quiet, without being subjected to the slavery of living in public with the French court. Such a retreat was needful for her health and peace of mind, and we scarcely reckon it among the sins of bigotry for it vexed no person's conscience, and provided for a community o

¹ Carte's Life of Ormonde.

² Father-in-law of the celebrated John Evelyn.

³ Carte's Life of Ormonde, vol. ii., p. 163.

⁴ *Ibid*

harmless and charitable women, who were at that time struggling with distress.¹

The nuns of Port Royal offered their house when queen Henrietta wished for religious retirement. Whether or not the stigma of predestinationism (afterwards called Jansenism) had then been affixed to this community by abbé Montague, is not mentioned, but the queen declined the offer. She took under her protection a very poor community of the Nuns of the Visitation of St. Mary, and settled them in a house which Catherine de Medicis had built as a villa on the bold eminence at Chailot, opposite to the Champ de Mars. Queen Henrietta purchased this estate of the heirs of marechal de Bassompierre, to whom her father had granted it, but the foundation was at first beset with many difficulties. At last she obtained for her nuns the protection of the queen-regent and the archbishop of Paris, and the latter expedited the letters-patent, under the appellation of the foundation of the queen of England.²

Queen Henrietta chose for her own apartments those whose windows looked without, and a most noble view they must have commanded over Paris; "her reasons were," she said, "that she might prevent her ladies from having access to the secluded portions of the convent, unless they obtained the especial leave of the abbess, lest they might trouble the calm of the votaresses; as for herself, she usually received her visits in the parlour of the convent, and even came thither to consult her physician."³ In this convent was educated her youngest daughter, Henrietta. The queen used to tell the nuns, that on their prayers and good example she depended for the conversion of the rest of her family.

On these conversions queen Henrietta had now entirely fixed her heart. Above all things, she wished to interrupt the attendance of the young duke of Gloucester at the church of England chapel. Her chief counsellor, abbé Montague, about the close of the year 1654, either discovered, or affected to discover, that the duke of Gloucester required a course of education which did not allow him so much freedom, because he had formed an imprudent intimacy at the academies of exercise with some young, wild French gallants, who were like to mislead his youth.⁴ This was by no means an unlikely circumstance, as he walked to and from the academies like any other day scholar; but it appears only to have been urged as an excuse for sending Gloucester to the Jesuits' College, not only to be tamed, but to be cut off from all opportunities of attending worship at the ambassador's chapel. The idea of the severity of the jesuits' plan of education was terrific even to catholic boys; what it was to young Gloucester may be imagined. A long contest ensued between the queen and her son: he pleaded his religion, and positively refused to enter the walls of the college; finding that he was resolute, she compromised the matter, not much to his satisfaction, by sending him to spend the month of November with her confessor Montague, who chose to retire, at the season of advent, to his benefice, the abbey

¹ Inedited paper, in the Secret Archives of France, Hotel de Soubise, Paris, by favour of M. Guizot.

² The letters-patent to this effect are in the Archives of France, Hotel de Soubise.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ Carte's Life of Ormonde

of Pontoise. At first, Mr. Lovel, the young duke's tutor, accompanied him, but the queen made an excuse to send for this gentleman to Paris, and Gloucester was left alone with Montague and his monks.¹ Then the abbé confided to the young prince, that it was his mother's intention to educate him for a cardinal; at the same time he strenuously represented to him, "that as his sole hopes of advancement in life must proceed from the royal family of France, who were willing to adopt him as a son, how much it would be to his interest to embrace immediately the catholic religion, on various points of which he offered to convince him instantaneously by argument."

If young Gloucester had even been a catholic, there is no doubt but he would have made the most lively resistance to a religious destination, as it was, he pleaded vehemently his church-of-England creed, and the promise his royal mother had made to the king, his brother, not to tamper with it, adding, "that it was shameful to assail him with controversy in his tutor's absence, who could and would answer it."

At Gloucester's earnest request, Mr. Lovel was sent back to Pontoise. The queen afterwards permitted him to bring his pupil to Paris, where he again attended the service of the church of England, at sir Richard Browne's chapel.

Queen Henrietta, a short time after, had a stormy interview with Gloucester, and told him "that all abbé Montague had said to him was by her directions;" and "that, as to his urging against her promise to the king, she must observe, that she had promised not to force him in his belief, but she had not said that she would not show him the right way to heaven; she had, besides, a right to represent to him how very desperate his worldly fortunes were, as a protestant in France; but, if he would embrace the catholic faith and accept a cardinal's hat, she could promise him unbounded wealth in French benefices." It was scandalous of the queen thus to tempt her young son, who, in return, as she equivocated with her promise made to his king and brother, solemnly pleaded to her the promise that his murdered father had exacted from him in their last interview, never to renounce the faith of the church of England, which, infant as he then was, he distinctly remembered.

Henrietta hardened her heart against this tender appeal, and soon after removed her son's faithful tutor, Mr. Lovel. She bade Gloucester "prepare to go to the Jesuits' College, under penalty of her malediction and utter renunciation;" but before the day that the queen had appointed to remove him to walls which he deemed a prison, she received a letter of remonstrance, which came from his brother, Charles II., then at Cologne, reminding her of her promise, and forbidding her "to enclose his subject and brother in the Jesuits' College."² He likewise wrote to his exiled subjects in Paris, to do all their poverty could permit to aid his brother, if the queen proceeded to extremities. Queen Henrietta testified the utmost anger when she read the letter from the young king, and found by it that Gloucester had appealed against her authority.

¹ Abbé Montague is usually called in history a jesuit. He was converted by the jesuits, but seems to have belonged to one of the regular orders.

² Life of Ormonde, vol. ii., p. 166.

The young king's opinion of these proceedings is freely expressed in the following letter to his brother, in which the tenour of the complain^t that Gloucester wrote to him, and the letter that queen Henrietta received from him, may be ascertained, though neither are forthcoming:—

CHARLES II. TO THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.¹

“Cologne, Nov. 10, 1654.

“Dear Brother,

“I have received yours without a date, in which you tell me that Mr. Montague has endeavoured to pervert you from your religion. I do not doubt but you remember very well the commands I left with you, at my going away, concerning that point. I am confident you will observe them; yet your letters that come from Paris say, that it is the queen's purpose to do all she can to change your religion, in which if you do hearken to her, or to anybody else in that matter, you must never think to see England or me again; and whatsoever mischief shall fall on me or my affairs from this time, I must lay all upon you, as being the only cause of it. Therefore, consider well what it is to be, not only the cause of ruining a brother who loves you so well, but also of your king and country. Do not let them persuade you, either by force or fair promises: the first, they neither dare nor will use; and for the second, as soon as they have perverted you, they will have their end, and then they will care no more for you.

“I am also informed, there is a purpose to put you into the Jesuits' college, which I command you, on the same grounds, never to consent unto; and whenever anybody goes to dispute with you in religion, do not answer them at all. For, though you have reason on your side, yet they, being prepared, will have the advantage of anybody that is not upon the same familiarity with the argument as they are.

“If you do not consider what I say unto you, remember the last words of your dead father, which were, to be constant to your religion, and never to be shaken in it; which, if you do not observe, this shall be the last time you will bear from,

“Dear brother,

“Your most affectionate,

“CHARLES II.”

The queen, notwithstanding the royal authority of her eldest son, resolved not to give up her intentions without trying another mode of shaking the resolution of young Gloucester. One day, after dinner, she took him apart, she embraced him, she kissed him, and, with all the sweetness possible, told him how tender an affection she bore to him, and how much it grieved her that love itself should compel her to proceed with seeming severity. “You are weary, my child,” she continued, “of being entreated, and, truly, I am weary of it too; but I will shorten your time of trial; give one hearing more to abbé Montague; sequester yourself in your apartment, without entering into any diversion; meditate on his words, and then either send or bring me a full and final answer.”

The duke of Gloucester, before this conversation commenced, had perceived that his mother, as soon as she had risen from table, meant to have a private conference with him, and fearful lest some admission should be extorted from him favourable to her views, he had sent young Griffin, the gentleman of his bed-chamber, to fetch the marquess of Ormonde to his assistance, as soon as he could come, for the king, his

¹ Original Letters, Evelyn's Works, vol. iv. pp. 142-3.

brother, had placed him under this nobleman's protection, in regard to his religion. When the queen had finished all her entreaties and caresses, Gloucester retired to his chamber, in obedience to her commands. Abbé Montague came directly to him, and commenced a long course of arguments to influence his determination, and then urged him to know what answer he was to carry to her majesty, his mother? Gloucester said, "None;" resolving first to see the marquis of Ormonde. "Then," said Montague, "I shall return in an hour, and carry to her majesty your answer." At that moment the marquess entered, according to the summons sent to him by Griffin; and when the young duke found himself supported by the presence and testimony of his father's friend, he turned to the abbé Montague, and said, "that his final answer to his mother was, that he meant to continue firm in the religion of the church of England." The abbé answered abruptly, "Then it is her majesty's command that you see her face no more." Gloucester was deeply agitated at this message; with the utmost earnestness, he entreated "that he might be permitted a last interview with the queen, to ask her parting blessing." "This," Montague said, "he was empowered to refuse."¹

Gloucester remained in despair; his brother, the duke of York, came to him, and with great tenderness pitied his misfortune. York went to his royal mother, and interceded earnestly for his brother, but in vain. Henrietta was inexorable; she violently reproached York, and declared "that she would henceforth signify her pleasure to neither of her sons, except by the medium of her confessor, Montague." York returned to Gloucester's apartments in the Palais Royal with this message. It was Sunday morning, before church time. The conference of the royal brothers was interrupted by the entrance of abbé Montague, who renewed the controversy, by representing to Gloucester the desitution in which he would be plunged by his mother's renunciation: he advised him to speak to her himself, as she was then going to mass at her convent of Chaillot; he added, "that the queen had proposals to make to him which would quite set his heart at rest."

"I fear, sir," replied the duke of Gloucester, "my mother's proposals will not have that effect, for my heart can have no rest but in the free exercise of my religion." At this moment the queen passed, in her way to her coach; the young duke followed her, and kneeling in her way, asked her maternal blessing; she angrily repulsed him, and haughtily passed on: he remained overwhelmed with sorrow. Upon which the abbé Montague, who was watching the effect that Henrietta's harshness had had on her son, stepped up to him, and, in a tone of condolence, asked him, "What her majesty had said, which had so discomposed him?" "What I may thank you for, sir," replied the young duke sharply, "and 't is but reason that what my mother has just said to me, I should repeat to you; be sure that I see your face no more."

So saying, he turned indignantly from his persecutor, and, as it was then time for morning service, he went immediately to sir Richard

¹ Carte's Life of Ormonde, vol. ii. p. 166

Browne's chapel, accompanied by his brother, the duke of York, and these princes comforted themselves by attending devoutly to the liturgy of the persecuted church of England. When Gloucester returned from divine service, he went to his apartments as usual, little thinking the course his mother had taken. He found, to his consternation, that queen Henrietta had given strict orders that no dinner was to be prepared for him, and he must have starved that day, if lord Hatton had not taken him home to his table, and begged him to accept a future lodging at his house. The young prince was with difficulty prevailed on to accept his hospitality; for he generously reminded lord Hatton that it might occasion Cromwell to sequester his estate in England, the remnant of which was, as yet, spared to this banished cavalier.¹

When Gloucester left the Palais Royal, with a heavy heart, queen Henrietta received a visit from her sister-in-law, the queen regent of France, who was eager to know what success these severe measures, (which they had previously concerted with Montague,) had had in inducing submission. At the desire of Queen Henrietta, she sent the young duke of Anjou,² her second son, to seek his cousin, the duke of Gloucester, to represent to him, in a friendly manner, the trouble he would incur by resisting the wills of both queens. Anjou returned, after a long search, and said that no one knew whither Gloucester had taken refuge, after he found that his apartments were dismantled and his food cashiered. The queens, at length, after experiencing some alarm, heard that he had taken refuge with lord Hatton; thither they sent the marquis du Plessis, to persuade him into submission, but the sole message he could induce him to send was, "that he was more than ever attached to the church of England, however fallen and distressed she might be."

That night, after his return from evening prayers, the duke of Gloucester stole back to the Palais Royal to take the opportunity of bidding farewell to his sister, the princess Henrietta, before their mother returned from vespers at her Chaillot convent. But the moment the young princess heard of his intention to resist the queen's will, and to leave her, she began to shriek and cry aloud, "Oh me, my mother! Oh me, my brother! Oh, my mother, what shall I do? I am undone for ever!"³ The duke gathered from these exclamations that she was in mortal terror of the queen's displeasure; he therefore left her, and disconsolately sought his own sleeping-room, which he found cold and dismantled, with the sheets taken off the bed.⁴ While poor Gloucester was looking in dismay at this very un-maternal arrangement for his night's rest, his groom entered in great perplexity, to know what he should do with his horses, for the queen's comptroller was, by her commands, turning them out of the royal stables. The duke declared a new place could not be found for them at nine o'clock at night. The comptroller said, "queen Henrietta would discharge him before morning, if they remained during that night." Gloucester, when all these cares regarding his

¹ Carte's Ormonde, vol. ii. pp. 168-7.

² Afterwards duke of Orleans.—Carte's Life of Ormonde.

³ The Late Troubles in England, p. 437.

⁴ Carte's Life of Ormonde.

Lorses, his servants, and himself, were thrown upon his hands, was penniless, and just fourteen.

In this dilemma, the marquess of Ormonde sold the last jewel he possessed, which was the George of the order of the Garter, to provide the persecuted son of his master with the necessaries of life. It was equally disgraceful of Henrietta to distress her husband's faithful and impoverished servants, by throwing on them the maintenance of her son, as it was to persecute him for his integrity in preserving the promise he had made to his father in his tender childhood. This was decidedly the worst action queen Henrietta ever committed.

This religious persecution, carried on against one of her own family, made Henrietta exceedingly unpopular among the faithful servants of Charles I. Religious bigotry was active in the minds of both parties, and produced its usual consequences, a venomous political hatred.

The queen seems to have taken an ungenerous advantage of her superior influence in the land of their mutual banishment, to show former grudges and jealousies, which she had imbibed during the lifetime of her husband, against chancellor Hyde, Ormonde, and many others, among the most virtuous of the church-of-England royalists; but, it must be owned, there was no love lost, for they hated her most bitterly. Hyde has left curious minutes of his farewell interview with the queen, when he departed from Paris to join her son at Cologne, in the autumn of 1654. Previously, the queen had not been on speaking terms with him, but lord Percy intimated to him her permission for audience of leave. When he came into her presence, she reproached him for disrespect, and told him "that every one noticed he never entered her presence, though he lodged under her roof."

The chancellor replied, "that she had mentioned his punishment, and not his fault; that it was true he wished not all the world to behold that he was not favoured by her who was the widow of his late benefactor, and the mother of his present king; and that, as she enjoyed the assistance of a puissant court, and he had not in his power to aid her with the smallest service, he had abstained from obtruding himself on her presence, as he knew he was unwelcome; but he hoped she would not now dismiss him, without naming what she had taken amiss in his conduct."

Queen Henrietta could have told him that his zeal in keeping her sons steady in their attachment to the church of England was the head and front of his offending. But though she shut her eyes to the fact that their compliance with the dominant religion of France would seem at once time-serving, insincere, and ruinous to all their future hopes in England, still she did not name the real cause of her heart-burning against her husband's old friend. She said some passionate words respecting an old grudge, "that he had lessened formerly her credit with her husband, but that she should be glad to change her opinion now." So, carelessly extending her hand to him, and turning half away while he knelt and kissed it, she departed, with a displeased air, into her bed-chamber.

The duke of York did all that was in his power to assist his young

brother; indeed, he was nearly under as much disgrace as Gloucester with his mother for the same cause.¹ This prince testified as ardent an attachment to the church of England, while oppressed and exiled, as he showed to the church of Rome in the decline of his life. No representations of interest, made by his mother, could induce him to forsake his father's faith. Charles II. had charged him to watch over the proceedings of their mother, in regard to the religious education of their young brother. He wrote to him thus:²—"I have told you what the queen hath promised me, concerning our brother Harry, in point of religion; and I have given him charge to inform you if any attempt should be made upon him, in which case you will take the best care you can to prevent his being wrought upon."

When the princess of Orange and the queen of Bohemia (who then resided under the protection of the States of Holland) heard of the persecutions which young Gloucester was enduring from his mother, on account of his attachment to the religion of which they were both tried and sincere votaries, they were shocked and indignant, and urged Charles II. to send for him to them. The admirable queen of Bohemia thus wrote her mind to sir Edward Nicholas on this subject:³—"I was, Saturday last, with my *best* niece (the princess of Orange) at Teiling, it being her birth-day; I assure you that she is in much trouble for her dear brother Gloucester. I am sorry the king (Charles II.) has so much cause for grief; I beseech God that he may speedily remedy it. I believe that my dear nephew Gloucester has a good resolution, but there is no trusting to one of his tender age. I confess I did not think the queen, his mother, would have proceeded thus." The postscript to this letter comprised an important event, as it afterwards proved, to queen Henrietta, and this was the arrival of Anne Hyde, at the Hague, as maid of honour to the princess of Orange. The princess had previously, out of gratitude for the fidelity of chancellor Hyde to her unfortunate father, given him a house of hers at Breda, rent-free, without which, as he declares, he must have wanted shelter for his children. When his eldest daughter was about fifteen, the princess, who was very fond of her, wished to relieve the chancellor of her maintenance. The chancellor reminded her that queen Henrietta would be offended, because he knew she wished to recommend a young lady in the place of young mistress Killigrew, who had died of the small-pox, while the princess of Orange was staying at the Spa with the king, her brother. He declared likewise, "that her royal highness's favour to his daughter would draw upon him a further access of the displeasure of his queen, which already heavily oppressed him, and that her royal highness would experience her share." To which the princess of Orange very properly replied, "I have always paid the duty to the queen, my mother, which was her due, but I am mistress of my own family, and can receive what servants I please; nay, I should wrong my mother if I forbore to do a good and just action lest her majesty should be offended at it. I know

¹ Autograph Memoirs of James II.

² Miscellanea Aulica, p. 108.

³ The queen of Bohemia to sir E. Nicholas, dated Nov. 16, 1664.—Evelyn's Correspondence, &c., vol. iv. p. 152.

that some ill offices have been done you to my mother, but I doubt not that in due time she will discern that she has been mistaken."

Chancellor Hyde remained greatly averse to a separation from his daughter; but the partiality of the princess and the queen of Bohemia to the young lady overbore his reluctance, and Anne Hyde was finally established at the Hague.

Meantime, queen Henrietta showed some repentance for her cruelty to her youngest son; but, poor as they were, her children and her husband's family preferred taking the cost of his maintenance upon them, to trusting his religion and happiness with her.

"By this post," wrote the queen of Bohemia, "I have had very good news of Gloucester's constancy in his religion, and of my lord of Ormonde's handsome carriage in that business; the queen saith, 'she will press him no further in it;' but I hope the king (Charles II.) will not trust to her, but get him away."

This suggestion was immediately acted upon; Charles II. wrote formally to his mother, claiming his young brother as his subject. Queen Henrietta was obliged to permit him to depart,¹ in the middle of December, 1654.

Queen Henrietta, having thus driven her sons from her, remained, with her young daughter, a guest in the Palais Royal, occupied with the hopes and fears of that child's future destination. She had ventured to hope that the young king, Louis XIV., would be captivated in due time by the charms of her daughter; and the queen-regent, Anne of Austria, had assured her "that if the marriage treaty with her brother's daughter, the infanta Maria Theresa, was broken, that the king, her son, should espouse the young princess of England;" but she owned, "that to see him marry her Spanish niece, was the first wish of her heart." Louis XIV., who was still in his minority, had as yet seen no beauty in his young English cousin, who was a small delicate child, and he took an opportunity of showing his mother and aunt, that if any accident freed him from his Spanish *fiancée*, it was the last of his thoughts to replace her with the English princess.

¹ There is a letter from her extant, dated on that day, written to the old cavalier, sir Edward Nicholas, at Cologne, who was the secretary to the exiled king. In it the queen of Bohemia preferred an earnest request that the royal boy might be permitted to visit her and his sister on his way to Cologne. "I long to hear," she says, "that my sweet nephew Gloucester is at Brussels. My niece of Orange has sent Nick. Armourer to meet him there. I have written by him to Gloucester, that if the king would permit him to take this place (the Hague) and Teiling in his way from Brussels, he need not make such haste to see the king, who saw him lately, but it is much longer since we saw him. I am sure our *Hoghen Moghens* will take no notice of it, if they be not asked the question, as they were for the king's coming to Breda." The young duke of Gloucester did not arrive at Brussels till New Year's day. He was accompanied by his faithful tutor, Mr. Lovel. He visited Teiling, at that time the residence of his sister, the princess of Orange, where his aunt of Bohemia went to meet him.

This young prince made his first campaign under the auspices of his brother, James, duke of York. They fought in the Spanish service against Cromwell, who attacked the Spanish Netherlands afterwards. The duke of York records, when describing a very sharp action,—“The duke of Gloucester, during all this day, seconded me, and behaved as bravely as any of his ancestors.” He was then scarcely sixteen. This slight digression throws some light on the perfect

One evening, in the spring of 1655, queen Henrietta and her daughter were invited to see the king dance at a ball, which Anne of Austria gave in her private apartments. That queen had been ill some days, and appeared dressed in a wrapping robe, and the cornette, or morning cap of that era, to mark that she was an invalid. Her guests were the duchesses and ladies of her household, and those who had young daughters brought them to figure in the *grande quadrille*, which was formed for the young king. The party was rather of a juvenile character, and the dancers were from the age of the princess of England, who was about eleven, to the age of Louis XIV., who was just sixteen.

It was the first amusement of the kind in which the princess Henrietta of England had appeared, and etiquette demanded that her cousin, the young king of France, should dance with her. He was then distractedly in love with Marie de Mancini, (niece to his artful prime-minister, Mazarine,) and was ready to share his crown with her. This young lady not being present, he chose to dance with her sister, the duchess de Mercœur, and, despite of his mother's commands, led her out as his partner in the *branlé* or brawl, the national dance of the English being then fashionable in France. The queen-regent rose abruptly from her chair of state, where she was sitting by queen Henrietta, and advancing to Louis XIV., took the niece of Mazarine from him, and commanded him to lead the young princess of England to the dance. Queen Henrietta, greatly alarmed at the anger of her sister-in-law and the lowering brow of her nephew, immediately rose and joined the group; she assured the king "that her daughter would not dance, she was too young, besides she had hurt her foot, and could not be his partner." These polite excuses availed not; Anne of Austria declared that if the queen of England suffered not her daughter to dance, the king should have no partner of lower rank. The result was, that neither Louis XIV. nor the princess Henrietta joined the dancers. The king was in disgrace all the evening with his mother, who reproached him from time to time, and he answered, sullenly, "that he did not like little girls."¹

The queen of England could not help attributing the rudeness of the young king to contempt for her fallen state. She, however, experienced

harmony that prevailed among the children of Charles I., and their attachment to the church of England at a time when there was no worldly motive to induce them to adhere to it. The tender friendship that subsisted between the queen of Bohemia and her brother's children, although rival interests rendered their descendants foes, is likewise an historical fact, fully proved by her correspondence, from which the above quotations have been made. She felt all their wrongs and sufferings as keenly, or more so, than her own; she loved and cherished their friends, and hated their foes, with all the vivacity of her nature. Elizabeth detested Christine of Sweden, and utterly refused introduction to her, on account of the abuse that fantastic personage levelled at Charles I., "her most dear brother," and the sycophantic homage she offered to Cromwell. "Sure," wrote the queen of Bohemia, at this juncture, "Cromwell is the beast in the Revelations, whom all the kings of the earth do worship. I wish him a like end, and speedily."—Letters of the Queen of Bohemia, Evelyn Collection.

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. v. pp. 185, 186.

a still more serious mortification when the princess Marguerite, the daughter of her sister, the duchess of Savoy, arrived at the court of France, literally as a candidate for the hand of Louis XIV. This tawny princess treated her aunt and the fair, delicate, English princess, her daughter, with the supercilious condescension that some rich heiresses use towards poor relations.¹

For nearly two years a coldness had been kept up between queen Henrietta and her sons, who were inclined to view her exclusive fondness for their young catholic sister with something like angry jealousy, when the princess of Orange paid her a visit in hopes of reconciling all differences. The queen was delighted to see her eldest daughter; but the moment she beheld her, the mania of conversion returned. She carried her to the nuns of Chaillot, who beset the poor princess with their pious entreaties; father Cyprian added his theological arguments; but all in vain the princess of Orange persisted in remaining true to the church of England.²

It was at this visit that the duke of York, who had accompanied his sister at the end of his campaign as her escort to Paris, fell in love with Anne Hyde, of whom he thus speaks in his memoirs:—"Besides her person, she had all the qualities proper to inflame a heart less apt to take fire than his;" and she brought his passion to such a height, that, between the time he first saw her and the winter before the king's restoration, he resolved to marry none but her, and promised her to do it. The king, to whom he confided his passion, refused his consent, and dissuaded his brother from the marriage, which made him conceal it for several months.³

Time and death, meanwhile, were silently effecting a change in the fortunes of the royal family of England; but the decease of her great enemy, Cromwell, at first raised no hopes in the mind of the widowed queen, for the restoration of her son. It is a curious point to be able to unveil her actual feelings at this crisis, by means of the following letter,⁴ written to a person in whom she so thoroughly confided as madame de Motteville. It was in answer to a letter of that lady, congratulating her on the removal of her persecutor.

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO MADAME DE MOTTEVILLE.

"You might accuse me with reason of showing little sensibility to the kindness of my friends, if I did not inform you that I only received your letter this morning, though dated on Sunday. I thought you would hear with joy the news of the death of that *scélérat*; but I own to you, whether it be that my heart is so wrapped in melancholy, that it is incapable of it, or that I really see not, as yet, any great advantages that will accrue to us, but I feel no very great satisfaction;

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. v. pp. 185, 186.

² MS. of Père Cyprian, who admits, when discussing this visit, that queen Henrietta had secretly endeavoured to turn her daughter Mary from the church of England in her girlhood.

³ Autograph Life of James II., edited by Macpherson, pp. 15—21.

⁴ Madame de Motteville, vol. v., p. 275. This letter is headed, "Copy of a letter of Henriette Marie, queen of England, written throughout with her own hand, to madame de Motteville, this Wednesday, September 18, 1658, N. S." The death of Cromwell had occurred September 13, N. S., September 3, Old Style.

the most I have is, seeing the hopes of all my friends. I beg you will thank madame du Plessis and mademoiselle de Belnave very warmly. I should be indeed rejoiced to make the fourth in your company. I would dwell long on the tried friendship of all of you for me; but in truth there is more in my heart than can be expressed, and my actions shall make you see it on all occasions. I entreat you to believe, or you will wrong me, that I am, from the depth of my soul, your friend,
HENRIETTE MARIE R."

The hopes of better times, which had appeared so indistinct to the mind of the widow of Charles I., were gradually developed in the course of the next few months, when the appearance of certain English time-servers, who flocked to her court, and endeavoured to forestal her favour, proved the unerring symptoms of approaching prosperity. From the journal of one of these fair-weather friends may be gathered the following intelligence: "After the death of Cromwell," says sir John Reresby, "I endeavoured to be known in the queen-mother's court which she kept then at the Palais Royal. Her majesty, at that time, had none of her children with her, but the princess Henrietta Maria; and as few of the English made their court to her, I was the better received. I spoke French, and danced pretty well, and the young princess, then about fifteen years of age, behaved to me with all the civil freedom that might be; she danced with me, played on the harpsichord to me in her chamber, suffered me to wait on her as she walked in the garden, and sometimes to toss her in a swing between two great trees, and, in fine, to be present at all her innocent diversions."

"The queen had a great affection for England, though she had met with such severity of usage there. Before the great men and ladies of France, she discoursed much in praise of the people and country—of their courage, their generosity, and good nature; and she would excuse the rebellion, as being brought about by some desperate enthusiasts, rather than proceeding from the temper of the nation. To give a little instance of her care in regard to our countrymen, I happened one day to carry an English gentleman to court, and he, willing to be very gay, had got him a garniture of rich red and yellow ribbons to his suit; and the queen, observing the absurd effect, called to me, and advised me to tell my friend to mend his taste a little as to his choice of ribbons, for the two colours he had joined were ridiculous in France, and would make people laugh at him."

"I had three cousins in an English convent, in France, one of them an ancient lady, since abbess of the house. Thither the queen was wont to retire for some days, and this lady told me that lord Jermyn had the queen greatly in awe of him, and indeed it was obvious that he had uncommon interest with her and her concerns; but that he was married to her or had children by her, as some have reported, I did not then believe, though the thing was certainly so." Pepys mentions the same gossip story, and speaks of a daughter that the queen had by lord Jermyn.

An assertion has likewise been made in print, to the following effect,

¹ Sir John Reresby's Memoirs, p. 4. Swinging was still a fashionable diversion in the time of Addison. See the Spectator.

by an anonymous writer: "I myself have often heard Mr. R. Osborne, then at Paris, with the exiled king, affirm that he saw lord Jermyn and queen Henrietta solemnly married together." Who I myself may be, by name, it would not be easy at present to discover; he is the anonymous author of a most atrocious libel, published in 1690, with the avowed intention of surpassing all the other personal slanders on the Stuart sovereigns, a difficult task, but he has certainly accomplished it.'

So little did the government of France expect the restoration of the royal family of Stuart, that cardinal Mazarine, fearful of incurring the enmity of Cromwell's successor, would not permit Charles II. to stay more than a few days with queen Henrietta, when he was on his road from Fontarabia. Both the queen and her son earnestly petitioned that he might be permitted to stay longer with her, she being then at her country-seat, at Colombes;² nevertheless, Mazarine insisted on his departure from France. Charles left his mother unwillingly, as he had many consultations to hold with her, respecting the important change in English affairs, and to the regret of both, he was forced to retire to Brussels.

Reresby, who was rather better acquainted with the state of the public mind in England than the French prime minister, remained a close attendant on queen Henrietta's court, and was actually there when the news of the Restoration arrived. He affirms that the queen expressed extravagant joy; and that the whole French and English court might rejoice with her, she gave a magnificent ball, to which every courtier of note, belonging to either country, was invited, and all the English gentlemen of whatsoever politics they might be, were guests; among others, sir John Reresby, was commanded by the queen to dance with the cardinal's niece, the beautiful Hortense Mancini. "There was a much greater resort at this time to our queen's court," pursues Reresby, "than to those of the two French queens, for her good humour and wit, and the great beauty of the young princess, her daughter, made it more attractive than the solemn Spanish etiquette observed in the others. I had more honours from our queen and her daughter, while I staid at Paris, than I deserved." That certainly was true, since the only return he made for their hospitality, was to promulgate a slander, for which not the slightest evidence can be discovered.

In private, the joy of queen Henrietta assumed a devout character; it appears that she was at the Palais Royal when the news arrived and hastened from her abode to her nuns at Chaillot the moment she heard of it, to glad them with the good tidings. Here she remained till her son, Charles II., paid her a flying visit, incognito, to Paris, for the purpose of consulting her on the subject. The mother and son dined together in the refectory of the Chaillot convent, and were waited on at table by the nuns. In the evening the queen assisted at a solemn service in the chapel, in which the whole choir sung, and prayers were

¹ Secret History of the Reigns of Charles II. and James II., with a True Portraiture of William Henry of Nassau.

² Memoirs of James II., written by himself.

offered for the benedictions of Heaven on the royal family of England!

The queen resumed, from this time, all her former activity of mind; and to assist her son in his restoration, she exerted herself to obtain for him a loan, or present, of fifty thousand crowns, from the duchess of Savoy, her sister, and she renewed every ancient tie and alliance in his favour.

The delirious joy of the Restoration, May 29, 1660, was not witnessed by her, a circumstance which called forth the following apostrophe from her poet and secretary, the celebrated Cowley, in his ode on the return and restoration of Charles II.

“Where's now the royal mother—where?
 To take her mighty share
 In this inspiring sight,
 And with the part she takes, to add to the delight!
 Ah, why art thou not here?
 Thou always best, and now the happiest queen!
 To see our joy, and with new joy be seen.
 How well thy different virtues thee become,
 Daughter of triumphs, queen of martyrdom!”

Her delay seems to have been occasioned by the negotiation she had in hand, in regard to her daughter's marriage with her nephew Philippe, who, by the death of her brother Gaston, in the autumn of 1659, had lately become duke of Orleans. In the midst of the rejoicings for the union of his eldest brother, Louis XIV., with the infanta, Maria Theresa, Orleans had fallen violently in love with his beautiful cousin. It is said that Louis XIV. was likewise sensibly touched by her charms, when it was too late. A marriage between one or other of her royal nephews, with her daughter, was the aim of Henrietta, from the time she determined to bring her up a catholic. Even so unworldly a person as Père Cyprian was fully aware of the policy of the queen of England in this matter. His manuscripts contain a graphic portrait of Henrietta of England. He says: “Now, I will continue the history of my *petite princesse*. It was well known how entirely she was beloved by the queen her mother. Indeed it often happens, that parents love most tenderly their youngest children, witness the affection of the patriarch Jacob, for Joseph and Benjamin. Of all her children, certainly the queen cherished *la petite princesse* the most, though she had for the whole the true affection of a mother.” It must be owned, with due deference to the Père Cyprian Gainache, that she had a most extraordinary way of showing it, to those who persisted in attending the service of the church of England.

“*La petite princesse*,” continues the father, “was of a rare beauty, of a sweet temper, and a noble spirit, and applied herself to all the exercises fitting to her royal degree. She excelled the most skilful in dances, in musical instruments, and all similar accomplishments; the elegance of her person, her port sweetly majestic, and all her movements so justly and tastefully regulated, called forth the praises of every one who beheld her. Above all, her aunt, madame Christine, the duchess of Savoy, envied the queen, her mother, *la petite princesse*. Supposing that she was

¹Inedited MS. at the Hotel de Soubise, Secret Archives of France.

to be brought up as a protestant, like her brothers and sisters, her aunt of Savoy expressed a wish to take her for her own, and bring her up in the religion that she thought would make her graces of mind equal those of her person."

As this sister of queen Henrietta had disgraced her regency by a fierce persecution of the Vaudois—that infamous persecution, which called forth the glorious sonnet of Milton, commencing—

"Avenge, O Lord! thy martyr'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,"

it was better that *la petite princesse* was educated under the mild tuition of her loving tutor, father Cyprian.

The peaceable re-establishment of king Charles II. in his kingdoms, without war, without contest, and without a sword being drawn, occurred at the time when the princess, his sister, had gained the perfection of her beauty. The duke of Orleans, with the consent of his brother Louis XIV., proposed to marry her, and demanded her of the queen her mother.¹

This affair came to a conclusion, when Charles II. had been settled in his kingdom about five months; queen Henrietta knew there was the important point of the portion of the young princess to settle with the English parliament. She therefore resolved to go to England with her daughter, to conclude the negotiation, and take possession at the same time of her own long withheld dowry. She hoped likewise to break the marriage of her second son James, with Mrs. Anne Hyde, of which she had heard some rumours, with rage and disgust. She need not have been so very indignant, if it is true that she had undertaken the negotiation of the marriage of the niece of cardinal Mazarine with her son, Charles II.,² for Mazarine and his family had sprung from the very lowest classes in their native country, while the ancestors of Anne Hyde belonged to a rank of English country gentry, the *nobiles minores*, as they are very truly called in the Issue Rolls, from among whom the proudest of her son's royal ancestors had not disdained to choose queens. Perhaps her chief inducement to negotiate this degrading marriage was, that she meant to divert the cardinal from shaking her son's newly-settled throne by his intrigues. However, Charles II. positively refused the alliance, and death removed Mazarine a few weeks after queen Henrietta had undertaken this commission.

Queen Henrietta was never again to behold the son with whom she had parted with such wrath, on account of his attachment to the church of England. The young duke of Gloucester had accompanied his brothers at the Restoration, and had been received with great regard, on account of his firmness to his religious principles. He fell ill with the small-pox, in September, and died on the 22d of that month, "notwithstanding repeated bleedings," as the public papers of the day affirm.

The queen's grief for the death of her youngest son was interrupted by the unwelcome confirmation of the marriage of the duke of York with Anne Hyde. Nothing could exceed her exasperation at this event;

¹ MS. of Père Guacha.

² Madame de Motteville, vol. vi.

't was not allayed by the letters she received from her eldest daughter, the princess of Orange, who had arrived in England at the very crisis of the whole discovery, and was warm in the expression of her rage at the idea of her maid becoming her sister-in-law. The queen expedited her journey to England, in hopes of rending asunder ties which she resolved should not be permanent; she immediately wrote a very severe letter to her son James, reproaching him "for having such low thoughts as to wish to marry such a woman." The duke of York showed his mother's letter to his beloved, and assured her he would not be moved by it to her injury. To king Charles II. the queen wrote, "that she was on her way to England, to prevent, with her authority, so great a stain and dishonour to the crown;" and, among other passionate expressions, she added, "that her purpose was to complain to the parliament against the lord-chancellor, and to urge that the highest remedies were to be applied for the prevention of so great a mischief."¹

Meantime envy and scandal had been busy with their usual work; a knot of profligate courtiers, stimulated by the hopes of ingratiating themselves with the queen-mother and the princess of Orange, had invented so many atrocious slanders on the character of the wife of the duke of York, that no man of honour could have retained an attachment to her, while they persisted in their testimony.

HENRIETTA MARIA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF CHARLES THE FIRST, KING OF GREAT
BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER V.

Queen arrives at Calais—Meets her son, the duke of York—Rates him for his marriage—Embarks with him on board his fleet—Lands at Dover—Fanaticism of the queen's chaplain—Her arrival at Whitehall—Excessive sorrow—Death of her eldest daughter—Queen's recognition of Anne Hyde as duchess of York—Queen's arrangements of revenue and household—Her portraits as a widow—Embarkation at Portsmouth—Dangers and adventures—Forced to land again—Illness of her daughter—Arrival in France—Marriage of her daughter with Orleans—Queen grieved by her imprudence—Queen returns to England—Her residence at Somerset House, &c.—Conduct in England—Declining Health—Returns to France—Residence at Colombe—Grief at the war with England and France—Her serious illness—Fatal consultation of physicians—Queen takes the opiate prescribed—Never wakes again—Expires—Distress in her household—Her heart sent to Chaillot—Her body rests there—Grand funeral at St. Denis—Bossuet's funeral sermon—Grand commemoration for the queen at Chaillot—Anecdotes of her from the nuns' manuscript—General

¹ Life of Clarendon, vol. i. p. 384.

Mourning throughout England and France—Grief of the duchess of Orleans—Elegiac verses to the memory of queen Henrietta Maria.

FULL of wrath at the imprudence of her second son's marriage with an English gentlewoman, the queen-mother arrived at Calais, to embark with her beautiful darling, the princess Henrietta, for those shores from which she had so long been banished. Her son, the duke of York, against whom her rage flamed so high, arrived at Calais the same day, Oct. 11, 1660, to escort her, as lord high admiral, to England, for which purpose a fleet of the finest ships in the British navy waited under his command.

Directly queen Henrietta saw her son, her passion gave vent to a torrent of reproaches on the subject of his engagement with Anne Hyde. The wrong which the duke imagined had been done to his disinterested love was then burning at his heart, and he replied to his royal mother, "that he asked her pardon for having placed his affections so low; that he had been punished by the unworthiness of the object, of which he had received such evidence, that he would never again see her, nor could he own as his wife, a woman who had been so basely false to him."¹ The queen expressed herself well satisfied with this resolution, and nothing now prevented her from enjoying the scene of her embarkation, which took place with the utmost splendour, as a grand marine festival.

"All those mighty vessels were hung, from the topsails to the decks, with the gayest flags, numerous as the leaves of trees," says Père Gamache, who is the only historian of this embarkation; "the masts of that great fleet seemed to rise thickly as a forest. Their cannon began to discharge, one ship after another, when her majesty's embarkation commenced, and, in truth, for half an hour, a most marvellous noise they made, which was distinctly heard from Calais to Dover. But never, surely, was there seen so profound a calm at sea; the ocean remained waveless as a looking-glass; not a sail, not even a flag, stirred or waved, and those majestic ships laid motionless on the surface of the water. Thus the English fleet, with her majesty on board, continued a day and night, which we had to pass on the sea. The duke of York had fortunately provided a sumptuous banquet on board, not only for his mother and sister, but for all their retinue; and thus was that great hunger appeased, which so long a sojourn on a calm sea naturally provoked. This regale was at the expense of our grand admiral, the duke of York; and when he remembered that we had to fast, because, by our calendar, it was the vigil of All Saints, he came to us kindly,² and said, 'I hear that you must not eat meat to-day. I doubt you will be inconvenienced, for all my people are huguenots, who have made no provision of fish for such an exigence, but I believe there is some sturgeon for the queen, part of which I will send to your table.'" At that time, James, duke of York, was a very zealous member of the church of England; he had forgotten that his mother could not partake of his banquet on fast days any more than her ecclesiastics.

¹ Life of Clarendon, vol. i. p. 387.

² MS. of Père Gamache, p. 120. Oct. 29th, by New Style; Oct. 19th, by Old Style, followed in England.

"The passage from Calais to Dover is usually made, in a favourable wind, in three hours," continues Père Gamache; "it was accomplished with difficulty, in this singular calm, in two days. About three o'clock in the afternoon the fleet drew near Dover, and his majesty, Charles II., came on board to welcome his royal mother. These illustrious personages landed at vesper time, with all the demonstrations of joy from the people that it was possible to show. The king had prepared a feast for his royal mother and his sister, at Dover castle, with the utmost magnificence. At this supper were assembled every member of the royal family of Stuart, to welcome queen Henrietta; her beloved daughter, the princess of Orange, was there; and with them sat down to table, Charles II., James, duke of York, the princess Henrietta, and prince Rupert. Some of these royal personages were protestants, and others catholics: it was necessary to say grace according to their separate faiths. The king's chaplain began, and blessed the viands according to the protestant fashion. Immediately after, I made a catholic benediction, saying, in a solemn and elevated voice, '*Benedic Domine nos et hæc tua dona quæ tua largitate. Sumus sumpturi per Christum Dominum nostrum.*'" Then, extending my arms, I made a great sign of the cross over the table which was served, the king and my queen, and all the princesses and princes standing while I made my benediction. Around stood as spectators the townsmen of Dover, being puritans, independents, and *trembleurs*, (quakers, we presume,) all sworn enemies to the ceremonies of our church, especially to the sign of the cross; they testified great astonishment at the liberty I took in making it thus publicly at the table of their protestant king."

The whole population of Dover, it seems, had come to see the royal supper; and as the *père* says they were chiefly dissenters, assuredly nothing could be more mischievous or ill judged than this parade of ceremonies, against which the religious feelings of the great body of the English people were opposed. The man was perfectly impracticable, being thoroughly unworldly, and only ambitious of martyrdom. He had, in his former residence in England, sought with great zeal an opportunity of being knocked on the head by some roundhead trooper or other, at the queen's chapel, in Somerset House, where he persisted in performing the Roman-catholic rites after the rebellion had broken out; and he returned to England full of the same spirit. At the same time, he seems perfectly unconscious of the great injury he was doing to the queen-mother, and the lately restored royal family. He goes on to describe the astonishment of the people, when, next morning, he and his coadjutors said high mass before queen Henrietta, in the great hall of Dover castle.

King Charles brought his mother from Gravesend by water to Whitehall, Nov. 2. The river from Lambeth to the city was so thronged with boats, that no person could make way among them. Pepys, who laid out expence for a sculler to row up to the royal barges, was disappointed, and observes, in a pet, "that there were but three bonfires in

the city to welcome her, and it was believed that her coming did not please any one." The very next day after the queen's arrival at Whitehall, she held a great levée, and many of the nobility came to kiss her hand; the privy council waited on her in a body, and congratulated her on her return to England. The lord-chancellor Clarendon, was obliged, by the etiquette of his official situation, to appear at their head. Notwithstanding the indignation that the queen cherished against his daughter, and which she had declared in France should prevent her from even speaking to him, she did not receive him less graciously than his companions.

The unfortunate Anne Hyde brought into the world, some days afterwards, a living son, which the duke of York would, a few weeks before, have been proud to own as his heir, but at this time his sister, and his friend sir Charles Berkeley, had so completely poisoned his mind with the doubts of his wife's fidelity, that he remained in a state of miserable uncertainty.¹

Although queen Henrietta manifested lively indignation whenever the remembrance of Anne Hyde occurred to her, yet she must be acquitted of the great wickedness of suborning false witnesses against her, of which crime the princess of Orange, who still remained in England, was by no means clear. But the dialogue that Clarendon himself records as passing between the duke of York and his royal mother at the embarkation, proves that these iniquities had been practised before the return of the latter, and that she was then equally a stranger to the scandals on Anne Hyde, and the effect produced by them on the mind of her son.

The thoughts of Henrietta soon were forced back to those heavy sorrows which prove how little the world is, with all the vain distinctions and pomps thereof, to a heart which has once been truly given to an object loved and lost. The transient triumph of her entrance into a metropolis which she had quitted so disastrously, was succeeded by feelings of the deepest sorrow, to which she abandoned herself, as if in a long lasting fit of despair. She shut herself up for hours alone, and when her ladies craved admittance, it was found that she had been weeping bitterly.² "The sight of the apartments where she passed her happy wedded life with Charles I. she declared agonized her; the vicinity to the scene of his death wrung her heart. She could not bear to look on that Westminster Hall where he was arraigned as a criminal, nor that palace of their former pleasures, the Banqueting House, before which his blood was shed.³ She sunk into the deepest melancholy, and the worst was, that the relief of change of place could not be afforded her, for there were neither funds or time to restore her dower palace of Somerset House, which was utterly dilapidated. 'Ruins and desolation,' she said, 'are around and about me.' A thousand sorrowful thoughts beset her; she wept, she wrung her hands, and called herself the desolate widow of Charles, *la reine malheureuse*.⁴ All the ladies and officers of her household hoped that her stay would not be long in England."

¹ Life of Clarendon, vol. i. p. 390.

² Vie de Henriette de France, appended to the Oraison de Bossuet.

³ Ibid.

⁴ MS. of Père Cyprian Garnache

While the queen-mother remained in this unhappy state, the duke of York, her favourite son, was ill and wretched, with his heart yearning towards his wife and son. Although he was quite ready to defy his mother and sister, who were so furiously set against his marriage with the daughter of Clarendon, he was strangely perplexed by the declaration of sir Charles Berkeley, the captain of his guard, who affirmed that both the mother and child pertained to him, and that he was ready to marry the one and own the other. The unfortunate Anne protested that her hand, her heart, and her infant, belonged to her princely husband, and took the most solemn oaths to this effect, before the bishop of Winchester and the duchess of Ormonde, while she was in a dangerous state between life and death. The king, who seems to have acted with unusual respectability on this occasion, took the part of his distressed sister-in-law, whom he declared he believed to be greatly wronged. In this state was the court of England, when the Christmas of 1660 drew near, which was to be celebrated in the palace with all the ancient festivities of merry England.¹

The Christmas of 1660 was no season of rejoicing for the queen-mother. The royal vault, which had so recently been unclosed to receive young Gloucester, again yawned for another of the royal family before the year was completed. The princess of Orange was smitten with the small-pox on the 18th of December. The fatal practice of

¹ "Christmas," says Père Cyprian, "was always observed in this country, especially at the king's palaces, with greater pomp than in any other realm in Europe." Among other ancient ceremonies now forgotten, he mentions a pretty one, in which a branch of the Glastonbury thorn, which usually flowers on Christmas-eve, used to be brought up in procession, and presented in great pomp to the king and queen of England on Christmas morning. Père Gamache, in mentioning this ceremony, says, this blossoming thorn was much venerated by the English, because, in their traditions, they say, that St. Joseph of Arimathea brought to Glastonbury a thorn out of our Lord's crown, and planting it in the earth, it bourgeoned, and blossomed, and yearly produced blossoms to decorate the altar on Christmas-eve mass—

"That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear."

WORDSWORTH.

The Père seems to enjoy very much the following anecdote of Charles I., though it was against the catholics:—"Well," said the king, extending his hand, one Christmas-day, to take the flowering branch of Glastonbury thorn, "this is a miracle, is it?" "Yes, your majesty," replied the officer who presented it, "a miracle peculiar to England, and regarded with great veneration by the catholics here." "How so," said the king, "when this miracle opposes itself to the pope?" (Every one looked astonished in the royal circle, papist and protestant.) "You bring me this miraculous branch on Christmas-day, old style. Does it always observe the old style, by which we English celebrate its nativity, in its time of flowering?" asked the king. "Always," replied the venerator of the miracle. "Then," said king Charles, "the pope and your miracle differ not a little, for he always celebrates Christmas-day ten days earlier by the calendar of new style, which has been ordained at Rome by papal orders for nearly a century." This dialogue probably put an end to this old custom, which, setting all idea of miracle aside, was a picturesque one, for a flowering branch on Christmas-day is a pleasing gift, whether in a court or a cottage.

bleeding repeatedly, while the eruption was appearing, was then the favourite medical treatment, and was the true cause why that horrid disease was generally fatal whenever it attacked persons of rank at this era. The struggle both with the disease and the doctor was too much for most constitutions, and the patient usually succumbed. The queen, when she found that the princess of Orange was attacked with the small-pox, hurried away her beautiful darling Henrietta, and enclosed herself with her in the palace of St. James.¹

How the queen could bear to leave the faithful daughter to expire alone, whose life had been a constant scene of self-sacrifice for the support and benefit of her exiled and impoverished family, seems strange; but so it was. All the maternal affections of queen Henrietta were centred in her adoration for her youngest child, from the moment that she resolved to educate her as a Roman-catholic.

When the princess of Orange was in the agonies of death, the thought smote her conscience that Anne Hyde had been foully slandered, whether with her consent is a point that Clarendon leaves doubtful. But he expressly says, that from what passed at the death-bed of this princess, the innocence of his daughter became apparent. The princess expired² on Christmas-eve, and was buried at midnight, on the 29th of December. Her funeral procession was by torch-light from Somerset House to Westminster Abbey, where she was laid in the Stuart vault, by the side of her beloved brother Gloucester.

Grief and disappointment had thrown the duke of York on a sick bed, when sir Charles Berkeley came to him, and avowed that all he had said against Anne Hyde was false-witness, and "that he had been prompted to it by the belief that it would be the utter ruin of his royal highness if he married a private gentlewoman, and therefore he thought it would be better for her to have a husband of her own rank; but as he found that his dear master was so heart-wounded by the slander, he came to confess the truth and ask his pardon." That the death-bed confession of the princess led to this avowal there can be no doubt; probably Berkeley heard of it before the duke of York, and owned his guilt before it was proved to his confusion. The duke of York felt his heart suddenly relieved from its heavy load by this acknowledgment; he forgave the culprit, who had been heretofore his dearest friend and comrade in arms, and immediately wrote to his injured wife "to keep up her spirits, for Providence had cleared her aspersed fame; and above all things to have a care of his boy, and that he should come and see them both very shortly."³ It is probable that Berkeley had formed a passion for Anne Hyde as well as his master, and wished to gain her on any terms.

The duke and duchess of York, though reconciled to each other, remained under the malediction and interdict of their royal mother, a circumstance which was in those days still considered inauspicious for an outset in married life. The duke of York was very desirous tha

¹ *Memoir of Henrietta Maria, 1672, pp. 57-59. MS. of Père Gamache, p. 123 and Evelyn's Diary.*

² *Memoirs of James II.*

³ *Life of Clarendon, vol. i.*

queen Henrietta should forgive them, and receive his much-trying wife as her daughter. The time was short; the queen was departing for France early in the month of January, and her demeanour was as yet so implacable, that when king Charles gave some leading hints on the propriety of doing justice to the daughter of Clarendon, her majesty affirmed, in her passion, "If that woman enters Whitehall by one door, I shall leave it by another." She was furious when she heard that the duke of York had visited his wife and infant; she would not speak to him or see him willingly; when he came with the king, she dared not refuse him entrance, but forbore to take the least notice of him.¹

There is no satisfactory reason for the queen's sudden change given by Clarendon, who best knew all the motives that actuated the proceedings of the court at this juncture. He mentions that abbé Montague and the earl of St. Albans waited on him one after the other, and assured him that the queen was ready to forgive and receive his daughter, on account of a message she had received to that effect from cardinal Mazarine, who wished to remain on friendly terms with him. Yet, as Clarendon truly says, "he could not comprehend from what fountain the good-will of the cardinal proceeded, who had never before been propitious to him." The whole reconciliation evidently sprung from the death-bed remorse of the princess of Orange, for the queen's change of mind and purpose suddenly took place between the day of her death and of her burial. The queen had in all probability been told how differently her daughter had thought of the matter on her death-bed, but did not wish that the name of the princess should be called in question concerning the disgraceful calumny, but rather gave her forgiveness the semblance of a matter of diplomacy.

The queen's recognition of the daughter of Clarendon was observed on New Year's day as a public festival. It was but two days after the burial of the princess of Orange, and the mourning for her was general, when the duke of York brought his duchess² from her father's residence, Worcester House, Strand, in state to Whitehall, where the royal family were to dine together in public. "As the queen passed to dinner, the duchess of York knelt to her; her majesty raised her, kissed her, and placed her at table."³

Such is the brief notice that father Cyprian takes of this scene. He is far more intent on describing an odd adventure, that took place at the same time, relative to his own small ceremonials, than dwelling on the feelings of the duchess of York. Nevertheless, we learn from him "that the royal family of Stuart usually dined in public," it may be supposed in the same manner customary to the royal family of France before the revolution of 1790. At the New Year's festival there sat down to table with the king, his mother, and his sister Henrietta, the duke of York, the newly forgiven duchess, prince Rupert, and prince Edward, sons to the queen of Bohemia. Queen Henrietta never would eat her dinner without her chaplain, father Cyprian, said a Latin grace, and the king

¹ Life of Clarendon. vol. i., p. 138.

² MS of Père Cyprian Gamache.

³ Pepys' Diary, vol. i. p. 165.

of course, ordered his chaplain to say grace according to the form of the church of England. There was a regular contest which of them should begin first. "On this occasion," observes father Cyprian, "the crowds were so vast, that both I and the church of England minister were struggling with the press of people who came to see the royal family dine, so that the minister fell down, and could not reach the royal table; but I gained it, and said the grace, and the king had begun his dinner some time before the minister could approach. When he did so, all the lords and gentlemen who stood behind the royal chair set up a loud laugh, and shouted 'that the king's chaplain and the queen's priest had run a race to say grace, but the chaplain was floored (*terrassé*), and the priest had won.'"¹ This is a specimen of the disorderly manners of the English courtiers just after the Restoration.

In the afternoon, queen Henrietta gave an audience of farewell in her bed-chamber, at Whitehall, to the ladies of her court, previously to her departure for France. The duke of York led in his duchess, and presented her to his mother, "who," says Clarendon, "received her with the same grace as if she had approved the marriage from the beginning, and very kindly made her sit down by her."² Thus the queen, who had so lately pursued her daughter-in-law with scorn and malediction, in a few days associated her with the reception of her court. When lord Clarendon entered, the queen rose from her chair; and as he had kept proudly aloof from her majesty since she had taken off her interdict from his daughter's marriage, the scene was likely to prove too interesting for so many witnesses, and at a sign from her majesty all her ladies retired.

The queen then said to Clarendon, with a serene and pleasant countenance, "that if she had spoken anything in her passion which he had taken ill, he ought to impute it to the great provocation she had received," for "she owned she had been deeply offended with her son the duke of York, and certainly had had no inclination to consent to his marriage; but as she had been informed by the king that this alliance had not been contrived by him (the chancellor), and that he was as much offended with it as was worthy of him; and as his fidelity to her late husband was very eminent, and that he had served her son not only with as much fidelity, but with extraordinary success—And, therefore," pursued queen Henrietta, "do I receive your daughter as my daughter, and will heartily forgive the duke and her; and I am resolved ever after to live with all the affection of a mother towards them. And I am resolved to make a friendship with you myself, and I shall expect from you all the good offices which my kindness will deserve."

Lord Clarendon replied by praising "the mercy and clemency of her majesty in departing so soon from needful severity, and in pardoning a crime which was unpardonable," and assured her, "that she would have forgotten her own honour and station if she had been less offended; that, as for himself, he should always depend on her protection as his most gracious mistress, and would pay all obedience to her commands."

The queen then put into lord Clarendon's hand a paper, in which she pointed out to him some things which concerned her service and in-

¹ MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache.

² Life of Clarendon, vol. i., p. 402

terest, and requested him to despatch them; and the evening drawing on; and many ladies filling the outer apartments, all anxious for an audience, lord Clarendon took his leave, by kneeling and kissing her majesty's hand.¹

Such are the particulars of one of the most extraordinary marriages that ever took place in England, from which afterwards sprung two queen-regnants of Great Britain and Ireland, queen Mary II. and queen Anne, grand-daughters to Henrietta Maria. The duke and duchess of York had several sons, but out of a numerous family two daughters only reached maturity. Charles II. has been greatly blamed for suffering this marriage to receive his royal sanction. But what could the king do? The church and people of England still held the marriage vow in the deepest reverence, as irrevocable.²

The queen had hastened her arrival in England in order to break this marriage, which she finally sanctioned, and now she only tarried till parliament had secured the marriage portion of the princess Henrietta, and her own dower, which was finally accomplished in the beginning of January, 1660-1. Most of her dower lands had been shared among the regicides. Okey, Walton, Scroop, Norton, Pride, Whalley, Edwards, and Tichbourne, Lambert, and Blackwell had not done their bloody work for nought, and were found in patriotic possession of large portions of the queen's dower. In many instances, it was considered impossible to wrest possession from those who held the dower lands, and in all the property was greatly wasted and injured. Therefore parliament granted her majesty, in compensation, 30,000*l.* per annum, and the king added a pension of 30,000*l.* more from the exchequer. As it was contrary to the ancient customs of the country for a queen dowager to be an absentee, being expected to spend her dower income in the country, her majesty promised to return and live in England, after she had superintended the marriage of the princess Henrietta to the duke of

¹ Life of Clarendon, vol. i. pp. 402, 403.

² The venerable law of England acknowledged the sanctity of the vow of wedlock without any respect of persons; and when parliament illegitimized the children of a similar marriage to that of the duke of York with Anne Hyde, a revolution was the consequence; and the legitimacy of the daughters of Edward IV. was, in fact, decided by the bloody battle of Bosworth. Nor did Henry VIII. venture on his bigamies till he had enslaved his people. Instances were very rare in which an English parliament had ventured to put asunder those whom God had joined together; and the marriage vow of an English prince or peer was as sacred as that of a peasant. If a prince married against the leave of his sovereign, he rendered himself obnoxious to personal restraint and punishment, but not to divorce.

As the duke of York remained constant to the wife he had chosen, all that the king could do was to imprison and torment him; but a friendship subsisted between the royal brethren. Besides, the marriage could not be broken without degradation to the royal pedigree, by invalidating the marriages of Katharine of Valois with Owen Tudor, and Edward IV. with Elizabeth Woodville, both of which the church and people had maintained against all opposing acts of parliament. All these reasons, added to the affection there was between the royal brothers, caused Charles II. to acknowledge his sister-in-law as duchess of York. Moreover, at that time Charles II. had grace enough left to feel veneration and gratitude to her father, the loyal earl of Clarendon.

Orleans. She gave orders and plans for the repairs of her dower palaces of Somerset House and Greenwich. She likewise settled her court and household after the following plan. Her lord chamberlain and steward of her revenue was Henry lord Jermyn, lately created earl of St. Albans. The gossips of the court now resumed the story that she was secretly married¹ to him: of this we cannot gather a particle of evidence. The only proof offered in support of this assertion is not a very complimentary one to matrimony; it is, that the queen often looked pale, and seemed alarmed when he entered the room where she was.² Sir John Reresby gathered this intelligence from his cousins, the nuns, who, not being very conversant in matrimonial affairs, supposed, perhaps, that this was the usual effect of the presence of a lady's lord and master. But we have shown that lord Jermyn had, from a very early period of her life, been the queen's confidential servant at the head of her court, and was, by his office, obliged to communicate whatsoever had befallen. How direful his tidings had sometimes been, these pages have related. It is no marvel, then, considering how full of disasters her career had been, that her poor cheek sometimes blanched at his entrance. In his hands, likewise, all her funds were placed; he had the management of her expenditure, and she had suffered sufficiently, in regard to pecuniary distress, to cause uneasiness of mind, when she apprehended that he entered her presence to discuss harassing money matters.

Lord Jermyn, by his new title of St. Albans, still continued the prime minister of her court and revenue. Her vice-chamberlain was a Frenchman, M. Vautelet, whose salary was 200*l*. The celebrated sir Kenelm Digby was her chancellor; he was a Roman catholic, much given to a fantastical belief in spirits and astrology. The queen's master of horse was lord Arundel of Wardour, count of the Roman empire. He was a Roman catholic. Her secretary was sir John Winter; the poet Cowley was her private secretary, employed in the decyphering of her correspondence.³ From Cowley's complaining letters, it is generally supposed that he had been cruelly and ungratefully neglected by the queen. Such was not the case; she granted him lands for life, as soon as she obtained possession of any part of her dower-domains. She gave him that which would have enriched him, but he died not long after the Restoration.

The comptroller of the queen's household was sir Thomas Bond. She had four gentlemen ushers, or ushers of the privy chamber, at 130*l* per annum each, and diet; four grooms of the privy chamber, each at 60*l*. salary, and diet; four pages and eight grooms of her great presence chamber. She had two cup-bearers, two carvers, and two gentlemen ushers of the great presence chamber; each had 120*l*. salary, and "*bouche* of the court" at the same table.⁴

The chief lady of Henrietta's bed-chamber was the dowager duchess

¹ We have been favoured by a communication from the noble family who are the collateral representatives of lord Jermyn. They possess some of his letters but not one which gives the least authenticity to this report.

² Sir John Reresby's Memoirs.

³ Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1672, p. 62.

of Richmond, a beautiful young widow, the eldest daughter of the mighty favourite of James and Charles I., and sister of the dissolute and witty Villiers, duke of Buckingham.

This lady belonged to the church of England; in conversation she agreed with father Cyprian on so many points, that he had the most lively hopes of her conversion; but, to the great vexation of his spirit, he found it impossible to coax her into a profession of the Roman catholic creed.

Lady Newport was the next lady of the bed-chamber; there were four ladies of the privy chamber, each having a salary of 150*l.* per annum; there were eight bed-chamber women. Lady Saunderson was the queen's laundress; this lady was a trusted servant of the royal family; to her care Charles I. had consigned his George and personal jewels the day of his execution.¹

The ecclesiastical establishment of queen Henrietta was re-instated in her palace. If she had been ruled by wisdom and right judgment, she would have kept all the outward and visible signs of her religion as much as possible from collision with the furious prejudices of the sectarians, instead of irritating them by an ostentatious display of ceremonies, which were obnoxious to them. But, instead of this moderation, even father Cyprian, the meekest of the party, boasts of making the sign of the cross to the vexation of the sectarians of Dover; and if he, whose private memoirs bespeak him, in general, a mild philanthropist, indulged in this species of warfare, how, may we ask, did the fierce abbé Montague conduct himself, who had already urged the queen to so much intolerant cruelty towards young Gloucester? No doubt the catholic establishment of the queen-mother in England was as injurious to the popularity of her newly restored family as it had been to the cause of her husband when she was queen-consort. She had her lord almoner, (abbé Montague,) brother to the earl of Manchester, his salary being 700*l.* per annum. The queen's confessor, father Lambert, a French gentleman, had a salary of 300*l.* per annum. Her clerk of the closet, who was assistant to her confessor, had 200*l.* per annum, and a lay brother received a salary of 40*l.* Her convent of capuchins adjoined the chapel at Somerset House, and consisted of a warden, called a father guardian, seven priests, the elder of whom was Père Cyprian Gamache, and two lay brothers; this convent cost the queen 500*l.* per annum. The capuchins undertook the service of the chapel daily, and preached sermons every Sunday and holiday, and during Lent."

"In the depths of her distress, at the blockade of Paris, queen Henrietta had sold not only her jewels, to supply her famishing household, but even the altar-plate of her chapel; she had not hitherto been able to afford to replace them. But when she was preparing to depart for England, at the Restoration, the duchess d'Aiguillon, niece of cardinal Richelieu, presented the altar-plate, left by that minister, to queen Henrietta: it was very rich, brilliant, and magnificent, and was used at the catholic chapel in Somerset House."²

Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1672.

² MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache.

The queen had a guard of gentlemen-at-arms, very splendidly dressed, all men of family. They wore black velvet cassocks, embroidered with gold, and with a gold embroidered badge; they carried halberds, and waited in lines when her majesty went to her sedan, or into her chapel, or when she passed to her meals. When she went out in a coach, they rode, gallantly mounted, each with carbines slung to their waist, on each side of her carriage, which was usually drawn by six horses. These guards always wore their hats, whether they were on duty in the palace, or without doors. The earl of St. Albans was their captain.¹

The chief equerry of the queen was sir Edward Wingfield, who governed the stable, and had under his care four-and-twenty horses and four coaches. There were, in the queen's establishment, twelve footmen, twelve bargemen in her liveries, four pages of the back stairs, and several officers of her pantry, ewry, cellar, and buttery. She appointed a master of the buck hounds, a master of the bows, of the queen's games, and of her chapel of music.² Such was the establishment of a queen dowager within the last two centuries.

Although the household of queen Henrietta was thus magnificently arranged, she had long given up all splendour of dress. She never left off the sable garb she wore for king Charles, and her pictures represent her in widow's weeds. The plainness of her attire, after she returned to England, is noted by that quaint oddity, Pepys, in terms of disparagement and disappointment, when he describes a visit to Whitehall, to gaze on the royal family. "Mr. Fox came in presently, and did take my wife and I to the queen's presence chamber, where he got my wife placed behind the queen's chair, and the two princesses came in to dinner. The queen is a very little *plain*³ old woman, and nothing more in her presence or garb than in any ordinary woman."

Several portraits are extant of the once lovely daughter of Henri Quatre, in the plain black dress with the widow's veil, which she wore after the death of her husband. There is one painting, at chateau d'Eu, in this mourning, which represents her with her beauty scarcely faded. Even under the iron rule of Cromwell, engravings were published of the royal widow in her weeds. One of these is a good likeness, representing her in the black veil with its triangular frontlet, a straight white cape, but one jewel formed in a cross, and a black dress; it is the frontispiece of a cookery-book, a great curiosity, called the "Queen's Closet Broke Open." The publisher has fearlessly put his name and address. Much praise is bestowed on the widowed queen's virtues and skill in medicine and cookery, which were more likely to interest in her favour the middle classes of England than commendations on her courage and mag-

¹ Life of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

² Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, pp. 62-67.

³ Pepys' Journal, vol. i., p. 160. By the word plain, he means unpretending. He adds, "The princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing herself with her hair frizzed short up to her ears, did make her seem so much the less to me. My wife standing near her, with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she."

nanimity, especially as on the title-page it is affirmed that some of the recipes had been honoured by her majesty's own personal practice in her leisure hours—when these occurred, the author, who pretends to be one of her household, does not say, and we can assure our readers that the assertion is an audacious bookseller's puff. Several possets and plague-waters are in the work, sanctioned by the queen's name, and many strange and barbarous compounds quoted as her favourite dishes.

There is another portrait of Henrietta completely in sable weeds, with merely a small fold of white lawn round the throat; her hair is in full ringlets, but wholly enveloped in crape.

As soon as her reconciliation with the duke and duchess of York was effected, queen Henrietta, in mortal terror lest the small-pox should destroy the life or beauty of her only remaining daughter, hurried the darling of her heart from the infected metropolis to Hampton Court. She waited there till parliament had settled on the princess Henrietta a marriage portion of 40,000 jacobuses, accompanied with a gift of 20,000*l.* as an outfit. The king attended his royal mother and sister to Portsmouth, where they embarked in a first-rate man-of-war, (the London,) January 9, 1660-1.¹ A train of disasters as usual attended her voyage.

The queen sailed from Portsmouth the following day; the princess Henrietta was very ill, which was attributed to sea-sickness; but the next day a violent eruption appeared, with all the symptoms of the small-pox, and the queen recalled, in agony, how lately she had lost two of her children with the same malady. The princess grew worse every moment, and the queen insisted on returning to Portsmouth. Her terrors regarding her child's illness were soon varied by apprehension of losing her by drowning, for the pilot, or the earl of Sandwich, who commanded the London, ran the vessel on the Horse-sand, near Portsmouth, where she grounded. The queen positively refused to leave the ship till she saw what turn the illness of the princess would take. The physicians soon after declared that the princess might land, for her illness was not the small-pox, but a bad attack of measles. During the recovery of the princess, the queen remained with her at Portsmouth.²

Père Cyprian was in the queen's suite, and ought to have given the best account of all these adventures, but the whole soul and intellect of the father was intent upon a conversion at Portsmouth; it seemed in his eyes of more consequence than the safety of the London, her majesty, his royal pupil, the admiral, the crew, and passengers, including himself. He had almost persuaded the clergyman of one of the churches at Portsmouth to declare himself a catholic, and to forsake his wife and family, assuring him "that the queen would allow him, as a proselyte to her faith, a handsome pension."³ Nothing could be more mischievously mad than for her to do any such thing, or even for it to be talked of, or hinted at, that she was likely or willing to do so. It is an instance which illustrates the causes of the extreme unpopularity of queen Henrietta in England. However, the proselyte altered his mind, and the

¹ Pepys' Diary, vol. i. p. 170.

² Pepys' Diary, Mademoiselle de Motteville, and MS. of Père Gamache.

³ MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache, p. 124.

queen was not tempted to commit so notorious a wrong, as to pension a renegade clergyman of the church of England out of the dower she received from the country.

The queen was forced to abide at Portsmouth a fortnight, before she could re-embark without danger of injuring the princess. It was the 26th of January before they sailed; and this time they accomplished the voyage very happily, and soon arrived at Havre. It was the intention of the queen to pass through Rouen; but the governor sent word, on their approach, that the small-pox was raging there like a pest, and that many persons died of that disease daily. At first the queen was disposed to think that the governor sent this message to spare himself the trouble and expense of entertaining royal guests; but, on inquiry, she found it was a salutary warning which probably had saved the life of the daughter who was so precious to her. The queen therefore took her route towards Pontoise, but, on the road, the duke of Longueville, governor of Normandy, met her at the head of a squadron of horse, composed of the flower of the Norman nobility. He escorted her majesty to a château of his own, at some distance from the infected city of Rouen, and there he entertained her most splendidly. The times were changed since this prince and his party of the Fronde¹ had besieged Henrietta in the Louvre, and caused her, and the very princess who accompanied her, to suffer cold and hunger.

Queen Henrietta held a grand court at the château de Longueville, where were presented to her many of the Norman nobles and their ladies. The president of Rouen craved an audience, and made her a very eloquent harangue, "to which," says Père Gamache, "her majesty listened with the utmost attention, and having a ready wit and great presence of mind, she made him a prompt and judicious answer, in the course of which she recommended to his attention some differences between the civil authorities and the capuchins of his province." Of course, if such was the theme of her majesty's discourse, it would appear to possess the eloquence of an angel to the mind of father Cyprian. It will, however, be owned that the power of answering gracefully and promptly to an address, is one of the most valuable qualifications a royal personage can possess.

The president of Rouen having promised her majesty his favourable attention to her protégés, the capuchins, she was conducted to her coach with great state; the duke of Longueville, and the cavaliers of the *haute noblesse* of Normandy, rode by her carriage a day's journey on the way to Pontoise. Here she had consented to accept of the hospitality of her lord almoner, Montague, who was abbot of Pontoise. The queen was astonished at the grandeur with which her almoner performed his hospitalities; neither she nor her retinue could sufficiently admire his plate, his pictures, his jewels, his hangings, and the fine banquet spread for them. But it soon appeared that queen Henrietta and her daughter were not the only royal guests expected. A mighty flourish of trumpets, kettle-drums, and cymbals was heard, and, soon after, Louis XIV. and

¹ MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache, p. 125.

his queen, Marie Therese, with the duke of Orleans, alighted at the abbey, and came to welcome queen Henrietta and the princess.¹

"The king and queen of France remained conversing alone with her majesty the queen of England till evening," adds Père Cyprian, "and as to Monsieur, the duke of Orleans, he deemed himself in paradise when he saw our princess Henrietta,² whom he tenderly loved, and whom he considered as his future spouse. He had suffered much from grief and apprehension during her absence. He had been troubled with insomnolences, agitations of the heart, and the greatest anguish when her life was in danger." It would seem, whether to test his affection, or from some other reason not explained, that the unfortunate lover had been kept in suspense, and was not informed that his princess accompanied her mother. Father Cyprian describes his demeanour as if he were very desperately enamoured indeed. "He stood at first with his eyes intently fixed on the princess Henrietta, as if he knew not how to believe that he saw her, and expected her to vanish from his sight. At last he recovered himself, kissed her, and spoke to her; and, after some time, he begged to learn from her own lips all the particulars of her voyage, and he listened with great pleasure and rapt attention to all her adventures."³ And we must say that we are (and so, no doubt, are all our readers) excessively angry with father Cyprian that he did not journalize these adventures of his royal patronesses, instead of unsettling the creed of the Portsmouth clergyman.

The queen received the pope's breve of dispensation to authorize the marriage of her daughter and her nephew, Orleans, towards the end of Lent. The recent deaths in her family made the queen desire that the nuptials should be quietly performed at her own private chapel in the Palais Royal. The marriage took place, March 31, 1661, with as little pomp as was consistent with the presence of the illustrious guests who assisted at the ceremony; these were Louis XIV., his consort, and royal mother. The great Condé was likewise queen Henrietta's guest on this occasion. To her deep sorrow, she found that the duke of Orleans, a few days after his marriage, insisted on withdrawing his bride to his own residence—first to the Tuilleries, and then to Fontainebleau. "This thing was only just, and according to the law of God," observes father Cyprian; "nevertheless the separation which tore asunder this royal mother and daughter was attended with more anguish than the occasion seemed to warrant. The princess had, in a manner, been brought up in her mother's bosom, and the adversity they had encountered together had made them inexpressibly dear to each other. But there was more anxiety at the heart of the mother than arose from mere parting."

When her daughter departed with the royal family to pass the summer at Fontainebleau, queen Henrietta retired to her favourite château of Colombe, situated on the river Seine, a few miles from Paris.

Madame de Motteville gives the reason of the grief with which queen Henrietta parted from her daughter. Without doing or even thinking of evil, the young duchess of Orleans plunged giddily into the vortex

¹ MS of Père Gamache, p. 125.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*, p. 126.

of dissipation that the court of Louis XIV. presented; she was seen as the leader of every masque, at every ball, at every hunting party, and especially at some nightly promenades, which gave great displeasure to the two queens of France. In a little time both her health and her respectability were somewhat injured by this thoughtless career. The duke of Orleans, her adoring husband, in whom the mischief had originated, by withdrawing her from the care of her mother before she was of age to understand how to guide her course, now manifested great uneasiness at her conduct.¹

Alarmed at these sinister reports, queen Henrietta begged madame de Motteville to keep a watch over her daughter, and on this matter that lady says, "By a letter that I received from the queen of England, her uneasiness was perceptible as to what passed at Fontainebleau, and that the queen-mother (of France) was ill satisfied at the conduct of madame d'Orleans. I have taken care of all the letters that this great queen did me the honour to write to me, which are all marked with the goodness and beauty of her mind. Queen Henrietta, it is true, was so long habituated to speak English, that her French diction was a little vitiated, but her kindness and good sense are always intelligible."

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO MADAME DE MOTTEVILLE.²

"I believe, that in your soul you say, 'as to this queen of England, she has wholly forgotten me.' That is not the case. M. de Montague³ will tell you, how often and affectionately I have thought of you. But, as to your letters, I have to avow idleness; at the same time, I acknowledge that I was wrong not to have expressed to you the satisfaction I had at the receipt of your two letters; and, if you have leisure, I ask the continuation, having seen yesterday ladies who came direct from Fontainebleau, who tell me that you are always engaged near the queen, and that it is not possible to have access to you.

"I feared as much from not receiving any letters by them, as by the matter of which they hint.

"If you have plenty of news where you are, there is complete silence here; silence is certainly proper to remember one's friends in. I am persuaded you reckon yourself among the number, and can be assured that you will thus continue.

"You have with you another little self of mine,⁴ who is strongly your friend, I assure you. Continue so to both; that is enough to say to you from

"HENRIETTE MARIE."

[This was written from Colombe, apparently early in June, 1661.]

Before the end of the summer, however, the queen-mother of France Anne of Austria, sent for the abbé Montague, and for Jermyn, earl of St. Albans, and complained to them very harshly on the subject of their young princess. She bade them tell their queen of England that she ought to keep no measures when reproving her.

"The queen of England," pursues madame de Motteville, "led a sweet and easy life at Colombe; she sought for nothing but peace, and now declared that, knowing the good disposition in the soul of her Henrietta,

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. vi. p. 62.

² Ibid., pp. 63, 64.

³ The queen's grand almoner the abbé lord Walter Montague

⁴ Her daughter, the young duchess of Orleans. The expression is *Vous avez avec vous un autre petit moi-même.*

she did not expect any ill from her actions, for she believed them exempt from any intention of evil." Certainly, in this matter, the folly rested with those who placed an inexperienced child of sixteen in a difficult station; the queen had been very unwilling to give up the guidance of her daughter, and worse results might have taken place.

Queen Henrietta was always honoured and beloved in her own country. In the midst of her adversities, she had possessed great influence in France; she did not lose it of course when her fortunes improved; she was invited to stand sponsor for the infant dauphin, the eldest child of Louis XIV. and Maria Therese of Spain. The dauphin being born on All-Saints'-Day, the 1st of November, she gave him at the font the quaint addition of Toussaint to the name of Louis. In the spring of 1662, the queen received a long visit at Colombe from the duke and duchess of Orleans; from thence they accompanied her, on her way to England, as far as Beauvais. There was a doleful parting here between the queen and her daughter, for they both believed that her future residence would be life-long in England. Queen Henrietta proceeded to Calais, and the young duchess of Orleans returned sorrowfully to Paris.

England, with all its sad reminiscences and religious enmity, did not hold out a very inviting futurity to the widow of Charles I. Yet she redeemed her promise of returning thither, July 28, 1662. She did not make the voyage without danger of her life from a violent storm. Her son, Charles II., whose marriage with Catharine of Braganza had lately taken place, with his bride, received and welcomed her at Greenwich palace. As the repairs of Somerset House were not yet completed, queen Henrietta took up her abode in the old palace of Greenwich,¹ then greatly dilapidated. She was the last royal occupant it ever received. The king sent for his mother from Greenwich, to join in the grand water procession which took place when his bride came in her barge down the Thames, from Hampton Court, to take possession of her state-palace of Whitehall.

Catharine of Braganza was a daughter-in-law whose religion suited queen Henrietta only too well, consequently she lived in peace with her. The duchess of York, her other daughter-in-law, was treated by her with amity; she had lost her grandson the duke of Cambridge, but his loss she found replaced by the birth of a very lovely grand-daughter, Mary, afterwards elective queen-regnant of Great Britain.

In the course of the summer queen Henrietta took possession of her palace of Somerset House, to which she had made very splendid additions and restorations. On this circumstance her former poet, Waller, again brought his adulation to the feet of the queen. His verses, though inferior to his earlier poems, are full of historical allusions.

"Great queen, who does our island bless
With princes and with palaces,
Peace from this realm and you were gone,
Your bowers were in the storm o'erthrown.
But true to England in your love,
As birds are to their wonted grove,

¹ Pepys, vol. i. p. 290.

Though by rude hands their nests are spoiled,
 There the next spring again they build,
 Accusing some malignant star,
 Not Britain, for that fatal war."

A tradition is extant that the queen, inheriting the practical taste for architecture, which had caused her mother Marie de Medicis to design with her own hand the Luxemburgh palace, had made original drawings of all the buildings she added to Somerset House.

Her majesty's chamber and closet at Somerset House were considered remarkable for the beauty of the furniture and pictures. The great stone staircase led down into the garden on the bank of the Thames. The echo on this stair, if a voice sang three notes, made many repetitions, and then sounded them all together in concert.¹ This melodious echo was well adapted to the frequent concerts with which this musical queen made the Somerset House palace resound. Henrietta had there a beautiful gallery, which she had ornamented in the finest taste; and Evelyn mentions, with admiration, the grace of her manner when she crossed it to meet and thank him for a copy of one of his works which he had presented to her.

Queen Henrietta kept within her income; she paid all her accounts weekly; she had no debts. She had, as her contemporary biographer quaintly expresses it, "a large reputation for justice." Every quarter she dispersed the overplus of her revenue among the poor, bountifully bestowing, without consideration of difference of faith, her favourite charity—releasing debtors confined for small sums, or for non-payment of fees; likewise sending relief to those who were enduring great hardships in prison. And prisons in that era were noxious with dirt and pestilence.

The health of queen Henrietta began visibly to give way while in England; the fogs of London had always affected her chest, yet she confined her residence chiefly to London, on account of her religious establishment. Woodstock, where she had had a chapel and residence for her ecclesiastics, had been desolated by the republicans, perhaps on that account. Father Cyprian thus mentions her in the spring of 1664:² "God had given to her generous spirit a body very frail and delicate; the dreadful scenes she had passed through in life had exalted her courage and refined the qualities of her mind, but at the same time had sapped and undermined her constitution. The last time she returned to England, the heaviness of the atmosphere made her, who had so long respired the clear air of France, cough extremely. One year, two years, three years, rolled away, while she patiently endured these sufferings, before she began to bethink herself of remedies; at last, she remembered that the waters of Bourbon had always restored her to health, but she was most unwilling to leave London, lest her chapel should be closed against the catholic congregation who usually assembled there under her protection. She had a conference with her son king Charles; she told him 'that she should recover if she went for a time to breathe

¹ Pej y's Diary vol. i. p. 243.

² MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache, p. 155.

her native air, and seek health at the Bourbon baths, and she would do so if he would not close her chapel against his catholic subjects; but if it was closed for one day on account of her departure, she would stay and live as long as it pleased God, and then die at the post of duty.' Charles II. granted her request, but infinitely bewailed the necessity of his separation from his dear and virtuous mother. When she had obtained this permission, she prepared to depart, and ordered me, father Cyprian, to attend her as chaplain, and to choose another of my fraternity to assist me. I chose the reverend father Matthieu of Auxerre, who had had the honour of preaching before her for two Lents in London to general satisfaction; in fact, he was her preacher after she went to France, and as long as she lived. A little before this great princess left London, she bade me call together all our fraternity, that they might learn her wishes from her own mouth."

"As God had given her a mind prompt and acute, with great facility of utterance, she made off-hand a very fine speech, in which she told them "that she hoped by God's grace that her absence would not be long; that her chapel was, meantime, to be open to English catholics as well as French; that she took with her Père Cyprian and Père Matthieu, but the rest of her *religieux* were to stay in England; and she charged them, as they would answer hereafter, to make the best use of their time in aiding the catholics with the rites of their religion."

Queen Henrietta left London, June 24th, 1665, accompanied by the king, queen Catherine, and most of the lords and ladies of their household, "who sailed with her fifteen leagues," says father Cyprian; that is, the court attended her to the buoy at the Nore: her son, the duke of York, escorted her to Calais. He was then the hero of the day, having just returned triumphant from a victory over the Dutch fleet.

From Calais queen Henrietta took her way direct to her château of Colombe, where the king and the queen of France came to welcome her with the greatest warmth. Her beloved daughter, the duchess of Orleans, was not with the royal family. "She was ill, and in danger of her life. Some person, out of malice, had informed her that her brother, the duke of York, had been beaten in his naval engagement; and, pierced to the heart at the stain on her family honour, the young duchess fell into convulsions, was prematurely confined, and lost her infant." Queen Henrietta hastened to her, and soon convinced her that her brother James had gained the greatest naval victory ever known having beat the Dutch invaders back to their coast, destroyed many of their ships, and taken twenty of them." The queen, after seeing her daughter out of danger, departed for the baths of Bourbon, which had hitherto always proved successful in curing her maladies.

Scarcely, however, had she arrived in France, before the plague increased so terrifically in London, that the week after her departure between 4000 and 5000 persons died of it. In some alarm lest the pestilence should infect her palace of Somerset House, and spread by reason of the closely packed crowds that flocked to her chapel there, she

¹ Madame de Motteville, p. 230.

wrote to her capuchins to have the chapel close,¹ but they returned an earnest supplication to her, begging her not to impede their duty. At this appeal the queen overcame her fears of infection, and moreover disbursed vast sums in charity, by the hands of her capuchins, to alleviate the appalling miseries with which the poor of London were afflicted at that season of horror.² Two of the queen's capuchins fell victims to their exertions;" father Cyprian, unfortunately for us, leaves off journalizing the proceedings of his royal patroness, to give memoirs of their lives, and eulogize their labours in the plague-smitten metropolis.

"The queen," he resumes, "passed the autumn very peacefully at her château of Colombe, and the winter in the magnificent *hôtel de la Balisère*, which Louis XIV. had given her for her residence in Paris."

The war in which England was engaged against France, allied with Holland, gave queen Henrietta the utmost uneasiness, and with her confidant, Jermyn, earl of St. Albans, who was resident ambassador from England, she laboured incessantly to avert it. She often had interviews of mediation with her nephew, Louis XIV.; this is apparent from the despatches of lord Hollis, an envoy from England at this period.³

"I was yesterday," says lord Hollis, in a letter to Clarendon, "at Colombe, to take my leave of the queen-mother. The king of France (Louis XIV.) came to Colombe whilst I was in her presence; at last he thought proper to notice me, and gave me a little salute with his head, and truly, my lord, I answered him with just such another, because I know his ambassadors in England are welcomed in different style."

The great Condé was likewise the visitor of Henrietta Maria, at her country palace of Colombe; for the high-spirited ambassador—who, as the representative of England, nodded to the king of France as unceremoniously as France nodded to him—continues, "I did before him (Louis XIV.) entertain myself all the while with the prince de Condé, who is very affectionate in all that concerns his majesty—but this by the way. Soon after, the king of France and the queen-mother went alone into her bed-chamber, and our princess madame (the young duchess of Orleans) went in after they had been there at least an hour. When the king of France went away, I had an interview with the queen-mother afterwards, and took the boldness to ask her 'how she found things.' She said, 'They had been all the time within talking over these businesses of Holland, and that Louis XIV. told her he had made king Charles some propositions, which were very fair ones, which, if he refused, he must take part with the Hollanders.'⁴

"I asked the queen-mother 'if she knew what these propositions were?' She said 'she did not.' But it seemed strange to me that the king kept them from her. Perhaps he did not, but she did not think fit to acquaint me with them." "The next morning, though pouring with wet," resumes lord Hollis, "the queen-mother set off towards the baths of Bourbon. Her health at that period began to decline; it was aggra-

¹ MS. Gamache, p. 157.

² MS of Père Gamache, p. 150; likewise Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671

³ Original letter in the State Paper Office, August 12, (O. S.) 1665.

vated by her sorrow regarding the approaching war.¹ One day she said to the duke de Beaufort, who had returned from an unsuccessful diplomatic mission in London, to undertake a naval command, 'I ought to be afraid of you, now you are fighting against the English.'²

Charles II. took pleasure in speaking of his mother by the familiar name he called her in his infancy. He mentions her thus in one of his letters to his sister, the duchess of Orleans, March 22d, 1669, saying, that a man of the name of Mercer, by whom she had sent letters and presents, had ventured from Havre to England in an open shallop, and was drowned in the passage. "I hear *mam* sent me a present by him, which I believe brought him the ill-luck, so she ought in conscience to be at the charges of praying for his soul, for 'tis her bad fortune has caused the poor man's disaster."³ This letter, in which he alludes to the constant stormy weather that always attended his mother's voyages, was written but a few days before her health assumed alarming symptoms.

"Our queen," says father Cyprian, "was not destined to see the end of the year 1669. Ever since her return from her last sojourn in London, she had laboured under complicated maladies, which caused her perpetual insomnolence, and intense suffering. From time to time the baths of Bourbon softened these pains, but could not cure them. Their paroxysms came nearer and nearer, till they defied relief. Yet the queen did not give way to sadness, she exhaled not her internal agonies by plaints, by tears, or bad temper, like ordinary women. With the blood of the great Henry she had inherited his high courage, excepting when sometimes the sharp pains she endured became apparent on her fine features; but she often said 'that piteous complainings did no good in illness,' and 'she did not wish to imitate ladies and damsels who cried, and wept, and lamented for a little pain in the head, or a cut finger.' Her daughter, the duchess of Orleans, and the duke her husband, took the most lively interest in her health, and were unremitting in their attendance on her person. At their united entreaty, she permitted the most able medical men in France to hold a consultation on her case; and M. Valot, the first physician of Louis XIV., M. Esprit, first physician to the duke of Orleans, and M. Julien, to the duchess, all met at the chateau of Colombe, where M. D'Aquin, physician to our queen, introduced them into the chamber of her majesty. She explained to them her symptoms with great clearness, and desired her physician in ordinary 'to tell them the remedies he had applied for the shooting pains which deprived her of rest.' Then M. Valot said, 'that, by the grace of God, nothing very serious ailed her; that her malady was inconvenient, but not dangerous; and that to the prescription of M. D'Aquin he should add but three grains, which would give her majesty sleep, and cure her disorder.'

"When the queen heard him talk of grains, she immediately suspected that he meant to prescribe opium, and she said, positively, that she

¹ Letter of Hollis.

² Madame de Motteville, vol. vi.

³ Dépôt des Affaires Etrangères, formerly at Versailles. Letter of Charles II. cited from Whitehall, March. 1669.

would not take them, 'for she knew by experience how noxious it was to her, and how ill it made her; besides, her famous physician in England, Dr. Mayerne, had warned her against taking any great dose of the kind.'"¹

Her repugnance was, however, overruled by the united arguments of M. Valot and his medical brethren, all but the physician of the duchess of Orleans, on whom the opinion of Mayerne made some impression; nevertheless, the result of the fatal consultation was, that the queen was to take the grains at eleven o'clock that night.¹

"In the intermediate time she went to supper as usual, for she was by no means confined to her bed, or even to her chamber, though much troubled with a pulmonary complaint and harassing cough. She was, however, better than usual that day; she conversed pleasantly, and even laughed several times at supper, which she ate with more appetite than usual. When she went to bed she immediately fell into a sweet sleep." Nothing can be more absurd than to wake a patient for the purpose of administering a sleeping potion, yet such was the case; "the lady who slept in her majesty's chamber roused her at the hour indicated, and gave her the prescription. A few minutes after the queen again sunk to sleep, and her attendant left her for repose, with the intention of awakening her by day-break, to give her a draught, as directed by Dr. Valot."²

"Accordingly, the lady approached her bed-side in the morning, and asked her majesty 'how she had passed the night?' There was no reply. She spoke again, louder; still no answer. Alarmed, she touched the queen, she moved not; she shook her, and made violent efforts to rouse her, but in vain, for she never awoke in this world. The affrighted lady leant down to her royal mistress, and fancied she heard low murmurs, sighs, and a laboured respiration, upon which she flew to rouse the *valet de chambre*, to seek for medical and spiritual aid, to fetch priests and physicians." "We came first," continues the sorrowful father Cyprian; "the doctors soon followed; they felt her pulse, and asked her many questions regarding her state; and we spoke to her of contrition for sin, of the love of God, and confidence in his mercy, and we entreated her to make some sign that she heard us; but alas! a mortal silence was our only reply."³

"The physicians affirmed that she still breathed, and was even sensible, but that a dull vapour, mounting to the brain, prevented all speech, that it would soon dissipate, and that she would manifest consciousness, and speak. I believed them at first," continues the Père; "but seeing that her awful quietude still continued, I sent in haste for monsieur le curé of Colombe, and the sacrament of extreme unction being performed, she received the host without any difficulty, or the least convulsion of

¹ In her memoir, appended to Bossuet's funeral sermon, it is asserted, that the queen took the opium at nine in the evening, and was found dying by her lady-in-waiting at eleven at night, and expired at midnight. This is scarcely consistent with Père Cyprian's account of the supper; his narrative is regular and circumstantial, being an eye-witness.

² MS. of Père Guanche, p. 167.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 68.

⁴ *Ibid.*

countenance, and soon after her slight respiration ceased, and she rendered her soul to God, undisturbed by a struggle."¹

"A gentleman of her majesty's household immediately rode at fiery speed from Colombe to St. Germain, to carry these fatal and most unexpected tidings to the duke of Orleans, who immediately accompanied him back, hoping to have seen our queen alive." After the duke had given the necessary orders, he hurried to his own palace of St. Cloud, where his duchess was, to break to her and his daughter the fatal tidings."² "My pen fails to describe," says Père Cyprian, "the violent grief of the duchess of Orleans, for a mother so loving, and so beloved." And then the affectionate old priest proceeds to give the following character of the deceased: "This great queen was indeed universally regretted, for she had established a real empire over all hearts; her cheerful temper, her gay and witty conversation, which enlivened all around her to her last hours; her graceful familiarity, and all these winning qualities, joined to a sincere piety, rendered her delightful to every one. The king of France regarded her, not only as his dear aunt, whom he had known from infancy, but as a real bond of peace between his country and Great Britain; and her son-in-law, his brother, the duke of Orleans, convinced of her rare prudence and sagacity, consulted her on every affair of moment, and gave her his most intimate confidence, as if she had been his real mother."³

Such is the testimony of one who had been domesticated with Henrietta for twenty-nine years: it agrees exactly with that of madame de Motteville, her other friend. It would seem, that her character was peculiarly agreeable and estimable in private life. No opposition, or irritation, regarding her religion, ever occurring in her own country, there was nought to interrupt the serenity of her temper, therefore her life flowed on brightly to the last. Many persons who abhor Henrietta Maria, from the part she took in the civil war, may condemn the praises bestowed by her French contemporaries, as partial and flattering. Partial they certainly are, for they were written by intimate friends, whose love continued after her death; flattering they cannot be, for madame de Motteville's memoirs, which give such lively delineations of her character, were never printed till her relatives of the third generation had passed away from this world. Flattery may be administered by memoirs in these times, when works are printed before the ink of the manuscript is dry; but when authors wrote them literally for the fourth generation, why should they flatter "the dull cold ear of death?"⁴ As for Père Cyprian Gamache, his manuscript has never been printed, nor does it seem that any eyes but these now guiding the pen, have scanned the ancient yellow pages which dwell on the death and character of his beloved patroness.

¹ MS. of Père Gamache, p. 168.

² Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 90.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 169.

There are passages in the Memoirs of Madame de Motteville wherein she speaks, with such severity of moral justice, of the conduct of Louis XIV., that he would have consigned her to the Bastille, had he known that such a manuscript existed.

The cause of the death of Henrietta Maria is mentioned by mademoiselle de Montpensier, her niece. She says, in her usual flippant style, "she could not sleep, the doctors gave her a pill to cure her wakefulness, which it did so effectually that she never woke again."

What would father Cyprian have said, could he have seen this unfeeling witticism of *la grande mademoiselle*, as she was called, on the death of her own aunt? Truly, he would have been as severe as he was on the first physician of Louis XIV., whom he all but calls a murderer. He declares, that Dr. Valot excused himself to his king, by assuring him "it was the disease of the chest, and not his over-dose of narcotic, that killed queen Henrietta;" but the indignant father continues, that "though Valot retained his post at court, yet a very few months afterwards, he himself fell into a serious malady, which his *grains* could not cure, and which soon took from him his place and his life together. But all the time he lived, the people of the defunct queen's household cried out against him, as the murderer, in fact, if not in intent, of their royal mistress."²

Meantime, a swift courier brought to the royal brothers in England the news that their queen-mother had expired on Tuesday morning, August 31st, New Style, 1669, at her castle of Colombe, situate four leagues from Paris. Charles II. and the duke of York received the news with great grief; they immediately left their hunting in the New Forest, and retired to Hampton Court, where they continued till all the mourning ceremonial was completed at Whitehall.³

The same day that queen Henrietta Maria died, her corpse remained as if she slept in her bed, and all persons were admitted to see it there. The next day her body was embalmed, and laid in state in the hall of Colombe.

At eleven o'clock the same night, the whole household at Colombe, headed by the grand almoner Montague, went in procession from the château, bearing the heart of their deceased queen to her convent at Chaillot. It was received with solemn ceremonial by the abbess and her nuns. A manuscript, till now inedited, in the archives of France, gives the following account of the respect with which the ladies of the Visitation received the heart of their foundress.⁴ It is written by one of the nuns.

"It had ever been the intention of her majesty to come to us, when her declining health warned her that she must shortly endure the sharpness of death, which she did not wish should surprise her in the routine of worldly existence; but God willed it otherwise, having permitted a remedy, which it was hoped would cure her, to cut short her life, in her 61st year. Divine Providence had spared her the long agonies of a lingering death, of which she had a natural fear. She had not the time to mark her intentions towards us by her last will; she had not intended to

¹ Mémoires de Montpensier, vol. v. p. 218.

² MS. of Père Cyprian, p. 169.

³ Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 90.

⁴ MS. at the Hôtel de Soubise, Secret Archives of France, by favour of M. Quizot

make our church the depository of her royal heart and body likewise she likewise intended to demise to us certain goods for our benefit. Nevertheless, although her sudden death had prevented these intentions, she had previously, on many occasions, proved a most beneficent foundress, and had deserved our grateful remembrance at a time when we were in a very destitute state.

“Although we possess not the body, we have what we esteem very precious; this is, the heart of this great queen. At eleven o’clock at night this dear heart was delivered to us by M. Montague, accompanied by the whole household of her majesty. Our sisterhood received it in its urn, at the gate of our cloister, and bore it in procession to our church, which was hung with black; these hangings were encircled by three bands of black velvet charged with the escutcheons of the defunct queen. The Miserere was chaunted by the full choir; a platform of three steps was raised, on which was placed a *credance*, to receive the royal heart of our beloved foundress. Round this were placed wax lights. *Monsieur le grande almoner* said the prayers, to which we all responded; then he addressed himself to our very honoured mother and superior, Anne Marie Caulin, in these terms:—

“My mother, behold here the heart of the princess Henrietta Marie, of France, daughter of Henry the Great, wife of Charles I., mother of Charles II., at present reigning in England, aunt to Louis XIV. All these temporal grandeurs were not equal to the virtues of her soul, on which I need not dwell in particular, because you knew her so well. The affection that this great queen always cherished for you has caused you to be chosen as the guardians of this precious deposit, which I am certain you will carefully retain, and will not cease your prayers for the repose of her soul.”

“To this our good mother made reply:—

“With my mind absorbed in grief, I render the very humble thanks of our convent to the king, and to Monsieur and Madame, for having confided to us so valued a treasure, which alone can console us for the loss we have sustained in the death of this great queen. We will never remit our prayers for her repose, as the sole means we have of showing our gratitude to her.”

“After every one had withdrawn, we said the prayers for the dead, and when we had sprinkled holy water we retired.”

The corpse of Henrietta was likewise carried, for lying in state, from Colombe to the convent at Chaillot.² Her coffin was placed on a mourning-car, attended by her lord almoner Montague and the duchess of Richmond, her principal English lady of honour, and by madame du Plessis, her principal French lady. The guards, already described, followed and preceded the royal corpse, which was likewise attended by the coaches of the queen of France and duchess of Orleans, with all the officers of their household. The body was thus escorted to Chaillot,

¹ Inedited MS. in the Hôtel de Soubise, now edited and translated by the author from the original, by favour of M. Guizot.

² MS. of Père Garnache, p. 169.

and was received with much tender reverence by the nuns, to whom she had been the benefactress.

Her heart was, on the 10th of September, placed in a silver vessel, whereon was written her name and titles in Latin, to the following effect:—

Henrietta Maria, queen of England, France, Scotland, and Ireland, daughter to the French king Henry IV., the Victorious; wife of Charles I., the Martyr; and mother of the restored king, Charles II.

The funeral took place on the 12th of September; the place of sepulture of queen Henrietta was with her royal ancestors at the magnificent Abbey of St. Denis, near Paris. The procession commenced from Chaillot, an hour after dark; all the guards of the deceased queen carried torches, and a hundred pages, sent by the queen of France, bore each a lighted flambeau. The niece of the deceased queen, mademoiselle de Montpensier, followed as chief mourner, assisted by the duchess of Guise. All the ladies and gentlemen of the royal household at Colombe followed, in the deepest mourning. The monks and chapter of the Abbey of St. Denis, carrying lighted tapers, received the royal corpse at their door, and when it was consigned to them, the grand almoner, Montague, made them an oration in Latin, which was answered by the prior. The Abbey of St. Denis was hung with black, and fully illuminated for the funeral service.

No monument or tablet exists, to the memory of the queen, at St. Denis, that we could discover, when we visited the royal tombs in the crypt of that magnificent structure, this last summer, 1844. When the bones of her ancestors were exhumed by the French republicans, robbed of their leaden coffins, and flung into a common trench, behind the Abbey of St. Denis, the remains of Henrietta Maria doubtless shared the same fate.

Forty days after the death of queen Henrietta, a still grander service was performed to her memory, to soothe the grief of her favourite daughter, Henrietta of England, duchess of Orleans, by her grateful nuns of Chaillot. The princess came with her husband to this ceremony, which was far more distinguished by the eloquence of Bossuet than by all the funeral pomps that Rome could devise. All the choir of the chapel at Chaillot was hung with black, and in the midst was a platform of four steps, and a bier covered with a black velvet pall; at the corners, worked in gold, were queen Henrietta's armorial bearings, and laid thereon, under a stately canopy, was a wax effigy exactly resembling her.¹

The duke and duchess of Orleans having taken their places, Montague, the almoner of her late majesty, officiated at the service, and then all eyes were fixed on Bossuet, who proceeded to deliver that grand historical oration on the varied scenes of Henrietta's life, which at once gave him the reputation he has since maintained as the first orator of modern times. Much of this sermon would be displeasing to any one but a Roman catholic; but the genius of Bossuet is more talked of in

¹Inedited MS. written by a nun of Chaillot, in the Secret Archives. No such access was given by favour of M. Guizot.

England than known, which must plead our excuse for the following attempt to give the reader an idea of the view taken by this great man, of the historical events of the life of his royal countrywoman.

"Nine voyages," said Bossuet, "were undertaken by our great Henrietta in the course of her life. The English rebels, it is well known, had seized the arsenals and magazines of the king, her husband. He had soldiers, but not wherewithal to arm them. She abandoned her pleasures and her palaces for the sake of her lord, and not only parted from her jewels, but even cared not for her life. She put to sea in the midst of February, regardless of waves and tempests, for the ostensible purpose of conducting to Holland her eldest daughter, who had espoused the prince of Orange. Her real object was to engage the states of Holland in the interests of the king. She gained them, gained their officers, and obtained supplies, and artillery, and ammunition. The storms of winter had not prevented her from embarking on this errand; the storms of winter did not hinder her return to the king when she had gained her object. Her homeward voyage was, however, beset with difficulties and accidents. The dreadful tempest which tost her fleet for ten days is beyond my power to describe. The mariners, at length, lost all presence of mind, and stood aghast. Some threw themselves in the sea, preferring instant death to further toils. The queen, nevertheless, remained intrepid; and the higher the waves raged, the more she reassured every one around her by her firmness; and, to avert from their minds the fatal ideas of death which presented itself on all sides, she said, "Queens have never been drowned." Alas, she was reserved to suffer a fate still more extraordinary! She saw vessels perish around her, but the admiral's ship in which she was embarked, was sustained by the hand of Him who rules over the mighty deep, and who can bridle its insurgent billows. The vessel was thrown back on the coast of Holland, and every one was astonished at her signal deliverance.

"Those who escape from shipwreck," says an ancient author, "are sure to bid an eternal adieu to the sea; nay, they can never again abide the sight of it.' Yet, with astonishing perseverance, the queen, in the short space of eleven days, again committed herself to the mercy of the ocean, and in the utmost rigour of winter. She was impelled to this extraordinary exertion by her earnest desire of beholding her husband once more, and leading to him the succours she had obtained. She gathered together the transports which had escaped the tempest, and finally landed on the coast of England. Scarcely had she touched the shore, when a hundred pieces of cannon thundered on the house where she rested after the fatigues of her voyage, and shattered it with their balls. Yet she retained her intrepidity in the midst of this frightful peril; and her clemency did not fail when the author of this black attempt fell in her power. Some time after, he was taken prisoner, and destined to the executioner; but she pardoned him his crime against her, dooming him solely to the punishment of his conscience, and the shame of having attempted the life of a princess, too kind and merciful to take his, even after such provocation."

This incident is only found in this oration and in the preceding memoir of Henrietta, where it is more circumstantially related; it is in close accordance with the character and disposition of Henri Quatre, her glorious father, whom our Henrietta closely resembled, as her countrymen declared, in person as well as disposition. The narrow bigotry in which she was reared marred the popularity which must infallibly have attended this fine disposition, always so attractive in England. The prejudices of the people were offended, at every turn, with a thousand troublesome teasing ritual observances, which they, with equal bigotry, were brought to look upon as enormous crimes; thus Henrietta's virtues

and grand actions were either viewed invidiously, or passed over in silence; the church of England historians, although agreeing as to religion in so many main points with the essentials of her faith, could not forgive the troubles her attachment to the church of Rome had brought on their king and party, therefore they are equally her enemies with the puritans, and their narratives are more prejudicial to her because the truth is expected from them. The French historians alone preserve the facts that redound to her credit.

Bossuet rapidly traces her progress to the midland counties, and the effects that her heroism had on the people :

"It was into her hands that the governor of Scarborough rendered that port with its impregnable castle. The two Hothams, father and son, who had given the first example of perfidy, in refusing to the king in person admittance to his port and arsenal of Hull, now chose the queen for their mediatrix, and prepared to surrender to the king that place, together with that of Beverley, but they were prevented, and decapitated by their own party, for God punished their disobedience by the hands of the rebels, whom they had served so signally.

"Our great Henrietta marched, as a general, at the head of her royal army. She thus traversed triumphantly the provinces hitherto entirely held by the rebels. She besieged a considerable town which obstructed her march. She conquered, she pardoned; and finally met her monarch on the ground where he had previously gained his signal victory over the earl of Essex. One hour after the reunion of this happy pair, they received the tidings of another victory gained by the king's party over the rebels. All seemed to prosper in the presence of Henrietta; and had her advice been taken, and had the king marched direct to London instead of dividing his forces, and wasting their time and dissipating their strength at the unsuccessful sieges of Hull and Gloucester, that campaign had seen the end of the war. On that pivot the fortune of the royal cause turned. From that fatal moment all was disaster and decadence. The queen's situation obliged her to retire from Oxford, which was besieged by the rebels. The royal pair bade each other an adieu, sad enough, although neither supposed it was to prove their last. Her majesty retired to Exeter. There she gave birth to a daughter; but, in less than twelve days, she was forced to leave the infant princess, and seek refuge in France."

We must remember that it was before this princess, the duchess of Orleans, that Bossuet was speaking the words we here are quoting, and, when he arrived at this passage, he broke into one of those impassioned bursts of eloquence which stamped his fame as an orator for ever. And here we depict a trait of the manners of the past; an address of the kind, in the present times, to a royal mourner at the funeral sermon of her parent, would entrench on modern reserves and etiquettes most strangely. Society was not then civilized into that conventional smoothness which is ruffled by such bold bursts of original genius; and therefore avoids or suppresses them. The effect must have been grand, when Bossuet diverged from his oration on the dead mother, thus to address the daughter :—

"Princess, whose destiny is so great and glorious, are you, then, in your first dawn of being rendered a captive to the enemies of your royal house? O Eternal! watch over her! Holy angels, rank around her cradle your invisible squadrons, for she is destined to our valiant Philippe, of all the princes of France most worthy of her, as she is most worthy of him. Gentlemen of France, God did, in truth, protect her! Lady Morton, two years afterwards, drew this precious

infant from the hands of the rebels. Unconscious of her captivity, but feeling her high birth too powerfully to submit to conceal it, the royal child refused to own any name or rank but her own, and persisted that she was no other than the princess.¹ At last, she was brought to the arms of her mother, to console her for all her sorrows, and finally to contribute to the happiness of a great prince. But I am diverging from the course of my history. I have already said that the queen was forced to retire from the kingdom of England: in fact, her vessel left port in the full view of the ships of the rebels; they pursued her, and came so near, that she actually heard the cries of the seamen, and could distinguish their insolent menaces. Oh! how different from her first voyage on the same sea, when she went to take possession of the sceptre of Great Britain, when, for the first time, she felt the waters heave under her, and submit their proud waves to her, the ocean-queen. Now chased, pursued by her implacable enemies, one moment lost, the next saved, fortune changing its aspect every quarter of an hour, having no support but God and her own indomitable courage, —she at last arrived at Brest, and there was suffered to respire awhile from her troubles.

"God left no resource to her royal husband; the Scotch, though faithful guards to our monarchs,² betrayed their own, and sold him to the parliament. The parliament, feeling the evils of military despotism, would dismiss the army, but the army, declaring itself independent, expelled the parliament by violence. The king was, in these commotions, led from captivity to captivity; his queen in vain moved France, Holland, and even Poland and the distant north, to his rescue; she reanimated the Scotch,³ and found the means of arming 30,000 of them in his behalf. She concocted an enterprise with the duke of Lorraine for his deliverance, the success of which promised, at least, to be complete. She really succeeded in withdrawing her dear children from captivity, and confessed that, among her mortal sorrows, she felt on this occasion she was capable of joy. If she could do no more, she at least consoled her royal lord perpetually by her letters. He wrote to her from his prison that she alone supported his mind, and that he could submit to all degradations, when he remembered that she belonged to him, and was unalienably his own. O wife! O mother! O queen! incomparable and deserving a better fortune.

"After all her struggles, there was nothing left but to resign herself to the inevitable; yet, like some grand column, she stood firm amidst the ruins around her. But who can express her just grief, who can recount her sorrows? No, gentlemen of France, my words cannot paint them; the prophet who sat alone amidst the ruins of Jerusalem can alone lament as she lamented. Truly might she say with Jeremiah, 'Behold, Lord, my affliction; my enemies fortify themselves, and my children are lost. The cruel one has put his sacrilegious hand on all that is most dear to me. Royalty is profaned, princes are trodden under foot. Leave me to weep bitterly, for I cannot be comforted.'⁴

"Charles," says Bossuet, "was just, temperate, magnanimous, well-informed regarding his affairs and the science of governing. Never prince was more capable of rendering royalty not only respected, but amiable and dear to a people. He could be reproached with nothing but with too great a degree of clemency. This illustrious defect of Charles was likewise that of Caesar himself; but those who expected to see the English monarch succumb under the weight of misfortune, were astonished when they experienced his valour in battle and his strength of intellect in council. Pursued to the utmost by the implacable malignity of his enemies, betrayed by his own people, he never lost himself. The result of the contest might be against him; his foes found that,

¹ This passage confirms the narrative of Père Cyprian Gamache, quoted p. 106

² Here he alludes to the Scottish guards of the king of France.

³ Bossuet here alludes to the campaign of the gallant marquis of Montrose.

⁴ The Latin text is in the margin, but Bossuet has drawn his quotations from Isaiah and Lamech, as well as from Jeremiah.

Although they might crush him, they could never bend him. A pang seizes me when I contemplate that great heart in its last trials. But, assuredly, he showed himself not less a king when facing his rebels in Westminster Hall, and on the scaffold in Whitehall, than when he confronted them at the head of his armies; they saw him august and majestic in that woful time as when he was in the midst of his court. Great queen, well do I know that I fulfil the most tender wishes of your heart, when I celebrate your monarch—that heart which never beat but for him; is it not ready to vibrate, though cold in the dust, and to stir at the sound of the name of a spouse so dear, though veiled under the mortuary pall?"

The hearers of Bossuet could not have believed the story of Henrietta's second marriage, or surely they would have blamed him for this passage, instead of praising him to the skies.

At this point of his oration, Bossuet addressed himself to the nuns of Chaillot, who were assisting at the funeral of their benefactress:

"But after she had listened to your consolations, holy maidens, you, her inestimable friends—for so in life she often called you—after you had led her to sigh before the altar of her only Protector—then, then, she could confide to you the consolations she received from on high, and you can recount her Christian progress, for you have been faithful witnesses. How many times has she returned thanks to God—For what? my hearers, ask you, for having restored her son? No, but for having rendered her *la reine malheureuse*. Ah! I regret the narrow boundaries of the place where I speak. My voice ought to resound to the ends of the wide earth. I would make every ear to hear that her griefs had made her learned in the science of salvation and the efficacy of the cross, when all Christendom were united in sympathy for her unexampled sorrows."

After this ceremony, the duke of Orleans placed the abbé Montague, grand almoner of his deceased aunt, at the head of the ecclesiastical establishment, in his household. The duchess of Orleans received her mother's aged friend, Père Cyprian Gamache, as her almoner; but the old man did not long survive his patroness—his well-known characters soon cease from the yellow pages of his journal, and another hand takes the pen.

The continuator of the manuscript observes, when describing the general mourning ordered through France by Louis XIV., on the death of his aunt,—“Our country did not merely recognise the decease of a queen of England, in the loss of this princess, but that of the last surviving child of her great Henry, as a daughter of France—sweet, familiar, obliging, and doing good to all around her, and manifesting those great qualities which win all hearts. Our king ordered all the rites of her interment and obsequies at St. Denis to be conducted with the utmost pomp of royalty, and the expenses were discharged at his cost.”

There is a manuscript¹ among the archives of France, the contents of which have been partly quoted, when they occurred in chronological order. It was evidently written under the direction of the abess of Chaillot, for the assistance of Bossuet, when he composed his funeral oration. He has availed himself of its contents in many passages which he knew would be edifying to his auditory, but which we omit, as displeasing not only to the reformed church, but to English readers in general—the composition is simple and innocent—the French spelled in an illite-

¹ Inherited paper in the Hotel Soubise, marked in pencil, K 1351.

rate manner; nevertheless, it preserves a few anecdotes of interest which are illustrative of the private character of the queen.

"She founded our convent, in July, 1651, at a time when she was under a very heavy pressure of grief. Her husband's murder had previously caused her deep and enduring sorrow; at first, she was overwhelmed with despair. By degrees her mind returned to God, but she could not resign herself to his will till she had many times offered up this orison—

"Lord God, thou hast permitted it—therefore will I submit myself with all my strength!" Conversing with us in her most private hours, she declared that she had found this aspiration efficacious in producing resignation even on occasions the most excruciating. 'And these,' she added mournfully, came very frequently, 'for since the last twenty years I have not passed one day, but what has brought much trouble.'

"She once told our very honoured mother, the abbess de la Fayette, speaking of the health of her soul, 'that she often returned thanks to God, that as he had called her to the state of royalty, that he had made her a Christian, and consequently an unfortunate queen, for,' she added, 'that queens in a state of prosperity are too much tempted to forget his ordinances.'" Here we trace one of the most striking perorations of Bossuet's discourse.

Among the practical virtues of Henrietta, the good nun very properly recognises the interest she felt in the welfare of her domestics, and the pains she took to reconcile any differences that arose among them; the frequent consultations she held, if any unhappiness or ill fortune befel them. "Any other queen who was less sweet tempered," says another fragment MS. in the Hotel de Soubise, "would have been wholly deserted" when she was reduced to such distress at the time of the Fronde; but the privations that her lowest servants endured before they quitted her for a short time in search of food, were astonishing. "Our dear queen," they said, "shares them with us, and what is enough for her is so for us." From which we gather that the daughter of Henri Quatre inherited that true heroism which led her to reject all indulgences which she could not share with her suffering household. "If they had fire, she warmed her shivering limbs; if they had none, she went without; if they had food, she broke her fast; if they had none, she starved with them." "Consideration for the feelings of others marked her conduct," resumes her friend the abbess; "she never took advantage of her power, as our foundress, to fill our quiet cloisters with noisy and irreverent persons of her court; when she came, she only brought one of her ladies and two or three quiet female servants; so particular was she in preventing unhallowed intrusion, that, one day, when she came to see us, and she was too ill to walk, and was obliged to be carried from her coach, she sent in first, to know if we had any objection to permit her dearsers to enter our court."

These little traits prove that queen Henrietta had the manners in private life of a perfect gentlewoman.

"We have since said mass, in remembrance of her majesty," continues the manuscript, "on the 10th of every month, which we shall

continue all round the year; and on the anniversary of her death, we devote to her memory all possible marks of our respectful gratitude.”

Henrietta died intestate, but thanks to the careful liquidation of her expenditure every week, she was not in debt. Her nephew, Louis XIV., according to a law of France then in force, was heir to all her effects as an intestate person. Against this proceeding Charles II. remonstrated, by the agency of sir Leoline Jenkin, doctor of laws. A document among the archives of France¹ states that, November 6, 1669—

“The king of France gave permission to the ambassador from England, to abbé Montague, to count Arenberg, equerry to the deceased queen, and to *le docteur Jinguin*, to enter into the abbey of the Visitation of Chaillot when it pleased them, to make an inventory of the effects that queen Henrietta had left there.”

An inventory of the furniture of her reserved apartments in the convent is extant; it is simple and homely.

The abbess of the convent delivered a wrought silver casket, which the queen had left in her care, to abbé Montague, who took possession of it for Charles II. A few days afterwards the visitors returned again, and presented to the convent, in the name of that king, the furniture which belonged to his mother.

At the importunity of his sister Henrietta he bestowed a more solid reward on the community of Chaillot for their attention to his mother's remains. There is written the following memorandum, on a little yellow scrap of paper, torn off some printed circular of a sermon, preached in 1670, and pinned on the nun's manuscript we have recently quoted:² “When Henrietta duchess of Orleans, went to visit her brother in England, his majesty, Charles II., gave her for us 2000 gold Jacobuses, worth 26,000 francs, for the purpose of building a chapel to put therein the precious heart of our beloved queen. Of this sum, we have received half. May our Lord recompense those who have done this, and give repose to our illustrious queen and founder: ‘Dieu soit benit!’”

The king of France sent the count de St. Aignan, first gentleman of his bed-chamber, to condole with Charles II. on the death of his mother. A general mourning was ordered for her throughout England and the people vied with each other in testifying respect to her memory.³ This court mourning must have been of an extraordinary length, for, according to a passage in the memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Henrietta duchess of Orleans, on her return from England, six months afterwards, expressed her satisfaction to that princess, “at the respect paid by the English to the memory of the late queen her mother, for she found the people as well as the whole court in the deepest mourning.”

“This visit,” continued Mademoiselle, “renewed the grief of my cousin the duchess of Orleans for her mother, she felt her loss severely at this particular time; since she always had relied on queen Henrietta to reconcile her with her husband, as she usually lived on uneasy terms

¹ Hotel de Soubise, by favour of M. Guizot.

² Inedited paper, Hotel de Soubise, marked K, 1351.

Continuation of the MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache, p. 172.

with him. Whenever she spoke of her mother, after her return to France, she was ready to weep, and had some trouble to restrain her tears; more than once I saw them ready to fall." This was but a few days before the sudden death of the beautiful Henrietta, duchess of Orleans; she only survived a few months the parent, whose loss she still inourned, and whose maternal friendship she so much needed. She died June 15, 1670. The story that she was poisoned is too deeply rooted to be easily eradicated. Her cousin, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, declares "that she died of cholera morbus."

Henrietta, duchess of Orleans, was the only daughter who survived queen Henrietta out of five. Of her three sons, Charles II. and James duke of York only were alive at the time of her death. She was mother to two monarchs of Great Britain, and grandmother to three, to a queen of Spain, and a dauphiness of France.

Verses and elegies, both Latin and English, were written in such profusion to the memory of queen Henrietta, that a large volume might be filled with them. The best of these elegiac tributes, is the following:—

"Great queen of cares and crosses, tossed and hurled
Through all the changes of a guilty world,
A queen to kings and emperors allied,
Great Henry's daughter, and blest Charles's bride!
Yet did the envious thistle interpose
'Twixt her French lilies and our English rose!
Blest queen, thy mind maintained so calm a state
As crowned thee sovereign of thyself and fate:
Angels now sing to thee their airs divine,
And join in an applause as vast as thine,
Who claimed the garland by the matchless life,
Of a dear mother and a faultless wife;
And having gained it, meekly, now layest down
An earthly diadem for a heavenly crown;
And you, dear queen, one grateful subject leave,
Who, what he owed your life, has paid your grave!"

¹ Remains of Henrietta Maria, 1672, pp. 106, 107.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN CONSORT OF JAMES II. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER I

Lely's portraits of Mary Beatrice—Her ancestry, parentage, birth—Death of her father—Educated by her mother—Anecdotes of her infancy—Brought up with her brother—Her mother's stern rule—Mary wishes to be a nun—Goes to the Carmelite convent—Her aunt—Her future husband—James duke of York—He commissions the earl of Peterborough to choose a new consort for him—Four ladies named—The earl sees a portrait of Mary d'Esté—Wishes to obtain her for the duke—Obstacles stated—He goes to look at the other ladies—Intrigues about the marriage at home—Mysterious letters from the court of Modena—Perplexity of the earl—His premature communication to the princess of Wirtemberg—The duke's marriage with Mary of Modena determined—Disappointment of Mary Anne of Wirtemberg—The earl goes incognito to Modena—Reluctance of the princess—Her innocence—Begs her aunt to marry the duke of York—First interview between Mary d'Esté and the ambassador—Her petulant behaviour—The pope refuses his dispensation to the marriage—The duchess of Modena's determination—Reluctant consent of the princess—Bishop of Modena refuses to solemnize the marriage—An English priest agrees to officiate—The espousals celebrated—The earl of Peterborough marries the princess as the proxy of the duke of York—Honours paid to him in that capacity—The bridal dinner and ball—Public rejoicings at Modena for the marriage of their princess—The duke of York receives the news and announces it to his brother's court.

THE pencil of Lely has rendered every one familiar with the lustrous dark eyes, classic features, and graceful form, of the Italian consort of James II.; that painter was never weary of multiplying portraits of a princess who completely realized his *beau idéal* of female loveliness, and who so well became the rich and picturesque costume which his exquisite taste had rendered the prevailing mode of the court of the second Charles. She appears to no less advantage, however, when depicted by him in the character of Innocence, without a single ornament to enhance her natural charms, such as she was when she came to England in the early ripeness of sweet fifteen, as the reluctant bride of the duke of York.

We recognise her, in her youthful matron dignity, among "the 'light-o-love' beauties," in the Hampton Court gallery, but distinguished from them by the vestal-like expression of her face. Her portraits, at a more

advanced period of life, as queen of England, are among the finest specimens of sir Godfrey Kneller's art. Every one of these transcripts of the royal beauty, tells its progressive tale of melancholy interest, to the few who are intimately acquainted with the events of her life. Little, however, is now remembered in England of this queen, beyond the bare outline facts, that she was a princess of Modena, the consort of a de-throned and most unpopular sovereign, and the mother of the disinherited prince to whom the world applied the contemptuous epithet of "the Pretender."

The conjugal tenderness of Matilda of Boulogne, of Eleanor of Castile, and of Philippa, is deservedly appreciated; the maternal devotion of Margaret of Anjou, the patience of the long-suffering Catharine of Arragon, have received their due meed of praise, for they have become matter of history; but the history of Mary of Modena, for obvious reasons, has never been given to the world. Bold, indeed, would have been any writer of the last century, who should have ventured to call attention to the virtues and the sufferings of the faithful consort of the last and most unfortunate of the Stuart kings.

Among the princesses, who have worn the crown matrimonial of England, many have been born in a more elevated rank than Mary Beatrice of Modena; but few could boast of a more illustrious descent than she claimed as the daughter of the house of Esté. That family, so famous in the page of history, derives its name from the city of Esté, near the Euganean hills, between Verona and Padua; and surely no name is associated with nobler themes of interest, than the line of heroes, of whom Tasso, Ariosto, and Dante have sung: more than once did they repel the progress of the ferocious hordes of barbarians, who came prepared to ravage the fair fields of Italy. Forestus of Esté, the immediate ancestor of Mary Beatrice of Modena, was, in the year 452, entrusted with the command of the forces sent to relieve Aquileia. He met, and put to flight, 16,000 of Attila's terrible Huns, and he continued to defy and hold the mighty barbarian at bay, till, by the treachery of some of his soldiers, he was drawn into an ambush, where, it is believed, he was slain by Attila's own hand. His son Acarinus, more than equalled his father's fame, and with better fortune maintained the freedom of his country for a much longer period, till he too sealed his patriotism with his blood.¹

Poetry and romance have perhaps scattered their flowers among the traditionary glories of the ancient heroes of the line, but those garlands were the votive offerings of the grateful chroniclers and immortal bards of Italy, who, in every age from remote antiquity, found their noblest patrons in the chivalric and munificent princes of the house of Esté. No family in Europe has, indeed, contributed more to the progress of civilization, by liberal encouragement of literature and the fine arts.

Our sovereign lady queen Victoria is the representative of the elder branch of this illustrious stock, which in the year 1000, divided into two distinct houses, in consequence of the marriage of the reigning

¹ History of the House of Esté, dedicated to Mary Beatrice, duchess of York.

prince Azo, marquess of Tuscany and Liguria, with the heiress of the wealthy Bavarian family of Wolf or Guelph, when the eldest of his two sons, by this alliance, took the name and estates of his German mother; the younger became the representative of the house of Esté in Italy, and his descendants reigned over the united duchies of Ferrara and Modena. Alphonso II. dying in the year 1598, without issue, bequeathed his dominions to his kinsman, Cæsar d'Esté, but pope Clement VIII., under the pretence that Ferrara was a fief of the papal empire, seized on that territory and annexed it to his dominions.¹

After the loss of this fairest jewel in the ducal bonnet, the representative of the Italian line of Esté was only recognised in Europe as duke of Modena. This territory is bounded on the south by Tuscany and Lucca, on the north by the duchy of Mantua, on the east by Bologna and the papal dominions, and on the west by Parma; it is about fifty-six English miles in length, and thirty-six in breadth.² It is a fair and fruitful district, abounding in corn and wine. The duke, though a vassal of the Germanic empire, is absolute in his own dominions.

The father of Mary Beatrice, was Alphonso d'Esté duke of Modena, son of Francisco the Great and Maria Farnese. Her mother, Laura Martinozzi, claimed no higher rank than that of a Roman lady, being the daughter of Count Hieronimo Martinozzi da Fano, a Roman nobleman of ancient family, and Margaret, fourth sister of the famous minister of France, cardinal Mazarine. Mary Beatrice Eleanora d'Esté was the first fruit of this marriage; she was a seven months' child, born prematurely in the ducal palace, October 5th, 1658.³ The name of Beatrice was given her in honour of St. Beatrice, a princess of the house of Esté, whose spiritual patroness she is, of course, supposed to be. According to the legendary superstitions of Modena, this royal saint was accustomed to knock at the palace gate three days before the death of every member of the ducal family.⁴ A runaway knock from some mischief-loving urchin may probably have frightened more than one of the princely race of Esté out of several years of life, from having been construed into one of the ominous warnings of holy St. Beatrice.

The city of Modena claims the honour of the birth of Tasso, of Correggio, and of the imperial general Montecuculi. A daughter of that house was educated with the young Mary Beatrice, and remained through life unalterably attached to her fortunes through good and ill.

"The father of Mary Beatrice," says a contemporary historian,⁵ "was a prince who would have been without doubt an ornament among the sovereigns of his age, if hard fortune had not fettered his talents in

¹ History of the House of Esté.

² The city of Modena was the ancient *Mutina* of the Romans, so much extolled by the ancient writers for its wealth and grandeur before the injuries it received while Decius Brutus was besieged there by Marc Antony. During the long and obstinate defence of the place, carrier pigeons were used by the consul Hertius, to convey intelligence; and to this day there is a famous breed of pigeons in Modena, trained to convey letters.—Keyler.

³ Leti Teatro Britannica.

⁴ Encyclopædia Britannica.

100

the cruel chains of the gout, which circumscribed his reign to four years of continued pain, during which 'his greatest consolation' as he himself affirmed, 'was that of having married a lady who appeared born to bring comfort to his afflictions.'"¹

It was, indeed, fortunate for duke Alphonso, that he had chosen a consort from a rank not too much elevated, to prevent her from being skilled in one of the most valuable attributes of woman in domestic life—the sweet and tender office of a nurse. The duchess Laura manifested so much compassion and affectionate consideration for her suffering lord that he never heard from her lips a word that could lead him to suppose that she was displeased at being the wife of a prince who was generally confined to his bed. Worn out with the acuteness of his agonizing malady, he died in the flower of his age, leaving his two infant children, Francis II., his successor, and Mary Beatrice, the subject of the present biography, to the guardianship of his duchess, on whom he conferred the regency of Modena, during the long minority of his infant successor, Francisco, who was two years younger than Mary Beatrice.

Prince Rinaldo d'Esté, afterwards cardinal d'Esté, the younger brother of Alphonso, was appointed as the state guardian of the children; and associated with the widowed duchess in the care of their education; but all the power was in her hands.² The princely orphans were early trained to habits of virtue and religion by their mother; so fearful was she of injuring their characters by pernicious indulgence, that she rather erred on the opposite side, by exercising too stern a rule of discipline in their tender infancy. She loved them passionately, but she never excused their faults. Both were delicate in constitution, but she never allowed them to relax their studies or the fasts enjoined by the church of which they were members on that account. The little princess had an insuperable aversion to *soupe maigre*, but her mother, who was always present when the children took their meals, compelled her to eat it, notwithstanding her reluctance and her tears.³

Mary Beatrice, from whose lips these little traits of her childhood were recorded after she was herself a parent, was wont to say, "that the duchess her mother, considered this severity as her duty, but for her own part she would not imitate it, for on fast days, when she was compelled to eat of the *maigre*, she always left the table in tears, and she wished not for her children to regard any observance connected with their religion in so painful a light, but rather to perform those little sacrifices of inclination, as voluntary acts of obedience."⁴

Her mother forbade sweetmeats and cakes to be given to her and the little duke her brother, lest such indulgences should create a propensity to gluttony; but that these orders were frequently broken there can be no doubt, for Mary Beatrice, when discussing this matter, also in after-

¹ Leti Teatro Britannica.

² Inedited Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Esté, in the *Secret Archives au Royaume de France*.

³ Ibid.

⁴ MS. Memorials of the queen of James II., by a nun of Chaillot, in the *Archives au Royaume de France*.

years, said, "I recommended my son and daughter not to eat sweetmeats and cakes, but I did not forbid them, well knowing that these things would then have been given them by stealth, which it is not always possible to prevent; and this would have accustomed them to early habits of concealment and petty artifice, perhaps of falsehood."¹

The duchess of Modena discouraged every symptom of weakness and pusillanimity in her children, considering such propensities very derogatory to persons who are born to move in an elevated station. Those who conduct the education of princes, can never place too much importance on rendering them, habitually, insensible to fear. Intrepidity and self-possession in seasons of peril, are always expected from royalty. The greatest regnal talents, and the most exalted virtue, will not atone to the multitude for the absence of physical courage in a king or queen. When Mary Beatrice was a little child, she was frightened at the chimney sweepers who came to draw the chimney of her nursery; her mother made them come quite close to her, to convince her there was no cause for alarm.² The young duke was compelled to study so hard, that it was represented to the duchess-regent, that his health was injured by such close application, and that his delicate constitution required more recreation and relaxation. Her reply was that of a Roman mother—"Better that I should have no son than a son without wit and merit!"³

One day, when the little princess was repeating her daily devotional exercise, she missed one of the verses in the Benedicite, and as she continued to do so every time she was made to repeat that psalm, the duchess gave her a box on the ears.⁴ Their uncle, Prince Rinaldo d'Esté, asked the two children whether they liked best to command or to obey; the young duke said boldly, "he should like best to command;" the princess replied meekly, "that she liked better to obey." Their uncle told them, "it was well that each preferred doing that which was most suitable to their respective vocations;" alluding to the duke's position as a reigning prince, and probably not anticipating, for Mary Beatrice, a loftier destiny than wedding one of the nobles of his court. Her own desire was to embrace a religious life. Her governess, to whom she was passionately attached, quitted her when she was only nine years old, to enter a convent. Mary bewailed her loss with bitter tears, till she was sent to the same convent to finish her education. She found herself much happier under the guidance of the Carmelite sisters, than she had been in the ducal palace, where nothing less than absolute perfection was expected by her mother, in everything she said and did. There is, withal, in the heart of every young female of sensibility, a natural craving for that sympathy and affectionate intercourse, which ought ever to subsist between a mother and her daughter. The duchess of Modena loved her children devotedly, but she never caressed them,

¹ MS. Memorials of the queen of James II., by a nun of Chaillet, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Inedited Memorials, Archives au Royaume de France.

or treated them with those endearments which tender parents delight to lavish on their offspring.¹

Mary Beatrice often spoke in after-years, of the stern discipline to which she had been subjected in childhood, with the observation, "that she liked not to keep her children at so awful a distance from her, as she had been kept by her mother, as she wished her daughter to regard her as a friend and companion, one to whom she could confide every thought of her heart." The spirit of maternal wisdom shone far more benignantly in Mary d'Esté, than in her mother, who had been elevated from private life.

The mode of life pursued by Mary Beatrice in the convent; the peculiar style of reading, and the enthusiastic interest that was excited among the cloistered votaresses by dwelling on the lives of female saints and royal virgins, who consecrated themselves in the morning flower of life, to the service of God, had the natural effect of imbuing her youthful mind with mysticism and spiritual romance. There was an aunt of Mary Beatrice, scarcely fifteen years older than herself, in the same convent, to whom she was very tenderly attached. This princess, who was her father's youngest sister by a second marriage, was preparing herself to take the veil, and Mary Beatrice was desirous of professing herself at the same time. Very rarely, however, does it happen, that a princess is privileged to choose her own path in life; the death of Anne Hyde duchess of York, proved the leading cause of linking the destiny of this young innocent recluse, who thought of nothing but veils and rosaries, with that of the most ill-fated prince of the luckless house of Stuart, James duke of York, afterwards the second king of Great Britain of that name.

The youthful career of this prince, though by no means so familiar to the general reader as that of his brother, Charles II., is scarcely less replete with events and situations of stirring interest.² He was born at St. James's Palace, October 14, 1633, at midnight. When only nine years old, he marched by his royal father's side in the front of the line at Edgehill, and stood the opening volley of the rebels' cannon as boldly as any gentleman there. He was not thirteen when he fell into the hands of the parliamentary forces at the surrender of Oxford in June, 1646. The next day, sir Thomas Fairfax, the commander of the rebel army, came with the other leaders to pay him a visit. Cromwell, who was among them, thought proper to kneel and kiss his hand; and this was the more remarkable, as he was the only person by whom this mark of homage was offered to the captive prince. James was conducted to London under a strong guard.

Within four miles of the metropolis, he was met by the earl of Northumberland, and committed to his custody. All his old attached servants were then dismissed by the order of parliament, not even

¹ Inedited Memorials, Archives au Royaume de France.

² As it is perfectly impossible to compress these within the limits of the few pages that could be devoted to a closely abridged summary of the leading events of his life, before he became the husband of Mary of Modena, I have decided on publishing a separate volume, to be entitled "The Early Days of James II."

excepting a little dwarf, of whom he was very fond, and begged to be permitted to retain; after this preliminary, he was conducted to St. James's Palace, where he found his sister, the princess Elizabeth, and his little brother Gloucester. His adventures while a prisoner in his natal palace, and the manner in which he effected his escape to Holland, are like the progressive scenes in a stirring drama.

While in France, James withstood the attempts of his mother, to compel him to forsake the communion of the church of England, with unswerving firmness. In the year 1652, he offered to serve as a volunteer in the royalist army, under the banner of Turenne, during the civil war in France which succeeded the outbreak of the *Fronde*. It was with great difficulty that he succeeded in borrowing three hundred pistoles for his outfit.

James fought by the side of Turenne on the terrible day of the barricades de St. Antoine, and was exposed to great peril in the assault.¹ On this and other occasions of peculiar danger, the princely volunteer gave proofs of such daring intrepidity and coolness, that his illustrious commander was wont to say, "That if any man in the world were born without fear, it was the duke of York." His keen sight and quick powers of observation were of signal service to Turenne, who was accustomed to call him "*his eyes*;" and so high an opinion did that experienced chief form of his military talents, that one day, pointing to him with his finger, he said to the other officers of his staff, "That young prince will one day make one of the greatest captains of the age." A bond of more powerful interest than the friendships of this world united the princely volunteer and his accomplished master in the art of war,—they were of the same religion. Turenne and the duke of York were perhaps the only protestants of high rank in the royalist army. History would probably have told a fairer tale of both, if they had adhered to their early opinions.

James was in his twenty-first year when he commenced his second campaign as a lieutenant-general; he was the youngest officer of that rank in the French service, and the most distinguished. His great talent was as an engineer.

At the siege of Mousson, where he was at work with his company in the ditch of the envelope, under the great tower, a storm blew away their blinds, and left them exposed to the view of those on the ramparts. "Yet all of us," says he, "were so busily employed picking our way, the ditch being full of dirt and water, that not one single man observed that the blind was ruined, and we consequently in open view, till we were gotten half our way, and then one of our company proposed that we should return, to which I well remember I would not consent, urging that since we were got so far onward, the danger was equal; so we continued going on, but in all the way we were thus exposed, not one shot was fired at us, at which we were much surprised. After the town surrendered, the governor informed us, that being himself on the wall, and knowing me by my star, he forbade his men to fire upon the company."²

¹ James's History of his Campaigns.

² Journal of James II

A very fine three-quarter length original portrait of this prince, in the royal gallery at Versailles, represents him such as he was at that time, and certainly he must have been one of the handsomest young cavaliers of the age. He is dressed in the light, graceful armour of the period, with a Vandyke falling collar, bareheaded, and his fine forehead is seen to great advantage with the natural adornment of rich flowing ringlets of beautiful chestnut hair, a little dishevelled, as if blown by the wind, instead of the formal disguising periwig with which we are familiar in his more mature portraits and medals. In the Versailles portrait James is in the first glory of manhood, full of spirit and grace: his features, at that time uninjured by the ravages of the small-pox, are bold, but retain the softness of youth; the eyes are large, dark, and expressive, the lips full and red, and the natural fairness of his complexion embrowned with a warm healthful tint. This portrait bears a strong likeness to his daughter Mary at the same period of life.

When the royal English brothers were, in 1655, in consequence of the treaty between Mazarine and Cromwell, excluded by name from France, James resigned his command, having served four hard campaigns under Turenne. He was offered the post of captain-general in the army in Piedmont, of which the duke of Modena, the grandfather of Mary Beatrice, was the generalissimo, but his brother Charles forbade him to accept it. It was in obedience to the commands of Charles, that James reluctantly entered the Spanish service, in which he also distinguished himself, especially in the dreadful battle among the sand-hills before Dunkirk, where he and his British brigade of exiled cavaliers were opposed to the Cromwellian English troops.¹

“When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.”

James performed prodigies of unavailing valour that day; and finally at the head of twenty men, the sole survivors of the two regiments he commanded, cut his way through the French battalions to the village of Zudcote.² How incredible would it have appeared to those who fought under the banner of the princely knight-errant, and witnessed his fearless exposure of his person on so many occasions, that day, as well as during his four campaigns under Turenne, if any one had predicted that the injustice of a faction in his own country would ever succeed in throwing a stigma on his courage! The ardent love which he bore to his native land, and the lingering hope entertained by him that he might one day be able to devote his talents to her service, prevented James from accepting the brilliant offers that were made to him by the court of Spain in the commencement of the year 1660. These hopes were soon afterwards realized, when England called home her banished princes at the Restoration, and he shared in the rapturous welcome with which all ranks of people united in hailing the public entrance of his royal brother into London on the 29th of May.

James's marriage with Anne Hyde³ was unfortunate in every respect.

¹ Journal of James's Campaigns.

² Life of James II.

³ The particulars of James's marriage with the daughter of Clarendon have been related in the memoir of his royal mother, Henrietta Maria.—Lives of the Queens of England, vol. viii., pp. 165—174

It had the effect of involving him in the unpopularity of her father, Clarendon, and of entailing upon him the enmity of Buckingham, Bristol, Shaftesbury, and the rest of that party, who, fancying that James would one day avenge his father-in-law's injuries on them, were unremitting in their efforts to deprive him of the royal succession. Clarendon appears perfectly satisfied with James's conduct to his daughter, and always speaks of the domestic happiness of the duke and duchess, as a contrast to the conjugal infelicity of the king and queen. James was an unfaithful, but not an unkind husband, and the duchess was too wise to weary him with jealousy. How merrily they lived may be inferred from some little circumstances recorded by Pepys, who notices in his diary, "that he came one day into a room at Whitehall, whence the chairs and tables had been removed, and surprised the duke of York sitting with his duchess and her ladies on the hearth-rug, playing at the old Christmas game, 'I love my love with an A,' &c., with great glee and spirit."¹

While James occupied the post of lord admiral of England, his attention was bestowed not only on every branch of naval science, but in the foundation and encouragement of colonies in three different quarters of the globe—namely, in Hindostan, at Long Island in America, which was called in honour of him New York, and others on the coast of Africa. These all became sources of wealth and national prosperity to England. The jealousy of the Dutch was excited. They had hitherto endeavoured to exclude the British merchants from the trade both of the East and West Indies, as well as to usurp to themselves the sovereignty of the seas. They committed aggressions on the infant colonies founded by the duke of York, and he prevailed on his brother to allow him to do battle with them in person on the seas. His skill and valour achieved the most signal triumph over the fleets of Holland that had ever been attained by those of England. This memorable battle was fought on the 3d of June, 1665, off the coast of Suffolk, and the brilliant success was considered mainly attributable to the adoption of the naval signals and the line of battle at sea, which had been discovered by the naval genius of the duke of York. Eighteen great ships of the Dutch were taken or burnt, and but one ship lost of the British navy. The chief slaughter was on board the duke's own ship, especially around his person, for the friends he loved best were slain by his side, and he was covered with their blood. These were lord Muskerry and Charles Berkeley (lord Falmouth). They were well avenged, for James instantly ordered all his guns to fire into the hull of Opdam, the Dutch admiral's ship. At the third shot, she blew up. The parliament voted James a present of £80,000, as a testimonial for the great service he had performed.

The maternal anxiety of the queen-mother, Henrietta, on account of the peril to which the duke of York had been exposed in the late fight,

¹ This childish game merely consists in a series of droll alliterations. as, I love my love with an A, because he is amiable; I hate him with an A, because he is avicious; he took me to the sign of the Angel, and treated me with a pleis his name is Alfred Arnold, and he lives at Aldborough. The next person takes the letter B, and all in turn to the end of the alphabet.

wrung from Charles a promise that he should not go into battle again. The nation united in this feeling, for James was then the idol of his country. If his earnest representations had been heeded by Charles and his short-sighted ministers, the insult that was offered to England by the Dutch aggression on the ships at Chatham in the year 1667, would never have taken place.¹

The events of the next five years, cast a blight over the rest of James's life. All his children died but the two daughters who were subsequently to bring his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. His wife, Anne Hyde, on her death-bed, declared herself a Roman catholic, and he soon after withdrew himself from the communion of the church of England, nor could any representations of the impolicy of his conduct, or his royal brother's entreaties, induce him to appear again in the chapel royal. It is a remarkable but well-authenticated fact, that about this time he became honourably attached to a lady who was a firm member of the church of England, Susanna Armine, the widow of sir Henry Bellasis, whom he was most anxious to marry, although she had not only resisted all his attempts to convert her to his new creed, but was even supposed to have shaken some of his recently imbibed opinions by the force of her arguments. Lady Bellasis was by no means beautiful; her great charm consisted in her fine understanding and captivating manners. James, who was aware that his attentions might be misconstrued by the world, gave her a written promise of marriage, lest her reputation should suffer from the frequency of his visits;² few alliances, however, could have been less suitable for the heir of the realm, than this, for she was the mother of the heir of a catholic house, and her late husband had been killed in a duel while in a state of inebriation.

When the king heard of his brother's romantic attachment to this lady, he was extremely provoked, and after expostulating roughly with him on the subject, told him "it was intolerable that he should think of playing the fool again at his age," in allusion to his impolitic marriage with Anne Hyde. James, like a true lover, thought no sacrifice too great to make to the woman whom he esteemed for her virtues, and adored for her mental endowments, rather than for her external graces, and would not give her up. Lady Bellasis proved herself worthy of the attachment she had inspired, for when she found that the interests of the duke of York were likely to suffer on account of his engagement with her, she voluntarily resigned him, conditioning only that she might be permitted to retain a copy of his solemn promise of marriage properly

¹ The poverty of the crown led to paltry expedients in the way of retrenchments. The large ships were laid up. James vehemently protested against the measure, as an abandonment of the sovereignty of the seas; and he predicted that the Dutch would insult the coast and plunder the maritime counties. His objections were overruled; the distresses caused by the plague and the fire, prevented the merchants from lending money to the government to pay the seamen's wages; the crown was paralysed by a debt of 800,000*l.*, and for want of natural supplies, the measure deprecated by the heir presumptive of the crown was adopted. The result left a stain on the annals of Charles II.'s government.

² Count Hamilton; Burnet; Jameson.

attested.¹ This she owed to her reputation, having no mind to be classed with Arabella Churchill, or any other court mistress.

King Charles, perceiving that his brother's desire of domestic happiness would lead him into a second marriage, incompatible with his position as the heir of the crown, engaged him in a matrimonial treaty with the archduchess of Inspruck, although as a catholic princess the idea of such an alliance for the duke of York was highly unpopular.

Immediately after James's second victory over the Dutch fleets at Sole bay, and while the royal admiral was yet on the sea, came the news from sir Bernard Gascoigne, the British ambassador at Vienna, that the treaty of marriage with the archduchess of Inspruck was concluded, and nothing more was required than for his royal highness to send an ambassador extraordinary, to marry her as his proxy, and bring her home. James made choice of his faithful friend and servant, Henry Mordaunt, earl of Peterborough. That gallant old cavalier has left a copious and very amusing account of his proceedings, and the difficulties and perplexities with which he found himself beset in the execution of his delicate commission, of obtaining a second consort for his royal friend, the heir-presumptive of the realm.²

"The earl of Peterborough did at that time attend the duke in his own ship; he had been with him the whole expedition, and was particularly participant in all the honours and hazards of that bloody battle (of Solebay), wherein the noble earl of Sandwich lost his life, and so many brave gentlemen of either party. And from this fleet it was he commanded the earl of Peterborough to repair to the king and entreat his orders to the ministers for preparing monies, instructions, and instruments, that might enable him to proceed on his journey, in order to bring home the princess."

So many intrigues, however, crossed the appointment at home, that it was not till March, 1673, that the earl of Peterborough was allowed to embark with his suite on this errand. He was entrusted with jewels from his royal highness's cabinet, to the value of 20,000*l.*, intended as a present for the princess. These jewels were worn by a different bride from her for whom they were destined by the sailor prince, when he selected them.

The empress of Germany had fallen sick in the mean time, and even before she breathed her last, the emperor Leopold I. determined to marry

¹ Jameson.

² In the genealogies of the Mordaunt family, written by himself: a book of which four-and-twenty copies only were printed for private use. Of these, the only one that I have been able to trace is in the Herald's College. Through the courtesy of sir Charles G. Young, garter king of arms, I have been enabled to gather from this precious tome much valuable information relating to the second marriage of James II., then duke of York, with Mary Beatrice Eleonora d'Esté of Modena, which, together with the minute, but still more interesting anecdotes that were recorded from her own verbal communications to the nuns of Chaillot, from the inedited fragments in the Archives au Royaume de France, enables me to bring the fullest particulars of this royal wooing and wedding, which have never appeared in any history, but are from sources, the authenticity of which cannot be impugned.

the affianced consort of the duke of York, and she decided on accepting him. Sir Bernard Gascoigne succeeded in discovering this arrangement in time to prevent the further mortification of the arrival of the duke's proxy at Vienna. The faithless archduchess had intimated, by way of consoling James, that the emperor had an unmarried sister whom he might perhaps be induced to bestow in marriage on his royal highness.¹ James took no notice of this hint, but wrote to his friend, the earl of Peterborough, to choose a wife for him from four other princesses who had been proposed to him, and that as it was impossible for him to see or become acquainted with either of these ladies himself, he entreated his lordship to use his utmost diligence to obtain a sight of them, or at least of their pictures; with a full and impartial account of their manners and dispositions.²

The first on the list was the duchess of Guise, a widow, and cousin-german to the duke of York, being the youngest daughter of his maternal uncle, Gaston duke of Orleans, by his second marriage. She was most particularly favoured, and recommended by the court of France. The next was the subject of the present biography, the young princess of Modena, only sister to the duke of that country. It is said by Charles the Second's historiographer, Gregorio Leti, that this princess was first mentioned by the queen, Catharine of Braganza, as a suitable consort for her brother-in-law, the duke of York; but other writers of the same period declare, that she was proposed by Louis XIV. as his adopted daughter. The extreme admiration of both Charles and James for the person of her beautiful cousin, Hortense Mancini, whom she greatly resembled, might have had some influence in directing attention to her. The third lady in James's list, the earl of Peterborough calls *Mademoiselle de Rais*³—probably some very great heiress, for her name is neither allied with royal nor historical associations. The fourth was the princess Mary Anne of Wirtemberg.

All this being perfectly new to the public, demands a few additional pages descriptive of the rival claims of the *quartette*; for certainly, since the sultan-like requisitions of Henry VIII. to Francis I. and his ambassadors for a princess worthy of the honour of becoming his fourth consort, no chapter of royal wife-hunting has been half so rich. No chance was there of the shrewd old cavalier whom the duke of York had entrusted with the disposal of the future happiness or misery of his life, making a blunder in the choice of the lady; so excellent a judge was he of beauty, and so deeply impressed with the importance of the commission he had undertaken. "This was a great trust," says he, "to the performance whereof, were requisite both honour and discretion. The first, to render *unconsidered* all the advantages which might be proposed to bias the person trusted, against the interest and satisfaction of his master; and the later to find out and judge what might be most expedient and agreeable to his true humour and circumstances."

"Of the ladies named by the duke of York, the first and the last—

¹ Letters of the earl of Arlington and sir Bernard Gascoigne.

² Mordaunt Genealogies.

³ Perhaps a princess of the house of Rouss

namely, the duchess of Guise and the Wirtemberg princess, both resident at Paris—the duchess of Guise at her own house, the princess at a convent in Paris, where she was a boarder. The duchess of Guise the earl saw at court, but was convinced that the duke could have no inclination for her, as she was low and ill-shaped; and though she had much reputation for innocence and virtue, her constitution was too feeble for there to be much probability of her bringing the duke heirs, which he knew to be the chief object of his wishing to enter into a second marriage. All the favour of France, therefore, which the earl might have won by permitting this alliance, would not tempt him to recommend anything that appeared contrary to the trust which the duke had reposed in him.”¹

The princess of Modena the earl could not see, as she was in her own country; but, by means of Mr. Conn, a Scotch gentleman, he was introduced into the Conti palace, where he saw her picture, which had been recently painted in Italy and sent thither; the princess de Conti,² being nearly related to her. The sight of this portrait seems to have almost turned the head of our discreet envoy, and must be described in his own eloquent words.

“It bore the appearance of a young creature about fourteen years of age; but such a light of beauty—such characters of ingenuity and goodness—as it surprised the earl, and fixed upon his fancy, that he had found his mistress and the fortune of England.”³

“An ill picture,” which his excellency goes on to say, “he saw of Mademoiselle de Rais,” the third lady in the duke of York’s catalogue, was not, of course, calculated to efface the impression which had been made on his imagination, by this living representation of the fair young flower of Esté; in fact, it placed the lady at such a distance, that he did not consider it worth his while to make any further inquiries about her. His whole thoughts were turned upon the princess of Modena; and, in order to gain some information touching her character, he employed his friend, Mr. Conn, to arrange such a meeting and introduction as might appear accidental, with the Abbé Riccini, a person who was employed in negotiating the interests of the house of Esté, in Paris. This interview took place in the cloisters of the great Charter-house, in Paris. After the usual compliments had passed, the three diplomatists led the discourse from the indifferent topics with which they began their conversation, to the affairs of England, the duke of York being a widower, and the necessity of his marrying again. Then they discussed the various princesses that the world judged proper for so illustrious a match, and the earl took occasion to inquire “what children there were in the house of Esté?” “Only two,” replied Riccini; “a son, who is the reigning duke, as yet a minor, and a daughter of about fourteen years of age.” After enlarging on the many excellences of this princess, pursues the earl, “he endeavoured to render them useless to us, by saying, that the duchess, her mother, but more strongly her own inclinations.

¹ Mordaunt Genealogies.

² This lady was also a Mancini, sister to the duchess of Modena’s mother.

³ Earl of Peterborough’s Mordaunt Genealogies.

did design her for a religious life, and that she seemed resolved not to marry.'"¹

This intimation, which the trusty envoy was reluctantly compelled to convey to the duke, at the same time that he informed him of her great beauty and the high character which, from all quarters, he had received of the young princess, appeared for the present to put all hopes of obtaining her out of the question. Then the duke directed him to obtain access to the princess Mary Anne of Wirtemberg, who was the daughter of a brother of the reigning duke. Her father had been slain in the wars, and her mother having retired into Flanders, she remained, under the protection of the crown of France, in a convent in Paris, in company with several ladies of quality. In consequence of the great services her late father had performed for France, it was supposed that, next to the duchess of Guise and the young princess of Modena, she stood the best chance of being recommended by that court as a consort for the duke of York.

Through the good offices of father Gilbert Talbot, an English ecclesiastic of high rank, and an acquaintance of her confessor, the earl of Peterborough obtained an introduction to this lady, who was persuaded to receive a visit from him at the grate of a parlour, according to the usual etiquette of convents. Notwithstanding the vivid impression which the pictured charms of the young lovely d'Esté had made on the old cavalier, he gives a highly favourable report of the princess Mary Anne of Wirtemberg.

"She was," says he, "of middle stature, fair complexion, with brown hair; the figure of her face turned very agreeably, her eyes grey, her looks grave but sweet, and in her person she had the motions of a person of quality and well bred; but, above all, she had the appearance of a maid in the bloom of youth, and of a healthful constitution, likely to bring strong children, such as might live and prosper. Although there was much modesty in her behaviour, yet she was not scarce of her discourse, and spoke well and pertinently to everything." In short, our prudent ambassador, believing that, excepting the princess of Modena, he had neither seen nor heard of anything more suitable for the personal object of his mission than this lady, began to inquire what fortune might be expected with her; but although some persons, inclined for her, did give out that, one way or other, fifty or three-score thousand pounds might be expected, he could not find any reasonable ground on which to build such an assurance.

Wisely considering, however, that money ought not to be regarded as a matter of the slightest importance in a marriage, where so much depended on the qualifications of the lady, he made such representations to the duke, that his royal highness, being well satisfied with the reports that he had heard from other quarters of this princess, charged him to proceed in his visits to her, and even to give hopes to her friends that he might soon be authorized to demand her in marriage. The earl obeyed, and found every day fresh contentments in the conversation of the

¹ The earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

princess; but all of a sudden a change of purpose took place in the matrimonial views of the duke of York, or rather in the policy of king Charles and his cabinet; for orders came to the earl by express, directing him to leave Paris privately, with as little company as possible, and proceed incognito to Dusseldorf, the court of the duke of Newburgh, and there try to get a sight of the princess, his daughter, who had been earnestly recommended to the duke as a princess the fittest of any for his alliance.¹ The duke of York took the precaution of privately charging his friend, to give him a faithful character of this new candidate for his hand, in all particulars, telling him "that if he did not feel satisfied that she was in person, mind, and manners, calculated to make him happy, he should have immediate orders to return and bring home the princess of Wirtemberg."

The earl, who was nothing but duty and faithfulness to the duke, obeyed his new orders with all diligence. He took post, accompanied only by signor Varasani, his gentleman of the horse, and one that served him in his chamber, and arrived in three days at Metz, whence he came by water to Cologne. There, when he was walking about in the street, he was recognised by Sir John Williamson, one of the English resident ministers, who greatly offended his *secretiveness*, by alighting from his coach, and complimenting him in the street, of which unseasonable respect his lordship delivered himself, by desiring "that he would forbear it any further;" and, though he privately visited both him and his colleague, Sir Lionel Jenkins, he did not communicate his business to them: business of which they were, doubtless, to the full as well aware as himself.

At the inn, our cautious envoy, whose proceedings are too amusing to be omitted, told the host "he wanted to see the city and court of Dusseldorf," and got him to provide him with a guide well acquainted with the place, embarked with his companion Varasani and two servants, one morning, in an ordinary boat on the Rhine, and in due time arrived at the gates of Dusseldorf. There being examined, and giving out that they were strangers, brought by curiosity to see the place, they were admitted, and conducted by a soldier to an inn. They next sent their guide to inquire the method of approaching the palace and the prince, and were informed, "that there would be a greater opportunity that day than usual; for the prince and court were to be present at an anniversary contest among the citizens, and other persons of that place, which could soonest shoot down the *papejay*,² or parrot (a thing made in similitude of such a bird), from a very high pole, which was to be performed with such ceremony, and the victor to receive the reward of his address." But before the commencement of this spectacle, the prince was to be entertained with very rare music at afternoon service in the Jesuits' church, at which also the duchess and the princess were to be present; and the guide added that he could conduct him to a station proper for obtaining a view of them. This was readily accepted by his lordship, who, with

¹ The earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

² The reader will remember the *fête* of the popinjay in Old Mortality.

his companion, was placed in a fair passage of the cloister, through which the prince and his court were to pass. After some expectation, the duke arrived, preceded by the state and ceremony befitting his rank. He led his consort by the hand; the princess followed, and a considerable train of ladies and gentlemen, well dressed and in goodly order; but the princess was not well to be discerned, by reason of the hoods that were over her face. Passing after into the body of the church, the earl had a farther view into the gallery above, where the duke sat to hear the service. The office and music being ended, the court retired in the same order as it entered; and all went to see the shooting, except the earl, who did not desire to appear publicly abroad.

Meantime, the guide, having acquainted some under-officer of the court that two gentlemen belonging to the train of the English ambassador at Cologne, were come to see that town, and were desirous to have a sight of the court, and to do reverence to the duke, was told that he might bring them. Under his conduct they proceeded to the palace, where they were met by a gentleman of the inner court, who led them up into a large room, where, after some attendance, they were led into another, where the prince came to them. Mysterious as the earl of Peterborough thought himself, there can be little doubt but that his business was shrewdly suspected in that court, otherwise he would scarcely have obtained access to the sovereign's presence, without letters, passport, or, in fact, the slightest warrant of his respectability.

The duke of Newburgh received his lordship's compliments with much courtesy, and of himself began to ask questions about the journey, the English ambassadors, and proceedings of the treaty of Cologne; and afterwards insensibly turned the conversation on the court of England and the royal family. He inquired about the duke of York and his marriage; and asked where was Monsieur de Peterborough, and if he continued at Paris after the treaty of Inspruck? Discreet answers having been returned by lord Peterborough to all these queries, the duke went on to say "that he heard the duke of York was like to be married to an English lady;" to which the earl replied, "that he had heard of no such thing." At last he took his leave with much civility. After his departure, Peterborough and his friend asked the gentleman by whom they had been presented to the duke, "if they might not have the further favour of seeing the duchess and the young princess." He said, "he would inquire," and left them; and after some stay, returned to let them know they would be admitted. He then ushered them into an upper room, where they found the duchess of Newburgh and the princess, her eldest daughter, in evident expectation of their visit. The earl made his compliments, with the greatest possible respect, to which her highness in her own tongue made all suitable returns; but said, "that, not being versed in the French language, she desired her daughter the princess might interpret between them." On which the princess, nothing loth, as it should appear, approached and helped to carry on the conversation, with intention, as he thought, of showing her capacity in that language

They all, by that time, as he had reason afterwards to believe, suspecting him to be some other person, and having more design in this little voyage than was pretended.¹

From this hint, it should appear, that the naval envoy of the duke of York was mistaken for the royal admiral himself, going about the world in disguise to choose a second consort for himself; the romantic circumstances attending his first marriage, and secondly, his disinterested attachment to lady Bellasis, indicating that he was not likely to enter into a cold state alliance with a stranger. James acted much more wisely however, in trusting to the good taste and sound sense of his trusty friend, than if he had relied on his own judgment, since no man was more easy to be deceived than himself.

The princess of Newburgh was supposed to be about eighteen years of age, of middle stature; she had very light hair, and was of an exceedingly fair complexion. Her eyes were of a light bluish grey, the turn of her face more round than oval; that part of her neck which his lordship could see, was white as snow; but, on the whole, she was inclined to be fat. In discourse, she interpreted readily her mother's sense to him, and spake her own aptly enough; "but there did not appear that great genius for business and conversation for which," observes our noble author, "she has been praised, since she was called to sit on the greatest throne in Europe."²

The earl of Peterborough took his leave of the duchess and her daughter, with all the respect due to ladies of their quality. At his departure, he found himself attended much more by gentlemen, and with greater respect, than at his arrival; and he was pressed to stay supper by the chief officers of the house, even to a degree of importunity. The punctilious caution with which his lordship avoided committing himself, by accepting the slightest hospitality from the duke of Newburgh, proves that he did not consider the fat, fair *fraulein*, his daughter, by any means worthy of the preferment of becoming duchess of York.

After he had, with some trouble, backed out of all the civilities that were pressed upon him, and withdrawn to his inn, where he made an "ill supper,"³ there came to call upon him, under pretence of a visit from a countryman, a young gentleman, one Hamilton, who wore a gold key by his side, and was said to be of the duke's bedchamber, and much in his favour. This Mr. Hamilton seemed every way to try what he could get out of the earl; and by his discourse, his lordship perceived that he had puzzled the court, and that his declining to receive further attentions, made them suspect that he was dissatisfied. The earl, finding himself rather in a dilemma, was impatient to be gone, and having

¹ Mordaunt Genealogies.

² The name of this princess was Eleanor Magdalen. She married James's former rival, the emperor Leopold I., on the death of his second wife, the beautiful archduchess of Inspruck, in 1676. She was the mother of the emperors Joseph I. and Charles VI. The great enmity of the imperial family to James may, perhaps, be traced to the influence of this princess, and the offence she took at the earl of Peterborough coming to look at her for his master, and then making no proposal for her hand.

³ Mordaunt Genealogies.

a wagon ready, the usual mode of travelling in that country then, he made a precipitate retreat the next morning to Cologne, whence he wrote by express to England, an account of his visit to the court of Dusseldorf. In answer, he received immediate orders to return to Paris, where he was assured he should meet directions to marry and bring home the princess Mary Anne of Wirtemberg.

The earl obeyed with much satisfaction, esteeming this, next to the Modenese alliance, the most suitable of any that had been proposed; so with all the haste he could, and not doubting of the performance of what he had been assured, he returned to Paris, and alighting at the monastery where the princess Mary Anne lived, he acquainted her with the news of the preferment, which he had every reason to believe, awaited her. The princess had not self-command enough to conceal her joy on this occasion; "and," pursues his excellency, "she was not to be blamed, considering the provision it would have been for an orphan maid to marry a prince so great, both in the circumstances of fortune and merit."¹

The result should be a warning to all diplomatists engaged in the delicate and responsible business of royal marriages, not to advance a single step beyond the precise warrantry of their instructions; brief as had been the interval between the letters the earl had received at Cologne, and his arrival at Paris, a total change of purpose had taken place in the secret councils of the British court; and the luckless envoy found that he had committed an irretrievable blunder, by his communication to the princess; for the orders that awaited him at his own house were, not to marry and bring her home, as the consort of the duke of York, but to break off all negotiations for her hand. His consternation and vexation may be imagined, especially as this sudden and provoking caprice proceeded not from any fickleness on the part of the duke of York, but from the impertinent interference of that restless intrigante, the duchess of Portsmouth, whose insolence led her to aspire at nothing less than marrying the heir-presumptive of the British crown to a bride of her selecting. The lady whom she had chosen for him was the daughter of the duc d'Elbœuf, a cadet prince of the house of Lorraine; her mother was the sister of Mareschal Turenne—a connexion to which his royal highness would have had no objection, because of his affection to his old commander, had the lady been of a suitable age; but when the earl of Peterborough came to see her, after king Charles had consented to the marriage, he found that she was a little girl under thirteen, and so very childish for that age, that he would not for a moment encourage the idea of bringing home a bride of her fashion for his royal friend.² The duchess of Portsmouth, however, who thought to carry her point in time, if she could only succeed in breaking off the promising negotiation with Mary Anne of Wirtemberg, continued, by means of her emissaries, so to disparage that princess that the duke was induced to give her up.

Much ado was there to pacify the poor princess on so great a dis-

¹ Mordaunt Genealogies.

² Earl of Peterborough, in Mordaunt Genealogies.

appointment; especially as there were those to whom she seemed a rival, who forbore not to rejoice, if not to insult her, on this change of fortune. As for the earl of Peterborough, he frankly confessed that he durst not see her again.¹ In fact, after having committed himself by his premature communication, he felt to the full as deeply mortified as herself.

An effort had been made by the British resident at Paris, by sending an express to meet him on the road with news of this change, to prevent the earl of Peterborough from committing himself, by complimenting the princess of Wirtemberg on the imaginary preferment that his first letters had given him reason to believe awaited her; but the messenger, having taken a different route, missed him. Mortified and annoyed as the earl was with the capricious conduct of his own court, he was in a manner consoled when he found that he was required by his majesty to proceed with all speed to Modena, to demand, according to the proper forms, the original of that beautiful portrait which had never ceased to haunt his imagination since he first got a stealthy view of it in the Conti palace.

It is a little amusing that king Charles, in his instructions to "Our right trusty and right well-beloved cousin, Henry, earl of Peterborough, our ambassador extraordinary at the court of Modena," commences with noticing "the failure of the occasion" on which he had been appointed ambassador-extraordinary at the court of Vienna—"viz., for effecting a marriage between our most dear brother, James, duke of York, and the young archduchess of Inspruck," but passes over in silence the other five ladies—viz., the duchess of Guise, Mesdemoiselles Rais and d'Elbœuf, and the princesses of Newburgh and Wirtemberg, whose conjugal qualifications his excellency had subsequently been employed to report for his royal highness's consideration, and proceeds with laudable brevity to the object of his present mission, in these words:—

"Our said dear brother desiring us much to consent to his marriage with the young princess of Modena, Mary d'Esté, sister to the present duke of Modena, we have thought fit hereby to enjoin and direct you to make what convenient speed you possibly can to the court of the said prince, and introducing yourself there by your letters of credence, which we herewith send you, to an audience of the duchess-regent, after the performance of such compliments to her on our part, as will best occur to you on the subject, open unto her our brother's earnest desire to espouse the young princess, her daughter," &c. &c.

A polite hint on the subject of the young lady's portion is delicately introduced in his majesty's statement:—

"That our said dearest brother seems to be willing to settle a jointure of fifteen thousand pounds per annum sterling money of England, and even to enlarge himself farther therein, if the value of her portion (hitherto in certainty known to us) shall require a better."

The time for the payment of the portion, and all arrangements con-

¹ Earl of Peterborough, in Mordaunt Genealogies.

² "Official instructions to the earl of Peterborough for the marriage treaty of James, duke of York, and Mary of Modena."—Appendix of Mordaunt Genealogies.

nected with it, are in this document referred to the friendly arbitration of the king of France, Louis XIV. :—

“These capitulations being thus finished, proceeds his majesty, you shall proceed to espouse the princess in our brother’s name, according to the deputation and proxy he will send you to that effect, and when that ceremony is over adjust with the duchess-regent, or her ministers. the manner of bringing the young princess hither, which we suspect, for the avoiding of many troublesome and chargeable ceremonies, she will choose to be *incognita*.”

A very adroit method this of intimating to the princess the plan it was intended she should adopt in her bridal progress. A prudential clause follows, requiring that the expenses of the bride’s journey, as far as Paris or Calais, should be defrayed by her own court.

The document concludes with this observation :—

“Now, although it be unusual to send extraordinary ambassadors to a single prince of Italy of that sphere, yet we have condescended to do it, to honour our most dear brother’s choice of this princess for his wife, but that on the other side our own dignity may not suffer thereby, you must be careful to stipulate and adjust the manner of your appearance there, to the full extent of such ceremonies as have been given to the ambassadors of France and Spain, who have ever appeared there.”

These instructions, signed by king Charles, and countersigned by the earl of Arlington, are dated July 31, 1673. The same express brought a similar document, only somewhat amplified, from the duke of York, directing the earl of Peterborough, after delivering the king’s credential letters and his own to the duke and duchess-regent of Modena, to profess to them his earnest desire of marrying the young princess, and the great affection he had conceived for her person and virtues, repeating what has been mentioned in the king’s letter touching her portion, and the jointure of 15,000*l.* that he was willing to settle on her, in case she should survive him, and his willingness to augment it in proportion to the amount of her portion :—

“When you shall have contracted the princess in my name,” continues the duke, “you are to present to her as a token of my esteem, such part of my jewels in your custody as you shall judge convenient, and the morning of the day of performing the solemnity of the marriage you shall present her with the remainder of my said jewels, as a further pledge of my affections and of my satisfaction of what you have done for me.”¹

The expediency of the princess travelling *incognita* is also repeated by the duke, and he especially recommends his trusty proxy to adopt the same plan for himself on his way to Modena, taking with him only such servants as were absolutely necessary.

Two days after the date of this instrument, James announced his intended nuptials in the following laconic seaman-like epistle to his cousin, prince Rupert, who had succeeded him in the command of the British fleet :—

“St. James’s, Aug. 3, 1673.”

“I have received yours by Dowcett, and, by the account he gave of what passed when you were near the Schonvelt, see plainly de Ruyter will hardly

¹ Printed for Lord Peterborough in the appendix to the *Mordaunt Genealogies*

² MS. Lansdowne, 1236, article 99. fol. 160.

come out to fight you. I have also seen yours to Ld. Arlington, from whom you will receive his majesty's pleasure, so that there remains nothing more for me to say but that now my marriage is agreed on with the yonge princess of Modena, and to wish you faire weather and good successe if you undertake anything.

“JAMES.

“For my deare cousen,
“Prince Rupert.”

Like most men, who find themselves in a position to choose a wife from among the fairest, the noblest, and the wealthiest ladies on earth, James, who had hitherto been embarrassed with the agreeable perplexity of selecting for his consort her who should be esteemed the most unexceptionable of all the princesses who had been offered to his consideration, fancied that after he had once made up his mind on that point, no further difficulty could be apprehended—at least, not on the part of the lady to whom the prospect of sharing the crown of Great Britain was offered with his hand. His plenipotentiary very soon had occasion to undeceive him in this notion. The wooing of Mary Beatrice of Modena, which these pages for the first time unfold to the world,¹ is indeed a curious chapter in the personal history of royalty, demonstrating that princesses—ay, and very youthful ones—occasionally endeavour to exert a will of their own, and that ladies sometimes prefer a maiden life of tranquil happiness to the cares and trials of the conjugal state, even when it offers the glittering perspective of a crown.

James urged the earl of Peterborough to use all possible diligence to marry and bring home his Italian bride, before the approaching session of parliament, being well aware that attempts would be made to prevent his union with a Roman-catholic princess. The earl then receiving wings from the commands and interests of his master, set off post for Lyons incognito. He arrived there at the end of three days, fancying, from the care he had taken to send his equipage and baggage away, under the care of his officers, that he should be entirely unknown; but scarcely had he entered his inn to repose and refresh himself a little, when the waiter brought him word there were two gentlemen below, who desired admittance to speak with him on the part of the duchess of Modena. He could not possibly refuse to see them, and they delivered a letter to him, signed by one Nardi, who styled himself a secretary, acquainting his excellency,² “that the duchess of Modena had heard of his intention to come into these parts to treat of a marriage with the young princess, but knowing her daughter's inclinations to be entirely against any obligations of that kind, and that she was perfectly settled in the resolution to take upon her a religious life, she thought it reasonable to give him timely information thereof, that the king, his master, and his lordship might avoid committing themselves by pursuing a design which, though very honourable and advantageous to her daughter and the house of Esté, was yet impracticable, and could never be brought about.”

¹ From the inedited Narrative of the earl of Peterborough, and the MS. Memoirs of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume, related by herself to the nuns of Chaillot.

² Lord Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

The surprise of the incognito ambassador, on finding his secret had already transpired, was extreme. However, he thought it prudent to appear greatly amazed at the contents of the letter, and to disown to the bearers any concern in the matter, or having any orders to proceed in the business they did surmise. He told them further, "that he was a private traveller, who came to satisfy his own curiosity, and his desire of seeing Italy, so there was no occasion for her highness or any others to concern themselves in his motions."

The gentlemen having departed, the earl immediately gave an account of this strange incident to the king and the duke of York. Then, reflecting that this marriage, after the failure of the attempts to engage the duke of York in a matrimonial alliance with either the duchess of Guise, mademoiselle d'Elbœuf, or the princesses of Newburgh or Wirtemberg, had been strenuously recommended by the king of France, he determined to proceed to Turin, and confer with the French ambassador there, who was supposed to direct the affairs of Italy, on the subject, and hear from him what probability there was of ultimate success if he persevered in the pursuit. When he came to have a private conference with that minister, he found that he had received no orders from France to interfere, but to his infinite surprise he had had a letter from the duchess of Modena, wherein she prayed him—"that if his lordship came to Turin, and did confer or advise with him on that matter, he would signify to him the impossibility of accomplishing it, which had before been expressed in the letter which his lordship had received at Lyons from Nardi." "This second appearance of an adverse proceeding much discouraged the earl, who was in great doubt whether he should make any further advances, but the French ambassador, who believed the king, his master, to be much concerned in bringing it about, advised him to have a little patience, and that, continuing the pretence of a casual traveller, he should advance his journey down the Po to an agreeable city, called *Plaisance* (Placentia), where he might remain and amuse himself till he had further orders."¹

The earl took his advice, and repairing to Placentia, lodged himself there as conveniently as he could, under the character of a private traveller. But with all this caution, his person and movements were perfectly known; and the second or third morning after his arrival, the servants informed him that there was a gentleman desired the favour of admittance to him, who came from the duchess of Modena. This gentleman proved no other than Nardi himself, the writer of the mysterious letters for preventing the offer of the duke of York being formally made to the young princess.² He had the appearance of an ingenious man, who spoke well, and was practised in all Italian civilities. His errand was to deliver a letter from the duchess herself, wherein she wrote, "that having heard of his journey in these parts, she thought it incumbent on her, before a great king and his minister should expose themselves by demanding that which could not be accomplished, to manifest

¹ Earl of Peterborough, in the *Mordaunt Genealogies*.

² *Ibid.*

her reasons. She then recapitulated the substance of Nardi's previous letter to him, and the French ambassador, but added in conclusion, that there were other princesses in her family besides her daughter, to one of whom, if the duke his master thought fit, it was possible that he might be admitted to address himself, and in the mean time, if his lordship would come and divert himself in her court, she should esteem it an honour to receive him, and he should be very welcome." The earl of Peterborough, who was anything but flattered at the anxiety of the duchess, to forestal with a refusal, an offer which he, at any rate, had given her no reason to believe would be made, drily apologized to her highness "for the trouble which his coming into those parts seemed to cause her, and thanked her for the honour she did him, for which, however, he assured her there was no cause, seeing he was but a private traveller, without design or orders to disquiet any persons with pretences that were not agreeable to them."¹

If the duchess of Modena had really been averse to having the heir of a mighty realm for her son-in-law, she would not have taken the pains she did to watch the motions of the matrimonial agent of the duke of York. She had been accurately informed of the predilection entertained in favour of her daughter, and in a very early stage of the business, took occasion to discuss the matter with the young princess. Mary Beatrice wanted rather better than two months of completing her fifteenth year; she was tall and womanly in figure, but perfectly unconscious of her charms. For her acquirements, she read and wrote Latin and French; she possessed some taste in painting, and was a proficient in music, which she passionately loved; but of those royal sciences, history and geography, which ought to form the most important part of the education of princes, she knew so little, that when her mother announced to her that she was sought in marriage by the duke of York, she asked, with great simplicity, "who the duke of York was?" Her mother told her, "that he was the brother of the king of England, and heir-presumptive to that realm;" but the princess was not a whit the wiser for this information. "She had been so innocently bred," observes James, in his journal, "that she did not know of such a place as England, nor such a person as the duke of York."

When the duchess of Modena had sufficiently enlightened the ignorance of the fair young devotee on the subject, by making her fully acquainted with the nature of the matrimonial prospects that awaited her, not concealing the fact that the duke of York was in his fortieth year, Mary Beatrice burst into a passionate fit of weeping, and implored her aunt to marry this royal suitor instead of her, observing with some naïveté, "that the age of the elder princess of Modena, who was thirty years old, was more suitable to that of a bridegroom of forty than her own, as she was only in her fifteenth year." Mary Beatrice was assured in reply, "that the fancied objection of too great juvenility in a girl of her age, would be very soon obviated by time, while every day would

¹ Mordaunt Genealogies.

render a lady of thirty less agreeable to a prince like the duke of York."¹

This reasoning, however cogent, did not reconcile the youthful beauty to the idea of being consigned to a consort five-and-twenty years her senior; she wept, and protested her determination to profess herself a nun; and continued to urge the propriety of bestowing her aunt on the duke of York instead of herself, so perseveringly, that at last she convinced some of the most influential persons in the court of Modena that she was right. These were her uncle Rinaldo d'Esté, who, like the princess her aunt, was the offspring of her grandfather's second marriage with a princess of the house of Parma, and the padre Garimbert, her mother the duchess-regent's confessor, and in reality her prime minister. This ecclesiastic had been born a subject of Parma, and was exceedingly desirous of obliging that family by promoting the interests of their kinswoman.²

Garimbert, who is called by the earl of Peterborough a cunning Jesuit, was suspected by those of the cabinet who wished to promote the marriage of the duke of York with Mary Beatrice, of encouraging her in her determined negation of that alliance.

The effects of this under-current had appeared in the duchess being wrought upon by her spiritual director, first, to plead her daughter's predilection for the vocation of a nun, in order to deter the envoy of the duke of York from addressing his master's suit to her; and in the next place, to suggest his transferring it to the elder princess. In order to favour this change of persons, sufficient interest had been made with the ruling powers in the court of France to induce them to use their influence in favour of the aunt instead of the niece. In the mean time, an express was sent from England to apprise the earl of Peterborough that the king of France had despatched the marquis of Dangeau, with orders to assist in concluding the matrimonial alliance between England and Modena, but that it was suspected that instead of the young princess, from whom it was supposed all the difficulty arose, it was intended to substitute an aunt of hers, who in all manner of circumstances was inferior to her, and for divers considerations unsuitable for the duke of York. "This sudden change in the affair greatly mortified the earl, whose head turned round under this variety of circumstances."³

A few days after, came Nardi again, with more compliments from the duchess, and open declarations "of the pleasure it would give her and her court, if the honour, which it was supposed was intended for her daughter, could be transferred to another princess in the family." The earl of Peterborough, who was determined, if he could not have the youngest and fairest, he would take neither, stood to his first pretence, "That he came to Italy for his own pleasure; that he had orders on the subject her highness mentioned; and that his sojourn in that neighbourhood was only caused by a little indisposition; and con-

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice of Modena, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² Mordaunt Genealogies

³ Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

cluded with his duty and humble thanks to the duchess for the honour she did him."

A fresh express from England informed the earl of the approach of the marquis of Dangeau, empowered by the king of France to use his utmost influence to obtain the young Mary Beatrice for the duke of York, and none other; and if his mediation failed, then he was to return to Paris without further delay. A week after this, the marquis arrived, and undertook to reason with the duchess on the subject, having formerly had some acquaintance with her, when, as one of cardinal Mazarine's nieces, she resided in France. He was a clever, eloquent man, well versed in the arts of courts, and so clearly demonstrated to the princes of Esté their true interests in obliging the king, his master, and contracting, at the same time, the powerful alliance of England, that all the court and council were persuaded, with the single exception of father Garimbert, who did all he could to encourage the young princess in her aversion, and to dissuade the duchess from yielding her consent. However, the advantage of the connexion having been once clearly represented to the duchess, all objections were presently overruled. The marquis of Dangeau then wrote to the earl of Peterborough that he might now advance to Modena, where his addresses would be honourably received. The duchess also wrote to the same effect, and gave him a most respectful invitation to her court, assuring him that the only difficulty that now remained, was to obtain a dispensation from the pope, for the celebration of the marriage of a catholic princess with a prince not openly declared of that religion.¹

The duke of York had afforded sufficient proof of his devotion to the church of Rome, by the sacrifice of his power, his influence in the state, together with the vast income which he had hitherto derived from the high offices he held, rather than do violence to his conscience, by taking the test which had been devised by the republican party in parliament to deprive the country of his services. Yet, as he had made no public profession of reconciliation to the church of Rome, the pope took the present opportunity of giving him every annoyance.

The earl of Peterborough, suspecting that the marriage might be prevented by an opposition to it from such a quarter, would not make a public entrance into Modena in the first instance, but, preserving his incognito, travelled thither as a private person. About a mile from the town, however, he was met by Nardi, the under-secretary of state, with a coach and six, and was conveyed to the palace of one of the chief nobles, brother to the bishop of Modena, of which he was put in possession in the name of the duchess of Modena. Here, finding he was to be splendidly lodged and entertained at her highness's expense, he protested against it, as being contrary to his desire of keeping up his incognito; but Nardi told him that although the duchess, in compliance with his request, omitted offering him in public the respect that was his due, she was not tied from serving him her own way in all things necessary for his comfort and accommodation.

¹ Mordaunt Genealogia.

The abbé Dangeau, the marquis's brother, having been despatched to Rome to endeavour to negotiate the dispensation for the marriage, with the pope and his favourite nephew, cardinal Altieri, the earl of Peterborough was in the mean time admitted to the presence of the duchess of Modena. He was brought in a private coach to the palace by Nardi, who, by a back way, introduced him into an apartment, where he found the duchess standing with her back to a table. The earl approached her with the respect due to a sovereign princess in her own house. She received him with much courtesy; and chairs being set, his lordship entered at once upon the true cause of his coming, observing, "that he was surprised at finding a difficulty in a thing which the world judged to be so advantageous to all parties."¹

The duchess excused herself by pleading the aversion her daughter had to a married life, and the great desire she had to be a nun. She said, likewise, that the princess was young, and not of a strong constitution; and that, "besides, the Italian princes, depending much on the reputation of zeal for the catholic religion, there would be difficulties in obtaining a dispensation for an alliance with a prince who was not declared of the same church, let the opinion of his true faith be what it would." To all those objections the earl replied in such a manner as induced the duchess to declare that he had appeased the greatest difficulties of her own thoughts. She added, "that if the abbé succeeded in obtaining the dispensation, she knew not but they might proceed to a happy conclusion." This first conversation ended with the earl's requesting to be favoured with a sight of the young princess, whose possession he had so long thought necessary for his master's happiness; and the duchess having promised it for the next evening, he retired in the same manner in which he arrived.²

The next day his excellency received advice from the abbé Dangeau, that great exertions had been made by the French ambassador, and also by cardinal Barberini, and all the friends and allies of the house of Esté at Rome, to obtain the dispensation, but that the pope was very averse to it, and his governing nephew, cardinal Altieri, was violently opposed to it. Various pretences were alleged in excuse of this unfriendly proceeding; but the true cause was the jealousy of the papal government of the aggrandizement of the house of Esté; lest through an alliance, powerful as that of England, the duke of Modena should be enabled to contest the fair duchy of Ferrara, and the lands of which the princess of Esté had been wrongfully deprived by the usurpation of the Roman see, in which case it was possible he might be disposed to use other means than prayers and tears to recover his own, even from the successors of St. Peter.³

Our stout old cavalier was not a man to be lightly discouraged; he had set his heart on bringing home the fairest bride in Christendom for his royal friend. His spirit rose in proportion to the greatness of the obstacle that was likely to be opposed to the accomplishment of his

¹ Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.
Mordaunt Genealogies.

² Ibid.

purpose; and determining, if possible, to bring the matter to a sudden conclusion, he renewed his request of being permitted to see the princess that evening. He was conducted to the palace at the hour appointed, introduced into the duchess's apartment as before, and found the young princess with her mother.

"The princess Mary of Esté," says he, "appeared to be, at this time, about fourteen years of age; she was tall and admirably shaped; her complexion was of the last degree of fairness; her hair black as jet, so were her eyebrows and her eyes, but the latter so full of light and sweetness as they did dazzle and charm, too. There seemed given unto them by nature, sovereign power — power to kill and power to save; and in the whole turn of her face, which was of the most graceful oval, there were all the features, all the beauty, and all that could be great and charming in any human creature."¹

The earl approached her with the respect he thought due to his future mistress; and having made her the proper compliments, "he asked her pardon if he were the means of disturbing her tranquillity, and in some sort crossing her inclinations; but first, from the sight of her picture, and now still more so from the view of herself, he was convinced it was the only means of making happy a prince whose love, when she came to know him, would make ample amends to her for anything that she might now regard as a grievance."²

She answered with a little fierceness, "that she was obliged to the king of England and the duke of York for their good opinion; but she could not but wonder why from so many princesses of more merit, who would esteem that honour, and be ready to embrace it, they should persist in endeavouring to force the inclination of one who had vowed herself, as much as was in her power, to another sort of life, out of which she never could think she should be happy; and she desired his excellency," even, as he fancied, with tears in her eyes, "if he had an influence with his master, to oblige her by endeavouring to avert any further persecution of a maid, who had an invincible aversion to marriage. Princesses there were enow," she said, "in Italy, and even in that house, who would not be unworthy of so great an honour, and who, from the esteem they might have thereof, would deserve it much better than she could do."³

However piqued the earl might be at the lofty disdain with which the youthful beauty received his compliments, and her earnest endeavours to defend herself from the unwelcome alliance to which he was wooing her, he was too able a diplomatist to take any notice of her pointed hint, that his master's addresses would be more agreeable and suitable to her aunt than to herself. In reply to all her passionate rhetoric on the propriety of his allowing her to fulfil that vocation to which it was her desire to devote herself, his excellency told her, "that he begged her pardon if he could not obey her; he might have been induced to do so before he saw her, but now it was impossible, since he could not believe

¹ Mordant Genealogies.

² Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaun Genealogies.

³ *Ibid*

that she was made for other end than to give princes to the world, who should adorn it with characters of high virtue and merit; that his country had need of such, and he would now hazard the offending her by persisting in his demand; since if he did incur her displeasure by it, it would be the means of making her one of the happiest princesses in the world." The earl complains that, for all he could say, the princess appeared dissatisfied at his persistence. Well she might, when the plain meaning of his flattering speech simply amounted to this, that since she suited the object of his mission, it mattered little whether she shuddered at the thought of being torn from her own sunny clime, and the sweet familiar friends of her childhood, to be transplanted to a land of strangers, and consigned to an unknown husband five-and-twenty years older than herself; whose name she had never heard till she was required to plight her vows of conjugal love and obedience to him; and that even the alternative of a convent and a veil were not to be allowed to her. Who can wonder that a young high-spirited girl, under fifteen, broke through the conventional restraints whereby princesses are taught from their cradles to control their feelings, and endeavoured to avert the dreaded doom that awaited her, by telling the ambassador her mind with the passionate and tearful vehemence of a child of nature. Having done this, she maintained an obstinate silence, and retired with the duchess her mother.

The next day, the ambassador made a formal complaint of her highness's behaviour to Nardi; and expressed his dissatisfaction, that, having been kept on under pretence of "Dangeau's" negotiation for the dispensation, a much greater difficulty appeared in the aversion so openly expressed by the princess, of whose consent he now utterly despaired.¹

Nardi told him he need not be under the least concern on that account, since the ladies of Italy, when it came to be in earnest, were accustomed to have no will but that of their friends; and if her mother were satisfied, she would soon be brought to a much more difficult matter than that.

The earl then reminded the minister that time pressed, the meeting of parliament drew near, and therefore it was necessary to come to an immediate conclusion or to depart. The duchess, on being informed of this, sent him word, the next day, that she had greater hopes of the princess's concurrence, who had, she said, been urged by the duke her brother, and all about her, to consent; so that she trusted, on the arrival of the dispensation, he would be satisfied. In the mean time, the treaty proceeded about the portion, which was to be fourscore thousand pounds, to be paid at several times, with conditions for jointure, maintenance, and other matters; and upon those things which are the rocks and shoals on which other marriages generally split, there was no disagreement. James notices the extreme reluctance of the young princess to accept his hand, which he merely imputes to her desire of devoting herself to a religious life. "She had at any time," says he, "a great inclination to be a nun, so much that the duchess, her mother, was obliged to get the pope to

¹ Earl of Peterborough, in the *Mordaunt Genealogies*.

write to her, and persuade her to comply with her wish, as most conducive to the service of God and the public good."¹

There is some difficulty in reconciling this assertion with the following statement which his royal highness's representative, the earl of Peterborough, gives of the unfriendly conduct of the pope in this affair:—"But now at last came from Rome the abbot Dangeau, without the dispensation, which he could not by any means obtain, by reason that the cardinal Altieri was inflexible, and threats of excommunication were issued against any that should undertake to perform or celebrate the marriage. Thereupon," pursues his excellency, "we were all upon fears of a total rupture. The duchess herself, a zealous, if not a bigoted woman, was in great pain about the part that might seem offensive to his holiness, or neglective of his authority; and the princess took occasion from hence to support her unwillingness. But, in truth, the cardinal Barberini, on whom the duchess had great dependence, and all the other adherents and relations of the house of Esté, being every day more and more convinced of the honour and interest they were like to find in this alliance, were scandalized at the unreasonable obstinacy of the pope and his nephew, and did frankly advise the duchess of Modena to conclude the marriage at once; it being less difficult to obtain forgiveness for it after it was done, than permission for doing it."²

The next great difficulty was, to find a priest who would in that country venture to perform the ceremony of the espousals in defiance of the interdict of the pope. The bishop of Modena, who was applied to, positively refused; but, at last, a poor English Jacobite, named White, who, having nothing to lose, and upon whom the terror of excommunication did not so much prevail, undertook to do it. The princess, then, at last, gave herself up to the will of her friends; a day was appointed for the solemnity, and the earl had liberty to visit her highness in her own apartment.³ It is much to be regretted that his excellency did not enrich his curious and amusing history of this marriage, with a few particulars of his state visit to the reluctant bride-elect, and of her reception of him, and the costly offering of jewels, which he was then empowered to present to her, as a love token, from her future lord. It was not, as she herself afterwards declared, without floods of tears that she yielded to her mother's commands, which she had never before ventured to dispute.⁴

When a reluctant assent had been thus wrung, by maternal authority, from poor Mary Beatrice, the earl of Peterborough assumed his official character of ambassador extraordinary from the king of England to that court; and procurator and proxy for his royal highness James duke of York and Albany's marriage with the princess, sister to the duke.

Instead, however, of making a public entrance into Modena, which in consequence of having left his servants and equipage at Lyons, the earl was not prepared to do, he was brought in the most honourable manner

¹ Life, from Stuart Papers.

² Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

³ Mordaunt Genealogies.

⁴ Memorials of Mary d'Esté in the Archives au Royaume de France

to his first public audience of the duchess-regent and the reigning duke her son, by the prince Rinaldo of Esté, the uncle of the duke, and all that were great and noble in that court. "And, indeed," continues the earl, "the ceremony, attendance, state guards, and other appurtenances, were in that order and magnificence as might have become a prince of far greater revenues and territories; and herein all the marks of sovereignty did appear, which are usual with princes who are dependent but of God." He delivered his credentials in the usual form to their highnesses; and after having made a speech suitable to the occasion, retired as he came; only, instead of being conducted to his coach, he was led into a very noble apartment which was appropriated to his use, in quality of his office as ambassador extraordinary for the marriage; and there he was entertained with the greatest plenty and magnificence, entirely at the expense of that generous princess, the duchess of Modena.¹

The marriage treaty was speedily completed. Some authors have asserted that the portion was furnished by Louis XIV., but it appears that he merely advanced some part of it as a loan, of which he afterwards endeavoured to extort a forcible repayment from the duke of Modena, when there was a political disagreement between them a few years afterwards. Mary Beatrice was always treated by Louis XIV. as his adopted daughter: probably from the remembrance of early friendship with her mother, who, as the niece of cardinal Mazarin, was one of the companions of his childhood.

All the preliminaries for the marriage being now arranged, and the earl of Peterborough pressing for his departure, the day for the solemnization of the nuptial contract was fixed for the 30th of September. The noble proxy having prepared his equipage and habit suitable for the occasion, he was fetched from his lodgings at about eleven o'clock on that morning, by the duke of Modena in person, accompanied by prince Rinaldo, and all the noblest cavaliers of the court; and conducted to a chamber near the chapel, where he reposed himself, till so much of the service was done as seemed obnoxious to the religion he professed,² for it is to be noticed, that James had not chosen a Roman-catholic, but a member of the church of England for his proxy, although it might have involved some inconvenience in an Italian court.

When the mass was over, the earl was led into the chapel, where the bride expected him; and there, not only without a dispensation from the pope, but in defiance of his interdict, was Mary of Modena married by a poor English priest to the catholic heir of England, represented by a proxy of the reformed faith. "The ceremony that was then performed, was designed," to use the words of the earl of Peterborough, "for a perpetual marriage between that admirable princess and the duke of York, his master." In the name of that prince, the noble proxy placed the nuptial ring on the finger of the bride. This ring she always wore; it was set with a fair diamond, which she was accustomed to call the diamond of her marriage.³

¹ Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

² *Ibid.*

³ MS. Memorials of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France

It was one of the only three jewels of which she did not finally strip herself for the relief of the distressed British emigrants, who followed the adverse fortunes of her unfortunate lord; but of this hereafter.

When the spousal rites were over, the noble proxy of that unknown consort to whom Mary Beatrice had, with much reluctance, plighted her nuptial faith, led her by the hand to her apartment, where, taking his leave, he went to repose himself in his own, till he was fetched to accompany the princess at the dinner.

"This," proceeds our record,¹ "did succeed about one of the clock, and, as to the ceremony of it, it was performed at a long table, over the upper end whereof was a rich cloth of state (or canopy), under which, in representation of a bride and bridegroom, the earl of Peterborough sat with the princess, who was now given the title of her royal highness the duchess of York. The duke of Modena, her brother, the duchess-regent, and the other princes of the house of Esté, sitting on either side, according to their degrees.

"This dinner was served with all the care and curiosity that was possible for anything of that nature to be contrived. What the sea could afford, (though it was not near,) and what the rivers and the lakes, was there; what the land could produce, or the air of Italy, was not wanting; and all this was made more excellent by the courtesy and good humour of the princes; but it ended at last; and all arose, in order to a greater liberty of conversation; that also had a conclusion for a time, and the company, for their repose, retired to their respective apartments; his excellency being conducted to his with the same ceremony as he was brought to dinner. The night was dedicated to dancing, for there was a ball in honour of the nuptials, to which all the beauties of the court resorted. It was performed with the order and magnificence suitable to the rest of the entertainments, much to the satisfaction of all the guests and spectators.² The saddest heart there, being, no doubt, that of the beautiful young bride, who had made such obstinate and unexampled efforts to defend her maiden freedom. Her struggles had been fruitless; she had been led a powerless victim to the marriage altar, her reluctant lips had been compelled to pronounce the irrevocable vow; the glittering fetter was on her finger; the most solemn rites of her church had been employed to accomplish the sacrifice; and all her kindred and her people were rejoicing in festivities, which had cost her oceans of tears.

The next day the duke of Modena and the earl of Peterborough rode in state to the cathedral, where a solemn service and *Te Deum* were sung in honour of the accomplishment of the marriage. Two or three days more were spent in triumphant pageants and other testimonials of public rejoicing. The manner in which the bridegroom, to whom the virgin hand of Mary Beatrice had thus been plighted, received the announcement of the actual solemnization of his state nuptials, is thus related by lady Rachel Vaughan, in a lively, gossiping letter to lord William Russell:—"The news came on Sunday night to the duke of

¹ Mordaunt Genealogies.

² *Ibid.*

York that he was married; he was talking in the drawing-room; when the French ambassador brought the letter, and told the news, the duke turned about to the circle, and said, 'Then I am a married man.'

"His bride proved to be the princess of Modena, but she was rather expected to be Canaples's niece.' She is to have 100,000 francs, and more. They say she has more wit than any woman had before; as much beauty, and more youth than is necessary. The duke of York sent his daughter, lady Mary, word the same night 'that he had provided a playfellow for her.'"

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES II., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER II.

Mary Beatrice duchess of York—Her childish behaviour—Grief at quitting Modena—Insists on her mother accompanying her—Duke of York's directions for her journey—Her Italian ladies—She commences her journey overland—Sorrowful parting with her brother—Gallantry of the duke of Savoy—Attentions paid to her by Louis XIV. and his queen—Opposition to the marriage in England—She leaves Paris—Her journey to the coast—Embarks at Calais—Lauds at Dover with her mother—Received on the sands by the duke of York—Their nuptials—Her wedding ring—Verses on her marriage—Journey to Gravesend—Voyage to Whitehall—Flattering reception by king Charles—Her bridal medals—Her court at St. James's palace—Duchess of Modena leaves England—Mary Beatrice becomes attached to her husband—Her losses at cards—Goes to Cambridge—Learns English—Her attention to authors—Birth of her first child, the princess Catharine—Makes her confessor baptize it into the Romish church—King Charles has it re-baptized in the chapel royal—The child dies—Impertinence of the duchess of Portsmouth—Her visit to the duchess of Portsmouth—Displeasure of the queen—Birth of the princess Isabella—Birth of her first son—His christening—Created duke of Cambridge—His death—Grief of the duke and duchess—Frightful dream of the duchess—Her incognito visit to the princess of Orange with the princess Anne—Troubles of the duke of York about the Popish plot—He is banished to Flacaders—Mary Beatrice resolves to accompany her lord—Compelled to leave her child—Sorrowful departure—Her passionate reproaches to the king—Embarkation—Visit to William and Mary—Her residence at Brussels—Duchess of Modena comes to see her—Arrival of the princesses Anne and Isabella—Dangerous illness of the king—The duke's incognito journey to England—Obtains leave to live in Scotland—Returns to fetch Mary Beatrice—Their visit to the Hague—Stormy passage to England—Illness of the duchess—Obtains leave to land—They arrive in London—Visited by the duchess of Monmouth—King enjoins them to return to Scotland—Mary Beatrice resolves to share the fortunes of her lord.

¹ A daughter of the duke of Crequi, who shared the royal blood of France by distant descent.

FIVE days after the solemnization of her espousals with the duke of York, Mary Beatrice completed her fifteenth year, and it must be confessed, that she conducted herself with no more regard for her newly-acquired dignity as a bride, than if she had been ten years younger; when the time was appointed for her to commence her journey to England, she cried and screamed two whole days and nights, and it was only by force that she could be kept in bed. Nothing, in fact, would pacify her, till her mother consented to accompany her to England, and the duke, her brother, part of the way.¹ The earl of Peterborough, who does not appear to have been at all aware of these perversities on the part of the virgin duchess of York, and was by no means desirous of such additions to his travelling party as would compel him to depart entirely from the programme arranged both by the king and the duke for the homeward journey, tried vainly to dissuade the duchess of Modena from this resolution. He says, "The time for the departure being come, the duchess-mother would by all means accompany her daughter into England, and it could not be diverted by any means, although it proved chargeable to her, and of ill consequence to her concerns."²

Mary Beatrice, however, who had reason to know the real state of the case, told the nun of Chaillot, who recorded these particulars from her own lips, "that her passionate importunity prevailed over the extreme reluctance of the duchess her mother to undertake so long a journey, which was extremely inconvenient to her as regent for her son, as she was thus in a manner compelled to leave the government in other hands." Her absence was unavoidably a month longer than she had by any means anticipated, and in the mean time a party was formed against her which finally stripped her of her authority in the state, and caused an estrangement between her and the young duke her son.

"I shall never cease," would Mary Beatrice say, when adverting to these circumstances, "to reproach myself for my childish importunity, which led to such bad results for my mother."³

The duke of York, in his paper of instructions to lord Peterborough, expressly says—

"When the marriage shall be over, and you have adjusted all the manner of your coming into France, which journey will, I think, be most conveniently performed by sea to Marseilles, whither the galleys of the most Christian king will be ordered to bring her, and whither you must attend her, it will be fit that ther or before, you dismiss most of your retinue, lest their attendance may not consist with the figure the princess may probably desire to take of travelling incognito, or embarrass you in the conveniences of your journey, retaining only as many as will fill one coach, and thus follow her all the way, until she arrive at Paris or Calais, at one of which places my servants shall be appointed to attend upon her."⁴

Such was the prudent arrangement of the princely bridegroom for the journey of his bride to England; but Mary Beatrice, young as she was, having a will of her own, determined to travel overland under the pro-

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, in the Archives au Royaume de France

² Mordaunt Genealogies.

³ MS. Memorials, in the Archives au Royaume de France

⁴ Appendix of the Mordaunt Genealogies.

tecting care of her mother and uncle, and to leave her native city with some degree of *eclat* : her plans superseded those of her new consort James had, with great wisdom, directed the earl's attention to a point of no small importance to his domestic comfort, and the future popularity of his bride, who, as a catholic princess, would, he was well aware, be regarded with jealous eyes, by a very considerable party in England.

"You will do your utmost," he says, "to inculcate to the princess herself, and the ministers there, the great inconvenience that would follow her being attended by a numerous train of foreigners, who are seldom so useful here as natives, and are obnoxious to censure upon any mis-carriages."

The quarrels that had threatened to destroy the conjugal happiness of his parents, in consequence of their struggle about the French attendants of Henrietta Maria, and the unhappiness of his royal sister-in-law, queen Catharine, at the dismissal of her Portuguese followers, were not forgotten by James, when he gave this order. There were, however three Italian ladies of the highest rank, Madame Molza, Madame Montecuculi, her daughter Anna Montecuculi, and a lady of the name of Turenne, who had been attached to the service of Mary Beatrice from her cradle; and these, in compliance with her earnest desire, she was permitted to retain among her bed-chamber appointments as duchess of York. They attended her to England, and they followed her fortunes through every vicissitude, whether for good or ill, with devoted fidelity, till death. Madame Molza was scarcely seventeen years of age at the time of her royal friend's espousals, and the duchess of Modena said, laughingly, "that she and the duchess of York, were both such young girls, that they required an experienced matron to take care of them on their journey."¹

Mary Beatrice left Modena under the protection of the earl of Peterborough and his suite, accompanied by the duchess-regent her mother, the duke of Modena her brother, her uncle prince Rinaldo d'Esté, and whatever was noble and considerable among their own people, as well as many other persons of quality from other courts, who came to show their respect to the house of Esté on this occasion. "And a very princely *corteggio* it was," says his excellency, "that went with them out of Modena."²

After two days, the young duke was persuaded to take leave of his sister and return; he did it with all the repugnance of which an excellent nature can be capable, they having been ever bred together with all that reciprocal kindness which nearness and merit could beget. "But the princess," pursues lord Peterborough, "was near being dissolved in tears. She left her happy and delicious country, with the kind companions of her youth among whom she had been bred, and all these, perhaps, for ever;" as indeed it proved to be. "Her youth and innocence permitted her not to know whither it was she was to go, to what kind of part, nor among whom; so compassion was to be allowed to

¹ M^{ss} Memorials of Mary of Modena, in the Archives au Royaume de France

² Ear^l of Peterborough, in Mordaunt Genealogies.

her fears as well as to her reluctance, and it was enough we could induce her to proceed, and be comforted."

Mary Beatrice and the princely boy, whom she regarded in the two-fold light of her brother and her sovereign, were at that guileless period of life, when the links of kindred affection are more closely twined than at any other, round hearts whose sensibilities are in their first exquisite bloom, and as yet unblighted by intercourse with a selfish world. No wonder that they, who had been debarred by the restraining etiquettes imposed on children of their elevated station from forming other intimacies, felt very keenly the pangs of rending asunder the bonds of that sweet friendship which had united them from their cradles. Very frequently, no doubt, had the sorrowful bride to be reminded, during that journey, of the exhortation of the royal psalmist: "Hearken, O daughter, and consider; forget also thine own people and thy father's house."

Having passed, then, through her own country, she entered the dominions of her kinsman, the duke of Parma, who complimented the earl of Peterborough with the present of a fine painting by Parmegiano, the subject of which is described by one of the affected *cognoscenti* of the last century as "Ceres standing with a *most genteel air*, holding up wheat." The royal bride was not forgotten on that occasion by his highness; compliments and presents were showered upon her from all quarters, as she proceeded on her sorrowful but festive progress through Italy. Passing through Milan, they came at last into Piedmont, the dominions of the duke of Savoy, "where," says the earl of Peterborough, "these princes were almost, as it had been by spirits, invisibly lodged and provided for, after the most magnificent manner, but ever at the expense of that generous duke." Nor was this all; for having an extreme desire to see the beautiful young bride, to whom he was nearly related, his highness of Savoy carried his gallantry so far as to come on horseback incognito, to meet the fair travellers by the way, as they were passing through his dominions; and, pretending to be one of his own knights, stopped them and delivered a complimentary message, as he said, "from the duke his master." After talking with them a little while, he made himself known, and told Mary Beatrice "that he thought she spoke very well, and had answered him agreeably enough." "But," said she, when relating this adventure many years afterwards to the nurse of Chaillot, "he almost made me die with shame by telling me that he hoped my first child would be a girl, that he might marry her to his son."¹

When they left his territories, they were met by the officers of the king of France, who accompanied them, and defrayed all their expenses to Paris, bringing them to the arsenal, which was appointed for their abode. In that fortified palace, celebrated in history as the official residence of the great Sully, where he so frequently feasted his royal friend and master, Henry of Navarre, the grandfather of the prince whom Mary Beatrice now called her lord, she and the duchess her mother, and their suite, were entertained in a manner befitting their rank and his own mag-

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, in the Archives au Royaume de France

nificence, at the charge of the king of France.¹ There, also, the earl of Peterborough was lodged, and a noble table kept for him and his attendants, at the same king's expense.

"The necessity of our repair into England," continues his excellency, "now drew near; but her royal highness here fell sick, and her disease, for all the power of medicine, hung so upon her, that for some weeks they were not able to think of her remove." This illness was a dangerous fever, which, if not brought on by distress of mind, and the force that had been put on her inclinations, was doubtless aggravated by the change of climate and her dread of the completion of her marriage. She kept her bed a fortnight, and her convalescence was tedious. She was anxious enough then to avoid all fatigue, by maintaining a strict incognito; but as soon as she began to recover her strength, the king of France could not be persuaded from coming in state to pay her a visit, to offer her those compliments and marks of respect which universal report had assured him were due to her royal qualities. This drew on Mary Beatrice the necessity of visiting the queen of France; and she was received by their majesties at Versailles, with all imaginable circumstances of honour and high consideration, and there entertained with royal magnificence.

The queen of France returned the visit of her royal highness with all the forms prescribed by the rigour of etiquette; state calls were also exchanged with all the great princesses allied to the royal family; "wherein, was much circumspection to be used about punctilios and formalities."² Wearisome work, of course, it was; and attended with much vexation of spirit, to persons uninitiated into all the intricate minutiae of claims, privileges, and precedences, insisted upon by the numerous members of the haughty demi-royalty of France, under the ancient *regime*. And to make the matter more perplexing, it was necessary that the duchess of York should accord to each of those ladies, the full measure of attention to which she was entitled, without lessening her own dignity by undue condescensions. Happily, however, for her, she was treated with peculiar indulgence and consideration, as the adopted daughter of the king of France, and on account of her tender age and inexperience; "mediums were found, and expedients practised for satisfying all pretences, and avoiding all offences."³ Mademoiselle de Montpensier, and her half-sister Madame de Guise, the latter of whom was, as the reader

¹ But little now remains of the ancient building over which the storms of the revolution have passed, but the whole suite of Sully's apartments are still in good preservation. His strong-box, his reading-desk, and a few other things are still there, with a copious and interesting collection of the autograph letters of Henri Quatre.

The apartments occupied by Mary of Modena, and the duchess her mother, are supposed to be those which look upon the river on one side, and on the old convent of the Celestins on the other, a *locale* very interesting to the monastic tastes of the reluctant bride, who would so infinitely have preferred a cloister to a throne. The bay-window at the end of the principal salon, which must have been her state reception-room, commands the most splendid view of the whole of Paris.

² Morant's Genealogies.

Ibid.

will remember, an unsuccessful candidate for the hand of the duke of York, were among those who came in state to call on his Italian bride, and she returned their visits in due form.

The beauty and graceful deportment of Mary Beatrice, excited the greatest admiration in the French court; and she was complimented by the king with very royal presents.¹ The jewels which she had already received from the earl of Peterborough, as a bridal offering from her unknown consort, the duke of York, amounting in value to 20,000*l.* sterling, enabled her to appear with all the magnificence befitting the rank to which her marriage had elevated her among European princesses. Charms like hers, however, required not the aid of elaborate decorations; and her own classical taste disposed her to prefer a general simplicity of attire, except on these occasions, when the etiquette of royal ceremonies compelled her to assume the glittering trappings of a state toilette.

While Mary Beatrice was receiving all these flattering attentions at Paris and Versailles, and probably endeavouring, by every possible excuse, to delay her dreaded journey, a strong party in England was labouring to prevent her coming at all. The object of that party was, the annoyance of the duke of York, by exciting a popular ferment against his innocent young bride, under the ready pretext of religion. I say the pretext, for the person by whom it was the most vehemently urged, was the earl of Shaftesbury, a known infidel. He was, at that time, the secret counsellor, and very soon afterwards the acknowledged leader, of a faction made up of the relics of the old commonwealth, allied with a new generation, who were determined to get the executive power of government into their own hands, by establishing a republic under the shadow of a monarchy. This design, they were well aware, they never could hope to accomplish so long as the duke of York maintained his influence in his royal brother's councils, and that popularity with the people which his public services had won.

"It was he," says the earl of Peterborough, "who encouraged the king's faithful friends and his fainting ministers, and it was in him alone that the enemies of the crown found resistance. He made them desperate at last, and they saw it was impossible to accomplish their designs without his ruin. This did seem a great undertaking; to destroy a prince such as he was, in his birth, in his merits and virtues, and in the esteem of all just and reasonable men. But the zeal of those commonwealth-men, made them find nothing impossible; their resolution was great in this particular, their malice greater, and their cunning greater than either. They knew the admirable qualities of this prince; they knew his valour, justice, temperance; his love of business, his indefatigableness in all honourable undertakings; they knew, also, that against a man so qualified, no truth could prevail; they were then resolved to have recourse to falsehood, and"—pursues the honest old cavalier, warming with the remembrance of the unfounded calumnies that had been heaped on his royal friend, into a climax of uncontrollable indignation—"and to the devil, the father of liars, one of whose chief

¹ Mordaunt Genealogies.

favourites was become sir Antony Ashley Cooper, the late earl of Shaftesbury."¹

His royal highness being perfectly aware that the next contest which these political religionists were preparing to fight against him would be on the question of his marriage with the princess of Modena, had taken his measures accordingly; and, through the energetic proceedings of his faithful friend, the earl of Peterborough, the treaty for this alliance had been so promptly and quietly settled, that the party were perfectly taken by surprise, when, at the meeting of parliament on the 20th of October, they addressed the king on the subject, by stating "that they had heard, with regret, that a marriage between the duke of York and the princess of Modena was thought of, and petitioned his majesty not to allow it to proceed."² Charles replied, briefly and drily, "that their remonstrances came too late; the alliance matter to which they alluded, was not only thought of, but done; 'the duke, his brother,' was already married to the princess of Modena, and she was on her journey to England."³ This announcement threw the commons into a flame; they immediately voted an address to the king, praying him "to send and stop the princess at Paris, in order to prevent the consummation of her marriage with the duke of York." Charles replied, "That he could not in honour dissolve a marriage that had been solemnly executed." The commons, infuriated at the royal declaration, concluded a series of angry votes, by petitioning the king "to appoint a day of general fasting, that God might avert the dangers with which the nation was threatened."⁴

Charles graciously granted them permission to fast as much as they pleased, although aware that the proposition of such an observance was not intended for a humiliation to themselves, but as an especial contempt for the Italian bride. The next day being the anniversary of the gunpowder-plot, the popular pageant of burning Guy Fawkes and the pope was played off with more than wonted vivacity by the London 'prentices, attended with various circumstances and allusions, tending to mark their displeasure at the duke of York's change of creed and his "popish marriage,"⁵ as they styled it, regardless of the fact that it had been contracted not only without the pope's licence, but positively in defiance of his authority.

The cabinet of king Charles II. took the alarm, and the earl of Arlington implored his majesty either to prevent the departure of the princess of Modena from Paris, or to insist that James, after his marriage, should withdraw from court, and lead the life of a country gentleman. The king replied, "That the first was incompatible with his honour, and the second would be an indignity to his brother."⁶

While these stormy scenes, on her account, were agitating the nation and court over which she was one day to preside as queen, the reluctant

The reader must bear in mind that the earl of Peterborough never intended this work for publication. The four-and-twenty copies that were printed were only for the use of his family.

¹ Inedited letters of news in the Lansdowne MSS. Journals of Parliament.

² Lansdowne MSS.

³ Evelyn.

⁴ Parliamentary Journals.

⁵ Lingard

bride left Paris, and commenced her journey to the sea-coast. She travelled in state, and in all the towns and provinces through which she passed, she was met and received by the governors and local authorities with the same respect as if she had been queen of France. Louis XIV.'s officers defrayed all the expenses of this pompous progress till she came to the water's edge. The vessels that had been appointed by king Charles for her passage to England were waiting for her at Calais, where, on the 21st of November, she embarked in the Katharine yacht with her mother, her uncle, and all who had attended her from Italy. The royal bride crossed the channel with a prosperous breeze, and towards evening arrived at Dover. The duke of York, with becoming gallantry, was on the sands to give his new consort a personal welcome to England, and when she came to shore, he received her in his arms.¹

The beauty, the timidity, and the innocence of the royal bride rendered such an occurrence, doubtless, a spectacle of exciting interest to the honest seafaring population of Dover, the manly squires of Kent, and the gentle ladies who thronged the strand that day to obtain a sight of the new duchess, and the ceremonial of her landing. James was charmed, as well he might be, with the surpassing grace and loveliness of the consort his friend, the earl of Peterborough, had chosen for him. "On her landing," says the earl, "she took possession of his heart as well as his arms." Of her emotions, his lordship, for obvious reasons, does not speak.

"Mary Beatrice, in after years, acknowledged that she did not like her lord at first."² What girl of fifteen ever did like a spouse five-and-twenty years her senior? Princesses are rarely so fortunate as to be allowed the privilege of a negative in matters of the kind; but the fair d'Esté had not submitted to the hard fate of female royalty without a struggle, and now it should seem she had not sufficient self-control to conceal her feelings under deceitful smiles. She is even said to have betrayed a childish aversion to the duke at their first interview.³ Some men would have hated her, and rendered the union for ever miserable by a manifestation of evil temper on the occasion. The sailor prince knew better, well qualified as he was to play the wooer successfully to ladies of all ages, he wisely took no notice of discouraging symptoms in so young a creature, but professing himself dazzled with the beauty of her eyes, he led her with courtly attention to her lodgings, and left her with her mother to take a little repose after the discomposure of her voyage. Brief time had she for rest, and none for reflection; the fatigue and excitement of a state toilet awaited her in preparation for another agitating scene, the solemn confirmation of her espousals with the duke by the bishop of Oxford, who had attended his royal highness from London for that purpose.

The greatest difficulty, perhaps, with which historians have to contend, is the discrepancy of statements between equally credible witnesses of the same fact. The account given by the duke of York of the cere-

¹ Mordaunt Genealogies.

² MS. Memorials of the queen of James II., Archives au Royaume de France.

³ Mackintosh's History of the Revolution of 1688.

monial of his marriage with Mary d'Esté, at Dover, is very different from that recorded by his proxy, the earl of Peterborough. James says, "She landed at Dover, the 21st of November; Dr. Crew married them, declaring that by proxy a lawful marriage."¹ The compiler of James' life, from the Stuart Papers, details the manner in which this was done. "The same evening the duke and duchess of York, and the duchess of Modena, with their attendants, the earl of Peterborough being also present, being assembled together in the state drawing-room, the bishop of Oxford asked the duchess of Modena, and the earl of Peterborough, 'whether the said earl had married the duchess of York, as proxy of the duke?' which they both affirming, the bishop then declared 'it was a lawful marriage.'²

From the above statements, which, as far as they went, were probably true, Dr. Lingard, and others, have inferred that no other ceremony took place; but it is certain, that neither James nor his biographer have related the whole of the circumstances; the latter, because he found no further record in his authorities; while James, perhaps, omitted mentioning the church of England marriage service, from a foolish repugnance to acknowledging that he resorted to the rites of that church for the confirmation of his wedlock with a princess of the Romish faith. The plain fact was, that even to Roman Catholics it was a matter of expediency to legalize by such rites a marriage which the pope had forbidden; and James was perfectly alive to the necessity of taking due precautions for securing, beyond the possibility of dispute, the legitimate claims of the male issue of this alliance, to the royal succession.

"His royal highness," says the earl of Peterborough, "who had provided so to confirm this matter, as the malice of any age to come should have no pretence to call it in question, led out his duchess into his great room before his bed-chamber, and there, in presence of all the lords, who had attended him from London, of all the country gentlemen who were come to see him, and what it could contain of the citizens of Dover, he married again his wife after the forms of the church of England, by the hands of Dr. Nathaniel Crew, at this time bishop of Durham; after which, they supped together, and the marriage was lawfully completed the same night."³

James honoured the ancient customs of the land over which he expected to rule, by admitting a portion of the honest, true-hearted classes, in whom the strength of a monarch depends, to witness the solemnization of his marriage with a princess whom he had taken to wife, in the hope of her becoming the mother of a line of kings. It was sound policy in him, not to make that ceremonial an exclusive show for the courtiers who had attended him from London, and the foreigners, who, notwithstanding his prudent caution to the earl of Peterborough, had accompanied his Italian consort to England. He knew the national jealousy, the national pride of his countrymen, and that their affections are easily won, but more easily lost, by those who occupy high places

¹ Extracts from the Journal of James II, by Carte and Macpherson.

² Life of James II, by Stanier Clark.

³ Mordaunt Genealogies

That they are terrible in their anger, but just in their feelings: their crimes being always imputable to the arts of those by whom their feelings are perverted to the purposes of faction or bigotry. The English are, moreover, a sight-loving people; and, for the most part, inclined to regard the principal actors in a royal pageant with feelings of romantic enthusiasm. It was, therefore, well calculated to increase his popularity and counteract the malice of his enemies, for the sailor prince to take so excellent an opportunity for interesting their generous sympathies in favour of the innocent young creature against whom the republican faction was endeavouring to raise a general persecution.

It is a little singular, that among the numerous spectators, gentle and simple, courtly and quaint, who witnessed the landing of Mary Beatrice that day, and, afterwards, the royal ceremonial of her marriage with the heir of the crown, not one should have left any little graphic record of the events of the day, with details of the dress and deportment of the bride, and her reception of the English ladies; the manner and order of the supper; with many other minor observances connected with the costume of those times, which his excellency of Peterborough has considered it beneath the dignity of an ambassador to chronicle, although few ambassadors have recorded so many pleasant adventures as he has done. Why was not that most minutely circumstantial of all diarists, Samuel Pepys, at the wedding of his royal master, the duke of York, to count the pearls on the bride's stomacher, and to tell us how rich and rare was the quality of her white and silver petticoat; and to marvel at the difference between her tall sylph-like figure and the obesity of her portly predecessor Anne Hyde?

The ring with which James wedded Mary of Modena, was a small ruby, set in gold; she showed it to the nuns of Chaillot in the days of her sorrowful widowhood—days of her exile and poverty, and said, "it was impossible for her to part with it, for it was her marriage ring, which was given her, when she arrived in England, by her royal husband, then duke of York; and, therefore, she valued it more than the diamond which, according to the custom of her country, she received on the day of her espousals at Modena."¹ She evidently regarded it as the pledge of a more sacred contract, though solemnized with the rites of the reformed church.

The noble proxy concludes his pithy history of the marriage of Mary Beatrice in these words: "And here the earl of Peterborough ended this great service, which, through so many difficulties, brought to the duke the fairest lady in the world, and to England a princess of the greatest example and virtue." The countess of Peterborough was appointed to the highest office in the household; and her daughter, the young duchess of Norfolk, made one of the ladies of the bed-chamber.

During the two days that James remained at Dover with his bride, one of his pretended friends, the earl of Berkshire, advised him to write to the king, his brother, requesting leave to withdraw from public life.

¹ MS. Memorials of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France.

and to retire with his new duchess to Audley End, or some other country residence, where he might enjoy her society, and hunt and pray without any offence to others or disquiet to himself. James thanked him for his good meaning, but told him, "that unless his majesty should command him to the contrary, he would always wait upon him, and do him what service he could."¹ It was not his intention to gratify his roes by burying himself and his beautiful bride in the obscurity of country life. He was justly proud of her charms, and determined that she should make her public entrance into London in a manner befitting the consort of the heir-presumptive of the realm; and although the season of the year was anything but favourable for showing off an aquatic pageant, in such a climate as England, to a native of Italy, he resolved on bringing her in triumph up the Thames to Whitehall.

On the second day after the marriage, this little court set out from Dover, accompanied by the duchess of Modena and prince Rinaldo d'Esté. They performed the journey overland to Gravesend, sleeping at Canterbury the first night, at Rochester the second,² the people everywhere expressing their joy upon the arrival of her royal highness. The slow rate at which she travelled enabled every one, who wished, to gratify their curiosity, by obtaining a view of her. It has been said with truth, that a little beauty goes a great way with queens and princesses, but Mary of Modena was descended from families in which nobility of person was an hereditary gift. The royal and commanding lineaments of the princely house of Esté were in her softened and blended with the captivating graces of the more humbly-born Mancini, which had been transmitted to her by her maternal grandmother, the sister of cardinal Mazarin. The portraits of Mary Beatrice bear an improved and chastened likeness to those of Hortense Mancini, whom Charles II. loved well enough to offer to marry, and James II. has styled "the most beautiful girl in the world." The discretionary nature of the earl of Peterborough's commission in choosing a bride for his royal friend, and the surpassing charms of her whom he had selected, elicited an elegant poem from the young earl of Lansdowne, of which the following lines may serve as a fair specimen :

"The impartial judge surveys with vast delight
All that the sun surrounds of fair and bright;
Then strictly just, he, with adoring eyes,
To radiant Esté gives the glorious prize:
Who could deserve like her, in whom we see
United, all that Paris found in three?"

Even a grave dignitary of the church of England, the learned Dr South, who was one of the Protestant chaplains of the duke of York was seized with a fit of poetic inspiration when the news of his royal patron's nuptials with the fair young flower of the historic line of Esté reached him. The worthy doctor being then on a journey, composed an impromptu Latin ode on this auspicious theme, and wrote it down

¹ Life of James II.

² London Gazette.

while on horseback, having no other desk than the neck of his steed which, on that occasion, proved a veritable Pegasus to his reverence.¹

The merry monarch, attended by the principal lords and ladies of the court, went down the river in state in the royal barges on the 26th of November, to meet and compliment the newly-wedded pair. Their royal highnesses having embarked at Gravesend, that morning, with the duchess of Modena and their noble attendants, came up with the early tide. When the two courts met on the broad waters of the Thames, the bridal party came on board the royal yacht. His majesty received and welcomed his new sister-in-law with every demonstration of affection, and they returned together. The duchess of Modena must have been an old acquaintance of the king and the duke of York, she having resided at Paris before her marriage, at the time when they were in exile. Many a subject connected with mutual friends must they have had to discuss together, while the strong personal resemblance of the bride to her cousin, Hortense Mancini, could scarcely fail of recalling the memory of his morning years to the king. Mary Beatrice was invariably treated with the greatest tenderness and consideration by her royal brother-in-law. "He was always kind to me," would she say, in after years, "and was so truly amiable and good-natured, that I loved him very much, even before I became attached to my lord the duke of York."²

At noon, the royal party landed at Whitehall, and Mary Beatrice was presented in due form to the queen, by whom she was received in the kindest and most obliging manner. The reception of the youthful duchess on her first appearance at Whitehall was truly flattering, as she was treated with every mark of affection and distinction by their majesties, and with much respect by the great ladies of the court and all the royal party; yet, observes lord Peterborough, "clouds hung heavy upon the brows of many others, who had a mind to punish what they could not prevent."

It was impossible for anything to be more unpopular than the marriage of the heir presumptive to the crown with a catholic princess. The disapprobation of parliament had been loudly but fruitlessly expressed. The libelous political rhymesters who had already assailed James with a variety of disgusting lampoons on the subject of his Italian alliance, were preparing to aim their coarse shafts at his bride; but, when she appeared, her youth, her innocence, and surpassing loveliness, disarmed even their malignity; they found no point for attack. From others, the young duchess received the most unbounded homage. Waller, though on the verge of seventy, wrote the following complimentary lines in her copy of Tasso:—

"Tasso knew how the fairer sex to grace,
But in no one durst all perfection place;
In her alone that owns this book is seen
Clorinda's spirit, and her lofty mien,
Sophronia's piety, Erminia's truth,—
Armida's charms—her beauty and her youth.

¹ See Dr. South's letter to his friend, Dr. Ralph Bathurst. *Life and Letters Remains of Dr. Bathurst, dean of Wells*, by Thomas Warton.

² MS. Memorials, Archives au Royaume.

Our princess here, as in a glass, doth dress
 Her well-taught mind, and every grace express,—
 More to our wonder than Rinaldo fought:
 The hero's race excels the poet's thought."

King Charles ordered a silver medal to be struck in honour of his brother's marriage; in which half-length portraits of James and his bride appear, face to face, "like Philip and Mary on a shilling." The disparity in their ages is strikingly apparent, for though the royal admiral was still in the meridian pride of manhood, and reckoned, at that time, one of the finest men in his brother's court; his handsome but sternly marked lineaments are in such strong contrast to the softness of contour, delicate features, and almost infantine expression of his youthful consort, that no one would take them for husband and wife. The dress of the young duchess is arranged with classical simplicity, and her hair negligently bound up with a fillet, over which the rich profusion of ringlets fall negligently, as if with the weight of their own luxuriance, on either side her face, and shade her graceful throat and bosom. A much finer medal of her was struck soon afterwards, from one of her bridal portraits, by Lely; a whole-length, in the costume of a Grecian muse, only with more ample draperies, and the hair in flowing ringlets. The medal bears this inscription, "Maria Beatrix, Eleanora ducissa Eboracensis."¹ As this princess was of that order of beauty to which the royal taste awarded the palm, and her natural charms were unmarred by vanity or affectation; she excited boundless admiration in the court of Charles II., where it was hoped that the purity of her manners and morals would have a restraining and beneficial effect.

George Granville, earl of Lansdowne, in his poem on her marriage with the duke of York, pays her the following graceful compliment:

"Our future hopes from this blest union rise,
 Our present joy and safety from her eyes;
 Those charming eyes that shine to reconcile
 To harmony and peace this stubborn isle."

The noble young bard, at that time a student only in his thirteenth year, lived to see the lustre of those eyes, from which he caught his earliest spark of poetic inspiration, dimmed with long years of weeping, yet he always remained true to his first theme, and sang her praises as fervently in the dark days of her adversity, as when her star first rose in its glittering ascendant surrounded by so many glorious attributes and flattering hopes.

St. James's palace had always been the residence of the duke of York, and thither he conducted his new duchess. On the 6th of December, the French ambassador waited on their royal highnesses, to compliment them on their marriage. The same day, the ambassador of Portugal, the Swedish and Danish envoys, the residents of Venice and Newburgh, came to offer the congratulations of their respective courts on the same occasion, being introduced by sir Charles Cotterel, the master of the ceremonies.² The duke and duchess of York held their courts and

¹ Both these medals are preserved in the national collection in the British Museum.

² London Gazette

eves at this palace as regularly as the king and queen did theirs at Whitehall, but on different days. There was not, however, the slightest rivalry either intended or suspected. King Charles always said, "that the most loyal and virtuous portion of his courtiers were to be found in his brother's circle at St. James's palace"¹ He was excessively fond of the company of his new sister-in-law, and occasionally did her the honour of presenting himself, with other company, at her *levée*, where he was wont to amuse himself, not only with the floating news of the day, but in discussing the affairs of the nation. Sir John Reresby, in his memoirs, mentions, "that on the 18th of March he entertained his majesty a long time in the duchess of York's bed-chamber, with what had been then transacting in the House of Commons." The proceedings there boded little good to the heir of the crown and his consort. Much was said of the dangers to be apprehended from this popish marriage; and sternly was the exercise of the penal laws insisted upon. It was even forbidden for any popish recusant to walk in the park, or to enter St. James's palace, under any pretence.

It had been stipulated in her marriage articles, that the duchess of York was to enjoy the use of the catholic chapel at St. James's, which had been fitted up by the queen-mother, Henrietta, for herself and her household; but Charles II., who was an attentive observer of the signs of the times, perceiving that a great excitement prevailed among the populace, at the idea of a second public establishment for the worship of the church of Rome, circumvented his brother and his young Italian bride, by setting the queen to claim it as one of her chapels.² This sly piece of diplomacy laid the foundation of a lasting coolness between Mary Beatrice and queen Catharine.

There is reason to believe that the duchess of Modena, who was still with her daughter, wrote to Louis XIV., to complain of the infraction of the treaty to which he had been a guarantee, for in the *Archives des Affaires Etrangère Paris* there is an inedited letter, addressed by James to that monarch, in reply to an inquiry from him as to the manner the duchess of York was allowed to exercise her religion. An apartment in St. James's palace had been fitted up, by Charles's orders, as an oratory or private chapel, for the young duchess and her suite, so that truth compelled James, however dissatisfied with the arrangement, to reply as he does in the following letter, which, as it is derived from a source only accessible through the courtesy of Monsieur Guizot, is here inserted:—

"THE DUKE OF YORK TO KING LOUIS XIV.

"Monsieur,

"London, 8 December, 1673.

"As the duchess of Modena has informed me that it will be desirable that I should give your majesty some account of the manner in which the duchess (of York) enjoys the exercise of her religion, I have her permission to inform you that she enjoys here the free exercise of the catholic, apostolic, and Roman faith, in the same manner that the queen does here at this present time for herself and her household, and that the king, my brother, will have the same care for her and all her people, in regard to the catholic religion, that he has for the queen and her suite. Your letter being confined to this sole subject, I will not

¹ Mordaunt Genealogies.

² Journal of James

trouble your majesty further at present, than to assure you that I am with all respect imaginable,

Sir,

Your majesty's very affectionate brother, cousin, and servant,

JAMES."¹

From the dry laconic style of the above letter, it may easily be perceived that James neither approved of the dictation of his mother-in-law the duchess of Modena, nor the interference of his royal kinsman of France, yet the manner in which he has noted, in his own journal, the refusal of St. James's chapel to his duchess, shows that he regarded it as a great affront to her. Charles, however, acted more as the friend of the duchess of York in withholding the indulgence from her than if he had granted it, well knowing that the less conspicuously the ceremonials of her religion were practised, the greater would be the chance of her enjoying the affections of the people.

The duchess of Modena, who had spent six weeks with her daughter, was compelled to return to her own country, in consequence of the intrigues that had been set on foot against her during her absence. Her presence in England had not been conducive to the conjugal happiness of the newly-wedded pair; and there had been some disputes between her and the English duchesses on the subject of precedence.² She departed from England December 30. Forty years afterwards, Mary Beatrice spoke of this separation from her mother as the greatest trial she had ever known at that period of her life, "but," added she, "after her departure, I became very much attached to the late king my husband, who was then duke of York, and my affection for him increased with every year that we lived together, and received no interruption to the end of his life."³ Her fondness for him at that time, she confessed amounted to an engrossing passion, which interfered with her spiritual duties, for she thought more of pleasing him than serving her God, and that it was sinful for any one to love an earthly creature as she had loved her husband, but that her fault brought its own punishment in the pain she suffered at discovering that she was not the exclusive object of his regard.⁴

James had unhappily formed habits and connexions disgraceful to himself and inimical to the peace of his youthful consort. His conduct with several of the married ladies of the court, and even with those in her own household, afforded great cause for scandal; and, of course, there were busy tongues eager to whisper every story of the kind to his bride. If Mary Beatrice had been a few years older at the time of her marriage, she would have understood the value of her own charms, and instead of assailing her faithless lord with tears and passionate reproaches, she would have endeavoured to win him from her rivals, by the graceful arts of captivation for which she was well qualified. James was proud

¹ Inedited MS. in the Archives des Affaires Etrangères, Paris: communicated by monsieur Dumont, by the favour of monsieur Guizot. The original occurs in French.

² Memoirs of madame d'Adhemar.

³ MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, Archives au Royaume de France.

⁴ Ibid.

of her beauty, and flattered by her jealousy; he treated her with unbounded indulgence, as she herself acknowledged.¹ but there was so little difference, in age, between her and his eldest daughter, that he appears only to have regarded her as a full-grown child, or a plaything, till the moral dignity of her character became developed by the force of circumstances, and he learned to look up to her with that admiration and respect which her virtues were calculated to excite. This triumph was not easily or quickly won. Many a heart-ache, and many a trial had Mary Beatrice to endure before that day arrived.

Her own path, in the mean time, was beset with difficulties; ignorant as she was of the manners and customs of England, she was compelled to submit to the guidance of those ladies whom the duke, her husband, had appointed to assist her with their advice and instruction, as he was desirous that she should conform to the usages of the English court. Basset and other gambling games were then in high vogue in the *beau monde*. Mary Beatrice disliked cards, and was terrified at the idea of high play; but her ladies told her she must do as others did, or she would become unpopular, and excite ridicule; and by their importunities, prevailed over her reluctance. Like most young people under similar circumstances, she lost her money at the card-table, without deriving the slightest pleasure from the game; and as this happened very frequently, it devoured those sums which ought to have been applied to better purposes.

"I suffered," she would say, in after years, "great pain from my losses at play, and all for the want of a little more firmness in not positively refusing to comply with a custom which those who were so much older than myself told me I was not at liberty to decline. I shall always regret my weakness, since it deprived me of the means of doing the good I ought to have done at that time."²

Such was the ingenuous acknowledgment, made nearly forty years afterwards by that princess, of an early error, which her *sensitive* conscience taught her to regard as a crime, to the end of her life. How generally blameless her conduct was at the tender age, when she was torn from her peaceful convent, to become the wife of a careless husband, whose years nearly trebled her own, and the stepmother of princesses old enough to be her sisters, may be perceived even from the unfriendly evidence of bishop Burnet himself: "She was," says he, "a very graceful person, with a good measure of beauty, and so much wit and cunning, that during all this reign she behaved herself in so obliging a manner, and seemed so innocent and good, that she gained upon all that came near her, and possessed them with such impressions of her, that it was long before her behaviour after she was a queen could make

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume.

² We are indebted for this fact to the inedited fragment of the diary of a nur of Chaillot, by whom many of the incidents in the early life of the consort of James II. were recorded as they came from the lips of that princess, very much in the way afterwards adopted by the admiring Boswell, in booking the sayings and doings of that mighty colossus of literature, Dr. Johnson.

them change their thoughts of her.¹ So artificially did this young Italian behave herself, that she deceived even the eldest and most jealous persons both in court and country. Only sometimes a satirical temper broke out too much, which was imputed to youth and wit not enough practised to the world. She avoided the appearance of a zealot or a meddler in business, and gave herself up to innocent cheerfulness, and was universally esteemed and beloved as long as she was duchess."²

Upwards of twelve years! Rather a trying period for the most practised of hypocrites to have supported the part which this candid divine attributes to an inexperienced girl, who commenced her career in public life at fifteen. If Mary Beatrice had, at that tender age, acquired not only the arts of simulation and dissimulation in such perfection, but the absolute control over every bad passion which Burnet imputes to her, so as to deceive the most watchful of her foes, and to conciliate the love and esteem of all who came near her, she might assuredly have governed the whole world. Unfortunately for herself, this princess was singularly deficient in the useful power of concealing her feelings; it is impossible to refrain from smiling at the idea of any one attributing policy so profound to the unsophisticated child of nature, who, preferring the veil of a cloistered votaress to the prospect of the crown matrimonial of England, had interrupted the diplomatic courtship of a grave ambassador with passionate reproaches for his cruelty in endeavouring to marry her to his master against her inclination, and with tearful earnestness intimated how much more suitable and welcome the alliance would be to her maiden aunt than to herself, and was too little practised in deception to be able to conceal either her disinclination to her consort, in the first instance, or her too ardent affection for him after he had succeeded in winning her virgin love. If, then, so young a creature, whose greatest fault was her proneness to yield to the impulse of her feelings, conducted herself for twelve years so perfectly as not to give cause for complaint to any one, not even to her step-daughters, the natural inference is, that she acted under the influence of more conscientious motives than those which guided the pen of her calumniator.

Soon after the departure of the duchess of Modena, the duke of York made a progress with his bride, to show her several places of interest in her new country; among the rest, he conducted her to Cambridge, where she was received with signal honours by the University, and the young lord Lansdowne enjoyed the satisfaction of reciting to her royal highness a poem which he had composed on the occasion, full of compliments, both to her and the duke. When they returned to town, Burnet, who was honoured with a private interview with James, says, "that his royal highness commended his new duchess much."³

¹ What that behaviour was, Burnet does not take the trouble to explain, having neither facts nor authorities to produce against her.

² Burnet, vol. ii., p. 49.

³ Burnet was in a great deal of trouble at that time, having disoblged his old patron, Lau. Jerdale, and incurred the displeasure of the king. His sole reliance was then on the good offices of the duke of York, who, he confesses, treated him with the greatest kindness, and interceded many times for him, both with Lau

On the 18th of May, 1674, the Dutch ambassadors, after making their public entry and receiving audience from the king, were introduced by Sir Charles Cotterel into the presence of the duke and duchess, in their apartments in Whitehall. Two days later the king and queen, accompanied by their royal highnesses, left town for Windsor, with the intention of passing some time there.¹ Mary Beatrice applied herself to the study of the English language to such good purpose, that she soon became a perfect mistress of all its intricacies, and not only spoke, read, and wrote it with fluency, but was able to appreciate the literature of that Augustan age. She had both the good taste and the good policy to pay distinguishing attention to persons of literary talent. She took great pleasure in the conversation of the aged Waller, and playfully commanded him to write.² That he had not lost the talent for making poetry the vehicle for graceful compliments, which distinguished his early productions, may be seen by the elegant lines addressed to her royal highness, which he presented to her, with a copy of his poems. After telling her that the verses in that volume celebrated the beauties of a former age, he says:—

“ Thus we writ then; your brighter eyes inspire
A nobler flame, and raise our genius higher;
While we your wit and early knowledge fear,
To our productions we become severe.
Your matchless beauty gives our fancy wing,—
Your judgment makes us careful how we sing:
Lines not composed, as heretofore, in haste,
Polished like marble, shall like marble last;
And make you through as many ages shine,
As Tasso has the heroes of your line.
Though other names our wary writers use,
You are the subject of the British muse;
Dilating mischief to yourself unknown,
Men write, and die of wounds they dare not own.”

It was highly to the credit of so young a creature as Mary Beatrice, that her mind was too well regulated to be alloyed with the vanity which the flattering incense offered up at the shrine of her beauty by the greatest wits of the age, was calculated to excite in a female heart. The purity of her manners and conduct entitled her to universal respect. It was observed in that wanton licentious court, where voluptuousness stalked unmasked, and gloried in its shame, that the youthful duchess of York afforded a bright example of feminine propriety and conjugal virtue. She appeared like a wedded Dian, walking through Paphian bowers, in her calm purity.

Dryden dedicated his “*State of Innocence*” to her; a dramatic poem founded on Milton’s “*Paradise Lost*.” After complimenting her on her descent from the illustrious family of Esté, “princes who were immortalized, even more by their patronage of Tasso and Ariosto than by their heroic deeds,” he goes on to pay many personal compliments to herself

derivate and his majesty, but in vain. Charles warned his brother that the person for whom he was interesting himself was treacherous and undeserving of his favour, and was uneasy at his countenancing him.

London Gazette.

assuring her "that she is never seen without being blessed, and that she blesses all who see her," adding, "that, although every one feels the power of her charms, she is adored with the deepest veneration, that of silence; for she is placed, both by her virtues and her exalted station, above all mortal wishes."

The first year of her wedded life was spent by Mary Beatrice in a gay succession of fêtes and entertainments. While the court was at Windsor, in August, 1674, the duke of York and his rival, Monmouth, amused their majesties, her royal highness, and the ladies with a representation of the siege of Maestricht—a model of that city, with all its fortifications, having been erected in one of the meadows, at the foot of the long terrace. James and Monmouth, at the head of a little army of courtiers, conducted the attack, to show their skill in tactics.¹ On Saturday night, the 21st, they made their approaches, opened trenches, and imitated the whole business of a siege. The city was defended with great spirit, prisoners were taken, mines sprung, cannonading took place, grenades were thrown, and the warlike pantomime lasted till three o'clock in the morning, affording a splendid and animating spectacle, which might be seen and heard to a considerable distance. It was the last pageant of a chivalric character, performed in the presence of royalty, or in which a British prince took a leading part. A prospect was then entertained of the duchess of York bringing an heir to England; but her first child proved a daughter, who was born at St. James's palace on Sunday, January 10th, 1675, five-and-twenty minutes after four o'clock in the afternoon. Some little disappointment, on account of the sex of the infant, is betrayed by the duke of York in announcing the event to his nephew, the prince of Orange.² He says, "I believe you will not be sorry to hear of the duchess being safely delivered; 't is but a daughter, but, God be praised, they are both very well."

Mary Beatrice was, of course, desirous that her first-born should be brought up in the religion which she had been taught to venerate above all others. Her husband, though he desired it no less, knew that it was impossible, and explained to her, "that their children were the property of the nation, and that soon after their marriage, it had been moved in parliament, that they should be brought up in the established religion of the realm, like his two elder daughters the princesses Mary and Anne, or they would be taken from them and placed under the care of others. It was, besides, the pleasure of the king, to which they must submit."³ The youthful mother, like a rash, inconsiderate girl as she was, determined to have her own way in spite of king, bishops, and parliament. A few hours after the birth of her babe, she took an opportunity of sending for her confessor, father Gallis, and persuaded him to baptize it privately on her own bed according to the rites of the church of Rome.

When her royal brother-in-law, king Charles, came to discuss with her and his brother the arrangements for the christening of the new-born

¹ Evelyn's Journal.

² January 12th, 1675. Dalrymple's Appendix MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

princess, Mary Beatrice told him exultingly that "her daughter was already baptized." King Charles treated the communication with absolute indifference, and without paying the slightest regard to the tears and expostulations of the young mother, who was terrified at the thought of having been the means of incurring a sacrilege through the reiteration of the baptismal sacrament, he ordered the little princess to be borne with all due solemnity to the chapel royal, and had her christened there by a protestant bishop according to the rites of the church of England. She was given the names of Catharine Laura, out of compliment to the queen and the duchess of Modena. Her sponsors were her elder sister, the princesses Mary and Anne, and the duke of Monmouth. Her previous admission into the church of Rome by father Gallis, was kept a profound secret; if it had been known, it would probably have cost that ecclesiastic dear, and might have been very injurious to both the duke and the duchess of York. This fact was divulged by Mary Beatrice herself to the abbess and nuns of Chaillot. She said, "that she was very much terrified afterwards at what she had done, but that father Gallis had consoled her by the assurance that she had not incurred, as she feared, a deadly sin."²

Charles II. who was still greatly annoyed at the irreparable manner in which his brother had injured his prospects, and deprived both himself and his country of his services, by forsaking the communion of the church of England for that of Rome, must have regarded the catholic baptism of the new-born princess, as an especial piece of perversity on the part of his sister-in-law. He was too good-natured, however, to agitate her by any serious manifestations of displeasure. Having had a catholic mother, he was able to make allowances for the imprudent but natural zeal of a young romantic girl of sixteen, who having been educated in a convent could scarcely form an idea of the adverse feeling with which the rites of her religion were regarded by the majority of the people of England at that period.

Scarcely a fortnight after this occurrence, a council was held at Lambeth for the purpose of putting in force the statutes against recusancy, and six very severe orders against Roman catholics and dissenters were published by proclamation, one of which prohibited any British subject from officiating as a Romish priest either in the queen's chapel or elsewhere; and another forbade any papist or reputed papist from entering Whitehall or St. James's palace, under the penalty, if a peer, of imprisonment in the Tower, if of lower rank, in one of the common gaols. The latter decree placed Mary Beatrice almost in a state of isolation, and must have been regarded as a great hardship by her and the Roman-catholic ladies of her household. The duke of York remonstrated, but as this was intended for his especial annoyance, his complaints availed nothing.³

The duchess took everything quietly, happy in a mother's first sweet cares; and, loving her husband with the most passionate affection, she lived on terms of perfect amity with his daughters. Neither of these

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, by a nun of Chaillot.

³ Wilkins' Concilia; Burnet.

princesses ever accused Mary Beatrice of the slightest instance of unkindness to them, no not even in justification of their subsequent ill-treatment of her. Her conduct as a step-mother must, of course, have been ir reproachable.

The first serious annoyance that befel the duchess of York, was the attempt of a French felon pretending to be a protestant convert, and calling himself Luzancy, to bring her name malignantly before the public, by deposing that St. Germain, a Roman-catholic priest, whom he termed "the confessor of her royal highness, had come to his lodgings one morning, and holding a poniard to his breast threatened to stab him, unless he signed a recantation."

This story was brought before the house of commons by lord William Russell, and was made the pretext of additional severities against papists. Luzancy was examined before a committee of the house, where he stated, in addition to his marvellous tale, "that he had learned from some French merchants that, in a short time, protestant blood would flow through the streets of London, that the king was at heart a catholic." and many other particulars calculated to alarm the timid and inflame the ignorant. This man was the precursor of Titus Oates, only not possessed of sufficient effrontery to stand his ground, after du Maresque, a conscientious French protestant minister, who was acquainted with the impostor's parentage and career of infamy in his own country, had the courage and honesty to expose him, which put an end to his credit with parliament. Yet such was the blindness of party prejudice, that Compton, bishop of London, send the disgraced adventurer to Oxford, and although he involved himself in a swindling transaction while there, he ordained him as a priest of the church of England, and made him a vicar of Dover Court, in Essex.¹

In the midst of the agitation and alarm caused by the false witness of the French impostor, Mary Beatrice was suddenly bereaved of her first-born child, the little princess Catharine, who died of a convulsion fit, on the 3d of October, 1675, having nearly attained the attractive age of ten months. She was interred on the 5th of the same month, in the vault of Mary, queen of Scots, in Westminster Abbey.² Whatever might be the grief of the youthful mother for the loss of her infant, she was compelled to dry her tears, and appear in public very soon after this afflicting event. She was present with her husband and his two daughters, the princesses Mary and Anne, at the lord mayor's feast that year, which was also honoured by the presence of the king and queen.³ There is also mention in Evelyn of a very grand ball given by her royal highness on the 4th of December at St. James's Palace.

The arrival of the duchess of Mazarin in England this year was an inauspicious event for Mary Beatrice, of whom "that errant lady and famous beauty," as she is styled by Evelyn, was a disreputable connexion on the maternal side. On account of her near relationship to

¹ Anth. A'Wood, Oxon, IV. Lingard, Parliamentary History. Journal of James II., &c., &c.

² Sandford's Genealogical History of the Kings and Queens of England.

³ Toone's Chronology. Evelyn.

the duchess of Modena, and some friendly reminiscences, perchance connected with the beautiful Hortense Mancini and his early days, James had the false complaisance to permit his consort to visit this dangerous intrigante, even when she became one of the avowed mistresses of the king, his brother, and openly defied all restraints, both of religion and morality. The first great mortification that resulted to the duke and duchess of York, from this ill-judged proceeding, was an impudent remonstrance from the duchess of Portsmouth to James, "that his consort paid *her* no attention, to which she considered herself as much entitled as madame Mazarin."¹ There was certainly no other ground on which this bold bad woman could have presumed, even to intrude her name on a princess like Mary Beatrice. The result was, that, to avoid the inference of Charles's favourite sultana, that the duke and duchess of York patronised a rival mistress, because she was the cousin of her royal highness, and all the other coarse observations to which they had exposed themselves by their folly, James took his young innocent wife to pay Portsmouth a visit. They met the king at her apartments, who rewarded his sister-in-law for the reluctant concession she had made, by saying a thousand obliging things to her. The queen gave a grand ball that night, and the king thought proper to dress in the apartments of the duchess of Portsmouth, where the duke and duchess of York left him.

Some busy spy in the court hastened to whisper to her majesty the almost incredible tale, that the duchess of York had visited my lady of Portsmouth. "The same evening," said Mary Beatrice, from whose lips this incident was chronicled, "when I met her majesty, in the dance, and made a profound curtsy to her, which is the custom on such occasions, instead of acknowledging it, she scornfully turned her back on me before the whole court;"² a very natural manifestation of her sense of the impropriety of which the young duchess had been guilty; yet her royal highness had no choice in the matter, being wholly under the guidance of a husband, five-and-twenty years older than herself. The error committed by James, in permitting his consort to have the slightest intercourse with madame Mazarin, was one of those apparently trivial causes which produced an evil influence on his destiny and that of his family. He stood at that period on broken ground; every false step he made, rendered his footing more difficult to maintain, and he had now incurred for himself and his duchess the enmity of the duchess of Portsmouth and the displeasure of the queen. To have been the means of bringing his consort into collision with either of those ladies, was very ill-judged. The queen was the natural protectress of her young sister-in-law; they were members of the same church, and ought to have been firmly united in friendship. The duchess of York would have been more respected by the virtuous matronage of England, if she had steadily refused to countenance any of the titled courtiezans whom Charles II., to his eternal disgrace, had forced into the presence of his

¹ Life of James II.

² MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Secret Archives au Royaume de France.

queen; her only safe and dignified course would have been to have appeared unconscious of their existence, and never to have permitted their names to be mentioned to her; but by countenancing one, and that one her relation, she deprived herself of the power of saying, "that it was against her principles to receive or visit any woman of infamous life," and afforded grounds for the accusation of partiality and pride.

The duchess of Portsmouth was one of the most subtle and mischievous of all the tools employed by Shaftesbury and his coadjutors to effect the ruin of the duke of York. If it had not been for her pernicious influence with the king, James might have defied their utmost malice; but she was the treacherous Dalilah, who constantly wept before Samson, till he had confided to her the secret wherein his strength lay, and thus enabled his foes to bind and make sport of him—in other words, to paralyse the power of the crown, by possessing themselves, through this woman, of the political defences of the king and the duke, and thus to frustrate all their measures.¹ So great was her effrontery, that at the very time she was labouring to assist Shaftesbury and Russell in effecting the duke of York's exclusion from the royal succession, she impudently demanded of his royal highness attentions and marks of respect from his consort, and it was found impossible to satisfy her presumptuous ideas of her own consequence with common conventional civilities. Nothing, in fact, is ever gained, even in a worldly point of view, by condescending to the really base; it is impossible ever to stoop low enough to please them; for persons who are conscious of deserving contempt, will always despise those from whom they exact a reluctant civility, and in this they are right, since they must be aware of its insincerity.

On the 18th of August, 1676, the duchess of York gave birth to a second daughter at St. James's palace, five minutes before eight in the morning, who was baptized by Dr. John North, master of Trinity college, Cambridge, and prebendary of Westminster, by the name of Isabella. after Isabella of Savoy, duchess of Modena, the great-grandmother of Mary Beatrice, a lady greatly distinguished for her virtues and piety. The godmothers of the royal infant were the duchess of Monmouth and the countess of Peterborough; her godfather was the earl of Denbigh. She lived to be five years old.²

The duchess of York was in hourly expectation of her third confinement, when the marriage of her step-daughter, the princess Mary, with the prince of Orange, took place, November 4th, 1677; she was present in the bed-chamber of the princess in St. James's palace, when those nuptials, so fatal to the fortunes of herself, her husband, and her descendants, were solemnized. King Charles, who was very facetious on this occasion, bade the bishop of London "make haste with the ceremony, lest his sister should be delivered of a son in the mean time, and so spoil the marriage."³

¹ Journal of James II.

² Sandford.

³ MS Diary of Dr. Edward Lake, archdeacon of Exeter, and preceptor to the princesses Mary and Anne. This valuable historical document is the property of W. Merrival, Esq., and is, we believe, intended for publication, enriched with

Three days afterwards, the boy, whom his majesty had thus merrily anticipated, was born. Dr. Lake makes the following notice of this event in his MS. diary: "On Wednesday, 7th, at nine in the evening, the duchess was safely delivered of a prince, to the great joy of the whole court, except the Clarendon party. The child is but little, but sprightly, and likely to live."

The new-born prince was christened, the next evening, with great pomp, by Dr. Crew, bishop of Durham; king Charles acted as sponsor for his infant nephew on this occasion, assisted by his nephew the prince of Orange. The little princess Isabella was the godmother; being only fifteen months old herself, she was represented by her governess, the lady Frances Villiers.¹ King Charles bestowed his own name on his nephew, and created him duke of Cambridge, an ominous title, which had successively been borne by three of the duke of York's sons, by his first duchess, who had all died in infancy.

The small-pox broke out in St. James's palace, three days after the christening of the prince; the princess Anne fell sick of it, and a great mortality took place among the members of their royal highness's household. Among the rest, the lady governess of the royal children, lady Frances Villiers, died on the 23d of November.² The young duchess of York, however, showed so little fear of the infection, either for herself or her infant son, that, on the 3d of December, she received a visit from her step-daughter, Anne, in her lying-in-chamber, the first time that princess was permitted to leave her room. That visit, in all probability, brought the infection to the little prince, for an eruption, which was, doubtless, an indication of the same malady, appeared on his body and under his arm, and this being ignorantly repelled by his nurses, caused his death in a convulsion fit, on the 12th of December.³ "This day," notes Dr. Lake, "between eleven and twelve o'clock, Charles duke of Cambridge died at St. James's, not without suspicion of being ill managed by Mrs. Chambers, who pretended to recover him. When he was opened, all his vital parts were found in a sound and healthy state, so that, to all appearance, he might have lived many years, had not Mrs. Chambers, and Mrs. Manning, the dry nurse, struck in the humour which appeared, instead of putting on a cole leaf to draw it out. The whole court testified great concern at this event, and the duke was never known to grieve so much at the death of any of his other children." The remains of this lamented babe were privately interred the day after his decease, in the evening, in Westminster Abbey, and like those of his sister, the princess Catharine, were deposited in the vault of Mary queen of Scots. The demise of the first-born son of the duke and duchess of York was announced with formal ceremony to all the sovereigns of Europe by the British ambassadors resident at their

the valuable notes of that gentleman, who, with his wonted courtesy and liberality, has in the mean time favoured us with the use of the MS., with liberty of taking extracts for the present and succeeding volumes of the "Lives of the Queens of England," an obligation which can scarcely be appreciated too highly

¹ Dr. Lake's Diary. Sandford.

² Dr. Lake.

³ Sandford says, the 11th of December.

respect... courts. Letters of condolence were sent in return, and there is some reason to believe, that a court mourning was worn for him.¹

Walter's graceful little poem on the death of the infant duke of Cambridge, commences with an allusion to the immature age of the royal mother, to which he, with great probability, attributes the early deaths of her offspring, and from the same circumstance insinuates consoling expectations for the future.

"The failing blossoms which a young plant bears
Engage our hopes for the succeeding years;

* * * * *
Heaven, as a first fruit, claimed that lovely boy,
The next shall live to be the nation's joy."²

How deeply the duke of York felt his bereavement, may be perceived from the unaffected expression of parental anguish with which he alludes to it, in his reply to a letter of condolence the prince of Orange had addressed to him on the event, which, inasmuch as it replaced his newly-wedded consort in her former position of prospective heiress to England, was doubtless a matter of rejoicing to himself. James, however, had the charity to give his son-in-law credit for sincerity. He says, "I will not defer letting you know I do easily believe the trouble you had for the loss of my son. I wish you may never have the like cause of trouble, nor know what it is to lose a son. I shall now say no more to you, because this bearer can inform you of all things here, as also that you shall always find me as kind as you can desire." This letter is superscribed, "For my son, the prince of Orange."

William was plotting against his unfortunate father-in-law at this very period, as the secret correspondence of the times will prove.³

The death of the infant hope of England soon ceased to trouble any one save the sorrowing parents, by whom his loss was long and deeply mourned. While Mary Beatrice continued in a feverish, agitated state, her nerves weakened, both from recent childbirth, and the grief which preyed upon her in consequence of the loss of her boy, which had been preceded by several deaths in St. James's palace, she was one night terrified with a frightful vision connected with the decease of the governess of the princesses, lady Frances Villiers, the particulars of which are thus related by Dr. Lake in his diary: "This day I heard an account of a dream which the duchess had, and which greatly discomposed her—viz., that whilst she lay in bed the lady Frances Villiers appeared to her, and told her that 'she was damned, and was in the flames of hell;' whereto she answered, 'How can this be? I cannot believe it.' To which the lady replied, 'Madam, to convince you, feel my hand,' which seemed so extremely hot, that it was impossible for the duchess to endure it; whereto she awoke, much affrighted, and told the dream to

¹ See the earl of Manchester's correspondence with king William's ministers about the death of queen Anne's son, the duke of Gloucester, where the ceremonies used on the occasion of the death of the duke of Cambridge are mentioned as the proper precedent to be observed with regard to the court of France, as will be fully related in the *Life of Queen Anne*, "Lives of the Queens of England," vol. x.

² See Dalrymple's Appendix, and Sidney Papers, edited by W. Blencowe, Esq

several of her visitants. The earl of Suffolk,¹ and other of the deceased lady's relations seemed much concerned at the duchess for relating it, and indeed it occasioned a deal of discourse, both in the town and the city."

At a period when the possibility of supernatural appearances was generally believed, we may imagine the sensation which the circulation of so awful a tale excited among the noble kindred of the deceased lady-governess, and the bitter feelings of indignation which would be kindled in their hearts against her royal highness, for mentioning a circumstance calculated to impress the superstitious with the notion that her ladyship's soul was in a state of perdition. The imprudence of the duchess of York in relating such a dream, was the greater, because she was of a different religion from the defunct. The only apology that can be offered for such folly, is comprised in the unfortunate propensity of this princess for telling everything that occupied her mind, and the weak state of her health and spirits at this juncture. The incident itself is curious, from its similarity to several stories of comparatively modern date, which assume to be founded on family traditions; it is scarcely possible that their authors could have had access to a strictly private document, like Dr. Lake's Journal, and it is certain that the dream of the duchess of York was never before in print. The tangible proof which, to her inexpressible horror, that princess fancied the spirit of the departed lady Frances Villiers gave her of its woful condition, is in singular coincidence with the dialogue which the sister of lord Tyrone has recorded that she held with the apparition of her brother, and the thrilling touch which branded her arm with the mark of his burning fingers. Every one is familiar with the lines of Scott, in another version of the same story, the Baron of Smallholme, where the spectre says to the lady, in reply to an anxious question as to the state of his soul—

"This awful sign receive!
He laid his left hand on an oaken plank,
His right on the lady's arm;
The lady shrank and fainting sank,
For the touch was fiery warm."

The most marvellous gossips of the court of the second Charles did not, however, go the length of asserting that the fair arm of her royal highness bore the slightest marks the next morning, of the scorching fingers of the ghostly visitant who had presented herself to her slumbering unrest, in the visions of the night. If lady Frances Villiers had been permitted to revisit the glimpses of the moon, it would have been more reasonable for her to have appeared to her own good-for-nothing daughter Elizabeth, to warn her of the sinfulness of her conduct with the newly-wedded prince of Orange, than to have needlessly affrighted the innocent duchess of York in the midst of her affliction for the premature death of her son.

The following brief letter of ceremony appears, by the date, to have

¹ This lady was the youngest daughter of Theophilus, earl of Suffolk; she was married to sir Edward Villiers; her son was the first earl of Jersey.

been written by Mary of Modena, during the ephemeral existence of the little prince, though she does not mention him; it is one of the few that have been preserved of those penned by her when duchess of York.

THE DUCHESS OF YORK TO KING LOUIS XIV.

"London, 5 December, 1677.

"Sir,

"I am infinitely obliged to your majesty for the extraordinary marks of kindness I have received on your part from Monsieur Courtin, your ambassador. I leave it to him to express to you the grateful sense I have of it, and I have also prayed him to assure your majesty of the profound respect with which I am, Sir,

"Your majesty's very affectionate sister, cousin, and servant,

"MARIE."¹

A curious contemporary portrait of Mary Beatrice, supposed to be a Lely,² represents her decorated with an orange scarf. This she probably wore, in compliment to the marriage of her royal step-daughter with the prince of Orange. Mary Beatrice always kept up a friendly correspondence with both.³

Before Mary of York had been married many months, reports that she was sick and sorrowful reaching the British court, the duchess of York determined to pay her an incognito visit, accompanied by the princess Anne, under the protection of the queen's lord-chamberlain, the earl of Ossory, who was the husband of a Dutch lady. When her royal highness had arranged her little plans, she confided her wish to king Charles, and obtained his permission to undertake the journey. The duke of York, who was painfully anxious about his beloved daughter, gratefully acceded to his consort's desire of visiting her, and in a familiar letter "to his sonne, the prince of Orange," he announces to him "that the duchess and the princess Anne intend coming to the Hague *very incognito*, having sent Robert White on before, to hire a house for them, as near the palace of his daughter as possible; and that they would take lord Ossory for their governor."⁴

The unostentatious manner in which the duchess wished to make her visit to her stepdaughter, the princess of Orange, proves that it was simply for the satisfaction of seeing her, and giving her the comfort of her sister's society, unrestrained by any of the formal and fatiguing ceremonies which royal etiquette would have imposed upon all parties, if she had appeared in her own character. Considering the extreme youth of the three ladies, the affectionate terms on which they had always lived together, and the conjugal infelicity of the lately wedded princess of Orange at that time, her sickness and dejection, it is more than probable that Mary Beatrice undertook this expedition with the princess Anne in consequence of some private communication from the pining invalid, expressive of her anxious desire to see them, and confide to them some of the trials which weighed so heavily on her heart in that uncongenial land of strangers.⁵

¹ Inedited MS. in the Archives des Affaires Etrangère, communicated by monsieur Dumont, through the favour and kind permission of monsieur Guizot.

² Now at the George Hotel, Kitmarnock. ³ See Ellis's Royal Letters, vol. iii

⁴ Dalrymple's Appendix, pp. 12, 20.

⁵ This curious portion of the personal history of Mary II., which has been care

Sir William Temple, the British resident, to whom the duke of York had written to explain the desire of the duchess to waive the public recognition of her rank in his daughter's court on this occasion, says, in reply—

“ May it please your royal highness,

“ I received yesterday morning, by Mr. White, the honour of a letter from your highness, with a command which it will be very difficult to perform here. I mean that of helping her highness to be incognito in this place. The prince being yet absent, and the pensioner too, I spoke of it to monsieur Van Lewen, who was hard to be persuaded that the honours due to her highness by the States upon such occasion should not be performed solemnly at her landing. But having acquainted him with the absoluteness of your highness's commands, both by your letter, and particularly by Mr. White, I prevailed with him to make no mention of it to the States till the prince's return, and this, I hope, may be to-night, or to-morrow at farthest.

“ For a house to receive her highness and lady Anne, with their attendants, there was no choice at all in it, and so the princess dowager's house is making ready for this purpose, and will, I doubt not, be in order by to-morrow. I could not persuade sir Gabriel Sylvius and Mr. White to allow me any other part in this care besides leaving the whole house empty, which I did early this morning, and they (White and Sylvius) with the prince's servants, in all the diligence that could be, of preparing it for her highness's reception.”¹

Temple pleasantly adds that these, the worthy Dutch officials, who were thus actively exerting their national propensity to household purifications, in cleansing and trimming up the Old Court, as the dowager-palace of the Hague was called, for the accommodation of the fair and illustrious travellers from England, “ would, besides the honour of such a piece of gallantry, have very great satisfaction in seeing there such a princess as in all kinds,” continues his excellency, “ I do believe is very hard to be seen anywhere else.” He dismisses the subject with a wish that “ the weather were but as fair as the wind, and then the adventure might be very soon and very happily achieved.”²

This letter is dated October 11, N. S., being the first of that month according to the computation in England. Mary Beatrice and the princess Anne arrived at the Hague almost as soon as it was written. Their visit appears to have put the whole of the British embassy to the rout, for Temple writes, to Lawrence Hyde—

“ Her highness's coming removed both your family and mine at a very short warning, and I got into the next house I could find. She was so resolved upon the incognito here, and in that design so afraid of an ambassador, that my part was chiefly not to trouble her, or interrupt that design.”³

The visit was a flying one. Temple in the same letter, which is dated October 25th, says, “ The duchess went away on Monday morning with very fair weather, and a reasonable good wind, but I doubt may have had but a loitering passage, as it has proved since.”

The duchess and the princess Anne had evidently enjoyed their expedition, and gave a very favourable report of their entertainment to James

fully concealed from the English reader, will be related in the life of the princess.

¹ Letters of sir William Temple, vol. iv., p. 444.

² Ibid

³ Clarendon Correspondence.

who expresses his acknowledgments to William for the hospitality they had received, in these friendly terms :—

“ London, Oct. 18, 1678.

“ We came hither on Wednesday from Newmarket, and the same night, presently after eleven, the duchess, my wife, arrived here, so satisfied with her journey and with you as I never saw anybody; and I must give you a thousand thanks from her and from myself for her kind usage by you. I should say more on this subject, but I am very ill at compliments, and you care not for them.”¹

The letter contains also some confidential observations on the plot which had been concocted by his enemies with the assistance of Oates, Tong, and their confederates, for the ruin of himself, the queen, and other persons of their unpopular creed.

When the duchess of York returned from her visit to the Hague, she found her lord vainly attempting to grapple with the storm, which had been mysteriously conjured up by his subtle foes. In the course of a few weeks, the public mind became so greatly irritated against James, that he was compelled to give up his seat at the council board, and the next demand of the triumphant faction was, that he should be excluded from the presence of his royal brother. His friends advised him, timid counsellors as they were, to retire to the Continent with his family, but his proud spirit revolted from a proceeding that might be construed into guilt or cowardice. The king urged him to baffle the machinations of his enemies, by returning to the communion of the church of England, and to afford him a plausible excuse for doing so, sent the archbishop of Canterbury and other prelates to argue with him, on the grounds of his secession.

James, whatever might be his defects as a theologian, was too honest to sacrifice his principles to his interest. His grandfather, Henry IV. of France, had made no scruple of giving up his protestantism to conciliate the majority of his subjects, facetiously observing, “ that the kingdom of France was worth a mass.” James would rather have lost a world than dissembled an opinion, or acted in violation to his conscience. He was not like his ease-loving brother Charles II., the supple reed that bent in accordance with the changes of the wind and rose again unbroken, but the proud and stubborn oak that would not bend before the coming storm, though it should uproot him. The king, thinking to purchase peace for himself by his brother’s absence, urged him to go abroad before the meeting of parliament. James replied, “ that he would only do so in obedience to his majesty’s written commands, or it would be pretended that he had fled on account of some misdemeanour.”

Charles conveyed the order for his absence in the form of an affectionate letter, concluding with these words :—

“ You may easily believe with what trouble I write this to you, there being nothing I am more sensible of than the constant kindness you have ever had for me, and I hope you are so just to me as to be assured that no absence or anything else can ever change me from being truly and kindly yours,

“ C. R.”

James requested to be permitted to take his beloved daughter the

¹ Dalrymple’s Appendix.

princess Anne, which was at first readily granted by the king, but day or two before that fixed for their departure, his majesty was compelled to rescind that permission, so great was the jealousy entertained by the people lest her father should attempt to shake her attachment to the church of England. The duchess, "who," to use his own touching expression, "was to bear a part in all his traverses and misfortunes," resolved to share his exile, although that determination involved a separation from her only surviving infant, for even the solace of the little princess Isabella's company was denied to her parents, and this was a severe trial to both.

Mary Beatrice was accustomed to say, "that the first five years she spent in England, were the happiest of her whole life."¹ They embraced the halcyon period between fifteen and twenty, and were, as regarded her own position, years of festive splendour and great popularity, but they were saddened by the loss of children, and embittered by the infidelities of a husband, who was the first, last, and only object of her affection. The next five years were destined to be years of adversity to her and the duke. She always said, "that she considered their mutual misfortunes commenced with their banishment to Flanders," which she called "their first exile."² The troubles of the duke of York began much earlier, and may be dated from the year 1672.

"The late king my husband," said Mary Beatrice, in the days of her widowhood, to the abbess and nuns of Chaillot, "was the great admirer of England when he was the duke of York, and when he used to return in triumph, after his victories over the Dutch, the people adored him. He understood both naval affairs and commerce, all his study was to promote the happiness of the people, by relieving them from the burden of taxes; and at that time he was passionately beloved by all the maritime classes."³ James himself occasionally adverts, more in sorrow than in anger, to the change in popular opinion, which took place in consequence of the change in his religious opinions. "Before that time the duke was the darling of the nation, for having so often and so freely ventured his life for the honour and interest of the king and country, and for having been always active and industrious in carrying on everything either as to trade or navigation, that might tend to their advantage, but no sooner was the alarm given of his having turned papist, than all these merits were blotted out from their memory, and he was set upon, on every side, as the common enemy."⁴

The letter from king Charles, enjoining his brother's absence from England, was written on the 28th of February. Their royal highnesses being compelled to make hasty preparations for their voyage, were ready to embark on the 3d of March. King Charles came on that day to bid them farewell. They were greatly afflicted at leaving their country and their children, but the king appeared like one overwhelmed with grief. The weather was very stormy, and his majesty, who had perhaps some misgivings, seemed then as anxious to delay the moment

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, in the Archives au Royaume de France

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

King James, vol. i.

of parting as he had been before to urge it. "The wind is contrary,"¹ said he, to James; "you cannot go on board at present," and his eyes suffused with tears.

Mary Beatrice, who considered that her husband had been sacrificed to the crooked policy of his royal brother's cabinet, and that Charles himself had acted with a selfish disregard of everything but his own ease, exclaimed, reproachfully—

"What, sir, are you grieved?—you who send us into exile! Of course, we must go, since you have ordained it."

She afterwards blamed herself for this resentful burst of feeling. "I was wrong," she said, "to speak to his majesty as I did: it was no fault of his. He was placed in a cruel strait, and was compelled to yield to the clamours of our enemies."¹

On the 4th of March, the duke and duchess bade a sorrowful farewell to England, and embarked for Holland. They must have had a long and stormy passage, for they did not land till the 12th. The prince of Orange came to meet them, attended by many persons of rank, and conducted them to the Hague with every demonstration of respect. When they arrived there, the prince drew out all his guard, to the number of 3000, before his father-in-law; and when the duke passed them, the prince placed himself at the head of his *guards du corps*, and saluted him with his sword in his hand; and as they filed off, he marched at their head, repeating the same courtesy, though the duke endeavoured to prevent it. The states-general, upon notice of their royal highnesses' arrival, desired to have rendered them those public honours which were due to their high rank, but James excused it, desiring to remain incognito.²

After a little while, their royal highnesses removed to Brussels, where they occupied the same house where Charles II. had resided before his Restoration. Scarcely were they settled in their new abode, when the reports of the dangerous illness of his daughter, the princess of Orange, induced the duke, whose affection for her was very great, to go and visit her at the Hague. On the 25th of April, he writes to his brother-in-law Lawrence Hyde, from that place:—

"I am to go to-morrow morning to Amsterdam, and shall be back here on Friday; and next week I go to my house at Brussels, and take Buda in my way."

James rejoined his duchess at Brussels the first week in May. Soon after his departure from England, lady Shaftesbury's butler gave information to the select committee, who, like the Venetian Council of Ten, had possessed themselves of a power in the state far more oppressive than regal despotism, that the duke of York was coming back in June at the head of 60,000 men, furnished by the king of France, to assist the catholics.³ The banished duke, meantime, was exerting his care and foresight in endeavouring to prevail on those who had the direction of the naval defences of England to guard the coasts from the threatening armaments of France.

¹ MS Memorials of Mary of Modena, in the Archives au Royaume de France
Echard

² Journal of James II.

In a letter, dated May the 6th, 1679, in reply to two addressed to him by the duke of York, the faithful Pepys says—

"I do with equal shame and grief observe how much your highness's solicitude, even at this distance, for the security of this kingdom against the power of France, does exceed all that we ourselves have yet expressed upon that subject, otherwise than by a general but inactive restlessness under our apprehension of danger; but without any alteration made since your royal highness's departure in the state of our ships or coasts, other than what is consequential to their having lain so long neglected."

After mentioning that his majesty had, among his other great changes, put the Admiralty into the hands of commissioners who were by no means acquainted with naval affairs, he continues—

"For what concerns my own particular, your highness was pleased to foretell me, at your going hence, what I was soon after to look for, and it is come to pass. For, whether I will or no, a papist I must be, because favoured by your royal highness, and found endeavouring, on all fitting occasions, to express in the best manner I can, the duty and gratitude due to your highness from me. But how injuriously soever some would make these just endeavours of mine towards your highness inconsistent with Protestantcy, neither they, nor any ill-usage I can receive from them, shall (by the grace of God) make me any more quit the one, than I suspect your royal highness will ever take offence at my perseverance in the other."

Pepys then states the desire of the faction, who had been the means of driving his royal highness into exile, of depriving himself of the post of secretary to the admiralty, after his twenty years' hard service, to the loss of health, and almost of eyesight. James wrote a frank and manly letter in reply, enclosing an earnest recommendation for this old and faithful servant of the nation to the king, telling him that he hoped his majesty would grant his request. "I am sure," says he, "he ought; and it will do more good to reward one old servant than to take off twenty mutineers."

The duke's letter found honest Pepys a prisoner in the Tower, upon no less charges than those of popery, felony, piracy, and treason; his attachment to his royal friend and benefactor having drawn this persecution upon him, as he himself assures the duke. In conclusion, he says, "I pray God protect you and her royal highness."

Their prospects were anything but cheering. The bill of exclusion had been read twice in the house, and only prevented from passing by the king suddenly proroguing the parliament; on which occasion, Shaftesbury, who was the president of the privy council, had declared aloud, "that whoever had advised the king to that measure should pay for their presumption with their heads."

In July, the duchess of Modena came from Italy to Brussels to visit her daughter, and Mary Beatrice, after a separation of upwards of five years, enjoyed the happiness of embracing her beloved mother once more. Their separation from their children was so painful to the duke and duchess of York, that, on the 8th of August, James wrote an urgent

¹ Pepys' Correspondence, five vols. of Memoirs and Correspondence, edited by and Braybrooke.

² *Ibid.*, vol. v.

³ Journal of the Lords. Temple

letter to the king, his brother, entreating him to permit them to join him and the duchess at Brussels. Charles consented, and the two princesses, Anne and the infant Isabella, commenced their journey together on the 19th of the same month.¹

Before the re-united family had been together many days, the earl of Sunderland sent an express to James, to apprise him of the alarming illness of the king, who had commanded him to request his royal highness to hasten to him, in as private a manner as he could, bringing no more persons than were absolutely necessary; and, therefore, advised him to leave the duchess behind. Even if this caution had not been given, Mary Beatrice could not with any propriety have left the two princesses alone in a foreign country. James acquainted no one but her with his journey; and, taking with him only lord Peterborough, colonel Legge, his favourite Churchill, and a barber, he set out from Brussels on the 8th of September. The first night he arrived at Armentiers, the next at Calais; but the wind being contrary, he could not sail till the evening of the 10th, when, disguising himself in a black periwig, he crossed, in a French shallop, to Dover,² where no one recognised him, except the post-master, who was an honest man, and held his tongue. He took post from thence, leaving my lord Peterborough behind, who was unable to travel so fast, and arrived the same night in London. There he got into a hackney coach, and went first to Mr. Frand, the post-master, to learn the news, where he found, to his great satisfaction, the king was much better. He slept at sir Allen Apsley's house in St. James's square, where he sent for his brother-in-law, Hyde, and Sidney Godolphin. They told him, "his coming was quite a secret, perfectly unsuspected by the duke of Monmouth and his gang;" and advised him to make all the haste he could to Windsor, before it got abroad.

Very little time did James devote to sleep that night, after a journey, which, without railroad facilities of volition, was performed at railroad speed; for he reached Windsor at seven o'clock the next morning, September 12, having, as before mentioned, left Brussels only on the 8th. The king was so much recovered, that he was up, and shaving, when the royal exile entered, unannounced, and was the first to apprise him of his arrival. The suddenness of the thing surprised Charles at first. James, who had received a private message, telling him he must take the whole responsibility of his return on himself, as the king was fearful of acknowledging that he had sent for him, knelt, and begged his majesty to pardon him for coming before he was recalled.³

This scene being over, the courtiers flocked about the duke to pay their compliments, his enemies as well as his friends, for his presence always commanded respect even from those who were the worst affected to him. The loyal and virtuous among the gentlemen there at Windsor, were sincerely glad to see the lawful heir of the crown once more by the sovereign's side. Evelyn, for one, mentions with some complacency, "that when he came to Windsor to congratulate the king on his recovery he saw the duke of York and kissed his hand."⁴

¹ Bencewre's Sidney Papers.

² Journal of James II.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ He speaks with disgust of the conduct of the duke of Monmouth and his fac

The king is said to have exclaimed, in his first transport at seeing the face of that fraternal friend once more, "that nothing should part them again."¹ The voice of nature was, however, speedily stifled, and the only real concession James obtained, was, permission to transfer his abode from Brussels to Scotland.

James left London, September 25th, and rejoined his anxious consort at Brussels, October 1st. The duke of Villa Hermosa, in whose territories they had taken refuge, had paid Mary Beatrice and the princess Anne courteous attention in the absence of his royal highness, and given a grand ball, out of compliment to them, which they, with the duchess of Modena, honoured with their presence. The friendly relations which subsisted between the duchess of York and her step-daughters, had not been interrupted by anything like envy, jealousy, or disputes on their respective modes of faith. The leaven of party had not then infused its bitter spirit into the home circle of the unfortunate James, to rend asunder the holiest ties of nature, under the sacred name of religion. Both he and his consort had carefully abstained from interfering with the conscience of the princess Anne, as we find from the following testimony of one of her biographers, who had very good opportunities of information.

"At Brussels, the princess Anne had her own chaplain allowed her and a place assigned for the exercise of her devotions, according to the church of England. Nor was she at all importuned to go, or ever went, to mass with her father, as I have been assured by her protestant servants who attended her there, but the family lived in perfect harmony, as if there had been no manner of religious difference between them, which seems strange, if his royal highness, the duke of York, was that zealous bigoted prince as he is represented to have been. For where could he have had greater opportunities of prevailing with his daughter to have come over to the church of Rome, than in a country where that religion is established."²

The duke and duchess of York left Brussels on the 3d of October, accompanied by the princesses Anne and Isabella and the duchess of Modena, with the intention of visiting the prince and princess of Orange on the way. They had a tedious voyage, and their yacht, with the whole of the royal party on board, grounded near Dordrecht, and remained aground for eighteen hours, but, at seven the next morning, arrived safely at Delf Haven. There they entered the prince of Orange's barge, which was towed along by horses, and in this manner they reached the Hague at three o'clock in the afternoon of the 6th. William of Orange

at that time, and says—"This duke, whom for distinction they called the Protestant duke, though the son of an abandoned woman, the people made their idol." Monmouth was at that time commander-in-chief of all the military forces in England, and his design of supplanting the legitimate heir to the crown became every day more apparent. He threatened those who had, in obedience to the king's commands, sent for his royal highness, with his vengeance; and when a reconciliation between them was suggested, he promptly refused it.

¹ Reresby.

² Life of her late Majesty, Queen Anne, in two vols. London 1721. Vol. 2. p. 12.

assigned the dowager palace, called the Old Court, for their residence, and treated them with much respect.¹

On the evening of the 7th, the duke and duchess of York, the princess Anne, and the duchess of Modena, supped in public with the prince and princess of Orange.² While they were taking this meal, Mr. Calton arrived with an express from king Charles, to his brother, the duke of York, recalling him and his family, directing them to embark for the Downs, and remain there till further orders. The duke and duchess were better pleased with this mandate than their wily son-in-law, William, as it appears by his remarks to Sidney.

Mary Beatrice and her lord commenced their joyful preparations for their homeward voyage, on the 8th. The duchess of Modena felt severely the approaching separation from her beloved daughter, with whom she had now spent two months; and when they all appeared for the last time at the court of the princess of Orange that evening, her countenance bore testimony to the sorrow that filled her heart. The duke and duchess of York, with the princesses Anne and Isabella and their retinue, commenced their journey at eight o'clock, on the morning of the 9th. The prince and princess of Orange accompanied them as far as Maesland Sluys, and there they parted on apparently affectionate terms. This was the last time James and his daughter Mary ever saw each other. He had had too much reason at different times to be aware of her husband's treacherous intrigues against him,³ but of her nothing could induce him to believe ill till the fact was forced upon him, nine years afterwards, by her deeds.

Such was the state of party excitement in England, and to so low an ebb was the power of the crown reduced, that, though the king had promised his brother that he and his family should revisit London, it was necessary to keep this arrangement secret, and to feel the public pulse by the previous announcement of the intended change to Scotland, which appeared in the Gazette:—

“Newmarket, Oct. 7.

“His royal highness having represented to his majesty that he conceives it in many respects more proper for him to be in his majesty's dominions than in those of another prince, and made it his humble request to his majesty to have his leave to go into Scotland, his majesty hath granted it, and it is presumed that in a short time his highness will proceed thither.”

The passage from Holland proved very stormy, and the duchess suffered excessively from sea-sickness. The king had changed his mind about their coming to London, and ordered the duke of Lauderdale to make arrangements for their reception in Scotland: two frigates met them in the Downs with orders to convey their royal highnesses to Leith without delay. The duchess was not in a state to hazard a farther voyage, neither dared the duke bring her on shore without having a written permission from the king; ill as she was, she remained in the

¹ Supplementary Pepys' Correspondence.

² Ibid.

³ Sidney's Diary at the Hague, edited by Mr. Blencowe, contains abundant evidence of the treachery of William against his uncle and father-in-law, the unfortunate James.

yacht tossing in the Downs, while an express was sent to acquaint his majesty with her distress, and praying that she might be allowed to finish her journey to Scotland by land. Her dangerous condition, for she was vomiting blood,¹ prevented any one from raising an objection, and, least of all, king Charles, who had a great regard for his sister-in-law. They left London, and, travelling post, arrived unexpectedly at St. James's palace, on Sunday night, October 12th, to the surprise of some, the joy of others, and the annoyance of many. The king gave them an affectionate welcome, but assured his brother that he had no power to protect him from an impeachment and its consequences, if he persisted in remaining in England.

The duchess of Monmouth was one of the great ladies who came to pay her compliments to Mary Beatrice, by whom she was very affectionately received. When Monmouth heard of this, he was so angry with his wife that he would not see her.² He affected to be personally jealous of the duke his uncle.

About a week after their royal highnesses' arrival, Sunderland and Hyde came to acquaint the duke that his majesty thought it desirable that he should go to Scotland, though not to stay longer than the middle of the January following. However irksome this mandate was to James, he replied, that "his majesty's will was ever a law to him."³ Mary Beatrice, though greatly urged by king Charles to remain with the two princesses Anne and Isabella, at St. James's palace, determined as before to share the wayward fortunes of her wandering lord, though it involved the pangs of a second separation from her child. Her high sense of conjugal duty proved as before victorious over the strong impulses of maternal affection. How deeply this proof of the love and self-devotion of his beautiful young consort was appreciated by the banished prince, may be perceived by the manner in which he has recorded her conduct on this occasion in his private journal. The passage shall be given in his own words :

"The duchess, notwithstanding her late illness, and vomiting blood at sea, the short time it was designed the duke should stay in Scotland, and the king pressing her for that reason to remain at court, would nevertheless accompany him, and though she was not above twenty years old, chose rather, even with the hazard of her life, to be a constant companion of the duke her husband's misfortunes and hardships, than to enjoy her ease in any part of the world without him. But it was a sensible trouble to his royal highness to see the duchess thus obliged to undergo a sort of martyrdom for her affection to him, and he, to humour the peevish and timorous dispositions of some counsellors, to be thus sent a sort of vagabond about the world."⁴

¹ Life of James.

² Bulstrode.

³ Journal of James I.

⁴ James always speaks of himself in the third person.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,
QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES II., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND
IRELAND.

CHAPTER III.

The duke and duchess of York set out for Scotland—Princess Anne accompanies them to Hatfield—Inhospitability of the earl of Salisbury—Tedious journey to the north—Coldly received at York—Feasted at Berwick—Honourable reception on the borders of Scotland—Public entrance into Edinburgh—Residence at Holyrood abbey—Entertained by the good town—Specimens of the cheer—James's popularity in Scotland—Recalled to England—They embark at Leith—Arrive safely at Whitehall—Gratifying welcome—Complimented by the city of London—Lord mayor and aldermen kiss Mary's hand—Intrigue of the exclusionists—Their royal highnesses embark for Scotland—Stormy passage—Arrive in Kirkcaldy bay—Met and welcomed by the nobility—Magnificently entertained by the duke of Rothes at Leslie-house—Portrait of Mary Beatrice—Their pompous embarkation at Burnt-island—Honourable reception at Leith—Mons Meg riven—Mary's court at Holyrood—Popular demeanour of the duke—Tea first used at the duchess's parties at Holyrood—Alarming accident to Mary Beatrice when riding—Promises to give up equestrian exercise—Death of her little daughter—Her affliction—James petitions for leave to take his consort to Bath or Tunbridge-wells for her health—The request refused—Arrival of the princess Anne—Gay doings at Holyrood—Mary Beatrice present at the meeting of the Scotch parliament—Treated again by the good town—Masks, balls, and plays at Holyrood—Occurrences of the winter—Pregnancy of the duchess of York—Delight of the Scotch—The duke summoned to his brother's court—Change of public feeling—He returns to fetch his duchess—Wreck of the Gloucester—James's fears of alarming his duchess—He determines to return by sea—She accompanies him—Terrors of her ladies—Her embarkation—Met at Erith by the king and queen—Their honourable welcome—Arrival of the duchess of Modena—Reports that a spurious prince is to be imposed on the nation—Birth of a princess—The infant dies—Sickness of Mary Beatrice—Secret cabal against the duke of York—Death of Charles II.

MARY BEATRICE having taken a sorrowful leave of her only child, set out, with her persecuted lord, for Scotland, Oct. 27, 1679, having been scarcely permitted to remain a fortnight in London. Brief as that time was, however, greater manifestations of a change in popular opinion towards James had been shown than was at all agreeable to the exclusionists. Their royal highnesses were attended at their departure by a cavalcade of coaches, and a great concourse of people, who brought them several miles on their journey, with every manifestation of sympathy and respect.¹ The sorrowful duke and duchess required a cordial like this to cheer them under their trials, at the commencement of their

¹ Echard. Lingard.

ong weary pilgrimage through roads always bad, but now, in consequence of a long continuance of heavy rains, almost impassable. The princess Anne accompanied them as far as Hatfield, where they intended to sup and sleep the first night. Cold was the welcome that awaited the royal travellers there. James had signified his intention of honouring the earl of Salisbury with a visit at Hatfield-house, not imagining that the earl, though politically opposed to his cause, could be guilty of a paltry manifestation of personal ill-will to him on such an occasion. The event proved how greatly James had miscalculated the nature of the man to whom he was willing to owe a courtesy, for when he, with his sick and sorrowful consort and her ladies, arrived, at the close of a cold autumnal day, weary and out of spirits, they found Hatfield-house dark and desolate, no other preparations having been made for their reception than the inhospitable ones of removing everything that might have conduced to the comfort of tired guests. The lord of the mansion had withdrawn himself to Quickshot, a place about six miles off, whence he sent his son to excuse his not coming to wait on his royal highness, "for that he had been let blood five days before." The only provisions for the entertainment of the duke and duchess that appeared were two does on the hall table, one barrel of small-beer in the cellar, and a pile of faggots.¹

Comparisons, not more odious than correct, were, of course, freely made between the inhospitable lord of Hatfield and Nabal, by the hungry followers of the duke, when, like Michael Scott's man,

"They sought bread and gat nae."

Fortunately for the whole party, they were near a town where food was to be obtained, not only for money, but for love; and the humblest tradesman there would have scorned to deny it to the brother of his sovereign. If it had been otherwise, the duchess and her ladies must have gone supperless to bed, and in the dark, too, for there were neither candles nor candlesticks left in the palatial halls of Hatfield, so minutely careful had the earl been to remove every means of affording the slightest comfort to his self-invited guests.

"The duke's servants sent into the town to buy all things necessary, even to candles and candlesticks. The gentlemen of the neighbourhood were so charitable as to take the lord Ossory and many others into their houses, where they were well entertained."²

Such is the account exultingly given by Algernon Sidney of the churlish treatment experienced by their royal highnesses from one of the peers of his party. The duchess and her ladies made no complaint. James indicated neither anger nor surprise, but, probably reminded by conduct so unlike the munificent hospitality of the ancient nobility of England, that his titled host came not of gentle blood, retaliated his discourtesy with the lofty contempt it merited, by declaring "his unwilling-

¹ Letters of Algernon Sidney to Henry Saville. Esq. The two does were probably shot by the young lord Ceci, who became a staunch adherent of James II., followed his fortunes in adversity with two younger brothers, and died in his service at St. Germain, a ruined man.

² Algernon Sidney's letters to Henry Saville, ambassador at the court of France

ness to be burdensome to so poor a lord," and directed his comptroller, sir John Worden, to pay for what had been consumed. "The steward actually took money for the faggots, and received eight shillings for the small-beer."¹

To such depths of littleness did the party, who had succeeded in driving the duke of York from his royal home at St. James's, descend in their feelings of personal animosity, that even the incessant rains which rendered the northward progress peculiarly harassing and gloomy to him and his faithful consort, are mentioned with spiteful exultation by Algernon Sidney in his letters to his friend Saville. The state of the roads was, indeed, such as to compel their royal highnesses to travel at the funereal pace of only ten miles a-day, in some parts of the country. They were, however, received very well in all the towns through which they passed, except York.²

They did not reach that city till the 6th of November. James, who had resided there for nearly two months with his first duchess Anne Hyde, in the year 1666, expected to be received with the same honours and demonstrations of affection that had been lavished upon him thirteen years ago, when he came fresh from his great naval victory over the Dutch, to hold his ducal court in regal splendour in the loyal town of York. The fickle tide of popular favour had strangely ebbed from the royal admiral since then. Falsehood had done its work successfully in alienating the hearts of the people from him. It was asserted that he had won his naval victories by cowardice, and though he had saved the city of London by his sagacity and personal exertions during the fire from being wholly consumed, he was accused of being the author of the conflagration. If any one asked for what purpose he was suspected of having committed so enormous an act of folly, it was replied, for the advancement of popery, although the homes and properties of the Roman-catholic citizens had been blended in the same ruin with those of their Protestant neighbours. In short, there was nothing too absurd to be asserted and believed at that moment.

Loyalty was no longer the fashion at York, and the city was in the hands of a factious mayor and corporation, who decided that no public marks of respect should be paid to the duke and duchess. The sheriffs, indeed, did their duty, by riding to Tadcaster-bridge to meet the royal travellers, and conducted them to the house of Mr. George Ainslabey,³ in the minster yard, where they were to take up their abode for two or three days, but otherwise their entry was only like that of a private family. James was changed in person as well as in fortune since his former entrance into York, in the flower of his age and the pride of manly beauty. His countenance was now marked by the ravages of the small-pox, and prematurely furrowed by care; his flowing ringlets were superseded by one of those disguising structures called a periwig—in fine, it was no longer the gay and gallant prince, to whom they had paid their flattering homage when he was the darling of the nation and its

¹ Algernon Sidney's letters to Henry Saville, ambassador at the court of France
² Life of James II

³ Drake's Antiquities of York.

hope; but a melancholy, persecuted, and calumniated man, who had been driven from his brother's court, as the preliminary step for worse usage.

The lord-mayor and aldermen, instead of giving their royal highnesses a public welcome, merely waited on the duke in private at the house of Mr. Ainslaby, where James gave them audience in his presence-chamber, and the deputy-recorder addressed a compliment to him on his arrival, in the name of the town and corporation, but without the slightest allusion to his consort.

Small proof did the republican corporation of York afford of their courtesy to royalty and beauty on this occasion; for they offered no mark of attention, either by deed, or word, to Mary Beatrice, during her sojourn in the city, from which she and her lord derived their title. It is possible, as her style of beauty was not of that character which suits a vulgar taste, that they might consider her vastly inferior to her plump, round-faced, English predecessor, Anne Hyde, the duchess of York, to whom they had been accustomed. Very different from this churlish reception was the welcome that was preparing for the duke and duchess of York, in that hospitable land of warm hearts, to which they were proceeding—the ancient realm of the royal Stuarts.

The first order that was made in the good town of Edinburgh, "*anent* the coming of their royal highnesses," was for the cleansing of the streets;¹ doubtless, a very necessary operation at that period, and they took plenty of time to do it effectually, withal, since the order is dated as early as October 29th. Their next care, in contemplation of so important an event as the arrival of the heir of the crown, his consort, and the train of proud English nobles and gentles, who were expected to attend them, was, "for reducing the great number of beggars, who are wont to trouble all persons, who are boune there, to the great discredit of the place; therefore it was earnestly recommended, that Charles Charteris and Tho-

¹ Charles II. testified his displeasure at the neglect which their royal highnesses had experienced, by causing a stern letter of reproach to be addressed to the mayor and gentlemen of York by his secretary of state, signifying that he expected that on all future occasions, when the duke passed that way, they would show him that respect which all good subjects ought to their sovereign's brother.—Bulstrode. *Life of James II.* Drake's *Antiquities of York.*

² Record Book of the council of the good town of Edinburgh for the year 1679 vol. xxix. Through the great courtesy of Adam Black, Esq., the lord-provost of Edinburgh, and Thomas Sinclair, Esq., the town-council clerk, I obtained access to the valuable and well-preserved civic records of that city, to which I am indebted for some highly curious particulars connected with the residence of James II. and his second consort, Mary Beatrice of Modena, in Scotland, when duke and duchess of York, and illustrative of the manners and customs of the northern metropolis at that period. These are the more valuable, as especial care appears to have been taken, after the revolution, to expunge almost every other record of the popularity enjoyed by James among the true men of Scotland while he and his consort kept court in Holyrood. To the honour of the nobility and gentry of Scotland, be it remembered, their hands were unsullied by the bribes of France and Holland at that period of national corruption, when the names of the political agitators, mis-called patriots, Algernon Sidney and Hampden the younger occupy so disreputable a position in the balance-sheet of Barillon.

mas Douglas, bailies, should take effectual means for ridding the good town of those sturdy nuisances." By the dint of indefatigable scourging, and other severe measures, the magistrates succeeded in clearing "the good town" of the vagrant part of its population, in time to prevent any disparaging remarks being made on the poverty of the nation by the noble southern strangers; but it is to be feared that the persecuted beggars had no other resource left than taking to the hills and moors with the insurgent Cameronians.¹

Meantime, their royal highnesses, passing through Newcastle, where they also rested, arrived at his majesty's town of Berwick-upon-Tweed on the 20th of November: similar preparations, as regarded a general purification of the town, had been made at the news of their approach, as the entries in the town records for cleansing and carrying away the dirt, when the duke of York came, indicate. The duke and duchess spent one night at Berwick; and the following items in the corporation accounts show the expenses that were incurred for their entertainment:—²

	£	s.	d.
"By mo: p ^d : at y ^e duke of York's coming to towne for charges of his treat	27	17	9
———— Mr. Ald'man Jackson, for bottles & corks to repay some y ^t [he?] sent w ^a y ^e duke of York was here		0	19 0
———— Mr. Samuel & Joseph Ellison for banqueting w ^a y ^e duke of York came hith'	33	2	6

The charges for sack are very moderate. There is another entry, in which part of the charges for the entertainment previously given to his rival and enemy, the duke of Monmouth, when he passed through Berwick a few weeks before, are oddly enough mingled with those for the banquet of the duke of York:—

	£	s.	d.
By mo: p ^d : Mr. Jos ^h Ellison, for banqueting and bringing home when his grace the duke of Monmouth was here		23	19 0

This "banquet" (as well as that for the duke of York) was probably ordered from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, as a wealthy family, of the name of Ellison, were then merchants there.

The smallness of the sums expended, denotes the economy of the corporation, as well as its poverty, for they not only did to their utmost, but beyond their means, as we find that Mr. John Luck, the mayor, ad-

¹ Or, the 19th of November, the lord-provost having intimated to the council that the lord-chancellor and the lords of his majesty's privy-council had signified that it was their pleasure that the whole of the militia regiment of the city of Edinburgh should be drawn out, on the day when their royal highnesses should come to the abbey, and that it should be joined with the regiments of Mar and Linlithgow, and drawn up between the links of Leith and the Watergate; on which occasion the council appointed the lord-provost, James Dick, colonel of the militia, and the whole of the train-bands of the city and district, to be in readiness in their arms on the day intimated, in their best apparel, in order to his highness's and his duchess's reception and welcome to the good town of Edinburgh; and proclamation was made to that effect.—Town Council Books, vol. xxix., p. 188.

² Kindly communicated by R. Weddall, Esq.

vanced the money out of his own private purse, to assist the town on this occasion.

The next morning, November 21st, their royal highnesses departed from the poor but hospitable town of Berwick-on-Tweed, and were received and welcomed on the borders of Scotland with signal marks of affection and respect. Three miles from Berwick, they were met by the Scotch guards, commanded by the marquess of Montrose; and at a small distance further, by the lord-chancellor, thirty-eight lords of the king's council, accompanied by more than sixty noblemen, and the principal gentry of the southern shires, making a cavalcade of two thousand horse. The lords of the council and the nobles were on foot, drawn up to receive their royal highnesses.¹ When the duke of York approached near enough, he was pleased to alight from his coach, and advance to meet them. Then the lord-chancellor and his noble company made their compliments to his royal highness, and welcomed him into Scotland, which he returned with princely courtesy, standing uncovered until they had all kissed his hand. The greater number of them paid the like respect to the duchess, as she sat in her coach. The said company attended their royal highnesses on their journey as far as the duke of Lauderdale's house, at Lethington, where they and their retinue, and many of the nobility and gentry, were splendidly entertained. The duke and duchess remained at Lethington till they made their public entry into Edinburgh, on the 4th of December, "which was so splendid," says a contemporary, who was probably a witness of the pageant, "that a greater triumph that city did never see; nor were the meanest of the Scotch nation wanting in expressing the joy they conceived on this occasion."²

From an item in the accounts of Magnus Prince, the town-treasurer for that year, we find that the sum of 56*l.* Scots, was expended by the good town of Edinburgh for a hogshead of wine, to be drunk at the cross, at the duke of York's arrival, and for bonfires that night, 34*l.* Scots.⁴

In spite of all the calumnies that had been circulated against the duke of York, and the prejudicial reports of his bigotry, and the bigotry of his Italian consort, universal satisfaction was manifested by all ranks of people, at the sight of both, and the idea of their having come to reside among them. Scotland, having suffered, for upwards of seventy years, from the evils of absenteeism, naturally looked with hope to the increase of national prosperity, which the establishment of a vice-regal court was likely to cause. James came, however, in a strictly private capacity on this his first visit to the land of his fathers, and he wisely resolved to avoid exciting the jealousy of his watchful foes in his brother's privy-council, by any assumption of state beyond that to which his birth entitled him. His first letter from Edinburgh is addressed to his son-in-

¹ Corporation Records of Berwick.

² Historical Memoirs of James, duke of York and Albany.

³ Memoirs of the Life and Actions of James, duke of York and Albany, p. 113.

⁴ Treasurer's accounts, communicated by — Robertson, Esq., chamberlain of the city of Edinburgh.

law, the prince of Orange, to whom he says, in his usual laconic style, "I arrived here on Monday, and was received here, as well as on the borders of the kingdom, as well as I could expect; and, truly, I have great reason to be satisfied with my reception in this country."

Mary Beatrice was attended by the countess of Peterborough, the countess of Roscommon, and several other ladies of the highest rank, who had been in her service ever since her marriage. What idea she and her ladies had formed of Scotland may be supposed, when even the duchess of Monmouth, who was the territorial lady of so many fair domains in that realm, when she was preparing to visit her own country, wrote to a gentleman, that she had been told, "that the ladies sent to England for their clothes, and there were no silk stuffs fit to be worn in Scotland. Pray," continues she, "ask your lady if this be true, for if it is, we will furnish ourselves here; but if it be not, we will buy as we want when we come there, and be dressed like other good ladies and break none of your acts of parliament."¹

Unfortunately, the season of the year was not calculated to impress one, who had been born in the sunny land of Italy, and accustomed to the genial temperature of that voluptuous clime, with a favourable idea of the northern metropolis of Great Britain, surpassing all others, as it does, in the beauty and grandeur of its situation, and abounding in historical antiquities. There was a lack of the domestic luxuries to which the duchess had been accustomed in her royal home of St. James's palace; she found Holyrood abbey not only destitute of furniture, but in a state of ruinous dilapidation, not having undergone any effectual repairs since Cromwell had used that ancient abode of the monarchs of Scotland as a barrack for his troopers, who had plundered and destroyed all its furniture and decorations. The only apartments that were habitable, were in the occupation of the duke of Hamilton; and though some arrangements had been made for her reception and that of his royal highness, they were exposed to much inconvenience and discomfort. Mary Beatrice took these things patiently, for the sake of him by whose side she cheerfully encountered every trial and hardship; but, however perfect her conduct was as a wife, she was not without her faults as a woman; and of these, her natural inclination to fancy herself too far above her fellow-creatures was the most injurious, and, had it not subjected her to a salutary check, might have alienated the affection with which the old Scotch cavaliers were prepared to regard her.

One day James invited the famous general Dalziel to dine privately with him. The character of this devoted adherent of Charles I. is familiar to our readers, from the brilliant sketch drawn by sir Walter Scott, in "Old Mortality." The duchess of York, seeing three covers laid at table, asked her husband who was to dine with them, and when informed, she greatly objected to dine with a private gentleman. Dalziel entered at the moment, and heard the subject of the dispute before the duchess was aware of the presence of her guest; and, with a spiri-

¹ Autograph letters of the duchess of Monmouth in the register office, Edinburgh communicated by A. Macdonald, Esq.

still superior than her own, thus addressed her: "Madame, I have dined at a table where *your* father stood behind my back!"¹ He alluded to the time when, as a general in the imperial service, he had dined in state with the emperor, for whom, the duke de Modena, as one of the vassals of the empire, performed personal service.

Instead of testifying any resentment at this well-merited reproof, Mary Beatrice turned playfully to her husband, and said, "Never offend the pride of proud men." It was not James's custom so to do. His conduct in Scotland was such, as to conciliate all ranks of men, and, as far as it was possible, all parties. In one of his letters from Edinburgh, dated December 14th, he says:

"I live here as cautiously as a man, and am very careful to give offence to none, and to have no partialities, and to preach to them, laying aside all private animosities, and serving the king his own way. None shall have reason to complain of me, and though some of either party here might have hoped I should have showed my partiality for them, and some of my friends have been of opinion it had been best for me to have done so, and by it to have secured one side to me, yet I am convinced it was not fit for me to do it, it being no way good for his majesty's service, which I can make out by many reasons which would be too long for a letter."²

The loyal corporation of Edinburgh, being anxious at once to do honour to the illustrious visitants, and to exercise the prevailing virtue of the nation—hospitality, convened an especial conclave on the 19th of December, the object of which appears in the following entry in the minute-book of the town council:

"The said day the council did unanimously accord that his royal highness and his duchess be complimented with a handsome treat, and therefore grants were sent to the town treasurer to provide the said treat, according as the magistrates shall direct."

The 29th of the same month was the day appointed for this banquet. Some junketing with the duke's cooks, and treating them and other of the officials in the culinary department of his royal highness's establishment, at Holyrood palace, took place previously, it appears, probably for the purpose of obtaining a few hints from them tending to enlighten the Scottish operatives as to the modes of cookery and sauces in vogue at St. James's and Whitehall. Charges there are in the corporation accounts for wine and "cannell" (cinnamon) water, drunk with those worthies, in the back shop of Robert Mein, "*mutchkins* of cannell water, wafers, and wine, and rough almonds;" and there is "*to ane* coach with the duke's cooks, 2*l.*, and spirits with them in Patrick Steel's, 1*l.* 12*s.*;" for all which the corporation pays without grudge or grumble, also for twelve pounds of confections, which sir John Worden, his highness's comptroller, condescends to be treated with at Mrs. Caddell's, and four pints of wine and *zix* coach, for which 3*l.* 16*s.* is disbursed by the corporation; a startling sum to southern eyes, were it not for the remembrance that the pounds are only "*punds*" Scots, which the gentle reader will be pleased to reckon at the rate of twenty pence instead of twenty shillings.³

¹ Dalrymple's Memoirs.

² Dalrymple's Appendix.

³ From the accounts of Magnus Prince, treasurer in the year 1679. Town Council Records.

A few items in the bill of maister R. Pollock, pastryman, *baxter*, and burgess of Edinburgh, for articles furnished by him "for *ane treilt* to his *hayness* the duke of Albanie,"¹ affords satisfactory proof that the science of good eating was pretty well understood "in the good town" in the seventeenth century. No lack was there of dainties, although the barbaric grandeur of gilded salmon pasties, and dishes garnished with gold fringe, savoured rather of oriental than northern taste, and may astonish the refined gastronomes of the present day. There was "a large *turkie py*, all over gilded *rubby* (ruby), with boned veyl and boned turkie furnished," for which twelve pounds (Scots) are charged, just one pound sterling, a very reasonable charge for such a dish, emblazoned, as it certainly was, with the royal arms of Scotland, and all correctly done by a professional, withal—witness the item in another bill of twenty pounds paid "to George Porteous, the herald, for gold, gilding, and painting." Then there is "a large ham-pie, with a batton of gold, 16*l.*; a large *salmond* pie, gilded; and a *potailzie* pie." Of what this dainty was composed we confess our ignorance; but it was decorated with a gold fringe. "A lambe's py, *alamode*." We should suspect the duke's cooks had a finger in this dish, and perhaps in the next, which, from its Italian name, was doubtless provided for her royal highness's especial eating—viz., "a Florentin with a gilded cover," for which the charge is twelve pounds Scots. "A shrimp py, with vermiliane colour," also figures at this feast. "A venison pasty of your *awn* venison;" that is to say, venison furnished by the good town; but first, it should seem, presented to them by his royal highness, by the token that, in another bill, 26*l.* Scots, is allowed for drink-money to those who brought three venisons. Three large venison pasties are charged by Richard Pollock in his bill, by which we understand the paste and other ingredients, 16*l.* Scots, and 12*l.* ditto. There are also "three trotter pies, gilt," a dish that appears to have found favour in the sight of the royal guests, for they had trotter pies at their coronation banquet in Westminster hall. Then there are diet pies, furnished with all sorts of confections, and *alamode teirts*, and dishes of large *minched* pies, and *panterits*; no less than thirty dozen of French bread for the table, and other things, amounting to 444*l.* 13*s.*; after which appears the supplicatory appeal—

"Remember the drink money."²

This is only a specimen of the pastryman's labours for the good town's treat. Some idea of the meats furnished forth on this occasion may be gathered from Mrs. Caddell's bill, whereof the first article is "*cockelike*," meaning no other than the favourite dish of bonnie king Jamie, immortalized by sir Walter Scott in "The Fortunes of Nigel," under the scarcely more intelligible orthography of cockieliekie, a compound of which a full grown fowl forms the basis.

The next item is plumb *potag*—porridge, we presume—then a first course dish, it should seem. No lack was there, however, of the substantial fare—roast beef and roast mutton, geese, ducks, hens, rabbits,

¹ The duke of York was chiefly distinguished by his Scotch title of Albany when in Scotland.

² From the accounts of Magnus Prince, treasurer to the good town of Edinburgh Corporation Records.

conge. and lard and other good things.¹ As for the desert, there were oranges in plenty, and even orange-trees, pippins, rennets, almonds, raisins, dates, and musk-plumbs, barberries, olives, no less than 60 pounds of comfits, and 567 pounds of confections;² the tables were decorated with large gilded crowns, the castle, the king's arms, and the arms of "the good town." In short, it was a feast to convince the southron strangers that there were other things to be got in Edinburgh besides sheep's heads. The spices, fruit, confections, and condiments of all sorts, for this feast, are furnished by a merchant of the name of Mien, who appears to have dealt in everything, from amber-grease and cochineal to glass and pewter. A list of breakage, which is included in his bill, is rather awful on this occasion: 39 glass trenchers at one fell swoop, 12 jelly-glasses, and 16 stalked glass plates, and 8 fine crystal glasses. A great deal of glass appears to have been used at this banquet: 12*l.* is charged "for the loan of Dr. Irving's two silver salts," and 5*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* (Scots) for two knives of my lord Provost's, mounted and twisted with silver, which were lost."³

One of the most remarkable items in "the bill for confections," as it is endorsed, of that man of many callings, merchant Mien, "is thirteen and fourpence for writing three copies of an account of 'the treat,' which were sent to London," and it is to be hoped they were printed, both for the honour of the hospitable town of Edinburgh, and to prove that the persecuted heir to the crown was not at discount in the realm of his royal ancestors. If the said documents could be found, they would probably supply a most quaint and racy narrative of the proceedings of James and his fair duchess, at the civic feast—the largess they gave, and the gracious acknowledgments they were pleased to make, for the many gratifying proofs of regard they had already received in Auld Reekie.⁴

The minute books of the city chamber bear record, that on the 26th of December, 1679, they had duly admitted his royal highness the duke of Albany and York as a burgess and guild-brother of the good town, with a great many of his servants—among these, are colonel John Churchill, master of the robes to his royal highness, afterwards the great duke of Marlborough, and colonel Worden, comptroller of his household. Of those in the household of the duchess are lord Roscommon, her master of the horse; Hieronimo Nopho, Esq., her secretary; Charles Leyburn, her carver; Thomas Vaughan, her cupbearer; two Nevilles, her pages of honour; Cornelius Donovan, page of the back-stairs; Nicholas le Point, yeoman of the mouth to her royal highness; and Claud Fourmont, her master-cook. All the duke's cooks were also complimented with the freedom of the city, so also was the yeoman of his wine-cellar, the yeoman of the *bear*-cellar, as it is called, several of

¹ Accounts of Magnus Prince, treasurer. Corporation Records.

² Bill of William Mien, merchant, for the treat to their royal highnesses.

³ Records in the Town Council Archives, Edinburgh.

⁴ The civic authorities of Edinburgh appear to have provided one feast solely in honour of Mary Beatrice; for, in the minutes of the council book, there is an entry touching the liquidation "of the great expense the good town has incurred to the feast given to her royal highness."

their coachmen and footmen, and a functionary, called the *silver-scooper*. A deputation of the corporation waited on his royal highness, and presented the freedom, with great solemnity, in a massive gold box.

The presence of the heir of the crown, and the prudent and conciliating conduct of himself and his consort, had a most beneficial effect in Scotland, and did more towards calming the effervescence of the conflicting parties there than if an army had been sent over the border by king Charles. The duke of York came, however, strictly in a private capacity, and, in reality, as a banished man; his right to a seat in the privy council was at first contested, not only by the adverse faction, but even by the marquess of Montrose, the lord president. James, with an equal mixture of firmness and mildness, asserted his rights, and carried his point.¹ That he bore no resentment against Montrose, is apparent, from the circumstance that he afterwards preserved his life at the imminent peril of his own, by pulling him with his own hand into the little boat, in which he was leaving the foundering ship at the time of the disastrous loss of the Gloucester. A noble action on the part of James, which no one but the faithful Pepys who witnessed it has had the honesty to record.²

The king had promised the duke and duchess of York that they should return to England early in the new year, and he was as good as his word. Moderate men and well-wishers to their country — those, for instance, who had nothing to gain by a system of anarchy and confusion — had been long disgusted with the proceedings of the party in power; and alarmed at the wild changes they were driving at. The cavaliers, the gentlemen of England, the churchmen, and the merchants, came forward with loyal addresses to the crown, and expressed their affection to the sovereign, and their abhorrence to the practices of the factious demagogues by whom he was enthralled. The gentlemen of Norfolk even ventured to offer thanks to the king for the recal of the heir of the crown from Flanders.³ Thus encouraged, the king roused himself from the mental paralysis in which he had suffered himself to remain for the last eighteen months, and, entering his council-chamber, he informed the astonished conclave there, “that he had derived little benefit from the absence of his brother; that as the rights of that prince had been assailed, and probably would again at the meeting of parliament, he thought it only agreeable to reason and justice that he should be present at the approaching session, in order to make his own defence; he had, therefore, commanded his royal highness to quit Edinburgh, and return to his former residence at St. James’s palace.”

This declaration, which was made January 28th, 1680, was followed by the proffered resignation of Shaftesbury, Russell, Cavendish, Capel, and Powle. Charles replied, “that he accepted it with all his heart.” Greatly rejoiced as the duke and duchess of York were with this auspicious change of affairs, the affectionate and respectful manner in which they had been treated by the Scotch, caused them to leave the friendly

¹ *Life of James.*

² *Memoirs and Correspondence*, edited by lord Braybrooke, vol. v., p. 98

³ *North: Journal of James II.* Lingard. Macpherson.

northern metropolis with regret, which James expressed with manly eloquence in his farewell speech to the lords of the council. He also told them, "that he would acquaint his majesty that he had in Scotland a brave and loyal nobility and gentry, a wise privy council, and a learned and upright judicature." The lords of the council responded with the warmest protestations of affection and respect, and wrote a dutiful letter to the king, thanking him for the honour he had done them, in sending the duke to visit Scotland, and expressing the highest commendations of the wise and prudent conduct of that prince.¹

Though the season of the year was improper for a sea-voyage, yet the duchess, who, to use James's own words, "was now inured to hardships as well as himself, counted that for nothing." So anxious was she to embrace her only child again, from whom she had now been separated for four long months, that rather than submit to the delay of an overland journey, she determined to return by sea.

"If you were a seaman," wrote James to his brother-in-law, "I could soon make you understand that it is better going from Scotland to London by sea, in winter, than back thither at this time of the year. There will be a light moon at the time I name, and both the duchess and I have a great mind to go back by sea, having been extremely tired by our land journey to Edinburgh."²

Mary Beatrice cheerfully embarked with her beloved consort in the yacht, commanded by captain Gunman, which the king had kindly sent for their transit, and arrived at Deptford, February 24th. There they left the yacht, and went up the river, to Whitehall, in a barge. They were saluted by the guns from the ships, and from the Tower; and at their landing at the privy stairs, they were received by king Charles in the most affectionate manner. His majesty led the duchess to the queen's apartment, and from thence to her own, whither many of the nobility and persons of quality immediately repaired to compliment their royal highnesses on their safe return, and to kiss their hands. That night the city was illuminated, and blazed with bonfires.

Two days after, the lord-mayor, aldermen, and common council, came to pay their respects to the duke and duchess; the recorder delivered a congratulatory address to the duke, on his safe arrival, and expressed the prayers of the city for his health and prosperity. The civic powers, having kissed his royal highness's hand, were conducted into the apartment of the duchess, to whom the recorder also made a complimentary speech, assuring her of the affection of the city of London, and their joy at her return. They then kissed her hand, and withdrew, highly satisfied with their reception.³

The next day, Sir Robert Clayton, the lord-mayor, feasted the royal brothers with a magnificent supper. The lady mayoress sat next the king, all over scarlet and ermine, and half over diamonds. The aldermen drank the king's health, over and over, on their knees; and, in their uproarious state of loyal excitement "wished every one hanged, and con-

¹ Journal of James II.

² Letter to Laurence Hyde. Clarendon Correspondence, vol. i., p. 82

³ Complete History of England, vol. iii., p. 378. Echard, vol. iii. *Life and Actions of James, duke of York and Albany.*

signed to a state of perdition, that would not serve him with their lives and fortunes." They would not trust the royal princes with no better escort than his majesty's guards, who were all visibly the worse for their powerful potations, but insisted on escorting them back to Whitehall themselves, at two o'clock in the morning, where they reduced themselves to, at least, as improper a state as the guards, by a carouse in the king's cellar. The next day, they all came in a body to return thanks to the king and the duke, for the honour they had done them.¹ The duke of York accompanied the king to the Spring races, at Newmarket, but Mary Beatrice remained at St. James's, with the princess Anne and her own little Isabella. The duke made a journey from Newmarket to London, on purpose to visit her, and returned the next day, which, considering there were no such locomotive facilities for travelling as in these times, may be regarded as almost a lover-like mark of attention. The virtues and conjugal devotion of this princess were gradually winning a greater empire over the heart of James than had been gained by her beauty in its early bloom, when she came to England as his bride. It was not till she had been his wife six years, that James appears to have been fully sensible of the value of the prize he had drawn in the matrimonial lottery, and that she was possessed of qualifications more worthy of admiration than those external graces which had been celebrated by the most distinguished poets of the age.

Mary Beatrice endeavoured to keep up an interest for her husband with the gay world, by giving brilliant balls and entertainments, and appearing often in public. The irreproachable purity of her life, and her amiable conduct as a step-mother, entitled her to universal respect; and, notwithstanding her religion, she stood too high in public opinion for any one to mix her name up with the popish plot accusations, although Colman, one of its earliest victims, had been her secretary. The duke of York himself began to recover his proper position in the court, and his levees at St. James' palace were well attended again; but when the king was suddenly attacked with a fever, towards the latter end of May, they were thronged with the time-serving courtiers. The king recovered, and the exclusionists, considering that they had gone too far in their proceedings against James ever to be forgiven, determined, by a bold stroke, to rid him of the company of his fair-weather followers, to intimidate even his true-hearted friends, and, if possible, to drive him out of England again. Accordingly, Shaftesbury, with Russell, Cavendish, Titus Oates, and some others of the party, proceeded to Westminster Hall, on the 26th of June, and represented to the grand jury, the benefit that would accrue to the nation, if the duke of York were presented for recusancy, which would involve the forfeiture of two-thirds of his estates, as the laws against Popery then stood,² but the judges discharged the jury as soon as they understood that Shaftesbury and his coadjutors were practising with them. Shaftesbury had also recommended the grand jury of Middlesex to indict the duchess of Portsmouth as a com-

¹ Letter of Dorothy, countess of Sunderland, in Blencowe's Diary

² Journal of James II. Lingard. Macpherson.

mon nuisance; such, indeed, she certainly was, and no mistake; but it was by no means a part of Shaftesbury's design to effect a reformation in her conduct, but to terrify her into becoming his absolute tool with the king, for effecting the ruin of the duke of York.¹ If Burnet may be credited, Montague offered her 600,000*l.*, in the name of the exclusionists, if she would induce Charles to pass the bill. Gladly would she have earned the bribe, but the king was inflexible on that point; yet it was her influence which prevailed on his majesty to send his brother back to Scotland; the cause assigned by her for her hostility to his royal highness, was the old story, "that the duchess of York paid her no attention, and was not so kind to her as to the duchess of Mazarin; and that, during the king's late illness, James had made no professions of service to her." Mary Beatrice was at this momentous period an object of watchful observation to the enemies of her lord. On the 8th of July, lady Sunderland writes to lord Halifax, "The duchess of York is not with child; she prays all day almost; she is very melancholy, her women will have it on account of Mrs. Sedley; she looks farther than that, if she has as much wit as is thought by some."²

Her royal highness visited Cambridge the latter end of September, and, while there, gave a grand ball to propitiate the university. From Cambridge she came to Newmarket, to join the duke, who was there with their majesties for the October races. In the midst of those gay festive sports, Mary Beatrice and her lord bore anxious aching hearts; for it was at that time, the question of his royal highness's banishment from the court was daily debated in council. James was desirous of being permitted to defend himself from the attack which he knew would be made upon him at the approaching meeting of the parliament, and the ministers were for driving him beyond seas again. Charles temporized as usual, by taking a middle course, which was, to send his brother back to Scotland, but with all possible marks of respect, as his representative in the government of that realm; where, indeed, the presence of the duke had been recently attended with beneficial results, in tranquillizing the conflicting parties there. The day after their return to London, his majesty caused his pleasure to be notified to his royal highness; and on the same day, October 18th, 1680, addressed letters to his privy council and lords of the treasury of Scotland, wherein he says:

"Whereas now, upon considerations of great importance to our service, we have thought fit to send our most dear brother, the duke of Albany and York, into that our ancient kingdom, we have signified our command to the duke of Hamilton, keeper of our palace of Holyrood, for voiding all the lodgings and removing all the goods and furniture now therein, to the end that our palace, with all the offices and conveniences thereunto belonging, may be left entirely for the use and accommodation of our said most dear brother, and of our dearest sister the duchesse, with their retinues, allowing, nevertheless, our chance to continue in his lodgings as formerly. It is therefore our will and pleasure, and we do hereby require you to take particular care that our said order be punctually observed."

¹ Journal of James II.

² Blencowe's Diary, and Correspondence of the Times of Charles II.

usually and speedily obeyed; and to cause the rooms to be put in as good a condition as is possible for that purpose."¹

This document is dated October 18th, 1680; the same day the king's pleasure was communicated to the duke of York, with directions for him to embark for Scotland on the 20th. His fair and faithful consort was, as usual, ready to share his adverse fortunes; she gave her farewell levee at St. James's palace, on the 19th, and received the adieux of all the friends who came to take leave of her in bed.² Mary Beatrice had once more to sustain the painful trial of parting with her child, whom she was not permitted to take to Scotland with her, and she never saw her again. James, perceiving that those who had succeeded in driving him a third time into banishment did not intend to stop there, requested the king to give him a pardon under the great seal, including, as is usual in that sort of protective document, every offence of which it is possible for any person to be accused.

Charles considered it derogatory to his brother's high rank, and injurious to his honour, to have such an instrument drawn up in connexion with his name, and James, in the bitterness of his spirit, regarded the refusal as an intimation that he was to be sacrificed to the malice of his foes. For one half hour of his life, he appeared ready to fall into the snares of the Machiavellian ambassador of France, for he exclaimed, in the climax of his indignation, "that if he were pushed to extremity, and saw himself likely to be entirely ruined by his enemies, he would find means to make them repent it; nay, that he would throw himself into the arms of Louis XIV. for protection." Barillon, who was in hopes that the sense of intolerable wrong which was burning in the bosom of the unfortunate prince, might be fanned into an open flame, so as to induce him to take up arms against the king his brother; or, at least, to excite seditions in Scotland, made him unlimited offers of money and every other facility for raising an insurrection.

James's disaffection evaporated in that burst of passion, which Fox and many other writers have endeavoured to torture into the blackest treason, although the sole evidence that he felt his injuries, is confined to that one unguarded sally, which, after all, only implied that he did not mean to fall without a struggle. If James had suffered himself to be drawn into the plots of Barillon, he would have been startled at finding himself mixed up in a strange and most degrading fellowship with Buckingham, Sunderland, Montague, Hampden, Harbord, Algernon Sidney, and the duchess of Portsmouth, his deadliest enemies, who were, at that period, the bribed tools of France.

Keenly, however, as the duke of York felt the ingratitude with which his services to his king and country had been requited, he complied with his majesty's commands by embarking with his duchess on the appointed day. Charles, who knew how severe a struggle it had cost his brother to yield obedience to his mandate, and that both he and Mary Beatrice were overwhelmed with grief, at being separated from

¹ The original of this document is preserved in the Register Office, Edinburgh and have been favoured with a copy by A. Macdonald, Esq.

² Blencowe's Diary of the Times of Charles II.

their children, endeavoured to soothe their wounded feelings by paying them the affectionate attention of accompanying them, with some of his nobles, as far down the river as Woolwich, or, according to Barillon, to Leigh, where they parted. "The king gave them fair words," observes the sarcastic diplomatist, "but the duke of York betrayed the greatest signs of misery, believing himself abandoned by all the world, and that he would not be permitted to remain, even in Scotland long."

The following elegant lines on the subject of the embarkation of the duke and his beautiful consort, appeared soon after, in the second part of Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel:"

"Go, injured hero! while propitious gales,
Soft as thy consort's breath, inspire thy sails;
Well may she trust her beauties on a flood
Where thy triumphant fleets so oft have rode.
Safe on thy breast reclined, her rest be deep,
Rocked like a Nereid by the waves asleep;
While happiest dreams her fancy entertain,
And to Elysian fields convert the main.
Go, injured hero! while the shores of Tyre¹
At thy approach, so silent shall admire;
Who on thy thunder shall their thoughts employ
And greet thy landing with a trembling joy."²

A cordial it assuredly must have been to the sad hearts of the royal exiles, could they have understood half the pleasure with which their arrival was anticipated on the friendly shores of Scotland. They had, as usual, a long and dangerous passage, for they encountered a terrible storm at sea, and were beating about for nearly five days and nights in the rough October gales, before they could make Kirkaldy bay.³ One of their suite writes to a friend, in London:

"We have been in great difficulties at sea, insomuch that though we serve the best of masters, we begin to wish that there were no such thing as Popery in the world, or that all mankind would come into it; for we, you know, have no such zeal for anything as our own ease, and do complain more than ever to be thus tossed about; and it is with admiration that we behold the great spirit of our master stooping to this coarse usage."

It was on Monday, October 25th, that the duke and duchess arrived with the evening's tide in Kirkaldy roads, about ten o'clock at night. The duke of Rothes, lord chancellor of Scotland, who had kept a vigilant look-out for their long-expected sails, instantly despatched his nephew, Mr. Francis Montgomery, to compliment their royal highnesses on their arrival; but, sick as Mary Beatrice was of her stormy voyage, it was not judged prudent for her to come on shore that night. The next morning, his grace sent the lord-justice clerk to inquire his royal highness's pleasure concerning his disembarkation.³ The duke and duchess landed that morning at eleven o'clock, and were received by the duke of Rothes, some of the lords of the council, and most of the nobility and gentry of the adjacent shires, who kissed their royal highness's hands on the

¹ Scotland is figured under that name in Dryden's 'Absalom and Achitophel.'

² Fountainhall's Historic Observes.

³ A True Narrative of their Royal Highnesses' Proceedings at their Arrival in Scotland.

shore, which was crowded with a mixed multitude who came to congratulate them on their safe arrival in Scotland.¹

The duke of Rothes having offered their royal highnesses the hospitality of his house at Leslie, about nine miles distant; they proceeded thither, escorted by a troop of his majesty's Scotch guards, attended by a noble train of coaches, and many of the nobility and gentry on horseback. So gallant a company had perhaps neyer swept through the long straggling street of Kirkaldy since the days when an independent sovereignty of Scotland kept court in the kingdom of Fife. Leslie house is seated in a richly wooded park, on a picturesque eminence, between the river Leven and the water of Lotrie, which unite their sparkling streams in a romantic glen in the pleasaunce. The present mansion occupies only the frontage of the site of the palace, where the duke of Rothes feasted the duke and duchess of York with their retinue, and all the aristocracy of the district. The former edifice was built on the model of Holyrood House, and in rival splendour to that ancient seat of royalty, having a gallery three feet longer than that at Holyrood, hung with fine historical portraits on either side, and richly furnished. The ducal palace at Leslie was destroyed by fire in the year 1763;² but the stately garden terraces leading down by successive flights of broad stone steps, with carved balustrades, to the shrubberies and the "vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet," are the same which Mary of Modena and her ladies paced in jewelled pride, and listened to the music of the mountain stream rushing to his bride, in the depth of the wooded ravine below. Those woods were then tinted with bright autumnal hues: and even to eyes accustomed to Italian scenery, the spot was calculated to convey a favourable impression of the natural beauties of Scotland. Of these, Mary Beatrice had, as yet, only seen the bold and rugged features of a wintry landscape, with snow-clad hills and swollen torrents, her first visit to Scotland having been made at an ungenial season of the year. At Leslie, everything wore a festive and smiling aspect, and preferred comfort and repose to the royal exiles, after their stormy voyage, and a yet more harassing contention with evil days in England. Nor was Leslie devoid of classic interest, for the village fane occupies the site of one of more ancient date, celebrated by the poet-king of Scotland, James I., as "Christ's kirk on the green." There is a tree on that green, called "king Jemmy's tree," which village tradition boldly affirms to have been planted by the royal bard; a fond conceit, since the tree, a

¹ A True Narrative of their Royal Highnesses' Proceedings at their Arrival in Scotland.

² It is to be feared that the correspondence of the duke of Rothes, illustrative of that period of the annals of Scotland, and many interesting documents connected with the visits of the duke and duchess of York to Leslie House, perished in that disastrous conflagration, together with many precious heirlooms of the noble historical family of Leslie.

The author of this biography gratefully acknowledges the courteous attention, information, and hospitality that were kindly afforded her, on the occasion of her visit to Leslie House for the purpose of historical investigation, by the accomplished countess of Rothes, the mother of the youthful representative of the house of that ancient line.

stunted oak, has not assuredly seen two centuries, and is scarcely old enough to favour the more probable notion that it is a memorial of the last and most unfortunate of all the Scottish monarchs, who bore the fated name of James Stuart, planted by him during his visit with his consort, Mary d'Esté, at Leslie house, in the autumn of 1680. Tradition has also made some blunders in confusing relics and memorials of the consort of James II., with those of Scotland's fair and fatally celebrated sovereign Mary Stuart, whose name hallows many gloves, fans, watches, *etuis*, and cabinets, with other toys not older than the close of the seventeenth century. The long white glove, embroidered with black silk, for instance, now exhibited in the museum of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh, as the veritable glove of Mary queen of Scots,¹ if it ever did belong to a royal Mary Stuart, pertained to her who was entitled to that name, only in virtue of her marriage with James Stuart, duke of York, and was possibly worn by her when in mourning for her little daughter the princess Isabella. The mistake has naturally arisen from the fact, that when James succeeded to the crown of the Britannic empire, his consort bore the title of queen Mary, in Scotland as well as England; and in Scotland her name was dear to a generation who had known her when she dwelt among them; but when that generation passed away, and the descendants of old cavalier and Jacobite families found among the hoards of grand-Jame or ancient aunt, trifles that had been treasured as memorials of queen Mary, they forgot the intermediate queen consort, so called, and invested all such heir-looms with the distinction of relics of her whose name, in spite of Knox or Buchanan, will be superior in interest to any other, while a spark of chivalry lingers in a Scottish bosom.

The duke and duchess of York were splendidly entertained for three days and nights at Leslie house by their magnificent host and his kind-hearted duchess;² days of unbounded hospitality, which was extended to all the loyal aristocracy of the district who came to pay their compliments to the heir of the crown and his young and lovely consort.

There is an exquisite portrait of Mary Beatrice, by Lely, in the collection of the earl of Rothes, at Leslie house, representing her such as she was at that period of her life, and in the costume which she then

¹ Mary, queen of Scots, always wore long sleeves down to the wrists.

² The duke of Rothes, who was always distinguished for his affection to Charles II., is accused of being a cruel persecutor of the Covenanters. His duchess, on the contrary, favoured their doctrines, and, as far as she could, protected the preachers of that sect, who were frequently concealed in the neighbourhood of Leslie house. The duke, who was a facetious man, and not quite so hard-hearted as his enemies represent, never sent out his officers to apprehend any of those persons without previously endeavouring to provide for their escape, by giving a significant hint to his compassionate duchess in these words: "My hawks will be out to-night, my lady, so you had better take care of your blackbirds."

The local traditions of Leslie add, that the signal by which her grace warned her spiritual protégés of their danger, was a white sheet suspended from one of the trees on the brow of the hill behind the house, which could be seen for a considerable distance. Other telegraphic signs the good lady had, no doubt, to intimate the absence of her spouse, when they might safely come forth and preach to their hill-side congregations.

wore. Her hair is arranged in its natural beauty, clustering in full curls round the brow, and descending in flowing ringlets on the bosom, a style far more in unison with the classic outline of her features and the expressive softness of her melting eyes, than the lofty coiffure which she often wore. Her dress is scarlet, embroidered and fringed with gold; her tucker and loose sleeves of delicate cambric. A rich and ample scarf of royal blue, fringed with gold and edged with pearls, crosses one shoulder and falls over the lap in magnificent drapery to the ground. She is sitting in a garden by a pillar; her left hand clasps the neck of a beautiful white Italian greyhound; a tree that overshadows her is wreathed with honeysuckles and roses. Her age was under twenty-two when this portrait was painted; it was one of Lely's last and finest works of art. He died that same year, so Mary Beatrice must have sat for the portrait, before she quitted London, for the express purpose of presenting it to the duke of Rothes; but, like many other pictures of royal and noble personages, it is wrongly dated.

On Friday, 20th October, their royal highnesses departed from Leslie-house, and were attended by their courteous host the lord-chancellor of Scotland, and many of the greatest nobles, to Burntisland, their train still increasing as they advanced. At Burntisland they were received with shooting of great guns, ringing of bells, acclamations of the people, and all the expressions of joy imaginable, which continued till their royal highnesses went on board the Charlotte yacht. With them went his grace of Rothes, and the persons of the highest rank. The other yachts, with several other boats, and all the boats about Burntisland, were filled with the nobility and gentry of the train, forming a grand aquatic pageant, with their pennons and gala dresses. In their passage to Leith, they were saluted by the great guns from his majesty's castle of Edinburgh, from the bastions at Leith, and the men-of-war, and other ships, both in the road and harbour of Leith.

"The shore was so *throng*," says our authority, "with persons of all ranks, that the noise of the cannon, trumpets, kettle-drums, and drums, were almost drowned with the loud and reiterated acclamations of the people, for the safe arrival of their royal highnesses, which was about five in the afternoon."¹ One of the gentlemen of the duke's household complains, that they arrived in the dusk of the evening, "By which," pursues he, "the glory of our entry was much eclipsed." This person insinuates, that sufficient attention was not paid to their royal highnesses on this occasion, but from the following account by an eye-witness of the animating scene,² we should imagine that their reception must have been most gratifying and complete:—

"At their landing at Leith, their royal highnesses were met by the lords of his majesty's privy council, ushered by their macers. Several ladies were also attending on the shore, to offer their service to the duchess. Their royal highnesses were received by the earl of Linlithgow, colonel of his majesty's regiment of guards, at the head of several companies of the regiment, and were attended by the sheriffs and most of the gen-

True Narrative of the Reception of their Royal Highnesses.

¹ Ibid

clermen of the three Lothians, and next adjacent shires, who made a lane on both sides of the street through the whole town of Leith. After the king's troop of guards, marched the nobility and gentry that were on horseback, and after them a great train of coaches, filled with the council and nobility; their royal highnesses had made choice of the lord justice clerk's coach to proceed in from Leith, to the water-gate at the abbey of Holyrood House. Their royal highnesses were guarded by the train-bands and militia regiment of this city, consisting of forty-four companies, who made a lane for their royal highnesses and their train to pass betwixt Leith and Edinburgh. All the while they were upon the way, the great guns from the castle and other places, prepared on purpose, saluted them, the whole body of the people universally shouting with great joy and cheerfulness, "Lord, preserve his majesty and their royal highnesses the duke and duchess of Albany!" Being come to the water-gate, near the palace royal, they were met by the lord-provost, magistrates, and town council of Edinburgh, in their best formalities, where the lord-provost, kneeling, and having kissed his royal highness's hand, delivered to him the silver keys of the city, and heartily welcomed him, in the name of the whole of the citizens, to his majesty's good town of Edinburgh. From this to the palace, their royal highnesses were guarded by two or three hundred of the best citizens with gilded partizans, and in the outer court were received by several other companies of his majesty's guards; in the guard-hall, they were received by his graces the lords archbishops of St. Andrew's and Glasgow, and several other lords of the clergy, where his grace the lord primate complimented their royal highnesses in name of the orthodox clergy; there the lieutenant-governor of the castle of Edinburgh delivered to his royal highnesses the keys of the castle. All the bells of the city continued ringing most of the night, and all the streets of the city were filled with great bonfires, whither many of the citizens repaired to drink their majesties and royal highnesses' health, nor was anything to be seen but an universal joy in the countenances of all here."¹

An evil omen occurred amidst the rejoicings for the arrival of the royal pair; for the celebrated great gun, called "Mons Meg," being fired, in honour of this event, by an English cannonier, was in the firing rivcn. "This the Scots resented extremely," says sir John Lauder, of Fountain-hall, "thinking the English might of malice have done it purposely, they having no cannon as big as she."

"Saturday, the 1st of November, the lord bishop of Edinburgh, with all the clergy in and about this city, in their canonical habits, kissed his royal highness's hand, the bishop of Edinburgh expressed the general satisfaction of the orthodox clergy, for his royal highness's safe arrival, and assured him of their fervent prayers for his sacred majesty and the royal line. Tuesday, the 2d of November, being the first day of sessions, the senators of the college of justice, with all the other members thereof in a great body, in their gowns, ushered by their macers, went to the palace, where, having kissed his royal highness's hand, the lord

¹ "True Narrative," Historical Observer, pp. 1, 2.

president of the session, in the name of the lawyers of this kingdom complimented him upon his arrival; as did the lord justice clerk, in name of the lords commissioners of his majesty's justiciary, who, in their scarlet gowns, attended by the members of their court, and ushered by their macers, waited likewise upon his royal highness, and kissed his hand. Nor, indeed, was there anything wanting to express the general joy of all here for the happy arrival of so excellent a prince, and so dear to this kingdom."¹

Holyrood palace had been repaired, and a royal suite of apartments fitted up and furnished for the accommodation of the duke and duchess of York, and their retinue. There can be little doubt, that the state beds, at present pointed out by guide-books and guides, as the beds of Mary queen of Scots and Charles I., were a part of this arrangement; all the ancient royal furniture at that palace having been plundered or destroyed by Cromwell's troopers. The crimson damask state bed, which was preserved from the conflagration at Leslie house, is very similar to the bed now shown at Holyrood, as that of Mary Stuart; and, certainly, both are a hundred years too modern, for beds of the sixteenth century. If the duchess of York occupied the crimson bed at Holyrood, it would, of course, be styled "Queen Mary's bed," after her consort succeeded to the regal office, and retaining her name after she was forgotten by the vulgar, has probably been thus added to the numerous posthumous goods and chattels with which tradition has fondly endowed Mary of Scotland. It is a curious fact, that James II., and Mary d'Esté, had in their French palace of St. Germain's, a room furnished with a bed, carved ebony chairs, and other moveables, that once pertained to James's royal grandmother, Mary queen of Scots, which the marquise de Crequy declares they brought from England with them;² they were much more readily obtained in France, from Fontainebleau or Amboise, as a gift from Louis XIV.

James and his consort appear to have been better contented with their Scottish palace, than some of their followers. One of the gentlemen in their household writes to his friend in London:

"We are not so well accommodated as at St. James's, and yet, whatever the matter is, we do rather dread than desire to return to you; so that sometimes I fear things are worse than we are persuaded to believe, and that we shall not see you whilst the parliament sits. I was willing to tell you thus much, because I believe you will not be told it in your gazette. Let me know what the terrible men at Westminster are acting, and what you think of our case; and pray believe, that wherever I am, I will be, dear sir,

"YOUR BEADSMAN."

"Edinburgh, Oct. 30, 1680."

The English parliament, or rather the prevailing faction, that had succeeded in driving the duke of York from court, was following up the success already achieved, by pushing on the bill for excluding him from the crown. The popish plot was the two-edged sword with which the leaders of the faction fought, since it furnished both the pretext against

¹ A True Narrative of their Royal Highnesses, at their Arrival in Scotland.

² Memoirs of the Marquise de Crequy.

him and deprived him of effectual assistance from every one of his own religion, by the terror of the executions that had been perpetrated on innocent persons accused of being engaged in it. The commons passed the bill for excluding the duke of York from the succession; and, when lord Russell brought it up to the lords, he said, "If his own father were to vote against it, he would accuse him of high treason." Words which implied the most unconstitutional threat against every senator who should presume to exercise the parliamentary privilege of voting according to his own conscience. The bill was, however, rejected by a majority of sixty-three. The bishops stood in the gap, and saved the crown for the rightful heir,¹ although they were opposed to his creed; they at any rate, acted like honest and courageous men; and by their votes that day, ought to have won everlasting confidence and gratitude from James, for, with the exception of Compton, they were his best friends. Well did his foes, and the agitators who made zeal for the protestant religion the pretence for faction and persecution, know it. An attempt was immediately made by that party to excite popular fury against the whole bench. A lampoon song was compounded, and sung about the streets for this purpose, called "The Bishops and the Bill," of which every verse ends with this line—

"The bishops, the bishops have thrown out the bill."

In conclusion, it daringly exhorts the mob,

"To throw out the bishops who threw out the bill."

It was in this parliament that the project, so bitter to a parent's heart, was first started, of making James's own children supplant him in the succession, or rather to invest the prince and princess of Orange with the power of the crown, under the name of regents for him, whom it was proposed to banish five hundred miles from his own dominions; and if his consort, who was then only two and twenty years of age, should bear a son, the prince was to be taken from his parents, and placed under the guardianship of the princesses, his sisters.²

James bore these aggravating proceedings with less irritation than could have been supposed, nor did they cause the slightest change in his affection for his daughters, whom he did not, at that period, imagine capable of entering into the confederacy against him. Meantime, he and his fair and faithful consort endeavoured, not unsuccessfully, to conciliate the regard of those with whom their present lot was cast. A brilliant court was kept at Holyrood, to which resorted the principal nobility and gentry of the land; and Mary Beatrice soon succeeded, by her gracious and prudent deportment, in winning the hearts of the generous aristocracy of Scotland. If her religion were unpopular, the purity of her mind and manners was unimpeachable. Young, beautiful, innocent, and desirous of pleasing, cold, indeed, must have been the hearts that could have hardened themselves against her gentle influence; and it is certain, that the interest she excited at that period in Scotland, ope-

¹ Journals of Parliament.

² See Parliamentary Journals; Life of James; Lingard, &c., &c.

rated long in favour both of her husband and her son, and was even felt to the third generation.

The Scotch ladies were at first greatly astonished at the novel refreshment of tea, which her royal highness dispensed at her evening parties; that beverage having never before been tasted in Scotland; but the fashion was quickly imitated, and soon became general. An interesting testimony to the popular conduct of this princess, during her residence in Scotland, is rendered by a learned author of that nation, who wrote the history of the house of Esté, under her patronage; in his dedicatory epistle to her, he says—

“At your first coming among us, our loyalty to our sovereign and our duty to his only brother, disposed us to do everything in our power that might be acceptable to so great a princess, but your royal highness condescending to the simplicity in which we live, your affable deportment towards all that have the honour to come near your person, and your seeming pleased with our weak endeavours to serve you, do justly challenge that respect as due now to yourself, which we must, however, have paid to your quality. When we reflected how long we had been strangers to a court, we could not but think ourselves ill fitted to receive a princess born and bred in the paradise of the world. Only as we then knew your royal highness came prepared to bear with the plainness of our northern climate, so we since find that you are in some measure delighted with it; and we begin to flatter ourselves that the happiness of so illustrious a guest, which was procured to us at first by your obedience, is now continued to us by your choice.”

The green strip at the foot of the hill, behind the abbey of Holyrood, is still called “the duke’s walk,” from the duke of York having delighted in walking there, it being then shaded with stately oaks, which, like the Stuart dynasty, have all been swept away.

The game of the golf and tennis were the favourite amusements of the gentry of those times. The duke of York was frequently seen in a golfing party on the links of Leith with some of the nobility and gentry. “I remember in my youth,” says the learned Tyler of Woodhouselee, “to have often conversed with an old man, named Andrew Dickson, a golf club-maker, who said that, when a boy, he used to carry the duke’s golf clubs, and to run before him and announce where the balls fell.”

The sailor prince, being a friend to ancient customs, encouraged the citizens and mechanics of the good town to take a share in these manly sports and pastimes, and for this end he always chose his partner at golf from those classes. His example was generally imitated, and thus the public games became a bond of good fellowship between high and low, the object for which they were originally instituted.

The oral traditions of Edinburgh record the following instance of the frank and gracious conduct of the duke of York to one of his humble allies at the golf. His royal highness and the duke of Lauderdale, who were both expert golfers, generally engaged on opposite sides, and one day they determined to play for an unusually high stake. James called a working shoemaker, named John Paterson, to second him, and, after a very hard contest, defeated his antagonist. When the duke of Lauderdale paid the stake, which is said to have been some hundreds of broad

• Turner of Woodhouselee, in Transactions of the Scottish Antiquarian Society

pieces, his royal highness handed the gold to Paterson, with these words, "Through your skill I have won this game, and you are, therefore, entitled to the reward of the victory;" the princely courtesy of the compliment, being a trait of more refined generosity than the princely munificence of the gift; and dear, we may be sure, were both to the heart of the bonnie Scot, who had seconded the brother of his sovereign so stoutly on the links of Leith that day.¹

Notwithstanding his popery, James was at that period one of the finest gentlemen in Europe. The following anecdote is worthy of the grandson of Henry of Navarre. When Lochiel,² a brave Highland cavalier, who had formerly rendered signal services to the loyal cause, was presented to James at Holyrood, he received him with marks of great distinction, and in full court honoured him with his conversation, and put many pleasant questions to him, touching the adventures of his youth; finally, he asked him for his sword. Lochiel having delivered it, his royal highness attempted to draw it, but in vain; for it was somewhat rusty, being a walking or dress sword, which the Highlanders never make use of in their own country. The duke, after a second attempt, gave it back to Lochiel, with this compliment, "that his sword never used to be so uneasy to draw when the crown wanted its service." Lochiel, who was modest, even to excess, was so confounded, that he could make no return to so high a compliment; and knowing nothing of the duke's intention, he drew the sword, and returned it to his royal highness, who addressing himself to those about him, "You see, my lords," said he, smiling, "Lochiel's sword gives obedience to no hand but his own!" and thereupon was pleased to knight him.³

James has been unsparingly accused by modern historians of countenancing all the cruelties that were practised on the insurgent Cameronians and other nonconformists in Scotland, by presiding in council when the torture of the boot was applied. There is not the slightest proof that he ever was. Wodrow, indeed, asserts that James was present on one occasion, when Spreul, a wild fanatic, who was suspected of a design to blow up the palace of Holyrood, with the duke and duchess of York in it, was thus examined, and he quotes the almost inaccessible records of the Scottish privy council as his authority. Sir John Dalrymple, one

¹ The antique house in the Canongate is still in existence, built by the fortunate shoemaker, who became not only a rich man, but the founder of a wealthy family. A Latin epigram, engraved on the stone entablature over the door of this domicile, signifies the fact that the house was built with a sum of money won at a game of the golf. The when, how, and where, remain untold. Gratitude might have suggested one honest word in acknowledgment of the generosity which proved the foundation of his fortunes, but John Paterson exercised due caution in the matter. He lived in ticklish times, when those who owed a kindness to a fallen prince thought it wisest to forget it, lest it might be remembered by the world.

² This gentleman was the ancestor of the more celebrated chief who joined the standard of Charles Edward, in the memorable rising of 1746.

³ "The Memoirs of sir Evan Cameron, of Lochiel, chief of the clan of Cameron" This book is "presented to the president and members of the Maitland Club, by William Crawford and Robert Pitcairn." Edited by James Macknight.

of the most faithful and industrious of documentary historians, honestly avowed that he had been unable to find any such entry in the council books.¹ But even if Wodrow were an entirely faithful witness of things which touched the passions and prejudices of his party so closely, he has only mentioned, not verified, a solitary instance of the kind, which certainly does not warrant later writers in representing this unfortunate prince as having been in the constant habit of amusing himself with those revolting exhibitions. The fact is, that the dreadful scenes referred to took place under the auspices of the brutal Lauderdale, before James came, and after his departure, and as both are indiscriminately styled "the duke" in the records, the mistake was very easily made by persons who were not *very* careful in testing their authority by the simple but unerring guide of dates.

James and his duchess arrived in Edinburgh in perilous times, and in the midst of the sanguinary executions that followed an insurrection, in which great outrages had been committed on the lives and properties of the episcopalian party. The duke did his utmost to calm the jarring elements which were ready to break out into fresh tumults. The council, breathing blood, were for going to the rigour of the law. James offered pardon to the condemned on the easy terms of crying "God save the king!"² The council talked of death and tortures; his royal highness recommended mad-houses and hard labour or banishment; and his suggestions proved more efficacious than the barbarous proceedings of Lauderdale and his colleagues. He succeeded, in a great measure, in tranquillizing Scotland.³ He gained the esteem and respect of the gentry and he won the affections of the people by his gracious acknowledgment of the marks of respect they paid him. If he had governed England half as wisely for himself as he did Scotland for his brother, or observed the same moderation in regard to his religion, after he became king, which he did when duke of York, history would have told a different tale of the close of his career.

"Letters from Scotland," says Bulstrode, "tell us, that affairs go there

¹ During my last visit to Scotland, through the courtesy of W. Pitt Dundass, Esq., the keeper of her majesty's records in the Register Office in Edinburgh, and W. Robertson, Esq., the deputy-keeper, I enjoyed the opportunity of examining the Privy Council Records of that period, and found no confirmation of Wodrow's assertion.

² Historical Observes of Sir John Lauder, of Fountainhall. One of the persons by whom life was refused on that condition was, "Cargill, a distinguished covenanter and field preacher. Having convened his followers at the Torwood, near Stirling, after renouncing all allegiance to the king and government, he with great solemnity excommunicated and consigned to the devil king Charles, his brother the duke of York, with the dukes of Monmouth, Lauderdale, and Rothes. After denouncing this excommunication to a numerous convention of Covenanters September, 1680, they affixed it to the cross of Dumfries and other places. Cargill, some time after, was apprehended, brought to trial, and condemned, with a few of his followers, to be hanged. Bishop Burnet says 'that they suffered with an obstinacy so particular, that though the duke sent the offer of pardon to them on the scaffold, if they would only say, 'God bless the king,' it was refused with great neglect.'"

³ Burnet Macpherson. Lingard. Dalrymple.

according to wish; that the parliament there has written a letter of thanks to the king for sending the duke of York, which we hope will break the measures of those who flattered themselves with support from that kingdom, which has not been in many ages more united than it is at present under the prudent conduct of his royal highness." The letters add, "that the duke is highly esteemed and beloved of all sorts of people; and that there is a constant and great court of lords and ladies."

James showed, on some occasions, a tenderness for human life, that goes far to disprove the cruelty with which he is generally charged. In February, 1681, we are told by Fountainhall, "that a sentinel at the gates of the abbey of Holyrood being found asleep on his post, when the duke of York passed, was brought to a court-martial, and sentenced by general Dalziel to die, for that breach of military discipline. In pursuance of this sentence, he was carried to Leith links for execution; but when all was ready the duke of York interceded for his life, and obtained it."¹

The duke and duchess of York, though generally popular, were exposed to some mortifications on account of their religion. On Christmas-day, the scholars of King's College thought proper to entertain them with the obnoxious pageant of burning the pope in effigy, in the court of Holyrood under their windows. "This," says sir John Lauder, "was highly resented as an inhospitable affront to the duke of York, though it was only to his religion." Their royal highnesses were wise enough to pass it over in silence, as the wild frolic of young people. It was, besides, intended as a reprisal for the Westminster scholars, having dressed up a Jack Presbyter, and treated the said Jack with sundry indignities. Such was the turbulent state of the times, that children took a warm part in the political and polemical disputes which convulsed both kingdoms.

While in Scotland, Mary Beatrice met with a frightful accident, which had nearly cost her her life, in consequence of being thrown from her horse with great violence, but fortunately for her, on a sandy plain; if it had been on a rocky ground, she must have been killed, for her long riding-dress got entangled in some part of her saddle, and she was dragged a considerable distance with her face on the sand, and received several kicks from the infuriated horse before she could be extricated from her perilous situation. When she was taken up she was covered with dust and blood, blackened with bruises, and perfectly insensible; every one thought she was dead. Surgical aid being procured, she was bled, and put into bed; she only suffered from the bruises, and recovered without any injury to her person.²

It does not appear that the duke was with her on this occasion. He had a very great objection to ladies riding on horseback; and when Mary Beatrice was first married to him, he was accustomed to tell her that it was for many reasons a dangerous and improper position for women. She was, however, passionately fond of equestrian exercise, and her in-

¹ Historic Observes

² MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France

portunities had prevailed over his extreme reluctance to allowing her to ride. She always said, his indulgence to her was so great, that it was the only constraint he had ever attempted to place on her inclination; and she regarded it as a proof of his complaisance that he had withdrawn his prohibition against her taking this dangerous pleasure. So devoted was she to her favourite exercise, that as soon as she was recovered from the effects of her accident she had sufficient courage to mount her horse again.¹

James, who was too courteous a husband to interpose his marital authority to prevent his youthful consort from exercising her wilful inclinations, on finding his persuasions unavailing, had, in the mean time, given so terrible an account of the narrow escape she had had to the duchess of Modena, that that princess wrote, in an agony of maternal alarm, to her daughter, telling her that "she should die of grief if she thought she would ever be rash enough to put herself into such peril again; and that she should never receive a letter from England without expecting it to contain the news of her death." She also reminded Mary Beatrice, that she was frequently in a situation that rendered such exercises highly inexpedient as well as dangerous. In consequence of these urgent letters from her mother, Mary Beatrice gave a solemn promise never to mount a horse again.² A privation, which, in consequence of the bad roads in Scotland, at that time almost impracticable for coaches, was, of course, very great. Her only resource after this, was the then usual conveyance of a horse litter, if she wished to accompany the duke in any of his highland expeditions; but she appears to have been generally stationary with her court at Holyrood abbey.

The duke of York, her husband, was at that time, to use the expression of a contemporary writer, "caressed not only by the grandees of the nation, but likewise gracious in the eyes of the vulgar, even to admiration; no people ever demonstrating more lively expressions of joy as well as love for his royal person."³ Yet their royal highnesses were impatient of their exile; their servants, whom the earl of Arlington always emphatically designated "a senseless pack," were ever importuning James to solicit the king for his recall, and representing to him how materially his interests were suffering from the proceedings of Monmouth, who drove on his ambitious schemes openly, with a headlong violence, that was only less dangerous than the masked treachery of the prince of Orange, whose mining operations, like those of the unseen mole in the dark, might be detected by the occasional traces of his works appearing on the surface. Another plot was devised, as a pretext, for prolonging the duke's banishment from the court, of which the leading instrument was, an Irish papist named Fitzharris, and in this there was a covert attempt to involve the duchess, by the absurd pretence "that Montecuculi, the late Modenese envoy, had offered him ten thousand pounds to kill the king, which he, Fitzharris, had refused, though Montecuculi had assured him that it might easily be done at madame de Mazarin's

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² *Ibid.*

³ Historical Memoirs of James, duke of York and Albany

by poison, adding, that the duke of York was privy to the design, that a great army was to come from Flanders and France, to place him on the throne; and the duchess of Modena had raised large sums of money to support the enterprise, and that a great many parliament-men were to be boiled alive to make a *sainte ampoule* or oil" (not very holy, one would think, if composed of such ingredients) "to anoint him and all succeeding kings of England, at their coronations."¹

Such a tale being seriously deposed on oath, before two secretaries of state, and eagerly taken up by the whig-leaders of the prevailing party in parliament, is at once a picture of the excited state of the public mind, and of the want of common principles on the part of those by whom it was supported. Charles defeated the designs of this party by proceeding against Fitzharris for high treason, in the court of King's Bench. After his condemnation, Fitzharris confessed that he had been suborned by Shaftesbury, and others, to accuse the queen and the duke of York, and that the libel was compounded by the lord Howard, of Escrick, at that time the unprincipled ally of the exclusionists, and one of their tools.² The long winter passed wearily over the banished duke; the coldness of the season was severely felt in the northern metropolis, by his Italian duchess, from the sweet south; but she bore everything with uncomplaining patience, for his sake. The spring brought them heavy tidings; their little daughter, the princess Isabella, a very lovely and promising child, in her fifth year, died at St. James's palace, on the 4th of March, and king Charles sent Mr. Griffin express to break this distressing news to the bereaved parents.³ "It was the more afflicting to both," as James pathetically observes, "because they had not the satisfaction of seeing and assisting her in her sickness; but those hardships were the unavoidable sequels of their uneasy banishment and cruel persecution."

There is a scarce mezzotinto engraving of this royal infant, from a painting which was, perhaps, burnt either at Whitehall or St. James's palace. She is represented with a chaplet of flowers on her head, and her left hand on the forehead of a lamb.⁴ She was the last surviving of the three living children which had been born of the marriage of Mary of Modena with the duke of York, and was buried in Westminster abbey, as her brother and sister had been, in the vault of Mary queen of Scots.

James, flattering himself that some little sympathy would be felt for him and his consort by his brother's council, under so great a sorrow, sent his favourite, colonel Churchill, to the king, with letters from both, beseeching him to accord permission for the duchess to come either to Tunbridge Wells, or Bath, for the benefit of her health, which had been much impaired by her residence in a climate so different from that of which she was a native, as well as by her affliction for the loss of her only child. For himself, the duke added, he should be well content to reside at Audley End, or anywhere his majesty might think fit, so that it was but in England.⁵ Churchill, however, informed his master in reply, that there were little hopes of success, for the impression was

¹ Journal of James II. Macpherson. Lingard.

² Ibid.

³ Memoirs of the duke of York and Albany. Life of James II. Sandford.

⁴ Granger.

⁵ Journal and Life of James II.

generally expressed by the king and his cabinet, that his return would be the signal for a rebellion. Charles wrote to his brother, "that the present time was not favourable for their return, and advised him to exercise the very necessary virtue of patience, of which he confessed that he was himself in great need at that juncture."¹ One favour was, however, accorded to James, after three or four months of deliberation and suspense — namely, the company of his daughter, the princess Anne, who came in one of the royal yachts to Leith, where she landed, July 17th, and was received with all the honours due to her rank. On the 28th, the parliament of Scotland met with great pomp, the duke of York as lord high commissioner from his brother, king Charles, rode in state from Holyrood palace to the parliament house, and opened it in person; the duchess, the princess Anne, and all their ladies being present.²

The appearance of this unwonted galaxy of royal and noble beauties, in jewelled pomp, added grace and glory to the scene, and was calculated to soften the combative spirit in which the Scottish peers and chieftains had, from time immemorial, been accustomed to meet. Many a deadly debate, between feudal foes and their retainers, had been fought out, on such occasions, with dirk and dagge, while the rival cries of "clear the causeway," announced the collision of hostile magnates and their followers, in streets too narrow to admit of anything like a courteous passage, even between persons who were not eagerly seeking a pretext for deciding old grudges with blows. The duke of York, who had taken infinite pains to effect a general reconciliation among the highland chiefs, and other great families, who were all at open war with each other, when he first arrived in Scotland, had shown good judgment, in bringing the ladies to assist him, by the influence of their bright eyes, in keeping the peace at the first public assembly of those lately discordant elements, after the suppression of a recent civil war. The presence of these fair and gentle spectators was, however, censured by the sour fanatics of the day, "as uncommon and indecorous"³—a proof that civilization had not advanced a single step in the northern metropolis, since the days when John Knox quenched the star of chivalry in gall and wormwood. The duke of York did his best to keep every one in good humour, by giving a grand banquet to the whole parliament,—the lords by themselves, and the commons by themselves, at separate tables, where everything was so discreetly arranged, as to give general satisfaction.⁴ Then, the good town of Edinburgh, being emulous of such princely hospitality, voted another "*Trait*" to their royal highnesses. The duke and duchess of York, the lady Anne, afterwards queen of Great Britain, and the whole court of Scotland, were present at this entertainment. "It was given in the parliament house; but, to accommodate the company, it was found necessary to pull down the partition which divided, and where a new wall still divides, the outer parliament house from the place where the booksellers' stalls are kept. The expense of the entertainment exceeded £1400 sterling."⁵ The

¹ Journal and Life of James II.

² Fountainhall's Historic Observes and Diary.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Echard

⁵ Arnott's History of Edinburgh, p. 177.

suspicious tide of affairs in Scotland, as well as the arrival of princess Anne, had a cheering effect on the spirits both of the duke and duchess of York. The lately sorrowful court of Holyrood emerged from tears and mourning into such a series of gaieties as enchanted the lively, astonished the sober-minded, and offended the puritanical portion of society. Such doings in Scotland had never been witnessed within the walls of the royal abbey, since the ill-omened night when the beautiful and unfortunate Mary Stuart honoured the bridal fête of Bastian with her presence. Balls, plays, and masquerades were introduced; these last, however, were soon laid aside, the taste of the times being opposed to such ungodly innovations. The masquerade was styled "promiscuous dancing, in which all sorts of people meet together in disguise." The vulgar gave it a ribald name; and this profane entertainment was, therefore, soon given up; and the more elegant pastimes of poetic and dramatic masks and pastorals were substituted, in which the princess Anne, with other young ladies of quality, represented some of the ancient heathen mythological characters. These were called masks—a sort of musical drama, such as the *Comus* of Milton—and similar pieces by Ben Jonson, Shirley, Davenant, and other dramatic poets of the last century. These interludes were accompanied by music, and set off with splendid dresses and decorations. "Our fathers of the last age," observes the first learned antiquarian, Tytler of Woodhouselee, "used to talk with delight of the gaiety and brilliancy of the court of Holyrood house. The princesses were easy and affable, and the duke then studied to make himself popular among all classes of men."¹

"On the 14th of October was the duke of York's birth-day kept at Edinburgh," notes sir John Lauder, "with more solemnities, and more bonfires, than the king's. That of the duchess, in the beginning of October, was also observed with great pomp at the abbey, in the same month. The birth-day of queen Catherine, on the 15th of November, was kept by our court of Holyrood house, with great solemnity," pursues our diarist, "such as bonfires, shooting off cannon, and acting a comedy, called *Mithridates king of Pontus*, before their royal highnesses, wherein the lady Anne, the duke's daughter, and the ladies of honour, were the only actors." He adds a bitter philippic against all such amusements: a lively detail of the proceedings of the illustrious performers would have been more agreeable.

If the private theatricals of the court of the elegant and pure-minded duchess of York were subjected to stern censures from a man like sir John Lauder, who was far from going to the extremes of fanaticism, it can scarcely be supposed that the coarse and oftentimes profane representations of the public performers of the stage were tolerated. The duke of York's company had dutifully followed their royal highnesses to Edinburgh, but found it an uncongenial atmosphere. Playhouses and players were constantly anathematized by the clergy, and regarded by their congregations with scarcely less abhorrence, than if they had been monks and nuns. The duchess of York was passionately fond of music,

¹ Transactions of the Scottish Antiquarian Society.

but had strong moral objections to the coarse comedies of the era: she even entertained doubts of the propriety of appearing at operas, though Italian singers were patronised by her. She was wont to say, "that there was no sin, she believed, in going to theatres, provided the pieces that were represented were not of an objectionable character; but that the stage might and ought to be rendered a medium of conveying moral instructions to the public, instead of flattering and inculcating vice."¹

Among the traces of the residence of the duke and duchess of York at Holyrood, may be reckoned the decoration of the gallery of that palace, with the portraits of all the kings of Scotland; for although they were not completed till the year 1685, the order was given by the duke, who engaged James de Wit, a Dutch artist, to paint the whole, 120 in number, according to the best style of his art, in two years, receiving for his reward 150*l.* per annum.² It must be confessed, that more than one of those beau ideals of the primitive sovereigns of Caledonian fame, bears a brotherly likeness to the Saracen's head, on Snow-hill.

While in Scotland, James applied himself zealously to business; and with his usual regard for economy, detected and put a stop to many of the peculations and abuses of the duke of Lauderdale's creatures, whereby he incurred the ill-will of that corrupt statesman, and his duchess, and many of their connexions.³ He bestowed his attention on the maritime and commercial interests of Scotland, all of which were materially improved during his residence in that nation. He made several progresses to visit the principal towns and all the ancient palaces of Scotland. The greatest marks of respect were paid to him at Glasgow, Linlithgow, and Stirling, and whatever county he entered he was met on the boundary by the principal nobility and gentry of the shire, and was attended by them as if he had been the sovereign;⁴ but the irrefragable proof of the affection with which James was then regarded in Scotland, is the act of parliament which declared his rights, as the heir of the crown nearest in blood, to be immutable; and that neither difference in religion nor any future act of parliament could alter or divert the said right of succession and lineal descent, of the crown from the nearest heir.

Such were the feelings which the residence and popular government of the duke of York had excited in the kindred land of his forefathers, that there can be little doubt if he had been rejected by England, but that he would have been instantly proclaimed and crowned in Scotland; and for this contingency the parliament had assuredly provided.

It is not to be supposed, however, that a country so divided in politics and religion, as Scotland was at that time, was unanimous in affection to the persecuted heir of the Britannic empire; far from it. A considerable faction, not only cherished but professed republican principles. The same party that had driven him from England was busily intriguing against him in the sister realm; but so preponderant was the balance in

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² The original agreement for these royal portraits was recently discovered among the Exchequer Records of Scotland, by that learned and courteous antiquary, Alexander Macdonald, Esq.

³ Life of James II. Macpherson. Lingard. Echard.

⁴ Local Histories

his favour, that the power of Argyle, who, by his territorial possessions, his heritable offices in the state, his natural rights, and extensive usurpations of the rights of others, might be regarded as sovereign of two-thirds of the highlands, broke like a reed before him. The arrest of that nobleman, and the proceedings against him, are foreign to the subject of this volume, and are only mentioned because Mary Beatrice wrote a letter to king Charles in favour of his son, lord Lorn,¹ a letter that is probably still in existence, though hitherto inaccessible.

The earl of Argyle escaped from prison by changing clothes with his daughter lady Sophia Lindsay's footman, when she came to visit him, and went out in that disguise, bearing up her train. Some of the members of the council were unmanly enough to propose that this filial heroine should be publicly whipped through Edinburgh. The duke of York prevented it, observing "that they were not accustomed to deal so cruelly with ladies in his country."²

Mary Beatrice bore her voluntary absence from the splendid circle of Whitehall with infinitely more patience than her lord did his enforced banishment. His anxiety to leave the generous friends in the north who had done so much for him, and were willing to serve him with their lives and fortunes, to return to the stormy vortex of his brother's court, seems strange; but the game was closely played there, and the crown of a mighty empire was the stake. James finally owed his recall to the avarice of the duchess of Portsmouth, who, designing to appropriate 5000*l.* a year out of his revenue from the post-office, caused her modest wish to be made known to him by the king, who had the weakness to propose it to his brother, promising to give him an equivalent in some other way, if he would oblige him. The transfer could not be effected without James's presence in London. Hard, as it appeared to him, to be recalled for such a purpose, when he had vainly made the most earnest representations of the perilous state of his wife's health, and the necessity of removing her into a milder temperature, he agreed to come, though unaccompanied by his duchess, for he had no leave to bring her.³

Mary Beatrice was, after a lapse of nearly five years, once more about to become a mother, to the extreme joy of the Scotch, who were desirous that the royal babe should be born among them, fondly anticipating that it would be a boy and their future sovereign. King Charles, however, determined that his sister-in-law should lie in, in London; and this resolution, after all, seems to have been the true and natural cause of his recalling both her and his brother to court. The weather being stormy, the duke was contented to leave his consort and his daughter Anne with their ladies at Holyrood.

On the 6th of March, his royal highness embarked at Leith, in his own yacht, attended by the earl of Peterborough, Churchill, and many persons of rank of both nations. After a stormy passage, he landed at Yarmouth on the 10th of March, and was received with what lord Pe-

¹ Life of James II., from Stuart Papers.

² Journal of James II. Macpherson.

³ *Ibid.* Lingard, &c.

terborough calls, "the applause and duties of that town and the adjacent counties," and entertained with as noble a dinner as could be provided on so short a notice. A reaction of popular feeling having taken place in James's favour, he was greeted with acclamations wherever he came. Charles detained him eight weeks, and then sent him back, with a little fleet, to convoy his duchess and the princess Anne to London.

Mary Beatrice had borne the absence of her husband heavily, according to her own account of her feelings on that occasion, in her confidential conversations with the nuns of Chaillot. Some additional particulars, connected with the loss of the Gloucester, were at the same time recorded from her own lips. Speaking of James, she says: "The seamen loved him passionately, and we had a great proof of their attachment, as well as that of the nobility, while we were at Edinburgh. The duke of York having been sent for on business, by king Charles, I was left in an advanced stage of pregnancy at Edinburgh. I felt myself so greatly depressed in his absence, that, unable to struggle against the melancholy that oppressed me, I wrote at last to tell him so; on which he determined to come by sea to fetch me."¹ It is necessary to leave the simple narrative of James's consort, to collate it with the particulars of the voyage from the letters of the survivors.²

At nine o'clock in the morning of May 4th, the duke embarked, in Margate roads, on board the Gloucester frigate, which had been got ready hastily, too hastily, perhaps, for sea: a little after eleven the whole squadron got under weigh. The weather was wet and foggy, and the passage slow; it was not till half-past one at noon the following day that they came in sight of Dunwich steeples, on the Suffolk coast. Well did the royal admiral know that coast, where he had twice defeated the fleets of Holland. His nautical skill and experience of the track led him to warn the pilot that the course he was taking was attended with danger, and to order him to stand farther out to sea. If James had guided the helm himself, the vessel would have been saved; but no sooner had he retired to rest, than the obstinate and self-conceited pilot tacked again; and at half-past five on the morning of Sunday, May 6th, grounded the ship on the dangerous sand, called the Lemon and Ore, about twelve leagues past Yarmouth.

The duke awoke with the knocks of the foundering vessel, and, as soon as he could get his clothes on, hurried on deck to inquire how matters were. A terrible blow had just struck off the rudder; eight feet water were in the hold. Sir John Berry, the captain, urged the duke to have his barge hoisted, to preserve his royal person. "His highness," continues Sir John, "being unwilling to have any boat hoisted, hoping, as I did, that the ship might be saved; but the water increasing, and no manner of hope left but the ship must be lost, I did again request his royal highness to go away in his boat to the yacht. The boat was

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France, Chaillot Collection.

² Sir John Berry, captain of the Gloucester. Sir James Dick. Lord Dartmouth Pepps

hoisted out, and his highness took as many persons of quality in the boat with him as she would carry."¹

The conduct of the royal admiral, on this occasion, has, it is now well known, been strangely misrepresented by Burnet, and many other writers, who have copied his statement, "that the duke got into a boat, and took care of his dogs, and some unknown persons, who were taken, from that earnest care of his, to be his priests. The long-boat went off with few, though she might have carried above eighty more than she did." Though Burnet is the text-book of a party, by whom any attempt to contradict his erroneous assertions is considered a strong symptom of popery, it is only proper to correct the unauthenticated story of one who was not present, by the evidence of several efficient witnesses who were. It is worthy of attention how closely the simple verbal narrative of the wife of James agrees with the statements of Sir John Berry, lord Dartmouth, and the earl of Peterborough, but not surprising, since she had it from the lips of her husband and those very persons. "In the passage," said Mary Beatrice,² "the ship struck upon a sand-bank, foundered, and began to fill with water. The duke of York was instantly called upon, from all sides, to save himself in his shallop, which would take him to one of the yachts. He refused, not wishing to forsake the perishing bark; but more than six feet of water being in the hold, they compelled him to leave her to preserve himself. The respect and attachment they had for him was such, that not one of those who were in the vessel thought of taking care of his own life till that of the duke was in security. The first that began to leave the ship were those he called to him."³ These were not priests, as we have good evidence. The only priest, whose name has yet been discovered among the passengers of the fatal Gloucester, who escaped a watery grave, was Père Ronché, the almoner of the duchess of York, who saved himself by embracing a plank, as his royal mistress told the nuns of Chaillot; and as she, of course, formed a very different estimate of the value of the lives of the ecclesiastics of her own church, from what Dr. Burnet did, she would, in all probability, have recorded it as a great merit in her dear lord, if he had manifested any particular solicitude for their preservation. The duke's boat held but six persons, besides the rowers, including himself. The first person he called was his favourite Churchill — no priest, certainly; and if Burnet meant to class him among the dogs, he forgot that gratitude and fidelity are inherent virtues of the canine race. James called for the earl of Roxburgh and lord O'Brian, but neither obeyed the fiendly summons. The earl of Winton and two bed-chamber-men were

¹ See the letter in the Clarendon Correspondence, edited by Singer. Also that of sir James Dick.

² Inedited Memorials of Mary of Modena, Archives au Royaume de France Chaillot Collection.

³ MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, Archives au Royaume de France.—This statement is confirmed by the earl of Peterborough, who says, "The duke himself was preserved with a few in his own pinnace, by the care and loyalty of the seamen, who would neither intrude themselves, nor suffer others, for their safety to expose a prince so considerable.—Mordaunt Genealogies. Sir James Dick affirms that the duke went out of the cabin window into his own little boat

in the boat. "The earl of Aberdeen," (then lord Haddo,) says Fountainhall, "shared the danger and escape of James upon the *Lemon and Ore*, 5th May, 1682. The duke of York was so anxious for his safety that he called out, 'Save my lord-chancellor!' which was the first public announcement of his appointment to that high office." "The government of the ship being lost," proceeds sir John Berry, "and every one crying for help, yet, amidst all this disorder and confusion, I could not but observe the great duty the poor seamen had for the preservation of his royal highness's person; when the barge was hoisting out and lowered down into the water, not one man so much as proffered to run into her, but, in the midst of all their affliction and dying condition, did rejoice and thank God his royal highness was preserved." There were as many in the shallop as she could, without danger, contain, and colonel Churchill took upon himself the task of guarding her from the intrusion of supernumeraries—a caution not in vain; for an overloaded boat was upset close by that in which the duke and his little company were. When his royal highness saw the marquess of Montrose struggling with the waves, he insisted that he should be received into the shallop. It was objected against, as attended with peril of life to all; but, regardless of selfish considerations, he pulled him in with his own hand. Nor was this the only instance of humanity by which James distinguished himself on that occasion. A violin-player swam so close to the boat as to grasp the side, imploring them, for God's sake, to save his life. The duke ordered that he should be taken into the boat. His companions protested that it was already overloaded, and would have had the wretched suppliant beaten off with the oars. "Fie!" exclaimed the duke, who knew him; "he is but a poor fiddler; let us try to save him."¹

The savage instincts of self-preservation, which had prompted the crew of that frail bark to reject the agonizing prayer of a perishing fellow-creature, yielded to the manly appeal of the duke in his behalf. The dripping musician was admitted at once to share, and by his presence to diminish, the chances of the escape of the heir of the crown, the future victor of Blenheim, and their companions in peril. They reached the *Mary* yacht in safety, when the duke, commanding her to anchor, sent out all her boats, and those of the *Happy Return*, to save the men in the foundering ship; but, before any service could be done, the royal highness and the rest, to their inexpressible grief, saw her sink.² As for the person whom James, at the imminent risk of his own life, and the lives of the gentlemen who were with him, had preserved from a watery grave—he who, while he clung to the boat's side, had heard the momentous parley between the duke of York and those who were bent on excluding him—had taken umbrage, forsooth, at the terms in which his royal preserver had succeeded in moving their compassion. "Only a poor fiddler!" The service was not sufficient to excuse the use of an epithet which vulgar pride construed into a contempt. James, feeling a regard for one whose life he had preserved, continued to patronise him,

¹ Oldmixon.

² Echard.

but the insect bore him deadly malice—repaid his benefits with the basest ingratitude; he leagued himself with his political libellers, became a spy and a calumniator, and on the landing of the prince of Orange was one of the first who offered his services, such as they were, to that potentate. As to Burnet's assertion touching the dogs, which has been repeated by so many subsequent writers, lord Dartmouth says: "I believe his reflection upon the duke, for the care of his dogs, to be as ill-grounded; for I remember a story which was in every one's mouth at that time, of a struggle that happened for a plank, between sir Charles Scarborough¹ and the duke's dog Mumper, which convinces me that dogs were left to take care of themselves, (as he did,) if there were any more on board, which I never heard, till the bishop's story-book was published."²

The duke of York performed the rest of his voyage in the *Happy Return*, and landed at Leith the next day, Sunday, May 7th, at eight o'clock in the evening; "and came once again," says lord Peterborough, "into the arms of his incomparable duchess, who was half dead, though she saw him alive, at the fears of that, which, though it was now past, she had heard was once so near." It appears, however, from the following interesting particulars, which were recorded from her own lips, that Mary Beatrice was not aware of the peril in which her husband had been involved, till informed of it by himself. "The duke," she said, "though almost beside himself with grief, at the calamity which had been attended with the loss of so many lives, had, nevertheless, sufficient presence of mind to prevent any of his followers from preceding him to Holyrood abbey, lest the news of the fatal catastrophe of the Gloucester should be told too suddenly to her, so as to alarm and agitate her, which might have been attended with dangerous results in her present situation. The approach of the little fleet had, of course, been observed from the heights above Edinburgh, and she was in momentary

¹ Sir Charles Scarborough was one of the royal physicians; he succeeded in reaching the yacht, but he was almost dead with cold and fatigue when he was taken on board. The captain, sir John Berry, escaped with difficulty by means of a rope into captain Wyborne's boat.

² Letter to Erasmus Lewis, Esq. Notes of the new edition of Burnet, vol. ii. p. 316.—Burnet's third assertion, "that the long-boat went off with few, though she might have carried off above eighty more than she did," is equally erroneous. Sir James Dick, the lord-provost of Edinburgh, who, with the earls of Middleton, the laird of Touch, and many others, were in her, declares that she was so overloaded, that the laird of Hopetoun, the earl of Roxburgh, and many more, considered it safer to remain in the sinking ship than to expose themselves to the same hazard. "If the rest," pursues he, "had not thought us dead men, I am sure many more would have jumped in upon us. We were so thronged we had not room to stand." No other author but Burnet could have contrived to make three such sweeping misstatements in as many lines. The only blame that can with justice be imputed to James on this occasion, was his excessive anxiety for the preservation of a box of papers, which, in spite of colonel Legge's remonstrances, he insisted on having deposited in the boat before he could be induced to enter it himself. If Burnet had been aware of his obstinacy in this respect he might have censured him with reason for giving them a thought at such a moment. That box, in all probability, contained his autograph Memoirs, a valuable legacy to historians.

expectation of his arrival. He hastened to her instantly, (on landing; but, for fear of surprising her, made his equerry, Mr. Griffin, enter first, to prepare her for his appearance. The duchess, seeing that gentleman alone, exclaimed in great consternation. 'Where is the duke?' 'He is in the antechamber, madam,' replied Griffin. The next moment, James entered, and announced his own arrival. Mary Beatrice was so overpowered at the thoughts of the dreadful peril from which her lord had narrowly escaped, that she could not restrain her tears, and for years afterwards she wept, and shuddered whenever she thought of it."¹ The greatest rejoicings, accompanied by bonfires and illuminations, took place in Edinburgh, on account of his royal highness's escape; and several spirited popular songs and congratulatory poems were published on the occasion. In some of those, there were allusions to the hopes which the situation of the duchess was calculated to excite among the numerous party who were anxious to see the royal line and name of Stuart continued by a male heir. The following verse from a song by Mat. Taubman, called "York and Albany," contains a graceful compliment to the duchess:—

"The wandering dove that was sent forth
To find some landing near,
When England's ark was tost on floods
Of jealousy and fear,—
Returns with olive branch of joy,
To set the nation free
From Whiggish rage, that would destroy
Great York and Albany."

Great persuasions were used to deter Mary Beatrice from undertaking a journey to England at all, under these circumstances, and more especially, to dissuade her from a sea voyage; but notwithstanding the terror which the calamitous loss of nearly two hundred lives in the fatal Gloucester had excited among her ladies, she declared her determination of accompanying her lord,² who wished to adhere to the original plan, of returning to England by sea. She would neither consent to remain in Scotland for her accouchement, without him, nor listen to any arrangement for a long overland journey by herself. "Whatever dangers he might be exposed to," she said, "it was her wish to share them, and that she should esteem herself happier in danger or trouble with him, than in ease and security without him."

The duke of York took a solemn leave of the lords of his majesty's council, and also of the authorities of the good town of Edinburgh; on the 12th of May, a few days after, he, with his faithful duchess and the princess Anne, proceeded in state to Leith, and embarked in the *Happy Return*. They were attended to the water's edge by a great concourse of people of all degrees, and no little wonder was expressed at the courage of their royal highnesses in venturing to go by sea, after the duke's recent peri¹ and narrow escape from a watery grave. It was to facilitate the embarkation of the duchess of York, whose situation rendered James

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² Ibid. Journal of James II.

very solicitous for her safety, that the plan of the accommodation chair and pulley, now so general for ladies, was first devised.¹ In this simple machine, which she described minutely to her cloistered friends at Chailot, Mary Beatrice was drawn up the side of the vessel and carried into her cabin. Her principal lady in waiting, Penelope, countess of Peterborough, whose nephew, lord O'Brian, had perished in the Gloucester, was so greatly terrified at the idea of the voyage, that she begged to go in another ship, lest she should infect her royal highness with her fears, and agitate her with her tears and cries.²

"For my part," said Mary Beatrice, when relating these particulars in the days of her widowhood and exile, "I feared nothing; I saw the king, and I seemed to have power to confront every peril. Alas!" added she, sighing, "I often stand self-condemned before God, for my want of love and confidence in Him, when I think of my feelings towards the king, my husband. He was," pursued she, "the most intrepid of men, and looked on danger with perfect coolness, as was said of him by monsieur le prince (de Condé), and M. de Turenne."³

The voyage was safely performed. On the 26th, they arrived at the buoy in the gun-fleet, of which their majesties, who were at Windsor, being informed by express, they came with all the loyal part of their court to Putney, where they took barge, and went down the river to meet and welcome their royal highnesses. At Erith, the joyful encounter took place, where his majesty's barge being laid alongside the auspiciously-named vessel in which the royal exiles had returned from Scotland, they were received on board amidst the thunders of the artillery, and the joyful gratulations with which the duke was greeted by his royal brother and all present, in consequence of his almost miraculous escape in his recent peril at sea. The king also expressed his love and esteem for the duchess, for whom he always had a great regard, and on the present occasion considered her worthy of more sympathy than her lord. He knew how much she had suffered by her residence in a northern climate, and honoured her for her conjugal devotion, as well as for her conjugal patience under some grievances, which were too well known to the whole court. The royal brothers, with their consorts, proceeded, in a sort of triumph, on their pleasant homeward progress up the Thames to Whitehall, where they landed amidst the acclamations of the crowded shores, having been saluted all the way up the river by the ships in the roads, and the guns from the Tower. They proceeded next to Arlington-house, in the park, where they were entertained by the earl and countess with a magnificent banquet. The lord mayor and aldermen, with many worthy citizens, came the same day to offer their congratulations to their royal highnesses on their happy return. In the evening, the city blazed with illuminations and bonfires, the bells rang, and all the tokens of popular rejoicing were expressed.⁴

These rejoicings were echoed in Edinburgh, as soon as the news of

Journal of James II.

¹ Ibid.

² MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, Archives au Royaume de France.

³ Historical Memoirs of James, duke of York and Albany. Journal of James Echard.

the safe arrival of the duke and duchess were received in "the good town," of which the following traces have recently been discovered among the Exchequer Records, by Alexander Macdonald, Esq.

"Paid to Robert Kennedy, 10*l.* sterling, for two bonfires, 29th of May and 1st of June, upon the neues of their royal highness' saif arrjvel at London. More 44*l.* scots for wine and glasses as within."

Then follow the vouchers for this outlay, from which we find that the glasses were broken by the loyal toppers, and that the bonfires were kindled in the Abbey-close, and on Arthur's-seat, the grandest station for such a beacon of joy that the three realms could boast.

The first thing that occupied James's attention after his return to England was the condition of the widows of the officers and seamen who had perished in the wreck of the Gloucester. To those of the common seamen, he ordered eleven months' pay to be disbursed, and that those of the officers should be pensioned as if their husbands had died in battle, besides presenting each with a donation from his private property, which was received, says a contemporary biographer, "by the poor women with many thanks and reiterated prayers for his royal highness's long life, health and prosperity."¹

James and Mary Beatrice were now established in their own royal home at St. James's palace, once more, and their prospects wore a flattering brightness for a time. Mary Beatrice had always been a favourite with the people, to which her beauty and purity of conduct contributed not a little. She was now only four-and-twenty, and the charms of early youth had ripened into matron dignity and grace. Her first appearance at the theatre with the duke drew forth the most rapturous applause, and was celebrated by the poetry of Otway and Dryden in the prologue and epilogue of the play that was performed on that occasion. A few days afterwards, the laureate addressed the following elegant lines to her royal highness on her return :

"When factious rage to cruel exile drove
The queen of beauty, and the court of love,
The muses drooped with their forsaken arts,
And the sad Cupids broke their useless darts:
Love could no longer after beauty stay,
But wandered northward, to the verge of day.
But now the illustrious nymph, returned again,
Brings every grace triumphant in her train;
The wondering nereids, though they raised no storm,
Followed her passage to behold her form:
Far from her side flew faction, strife, and pride,
And Envy did but look on her, and died.
Three gloomy years against this day were set,
But this one mighty sun hath cleared the debt;
For her the weeping heavens became serene,
For her the ground is clad in cheerful green;
For her the nightingales are taught to sing,
And Nature has, for her, delayed the spring.
The muse resumes her long-forgotten lays,

¹ *Memoirs of James, duke of York and Albany.*

And Love, restored, his ancient realm surveys,—
 Recals our beauties, and revives our plays:
 His waste dominions peoples once again,
 And from her presence dates his second reign;
 But awful charms on her fair forehead sit,
 Dispensing what she never will admit;
 Pleasing, yet cold, like Cynthia's silver beam,—
 The people's wonder, and the poet's theme.
 Distempered zeal, sedition, canker'd hate,
 No more shall vex the church, or tear the state;
 No more shall faction civil discords move,
 Or only discords of too tender love:
 Discords that only this dispute shall bring,—
 Who best shall love the duke or serve the king."

The manifestation of popular favour with which the royal exiles were greeted on their return to England, was only like a burst of sunshine through dark clouds when the thunder growls ominously in the distance. The exclusionists were defeated, but not conquered. They were outnumbered, but they continued to wage their war with the base weapons of libels and political squibs. Hitherto the duchess had been spared from open attacks, though more than one oblique shaft had been aimed in her direction; but now her situation was to furnish the grounds of a false accusation. As her last child had been a boy, it was confidently hoped by the Yorkists, that she would bring the duke a son. The Orange party, exasperated at the idea of these sanguine anticipations being realized, circulated malicious reports that a plot was in preparation to deprive the protestant heiress of the crown, of her place in the succession, by the imposition of a spurious child. In Scotland, these injurious rumours were indignantly noticed by a now forgotten lyricist of that period, in the following elegant stanzas, with which he concludes a series of mythological compliments to "York's lovely duchess.":

"See, led by her great admiral, she is come,
 Laden with such a blessing home
 As doth surmount our joy;
 And with a happy omen speaks the princely boy.
 Heaven grant him live,
 Our wonted peace and glory to retrieve;
 And, by a just renown,
 Within its lawful centre fix the crown.
 Then smile, Great Britain's genius, once again,
 And music's daughter's lofty numbers sing;
 And every beauteous nymph and loyal swain
 Their grateful tribute bring:
 And only impious men
 That happy birth contemn."

Mary Beatrice felt, however, more than usual apprehension as her hour drew nigh, and entreated king Charles to permit her to have the comfort and support of her mother's presence. The king, ever indulgent to his fair sister-in-law, not only acceded to her wish, but wrote with his own hand to the duchess of Modena, acquainting her with her daughter's desire for her company, and inviting her to his court. The duchess of Modena being then in Flanders, came in great haste, to avoid

all troublesome ceremonies which might create delay. No sooner was it known that she was in London, than the party that had formed a base confederacy to stigmatize the birth of the infant, in case it proved to be a son, endeavoured to poison the minds of the people, by circulating a report that the duchess of Modena only came to facilitate the popish design of introducing a boy to supplant the female heirs of the crown, in the event of the duchess of York giving birth to a daughter;¹ thus imputing to the duchess of Modena, the absurd intention of depriving her own grandchild of the dignity of a princess of Great Britain, and the next place, in the regal succession after her two elder sisters, for the sake of substituting a boy, whom they pretended she had brought from Holland, for that purpose.² So early was the determination betrayed of impugning any male issue that might be born of the marriage of James II. and Mary of Modena, by the faction which, six years afterwards, succeeded, in some degree, in stigmatizing the birth of their second son. It is also remarkable that circumstances favoured the projected calumny, for Mary Beatrice, who did not expect her accouchement till the end of August, was unexpectedly brought to bed on the 15th of that month, only three days after the arrival of the duchess of Modena. She had so quick a time, that very few of the witnesses, whose presence was deemed necessary, to verify the birth of the infant, could be summoned; but as it proved a girl, nothing more was said about the Dutch boy, or the fictitious pregnancy of the royal mother. Great rejoicings were made in Edinburgh, for the safety of the duchess,³ of which the following amusing document, lately discovered among the Exchequer Records of Scotland, is one of the vestiges:⁴

"At Edinburgh, 22 August, 1682.

"Receaved from sir William Sharp, his majestie's cash keeper, the sum of five pound starlin, and that for the bonfires sett up in the Abbie closs and on Arthur Seat, on the account of her royall highnes being snifly brought to bed. I say receaved by me,

ROBERT KENNEDY."

"Alsoe receaved for wyne and glasses spent at the said bonfyre, the sum o' three pound starlin. I say receaved by me,

ROBERT KENNEDY."

¹ Leti Teatro Britannica, tom. ii., p. 666, published in 1604.

² Ibid.

³ The Town Council Record Book has the following entry connected with this event:—

"21st day of August, 1682

"The council have appointed a solemnity this day, in testimony of the great joy and satisfaction that the neighbours and inhabitants within this city, and others, his majesty's lieges therein residing, ought to have for the great blessing all his majesty's good subjects have through God Almighty, his gift of an addition of an daughter of his royal highness to the royal family. Therefore the council appoints a proclamation to go through the city by beat of drum, ordaining all the inhabitants therein to put on bonfires this day in the afternoon, at the ringing of the bells, in testification of their joy and great satisfaction for the great blessing God Almighty has bestowed on the royal family, and the happiness the whole subjects in his majesty's dominions enjoy by the foresaid addition to the royal family. Ilk person that fails to put on bonfires shall pay a penalty of 20L Scots."

The accounts of Magnus Prince, the city treasurer, show that the bonfires cost the good town 33L 2s. Scots.

⁴ By Alexander Macdonald, Esq., to whose courtesy I am indebted for the transcript

The appearance of a comet, the day of the infant's birth, was supposed to prognosticate a great and glorious destiny for the little prince, who was baptized by Henry Compton, bishop of London, by the names of Charlotte Maria. Her sponsors were the duke of Ormond, and the countesses of Clarendon and Arundel. The maternal joy of Mary Beatrice was as usual doomed to be succeeded by maternal grief. The babe, whose birth had been so eagerly anticipated, after an ephemeral existence of about eight weeks, died suddenly in a convulsion fit; she was interred in the vault of Mary queen of Scots. The prince of Orange wrote a letter to his uncle, the duke of York, expressive of his sympathy, which, however deceitful, appears to have been very gratifying to the bereaved parent, unless James uses the following expressions in bitter sarcasm, well aware, as he was, of William's treacherous practices against him. He says:

"I had yours of the 23d, at Newmarket, before I came thence, but could not answer it sooner than now. I see by it you were sensibly touched with the loss I had of my little daughter, which is but what I had reason to expect from you but are so concerned at all that happens to me."¹

No important event in the personal history of Mary Beatrice occurred between the death of the princess Charlotte and the accession of her lord to the throne of England. It is certain that she never interfered in political intrigues when duchess of York, and for that reason her name is a blank in public history, during the first twelve years of her residence in England. Her court at St. James's palace was always magnificent, and far more orderly than that at Whitehall. Gregorio Leti, the historiographer to Charles II., gives the following list of the English ladies of whom her household was composed, in the year 1683:² "Penelope Obrien, countess of Peterborough, speaks French well, salary 1600 crowns." This lady had been with her ever since her marriage. "Susannah Armine, lady Bellasys;" the reader will remember that this lady had been honourably wooed by the duke of York for his wife, soon after the death of his first duchess, and, as he could not obtain his brother's consent to the marriage, he had vindicated her character from all aspersion, by making her lady of the bed-chamber to his young consort, Mary Beatrice d'Esté, who never expressed the slightest jealousy of her. The countess of Roscommon was another of the ladies of her bed-chamber. Her six maids of honour were Frances Walsingham, Catharine Fraser, Anne Killigrew, Anne Kingsmill, Catharine Walters, and Catharine Sedley; the last, with a salary of 800 crowns: she was an object of great uneasiness to her royal highness, on account of her illicit tie with the duke. Lady Harrison held the office of mother of the maids. Lady Jones was chamber-keeper. Her bed-chamber women were Mrs. Margaret Dawson, who had been in the service of Anne Hyde, duchess of York, with a salary of 600 crowns; lady Bromley, ditto; lady Wentworth; lady Boucher; and lady Turner. The household of Mary Beatrice had much higher salaries than those of her royal sister-in-law queen

¹ Dalrymple's Appendix. The date of James's letter is Oct. 24, 1682.

² Mary Beatrice had four Italian ladies: Madame de Montecuculi and her daughter, Madame Molza and Pelegrina Turinie, in her household.

Catharine; but the duke's economy enabled his consort to be generous and it is doubtful if her ladies had any perquisites.

Early in the year 1684, the duke of York was reinstated in his post of lord admiral, on which occasion the first Jacobite song was written and set to music; it was entitled:

THE ROYAL ADMIRAL

Let Titus¹ and Patience² stir up a commotion,
Their plotting and swearing shall prosper no more;
Now gallant old Jamie commands on the ocean,
And mighty Charles keeps them in awe on the shore.

Jamie the valiant, the champion royal!
His own and the monarchy's rival withstood;
The bane and the terror of those, the disloyal,
Who slew his loved father, and thirst for his blood.

York the great admiral—ocean's defender,
The joy of our navy, the dread of its foes;
The lawful successor—what upstart pretender
Shall dare, in our isle, the true heir to oppose?

Jamie, who quelled the proud foe on the ocean,
And rode the sole conqueror over the main;
To this gallant hero let all pay devotion,
For England her admiral sees him again.

Mary Beatrice was attacked with a sudden alarming illness, in the latter end of May, the same year, in the absence of her lord, who had been summoned by the king to attend a council at Windsor. As soon as the duke heard of her illness, he hastened to her, but the danger was over by the time he arrived. In a letter, dated May 30th, James relates the symptoms of her malady to the prince of Orange, adding, "But now, God be thanked, she is quite well of that, and free from a feverish distemper which came with it, and I hope will be well enough to go to Windsor by the end of next week."³

It was during this sojourn at Windsor that the duke of York wrote the following letter to his daughter Henrietta lady Waldgrave:⁴

"Windsor, June 9, 1684.

"Till the duchess came to this place I did not know that sir Charles Waldgrave was dead, or else I had written sooner to you, to have told you I was sorry to hear of it, and now that sir Henry is come to the estate, I must recommend to you both to be good managers, and to be sure to live within what you have, and be sure to have a care not to run at first.

"Now that the duchess is here, I shall seldom go to London. When I do, I shall be sure to let you know it, that you may meet me there.

¹ Titus Oates, the inventor of the Popish plot.

² Patience Ward, the fanatic alderman.

³ Dalrymple's Appendix.

⁴ Original Letters, edited by sir Henry Ellis, vol. iii., p. 330, first series. Lady Waldgrave was daughter to James II. by Arabella Churchill. She was sister to the duke of Berwick, who is often mentioned in these letters. Henrietta Fitzjames, for so she was called by her father, was brought up a Roman-catholic, and married into a family of the same religion. Her husband was Henry, son and heir of sir Charles Waldgrave. She accompanied her father and his queen in their exile, and lived some years at St. Germain's, where we shall often have occasion to mention her.

"To-morrow I go a hunting, and on Friday to Hampton-court; and at any time when you do come hither, take care that it be not when I am abroad, that you may not miss me.

"Let me hear from you, and be assured I shall be always very kind to you.
"JAMES."

From the preceding letters of James to this young lady, there is reason to think that his duchess would not, at that time, allow any public countenance to be given to his illegitimate offspring (though she evinced no jealousy of the two princesses), she afterwards took lady Waldgrave into her household. After spending about three weeks with the court at Windsor, the duke and duchess of York returned for a few days to their own palace at St. James's. Up to that period, the friendly relations between Mary Beatrice and her step-daughter the princess Anne, who had now been married several months to prince George of Denmark, had not been interrupted. Evidence of the regard which subsisted between them at this time, appears in the following casual communication in a letter from James to the prince of Orange, dated June 26th, 1684; "The duchess intends for Tunbridge on Monday. My daughter, the princess of Denmark, designs to go there, also, to keep her company, but not to take the waters."¹

A season of peace and national prosperity had succeeded the crisis of the Rye-house plot. The duke of York appeared firmly planted beside the throne, and his influence guided the helm of state; but his knowledge of business and love of economy suited not the views of the corrupt and selfish statesmen of whom his brother's cabinet was composed. In the beginning of the year 1685, a secret cabal was formed against him, of which the leading members were the earls of Sunderland and Halifax, lord Godolphin and the duchess of Portsmouth, for the purpose of recalling the duke of Monmouth, and driving him and his consort into exile;² but before their plans were matured, the unexpected death of the sovereign placed the rightful heir of the crown in a position to make them tremble.

"They were trying to send us into banishment again," says Mary Beatrice, "just before we became king and queen of England."³ This event occurred on February the 6th, 1685.

¹ Dalrymple's Appendix, vol. ii., p. 50.

² Life of James II. Lingard. Mackintosh.

³ MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, in the Archives au Royaume de France

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES II., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER IV.

Mary Beatrice queen of England—Her grief for the death of Charles II.—Receives her first homage in bed—Popularity of king James—Reforms at court—Queen's interference about her brother's marriage—Her angry correspondence with him—Friendly letters to the prince of Orange—Ill health and unhappiness of the queen—Her dislike to rouge—Catharine Sedley—Queen's jealousy and reproaches to the king—James dismisses Sedley—Her majesty's splendid regalia—She liberates the poor debtors—Anecdotes of the coronation—King and queen go in state to mass—Queen at the opening of parliament—Monmouth's rebellion—False aspersion on the queen—Monmouth writes to implore her intercession—James creates Sedley countess of Dorchester—Anger of the queen—Party against her—Her unhappiness—She takes to her chamber—Passionate scene with the king—James orders lady Dorchester from court—Queen's maids of honour—Embassy to Rome—Queen obtains a cardinal's hat for her uncle—Queen's visit to the camp at Hounslow—Her state bed—Her displeasure against lord Rochester—Visits his sick wife—Her dislike of father Petre—Public reception of pope's nuncio—Death of the duchess of Modena—Grief of the queen—Her letter to the prince of Orange—She goes to Bath with the king—His attentions to her—Leaves her at Bath—His pilgrimage to St. Winifred's well—Visits the queen at Bath—Warned of the treachery of the prince of Orange by Bonrepaux—He returns to London—Queen joins him at Windsor—They return to Whitehall—Queen's pregnancy—Public thanksgivings—Injurious reports—Declaration of liberty of conscience—The king and William Penn—Father Petre and the queen—Her gracious behaviour to Clarendon—Princess Anne's hatred to the queen—Her secret machinations against her—Outward civility—Queen's sudden illness—Sends for the king—Gives up her intention of lying-in at Windsor—Reasons why not at Whitehall.

MARY BEATRICE was an attendant on the death-bed of her royal brother-in-law, Charles II., and the only person in that room to whom queen Catharine ventured to speak a word in confidence on his spiritual affairs.¹ No one lamented more sincerely for the fatal termination of the illness of that monarch, although it was an event that elevated her consort and herself to a throne. "The queen that now is," writes an eye-witness of the last moments of Charles II., "was a most passionate mourner, and so tender-hearted, as to think a crown dearly bought with the loss of such a brother."² Mary Beatrice herself, when alluding to

¹ See Life of Catharine of Braganza, in the Lives of the Queens of England, vol. viii

² Letter to the Rev. Francis Roper, in Sir Henry Ellis's Letters. First Series Vol. iii, p. 337.

her feelings on this occasion, long years afterwards, said, 'I confess that I took no pleasure in the envied name of a queen. I was so greatly afflicted for the death of king Charles, that I dared not give free vent to my grief, lest I should be suspected of hypocrisy or grimace. I had loved him very dearly, and with reason, for he was very amiable, and had shown me much kindness.'¹

The same moment that certified the fact that Charles II. had ceased to breathe, saw every knee bent in homage to the calumniated duke of York, while every voice united in crying, "God save king James II." The crown had taken away all defects, and he was instantaneously beset on every side with compliments and congratulations. Exhausted with grief and watching, beholding in the lifeless form before him a solemn lesson on the frailty of earthly grandeur, and sickening, perhaps, at the shameless adulation of the time-serving courtiers, the new sovereign withdrew to his closet, to commune with his own heart in silence. After a brief pause, James met his council, and was recognised as the lawful monarch of the realm without a dissentient voice. He expressed his passionate sorrow for his brother's death, and signified his intention of governing by the established laws, and supporting the church of England, concluding his address with those words, "I have often ventured my life in defence of this nation, and will go as far as any man in preserving its just privileges."² This declaration was received with unanimous applause. He was immediately proclaimed at the gates of Whitehall, and afterwards in the city, amidst the acclamations of the populace.³ Evelyn, who assisted at this ceremony, returned with the state officers and the heralds to Whitehall, and was introduced into the presence of the new king and queen, tells us, that "the king, tired out as he was with grief and fatigue, had been compelled, meantime, to take a little repose on his bed, but was now risen, and in his undress."⁴ The queen was still in bed; but the deputation being introduced into her apartment—queens had neither rest nor privacy allowed them in those days of royal slavery—"she put forth her hand, seeming to be much afflicted," as I believe she was, pursues Evelyn, "having deported herself so decently upon all occasions since she came into England, which made her universally beloved."⁴ The following Sunday, their majesties went publicly to mass in the queen's chapel, in St James's palace, leaving the chapel royal at Whitehall for the use of the princess Anne of Denmark and the protestant portion of their household. That Sunday almost every pulpit in the metropolis echoed with the praises of the new sovereign, and with prayers that he and his consort might enjoy a long and happy reign. The first few days after their accession to the throne, the new king and queen were chiefly occupied in receiving the compliments and condolences of the ambassadors of all

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France, Chailiot Collection.

² Journal of James II. Echard. Lingard, &c.

³ All the former animosities seemed to be forgotten, amidst the loud acclamations of his people, on his accession to the throne.—Wellwood's Memoirs, p. 154

⁴ Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii.

the sovereigns in Europe. Mary Beatrice received and entertained her court, seated under a mourning canopy of state, with a black foot-cloth. She performed her part with the grace and dignity that were natural to her; but she took no pleasure in her new honours; she was a childless mother; and, though she was only seven-and-twenty, her enemies began to insinuate the improbability of her bringing heirs to the throne. James had four illegitimate children by Arabella Churchill, and two by his present mistress, Catharine Sedley. His majesty, however, being bent on effecting a moral reform in his court, persuaded Mrs. Sedley to absent herself, to the great satisfaction of those who had feared that she would act the same part in the reign of James as the duchess of Cleveland had done in that of Charles. James was a person of better intentions than his brother. He expressed publicly his abhorrence of drinking and swearing. "On Sunday last," writes a contemporary, "the king, going to mass, told his attendants he had been informed that since his declaring against the disorder of the household, some had the impudence to appear drunk in the queen's presence. 'Tis thought he reflected on the duke of A.;² but he advised them at their peril to observe his orders, which he would see obeyed."³ James also discouraged the practice of duelling, which was one of the prevailing sins of the age, and had caused several frightful tragedies in his brother's court; among other things, he said, "I know a man who has fought nine duels, and yet is a very coward, having manifestly shown himself so during an engagement at sea."⁴ The king attended closely to business, and a great change for the better appeared in the manners of the courtiers: profane and licentious speeches were no longer tolerated.

The first use Mary Beatrice made of her new power and dignity as queen of England, was an attempt to compel her brother, the duke of Modena, who had perversely remained a bachelor till he was five-and-twenty, to enter the holy pale of wedlock with a consort of her providing. The young lady whom she was desirous of making duchess of Modena was mademoiselle de Bouillon, one of the greatest heiresses in France, nearly related to themselves also, for her mother was one of the fair Mancini sisters. Perhaps the duke of Modena disliked the connexion, or preferred choosing a wife for himself, for he coldly declined the alliance. Mary Beatrice, who appears to have taken an infinity of pains in gaining the consent of the lady and of the king of France, under the idea that she was rendering her brother a great service, was exceedingly offended at this contumacity, which she attributed to the evil counsels of his prime minister and favourite, prince Cesar, a kinsman of their family. The records in the *Archives des Affaires Etrangères de France* connected with this business, prove that she behaved with petulance towards her brother and his minister. "In her letter of the 26th of February there are marks of great anger on the part of the queen of England against prince Cesar," observes our authority,⁵ "and she seems dis-

¹ Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii.

² This must have been the duke of St. Albans, son of Charles II. by Nell Gwynne.

³ Letters of the Herbert family.

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ *Unedited MS. in the Archives des Affaires Etrangères de France.*

posed to carry matters with a high hand, as she says he is the cause of preventing the marriage she has proposed, for which marriage she testified the most ardent wish. In another letter, written by her on the 5th of March, she manifests the same disposition. The king, her husband, has told the abbé Rizzini, that of all the matches that had been proposed for the duke, that with mademoiselle de Bouillon was the most advantageous for him, and that he thought he ought not to hesitate any longer about accepting it, since the king of France had expressed a wish for it, and it was the only means by which he could reinstate himself in the good graces of that prince; and that, for the future, he must not reckon on the good offices either of the queen or himself, unless he resolved to follow their advice."

Mary Beatrice went so far as to express her opinion that prince Cesar had suppressed her former letters to the duke, her brother, saying, that "she had some thoughts of sending the abbé Rizzini to Modena, that he might communicate all she felt on the subject; and it was her wish that the abbé should pass through Paris, that he might see mademoiselle de Bouillon, in order to give the duke a description of her shape and person, and to afford that lady any information she might desire."¹ This, it appears, she did, and at the same time wrote a passionate letter to her brother, complaining of his conduct, which, she said, "she entirely attributed to the evil influence of prince Cesar; and that, if he did not alter his determination, and consent to this advantageous match which she had proposed for him, she should be compelled to add her resentment to that of the king of France." She even threatened the minister with her vengeance. In a letter to the king of France, she positively declared "that she never would desist from this design till she had brought it to pass, the king of England and she having set their hearts upon it; and that it could not fail of being accomplished, provided the king of France continued in the same mind. "Nevertheless," added she, "I see plainly that prince Cesar will not allow the duke of Modena to marry, that he may retain his influence over him, and continue to govern him as he has hitherto done." She begged that Louis would communicate with her privately on this matter, as she did not wish to discuss it with his ambassador Barillon. The duke of Modena wrote to his sister, "that he had some thoughts of coming to England, to explain to her in person the reasons that prevented him from accepting her proposition." When she had read this letter, she exclaimed with great vehemence, "Unless he has vowed himself a monk, I see no good reason why he should not marry; and if he does marry, why should he not accept the proposition that I have made to him?" On the 12th of March, Mary Beatrice wrote to the king of France, "If the last letters I have written to my brother, together with the change in my condition, do not incline him to allow me to conclude the marriage I have proposed for him, we must suppose there is nothing more to be done, unless the resolutions that the king may take against prince Cesar may lead him to accommodate the matter, by inducing the duke of Modena to bestow his hand in this marriage." In a letter

¹ Communicated by monsieur Dumont.

of the 15th, her majesty wrote, "that she thought of requesting the king her husband, to write a letter to the duke of Modena, representing to him how wrong he was to demur giving his hand where she had advised, as the most advantageous marriage he could make, since it would wholly reinstate him in the good graces of the king of France, with whom he was at variance; therefore he ought to consider it as the greatest good she could procure for him;" she added, "that she considered prince Cesar had been the cause of all the false steps the duke, her brother had taken; and that if she could only get the duke to come to England, she had every hope that she should be able to induce him to enter into this alliance; only she much doubted that prince Cesar would never permit him to come, for fear such a journey should be prejudicial to his design of continuing to govern the duke and country of Modena as tyrannically as he had hitherto done, so that she foresees he will prevent it, and she is quite sure that he has suppressed most of the letters that she has written to her brother."¹ The dangerous position of the duke of Modena's affairs, in consequence of his rash quarrel with Louis XIV., and the pains Mary Beatrice had taken to effect a reconciliation, by means of the proposed marriage between him and mademoiselle de Bouillon, cannot excuse the imperious manner in which she attempted to overrule his reluctance. Little had she learned of the combative nature of mankind during her twelve years of matrimony. It seems that James allowed her to say what she pleased in any matter of dispute, but acted according to his own pleasure. In many respects, he had acted much wiser and better if he had followed her advice. She was greatly opposed to his allowing father Petre any share in his councils; she disliked the man, and perceived that he would lead his majesty into unpopular courses.

Of a far more courteous character than her correspondence with the duke of Modena her brother, was the letter which Mary Beatrice wrote to the prince of Orange, in reply to the congratulations which he had addressed to her by his ambassador:

"Whitehall, March 16, 1685.

"The lines you sent me by Mr. Overke (Overkirk), and the compliments he made me from you, were so obliging, that I know not how to thank you half enough for it; but I hope you believe that all the marks you give me of your friendship are very agreeable to me, and so must desire the continuance of it, which I am sure I shall always deserve from you; for nothing can ever alter me from being, with all sincerity, and without compliments, yours truly,

"M. R.

"Pray follow my example, and write to me without any ceremony, for it is not to be minded between such friends as we are."

Though all things wore a smiling aspect² at the beginning of her consort's reign, the fickle multitude evincing the enthusiastic loyalty which is generally manifested towards a new sovereign, Mary Beatrice

¹ Documents in the Archives des Affaires Etrangère, by favour of Mons. Guizot. The duke of Modena resisted the dictation of his royal sister, and took a consort of his own selection, Margareta Farnese, daughter of Ranucci II., duke of Parma. *L'Art de vérifier les Dates.*

² Dalrymple's Appendix 116. Copied from the original in king William's MSS. at Kensington palace.

was neither well in body nor tranquil in mind. "The health of the queen of England," writes Barillon to Louis XIV., "is not in a good state; those who are about her person believe that she will not live long. Her malady is a species of inflammation on the chest, with violent attacks of colic, which frequently return. She believes herself in danger."¹ In another letter his excellency speaks of her majesty having become very thin and pale. Up to that period, Mary Beatrice had never used art to heighten her complexion. She had a great objection to rouge, not only as a matter of taste, but from a religious scruple. It was, however, the fashion for the ladies of her court to paint, and the king told her he wished her to do the same, more out of complaisance, probably, to the opinion of others, than because he imagined that artificial opaque tints of red could harmonize better with the classic dignity of her features, than her own pure marble-like complexion. The queen, willing to please her lord at any rate, at length complied with the fashion, by putting on the rouge. Father Seraphin, a capuchin friar of great sanctity, seemed surprised when he saw her thus; and in reply to some remark about the paleness that seemed to render it necessary, bluntly exclaimed, "Madame, I would rather see your majesty yellow, or even green, than rouged." This being in the presence of the king, the queen was infinitely amused at the uncourtier-like sincerity of the old ecclesiastic, and could never think of his rejoinder without laughing.² The cause that robbed the cheek of the young and beautiful consort of James II. of bloom, preyed on her spirits, and occasionally ruffled the equanimity of her temper, was her inability to induce him to dismiss his bold, audacious paramour, Catharine Sedley, from her household.³ This woman, after James's accession to the throne, aspired to become a recognised state mistress, and to enjoy the same power that she had seen the duchess of Portsmouth exercise in the late reign. Unfortunately, those who called themselves James's best friends, the earl of Rochester for instance, and other gentlemen who dreaded the effects of his blind zeal for Romanism, which they attributed to the influence of his catholic consort, thought that it would be as well if that influence were counterbalanced by the fascinations of her rival. Catharine Sedley piqued herself on being a good protestant, which goodness consisted not, of course, in the purity and holiness of life enjoined by the reformed religion, but in hostility to that of Rome; and she was ac-

¹ Despatches in Fox's Appendix.

² MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena.

³ Catharine Sedley was the daughter of the witty and profligate gentleman-author, sir Charles Sedley: she had been mistress to James II. for some time previous to his marriage with the queen. She was very plain, excepting a stately figure. She had a talent for repartee, coarse enough to be called wit in those days. She insisted on the reward for her vile course of life, which was granted by James, who made her baroness of Darlington and countess of Dorchester, but only for life. The most respectable trait in her father's character was his indignation as a gentleman at this disgraceful advancement of his only child. Hence that well-known line of Dr. Johnson—

"And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a king."

Her daughter, by the king, married Sheffield, duke of Buckingham.

toned to amuse James with the most cutting raillery on the ceremonies and dogmas of his faith. It was devoutly hoped by Rochester, Clarendon, and others, that her powers of ridicule would, in time, destroy his majesty's unpopular veneration for the church of Rome, and they very improperly encouraged him in his unprincipled violation of his conjugal duties.¹

The queen, when she learned that her audacious rival was supported by the king's brothers-in-law, treated them and their ladies with the disdain which such conduct was calculated to excite in her bosom. This was in turn resented and revenged in various ways, and the result was, that Sunderland, who was politically opposed to the earl of Rochester, and affected to pay great court to the queen, worked his way into a preponderance of power in the cabinet, not through her favour, for she always distrusted him, but in consequence of her hostility to the allies of Catharine Sedley.² Sad indeed it is when the virtuous affections of a pure and sensitive heart are rendered instrumental to the selfish interests of cold, calculating politicians. Yet the jealousy of Mary Beatrice was not the coarse feeling that belongs to vulgar-minded women. Long after the death of her lord, when she alluded to her affection for him, she once adverted to her wrongs in these words, "I will not say that he had no other attachment or passion. The king was ready to sacrifice his crown to his faith, but had no power to banish a mistress. I said to him once, 'Sir, is it possible that you would, for the sake of one passion, lose the merit of all your sacrifices?'" On another occasion, her majesty confessed, that she had suffered herself to be so far transported by her indignant feelings, as to say to the king, "Give her my dower—make her queen of England, but let me never see her more!" Mary Beatrice considered, however, that she had been guilty of a great fault, in speaking thus to her lord.³ The remonstrances of the priests and the catholic lords, who made common cause with her majesty, induced James to expunge Mrs. Sedley's name from the list of the ladies of his injured consort's household; and he made a strong effort to break the disgraceful tie, by enjoining her departure from the court. Such intimacies are much easier contracted than broken, as all princes find to their cost. Catharine left town for a little while, but retained her apartments at Whitehall; the result will be shown anon. It can scarcely be imagined, that James really preferred a coarse-minded, unchaste, ugly woman to his virtuous, loving, and beautiful wife. The empire of Catharine Sedley was that of habit, maintained by violence and effrontery. She was the mother, at that time, of a grown-up daughter, whom he had married to the earl of Annesley. There are many proofs, notwithstanding his infidelities, that James regarded his consort with feelings of respect, amounting to veneration. His admiration for her personal charms, is testified by the device he chose for the reverse of her coronation medal, in which her graceful figure, clothed in flowing draperies, is seated on a rock in the attitude of a Britannia, with an inscription from Æneas's address to Veius, "O DEA CERTE."

¹ Mackintosh. Lingard.

² Ibid.

³ MS Memorials of Mary of Modena, Archives au Royaume de France.

The proclamations were issued for the coronation of the king and queen, to take place April 23d, being St. George's day. Circulars were on this occasion issued to the peeresses to attend, in scarlet robes and coronets, on the queen at that ceremonial.

One of the Scotch judges, sir John Lauder of Fountainhall, makes a singular observation in his diary, on the intimation that Mary Beatrice was to be crowned: "What the coronation of the queen imports is doubted, if it will make her regent after his death. A massy crown of gold is making for her. Our commons," continues he, "took up a jealousy that the Scots crown was to be sent down to Windsor, that the king might be crowned with it."

No queen-consort had been crowned in England, with the single exception of Anne of Denmark, since Anne Boleyn, and great interest was excited at the expectation of Mary of Modena taking her proper place in this imposing spectacle, which her great beauty and majestic figure were eminently calculated to adorn.

So many ancient claims were revived for the performance of various services, which, in the olden times, were required of the manorial nobility of England, by the sovereign, but which had in later years fallen into disuse, that a court was empowered to sit at Westminster for the purpose of deciding them, previous to the coronation. This court was opened on the 30th of March. Many of these claims being founded on oral tradition, were judged obsolete.¹ The lord of the manor of Bardolf, in Addington, Surrey, claimed to find a man to make a dish of grout² for their majesties' table, and, therefore, prayed that the king's master-cook might perform that service, which was granted. The lord of the manor of Fyngrieth, Essex, claimed to be chamberlain to the queen for that day, and to have the queen's bed and furniture, basins, &c., belonging to the office, and to have a clerk in the exchequer to demand and receive the queen's gold.³ This claim was disallowed, because not made out as regarded the moveables; as for the ancient immunity of the queen gold, or *aurum reginae*, it was never either claimed or received by Mary Beatrice.

King James, with his usual regard to economy, curtailed some of the expensive details connected with his inauguration, especially the cavalcade from the Tower, by which he effected a retrenchment of upwards of 60,000*l.* In consequence of the plunder of the crown jewels by the

¹ Among some of the curious observances connected with the customs of regality in the olden time, on such occasions, may be reckoned the claim of the lord of the manor of Lyston, in Essex, to make wafers for the king and queen, to serve them up at their table, and to have all the instruments of silver and metal, with all the linen used on this occasion, with a certain proportion of the ingredients of which these dainty little cakes were compounded, and *living for himself and three men.* This claim was allowed, the composition and baking of the wafers were performed by deputy chosen from among the household, and the fees compounded for 30*l.*—British Chronologist.

² This dish was that far-famed regal potage, or delicate white soup, known by the name of dilligrout at the coronation banquets of the Norman and Plantagenet sovereigns.

³ British Chronologist.

Roundels, during the civil war, every article of the queen's regalia had to be supplied out of the fund voted for the coronation in this reign. No parsimony, however, was shown by James in regard to the circlet, crowns, and other regal ornaments, which were made expressly for the use of his consort, for they appear to have been of unparalleled magnificence. The price of the diamonds, pearls, and other gems, with which her imperial diadem was set, amounted to 100,658*l.* sterling, according to Evelyn, who saw the bills attested by the goldsmith and jeweller who set them. When completed, however, it was valued at 111,900*l.*¹

The coronation was in the Easter week. King James, on the Monday-Thursday previous, performed in person the ancient ceremonial observance of the sovereigns of England, by washing the feet of fifty-two poor men, according to the number of his own years, and touched several for the king's-evil. The night before the coronation, the queen slept at St. James's palace, her former abode, when duchess of York, and always preferred by her to the royal palace of Whitehall. The next morning, having performed her devotions there, she was attired by her ladies of the bed-chamber, assisted by her women, in her royal robes of purple velvet, furred with ermine, and looped with ropes and tassels of pearls; her kirtle being of rich white and silver brocade, ornamented with pearls and precious stones, with a stomacher very elaborately set with jewels. On her head was a cap of purple velvet, turned up with ermine, powdered with gems, and a circlet of gold very richly adorned with large diamonds, curiously set, a row of pearls round the upper edge. She then went privately in her chair to Whitehall, and thence through Privy-gardens into Channel-row, and across New Palace-yard to Westminster-hall, where the court of wards had been fitted up for her majesty to repose herself in with her ladies, while the ceremonial of the procession was set in order in the hall.

At the same time that the king entered Westminster-hall, her majesty, attended by her lord-chamberlain, and her other officers and ladies, came out of the court of wards by a private door at the south-west corner of the hall, and went to her chair of state under her canopy at the upper end of the hall, and stood before it until the king was seated. The seats of the royal pair were under separate canopies, that of the queen being somewhat lower and smaller than that of the king, but both exceedingly rich.²

After the regalia had been delivered to the king, and placed, with ceremonies too elaborate to recapitulate here, on the table at which their majesties were to dine that day, the said table being covered with a large fine carpet of Turkey or Persian work, the queen's crown, sceptre, and the ivory rod with the dove, were, in like manner, delivered and placed on the table before her majesty, at the king's left hand, and were distributed by the lord-great-chamberlain to the noblemen appointed to carry them.

¹ This very elegant crown, or a *fac simile* of it, in shape and design, is shown among her majesty, queen Victoria's regalia, in the Tower, as the crown with which subsequent queens-consort have been crowned.

² Sandford's Book of the Coronation.

The queen's procession, headed by her vice-chamberlain, Mr. Robert Strickland,¹ preceded that of the king in the following order:—the earl of Dorset, carrying the ivory rod; the earl of Rutland the sceptre; and the duke of Beaufort the crown. After them, followed the queen herself, supported by the bishops of London and Winchester, under a rich canopy, supported by sixteen barons of the Cinque Ports. Her train was borne by the young duchess of Norfolk, assisted by four daughters of earls—viz., lady Jane Noel, daughter of the earl of Gainsborough; lady Anne Herbert, daughter of the earl of Pembroke; lady Anne Spencer, daughter of the earl of Sunderland; and lady Essex Roberts. The countess of Peterborough, groom of the stole, as she was called, with two ladies of the bed-chamber, lady Sophia Bulkeley, and Frances, countess of Bantry, with Mrs. E. Bromley, and Mrs. Margaret Dawson, her majesty's bed-chamber women, were in close attendance on her person. The king's procession, in which the venerable sir William Dugdale walked, in his eighty-second year, as garter-king-of-arms, followed in solemn state. Their majesties walked in this order from Westminster-hall, through New Palace-yard, into King-street, and so through the great sanctuary to the west door of the abbey, the passage being railed in on both sides, from the north door of the hall to the entrance into the choir, guarded by his majesty's guards, horse and foot. Two breadths of blue cloth were spread for their majesties to walk on, all the way from the stone steps in the hall to the foot of the steps in the abbey-choir, amounting in all to 1220 yards.

The ancient and most picturesque custom of strewing flowers before the royal procession, being revived on this occasion, was performed by Mrs. Mary Dowle, hereditary herb-woman to the king, assisted by six young ladies, all wearing hoods, as represented in the plate illustrative of the flower-strewing in Sandford's book of the coronation of James II. and Mary Beatrice. The herb-strewers appear there in the full-dress costume of the period, deep pointed bodices, with open robes, looped back to show rich petticoats. They wear long gloves, and very deep ruffles, falling from the elbows nearly to the wrists. Baskets containing two bushels of flowers and sweet herbs each, were carried—no light burden for the fair strewers—two women to every basket, and nine basketsfull were strewn. As it was April, we may presume that violets, primroses, cowslips, pansies, blue-bells, and jonquils, with stores of sweetbrier sprigs, and other herbs of grace, formed the staple commodity, over which the gold-broidered slippers of the beautiful Italian queen and her noble attendants trod daintily on that proud day, as they proceeded from the hall to the western entrance of the abbey, the drums beating a march, the trumpets sounding *levets*, and the choir singing, all the way to the church, the well-known anthem, commencing "O Lord, grant the king a long life," &c.

Both James and his consort were greeted with reiterated acclamations from the crowded spectators, who forgot, at least for one day, all dif-

¹ See the picture in Sandford's Book of the Coronation of James II. and Mary II. Esté.

ferences of creeds in the delight occasioned by the royal pageant. The people were, indeed, prepared to look upon the queen with pleasure, for she had hallowed the day of her consecration with a deed of tender and munificent charity, by releasing all the prisoners who were in gaol for small debts, taking the payment upon herself of all sums not exceeding five pounds. Eighty prisoners were discharged from Newgate alone, through the gracious compassion of Mary Beatrice, which was extended to all the small debtors in confinement throughout the realm.¹ Hundreds and thousands, therefore, had reason to remember that anniversary, and to bless her name, when, of all the glories of royalty that surrounded her that day, nothing remained to her but the empty name of queen, and the sweet recollection that she had caused many to rejoice in her joy, by doing good when she had it in her power.

When the queen reached the entrance of the choir, she left her canopy and its supporters, and, preceded by her vice-chamberlain and regalia bearers, and followed by her ladies in attendance, ascended the steps of the raised platform, or theatre, between her two bishops, and so, going to the chair of state prepared for her, on the east side of the sacristy, she stood beside it to await the king's coming.² It has been said that this royal ceremonial derived its greatest lustre from the presence of so beautiful a queen, whose graceful figure and majestic carriage were so well fitted to adorn the external pomp with which royalty is surrounded on such an occasion. Sandford's prints of this coronation represent Mary Beatrice with her hair dressed very low, a style that well became her classic outline, and with a profusion of long ringlets falling on either side her face, and floating on her bosom. Another contemporary quaintly observes, "The jewels she had on were reckoned worth a million, which made her shine like an angel."³ While she stood by her chair of state, the Westminster scholars greeted her with shouts of "Vivat regina Maria!" a compliment never paid before to any but a sovereign. This salutation, or short prayer, as it is termed, they continued to reiterate till the arrival of the king, to whom they knelt, saluting him, in like manner, by shouting "Vivat rex!" as he ascended the steps of the choir to the theatre. Their majesties having knelt at their faldstools, remained in private devotion for a few moments, arose, and seated themselves in their chairs of state: the queen's officers, and the noble bearers of her regalia, her train-bearer, and the ladies her assistants, the two supporting bishops standing on either side her majesty, her lord-chamberlain also on her right hand, and vice-chamberlain on her left, and her ladies behind her chair. At the recognition, the people signified their willingness and joy with loud acclamations of "God save king James!" After the offering of the pall of cloth of gold had been made by the king, the queen was brought up from her seat to the altar, to perform the like ceremony, her regalia being borne before her. Mary Beatrice joined in the service of the church of England, not only without hesitation, but with edifying piety. Indeed, the devout behaviour of the queen

¹ Historic Observes, by sir John Lauder of Fountainhall.
Fountainhall's Historic Observes.

² Sandford

and the earnestness with which she made her responses, were generally noticed.¹ The bishop of London had presented her with a small book of the prayers which were appointed to be used on that occasion, and she read from it with the greatest reverence and attention during the whole of the ceremony.² Mary Beatrice probably felt at that moment that the differences between Christian churches were not great enough to prevent those who agreed in the truths of Scripture from uniting together in an act of prayer. The sermon was preached by Turner, bishop of Ely, at half-past one. While the hymn, "Veni Creator," was singing, in preparation for the consecration, the queen knelt by the king's side near the altar.³ The entire service of anointing, crowning, investing, and enthroning the king, and the homage from bishops and peers, were performed before the consecration of the queen took place, she having remained seated in her chair of state, on the south side of the area, a spectatress of the inauguration of her royal lord, till the last verse of the anthem, "His seed also will I make to endure for ever, and his throne as the days of heaven," had been sung, followed by flourish of trumpets, beat of drum, and the shouts of "God save the king!"⁴ from those who were so soon to transfer their oaths of allegiance and shouts of gratulation to another. King James had bestowed much care on his consort's regalia, but none on his own. The crown had been made for Charles II., whose phrenological organization was broadly and powerfully developed; consequently, it was too wide in the circlet, and not lofty enough in the arch, to fit James II., for the heads of the royal brothers were as unlike as their characters. When Sancroft placed this diadem on James's head, it tottered. Henry Sidney put forth his hand and kept it from falling, saying, as he did so, "This is not the first time, your majesty, that my family have supported the crown;"⁵ a brilliant *bon-mot*, if it had been based on facts, but a vain boast from a member of a republican family, and who, at the very time he was complimenting himself for this *small* crown-service, was engaged in a treasonable correspondence with the prince of Orange, for the purpose of undermining the throne of his unsuspecting sovereign.⁶ It is well known that this trifling incident, which a little foresight on the part of James might have prevented, was regarded by the superstition of many present as an evil omen. Few are aware that the circumstance was noted with dismay by the anxious queen, who was, of course, the most deeply interested person there. She mentioned it herself, many years after the revolution, in these words, "There was a presage that struck us, and every one who observed it; they could not make the crown keep firm on the king's head; it appeared always on the point of falling, and it required some care to hold it steady."⁶

When the ceremony of anointing the queen took place, the duchess of Norfolk took off her rich cap of state, and the archbishop pronounced the prayer as she knelt before him, and poured the oil on her head in

¹ Patrick's Diary.

² Sandford.

³ See his letters in Blencowe's Sidney Correspondence.

⁴ MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France

⁵ MS. from the family papers of George IV

⁶ Burnet. Echard.

the form of a cross. The ladies then opened her majesty's dress on the bosom, and she anointed her on the breast with the same ceremonies. The duchess of Norfolk dried the place where the oil had been poured with fine cotton wool, and placed a fine linen coil on her majesty's head. Then the archbishop put the coronation ring, set with a fair ruby and sixteen smaller ones round the hoop, on her fourth finger; and this ring Mary Beatrice wore to her dying day, and nothing could ever induce her to part with it. When Sancroft placed the crown on her head, the cries of "Long live the queen" resounded through the abbey, and were many times redoubled and prolonged. Then all the peeresses put on their coronets, and the choir sang that appropriate anthem from the 45th Psalm:—

"My heart is inditing of a good matter, I speak of the things I have made unto the king. At his right hand shall stand the queen, &c"

While this anthem was singing, her majesty rose, and was conducted to her throne, which was placed at the king's left hand, and many steps lower than his. She made a very low reverence to his majesty, as she passed before him, to take her seat on her throne, where she reposed herself till the end of the anthem, while the peeresses, which was an unusual token of respect, came up to render her complimentary marks of homage.¹ The queen's coronation medals, bearing her effigies, were thrown about at the same time. In consequence of the unfortunate difference in the religious opinions of the sovereign and his consort, from those of the great majority of their subjects, and of that church of which James, in virtue of his regal office, was the nominal head and defender, they did not receive the sacrament. "At the coronation," says bishop Patrick, "I observed a vast difference between the king's behaviour and the queen's. At the reading of the litaney, they both came to kneel before the altar; and she answered at all the responses, but he never moved his lips. She expressed great devotion, but he little or none, often looking about as unconcerned. When she was anointed and crowned, I never saw greater devotion in any countenance: the motions of her body and hands were very becoming, and she answered "Amen" to every prayer with much humility. There was not the least sign of pleasure or transport, but all seriousness and composure of spirit."

The prayers being ended, the king and queen descended from their thrones, and proceeded in state to St. Edward's chapel, where they delivered their crowns and sceptres to the archbishop of Canterbury, by whom they were placed on the altar there. Then their majesties retired each into a separate retiring room, or traverse, where the queen reposed herself in hers, till his majesty was revested in his imperial robes of purple velvet. Then coming forth, and standing before the altar there, the archbishop placed other crowns on their heads, with caps of purple velvet; that which had been made expressly for the queen was of exceeding richness and elegance of form.

During the recess, Mary Beatrice departed from the solemn rigour of royal etiquette, by going in her state crown into the private box, where

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

the princess Anne and prince George of Denmark sat incognito to see the ceremonial, and chatted affectionately with them for some time.¹ Her majesty returned from St. Edward's chapel, preceding the king, holding her sceptre with the cross in her right hand, and the ivory rod, with the dove, in her left; her train borne as before; and, passing through the choir, she was again received under her canopy of cloth of gold by the sixteen barons of the Cinque Ports; and thus guarded on either side by the band of gentlemen pensioners, she left the church, followed immediately by king James in his regalia, with the swords of state borne before him.

As the royal procession passed from the abbey, to Westminster-hall, the drums and trumpets sounded, and a vast concourse of spectators rent the air with acclamations, and cries of "Long live the king and queen!" Many fountains played with jets of wine, according to the custom of the good old times.² When their majesties returned to Westminster-hall, they reposed themselves in their separate retiring-rooms, in the court of wards, till all the company had taken their places at the seven tables, which were laid for the privileged or invited guests at the banquet. Then the king, preceded by his great state-officers, made his entry, with his crown on his head, his sceptre and orb in either hand, and seated himself in his chair of state, at the head of the royal table. Immediately after, the queen, wearing her crown, and bearing the sceptre and the ivory rod, with the dove, her train borne by her ladies, came forth from her retirement in the court of wards, and took her seat in her chair of state, at the king's left hand.

Most of the ancient ceremonies observed at the coronation banquets of the Anglo-Norman and Plantagenet services, were revived by James on this occasion. The lords, who claimed the office of sewers that day, went to the dresser of the kitchen, to receive the dishes. The master of the horse officiated, as serjeant of the silver-scellery, and went in person to the kitchen-bar to take assay of the king's meat, which was thus performed: having called for a dish of meat, he wiped the bottom of the dish, and also the cover, within and without, tasted it, covered it, and caused it to be conveyed to the royal table, and attended by a procession of all the great officers of the household, including the earl marshal, with his rod; the lord high steward, with his white staff; the lord high constable, with his constable's staff, rode up the hall on horseback, preceding the first course. Thirty-two dishes of hot meat were brought up by the knights of the Bath, bareheaded, followed by a supply of other dishes by private gentlemen. Then the lord of the manor of Addington had the satisfaction of placing the mess of dillegroust before their majesties, and was afterwards knighted for his pains.³

Dinner being placed on the table by the king and queen's carvers,

¹ King's Library. MS. in French, presented by George IV. from his family papers—*Recueil de Pieces*, extracted by George Auguste Gargan, p. 91. It is entitled, "Relation du couronnement du roi Jacques II. et de la reine." The queen is repeatedly mentioned, and the whole is most interesting. It was evidently sent for the information of the royal house of Hanover.

² King's Library MS., and Sandford's *Book of the Coronation*.

³ *ibid*

with the help of the earl-sewers and their assistants, the lord great chamberlain, with his majesty's cup-bearers and assistants, went to the king's cup-board, and washed before they presumed to tender their services to the sovereign. Then the lord great chamberlain, preceded by the usher of the black rod, assisted by the cup-bearer, and followed by the officials before-mentioned, brought up the great basin and ewer for his majesty to wash. James, rising, delivered the sceptre, with the cross, to the nobleman appointed to hold it, and the orb to the bishop of Bath and Wells. Then the cup-bearer poured water on his hands, and the lord of the manor of Heyden, in Essex, held the towel to his majesty. At the queen's washing, water was appointed to be poured on her majesty's hands by the earl of Devonshire, her cup-bearer, and the earl of Bridgewater was to offer her the towel: but she only used a wet napkin, which was presented to her by the earl of Devonshire on his knee. Grace was then said by the dean of the chapel royal, and their majesties sat down to dinner. The banquet consisted of upwards of a thousand dishes, among which many Scotch dainties, appearing for the first time, puzzled southern gastronomes, with their hard names and novel forms, and delighted the northern magnates, by testifying their majesties' remembrance of the hospitalities they had received in Scotland.

Before the second course, sir Charles Dymoke, the king's champion, clad in one of the king's best suits of white armour, having a helmet on his head, with a great plume of feathers—white, red, and blue—mounted on a fine white charger, rode into the hall, preceded by trumpeters, and attended by his two esquires, richly dressed, one bearing his lance erect, the other his target. The earl-marshal and the lord-constable, both on horseback, bringing him up to the royal table, where the herald-at-arms proclaimed his challenge, and the champion flung down his gauntlet. Not entirely a needless ceremony, as Monmouth was taking measures to contest the crown. This being thrice repeated, and no objection offered, the champion made a low obeisance to the king, who drank to him from a gilt bowl, and then sent the bowl of wine with its cover to him. The champion, with a low obeisance, pledged his majesty again, and then, having performed his service, rode out of the hall, taking the bowl and cover as his fee. Then garter, and the two provincial kings of arms, with the other heralds and pursuivants, came, and with the accustomed ceremonials, cried, "Largess!" to the king; and, having received his majesty's gift, proclaimed his style and titles in Latin, in French, and English, and cried, "Largess!" thrice.

While the second course was carrying up, the mayor of Oxford and the lord-mayor of London were brought up to the king, as assistants in the butlery, and kneeling, presented to the king wine in gilded bowls, and received them as their fees. Then the lord of the manor of Lyston, in Essex, brought up a charge of wafers to the royal table; and at the end of the dinner, while the king and queen were eating their wafers, came the lord-mayor of London again, with twelve of the principal citizens, and presented wine to the king in a gold cup; and the king, having drunk thereof, presented the cup to the lord-mayor as his fee,¹ which service

¹ Sandford

being performed, the twelve citizens retired to dine at the lower end of the second table, where room had been left for them, below the aldermen. Dinner being ended, and grace said, their majesties performed their ablutions with the same ceremonies as before dinner; and then the king, resuming his orb and sceptre, the queen her sceptre and ivory rod, with the dove, they withdrew with their officers of state, their trains borne as before, the queen attended by her ladies, into the court of wards, about seven in the evening; and having delivered their regalia to the dean of Westminster, and the master of the jewel-house, they departed in the same manner as they came.¹

In the days of her exile and sorrowful widowhood, Mary Beatrice declared, "that she had never taken any pleasure in the envied name of a queen;" yet she sometimes spoke of the glories of her coronation, and descanted with true feminine delight on the magnificence of the regalia that had been prepared for her. "My dress and royal mantle," said she, "were covered with precious stones, and it took all the jewels that all the goldsmiths of London could procure to decorate my crown; of all these, nothing was lost except one small diamond, worth about forty shillings."² She told the nuns of Chaillot, "that no coronation of any preceding king of England had been so well conducted, and that all the arrangements had been made under the especial superintendence of king James, who ordered a book to be made of it."³

There is a splendid original portrait of Mary Beatrice, in her crown and coronation robes, in the collection of his grace the duke of Buccleugh, at Dalkeith palace. She is seated on her throne, with an orb in one hand, and the ivory rod in the other; it has been, by some mistake, lettered "A. R.," and is, in consequence, shown as the coronation portrait of queen Anne, to whose exuberant charms it bears about the same resemblance as a Provence rose to a full-blown red peony.

"The English coronation oath," observes that shrewd Scotch lawyer, sir John Lauder, of Fountainhall, "is not very special as to the protestant or popish religion, but runs somewhat in general terms." The oath, in fact, was the same that was taken in the days of Edward the Confessor, no alteration having been made in it at the time of the Reformation. A stringent clause, for the protection of the church of England, as by law established, ought, in common prudence, to have been introduced at the inauguration of James II., but it was not; and he endeavoured to take advantage of the omission by adhering to the original meaning of the pledge, not to the new interpretation of it. Almost the first use made by James II. of his royal prerogative, was to release several thousand Roman-catholics and protestant dissenters, who had been imprisoned for non-conformity. Among these victims of legalized bigotry, were fifteen hundred members of the amiable and inoffensive society, vulgarly styled Quakers. He also put a stop to the revolting trade then too much prac-

¹ The king's son by Catharine Sedley died on the day of the coronation.

² MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

³ This book, a small folio, by Sandford, contains a series of highly curious and important costume illustrations, and has been used as an authority for all succeeding coronations in which a queen-consort has been associated

used by base individuals, of informing against others, under pretences of religious differences, for the sake of gratifying private revenge, or sharing the fines. James had suffered too much annoyance, in his own person, from the existence of the iniquitous statutes by which such crimes were sanctioned, not to wish to ameliorate the case of others who stood in a like predicament; but, in his zeal to exercise the paternal prerogative of mercy and justice towards an oppressed portion of his subjects, he rushed single-handed against the threefold barrier of the penal laws, the Test Act, and popular opinion. The two first were destined to fall, but not by the assault of regal power; they fell gradually, before the progressive march of reason and moral justice, but not till nearly a century and a half after the abortive attempts of James II. to do away with them, had involved him in ruin: for they were then supported by the third, that capricious giant, public opinion, against which princes can seldom contend with impunity.

The ostentatious parade with which James thought proper to practise the ceremonials of his church, gave great offence to many of his subjects. He was no longer contented with accompanying his consort to her chapel, but opened a Catholic chapel in Whitehall, to which he insisted on their both going in state to receive the sacrament, attended by the great officers of their household. His brother-in-law, the earl of Rochester, who held the office of lord treasurer, absented himself under the pretence of indisposition. The duke of Norfolk, bearing the sword of state, stopped at the door of the chapel: "My lord of Norfolk, your father would have gone further," said James. "Your majesty's father would not have gone so far," said the duke; but he soon after made up his mind to attend the king, as far as the gallery. The duke of Somerset refused to attend. The queen's lord-chamberlain, lord Godolphin, was more compliant. It was his duty to lead her by the hand into the royal closet, and to conduct her to the steps of the altar when she thought proper to receive the sacrament, and also to lead her back to her own apartment when mass was over—privileges which no Protestant scruple could induce Godolphin to forego.¹ There were no other terms, he was aware, on which any man might hope to touch the hand of a princess to whom these lines of lord Falkland were peculiarly applicable—

"Such beauty, that from all hearts love must flow,
Such dignity, that none durst tell her so."

Godolphin had been an active member of the exclusion faction. James, on his accession to the throne, generously forgave him, and preferred him to the office of lord-chamberlain to the queen. The heart of the Whig statesman was not proof against the personal charms and graceful manners of his royal mistress; his passion was hopeless, but it influenced his political conduct, and he became what, in the angry parlance of the times, was called a trimmer; a term peculiarly applicable to this nobleman, who, being a double-minded man, was, of course, unstable in all his ways.

Mary Beatrice was present at the opening of the new parliament, May

¹ Barillon's Despatches.

22. 1685. She and the princess Anne of Denmark came into the house of lords together, without state, some time before the arrival of the king, and stood next above the archbishops, on the right hand of the throne. Her majesty remained standing while the prayers were read,¹ and even while several of the lords took the test and the usual oaths; "so that," says Evelyn, "she heard the pope and the worship of the Virgin renounced very decently." Then came in the king, in his robes, wearing his crown; and being seated, the Commons were introduced, and he delivered his speech, at every period whereof the house gave loud shouts. He finished with announcing that morning's news of Argyle's landing in the West Highlands of Scotland from Holland, and expressing his conviction of the zeal and readiness of his parliament to assist him as he required; "at which," pursues Evelyn, "there followed another *Vive le Roi!*" and so his majesty retired. It does not appear that a special seat was provided for the accommodation of the queen, or that her presence was in any way recognised.

The commons voted the usual revenue to his majesty. The rebellion of Argyle in Scotland, and of Monmouth in England, strengthened rather than shook the throne of James II., in consequence of the celerity with which both were put down. Monmouth landed, on the 11th of June, 1685, at Lyme in Dorsetshire, set up his standard, and issued a proclamation, in which he denounced the king, "as a usurper, a murderer, a traitor, and a tyrant; accusing him in the most intemperate language, of burning the city of London, murdering sir Edmondbury Godfrey, cutting the throat of the earl of Essex, and poisoning the late king, his brother." Public opinion was at that time, in favour of James II. Both houses of parliament united in an address to his majesty, offering to assist him with their lives and fortunes in putting down the rebellion. An act of attainder passed against Monmouth three days after the news of his landing was received. In the course of a week, Monmouth's forces amounted to 10,000 men. The enthusiastic welcome he received at Taunton encouraged him, in an evil hour, to proclaim himself king by the title of James II., and to set a price on the head of "the usurper, James duke of York," as he now termed the lawful sovereign.

The news of the defeat and capture of Argyle in Scotland was followed by the overthrow of Monmouth's cause at Sedgmoor, July 6th. He was taken two days after, concealed in a ditch, near Ringwood. The agonizing love of life prompted him to write a humble letter of supplication to the king, expressive of "his remorse for what he had done, and imploring his mercy, and, above all, to be permitted to see him, and to speak only one word to him, as he had that to reveal to him which he dared not commit to paper." He also wrote both to the queen and the queen-dowager, begging them to intercede for him with his majesty to grant him an interview. Thus urged, James very improperly consented to see him. Monmouth threw himself at his feet, and implored for mercy in the most passionate terms. The king had forgiven him very bitter injuries and intolerable provocations, when duke of York, on

¹ Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii., p. 598.

a personal humiliation, scarcely twenty months before; and the unfortunate prisoner must have deluded himself with the hope that he had only to reiterate his penitentiary protestations and promises, with submissions proportioned to the aggravation of his offence, to receive the like grace. But the case was altered: James had sterner duties to perform than the forgiveness of personal wrongs. He was now a king, invested with the responsible office of maintaining the laws that provided for the peace and security of his people. Two kingdoms had been plunged into the horrors of civil war, and more than 3000 of his subjects had already perished in consequence of this attempt, and it behoved him to take proper measures to prevent the repetition of such scenes. The full particulars of what passed at this interview are not distinctly known.

"I have been told," says sir John Bramston, "that the king asked him how he could expect pardon that had used him so? to make me a murderer and poisoner of my dear brother, besides all the other villainies you charge me with in your declaration.' To which Monmouth replied, 'Ferguson drew it, and made me sign it before ever I read it.' That so angered the king, that he said, 'This is trifling; would you sign a paper of such consequence and not read it?' So he turned from him, and bade him prepare to die."¹

Lord Dartmouth affirms that James told Monmouth "that he had put it out of his power to pardon him by proclaiming himself king." Monmouth insinuated a desire of returning to the church of Rome, in which he had been educated. It was, perhaps, with a view of assailing James on his weak point—his spirit of proselyting—that Monmouth had so earnestly implored to be admitted to his presence; and this might be the mysterious "one word" that he wished to speak to him, for it is certain he made no political disclosures. If he had any such to make, he was unhappily deterred by the presence of the treacherous Sunderland, whom James, with his usual want of tact, had brought with him as one of the witnesses of this ill-judged interview—Sunderland, whom he knew had been deeply implicated in all Monmouth's former plots, and had afterwards good reason to believe was his confidant in the late rebellion.²

Kennet endeavours to throw a most odious imputation on the consort of James II., in the following passage, for which no other authority is given than the proverbially unfaithful evidence of hearsay: "The queen is said to have insulted him (Monmouth) in a very arrogant and unmerciful manner. So that when the duke saw there was nothing designed by this interview but to satisfy the queen's revenge, he rose up from his majesty's feet with a new air of bravery, and was carried to the Tower." Mary Beatrice could not insult the unfortunate duke in his distress, for she was not present. The interview took place in Chiffinch's apartments, whither the king came accompanied only by his two secretaries of state, the earls of Middleton and Sunderland.³ If, instead of the lat-

¹ Autobiography of sir John Bramston, edited by lord Braybrooke. Published by the Camden Society. This passage is greatly confirmed by sir John Resesby

² Journal of James II. St. John's Correspondence, edited by Blencowe.

³ Journal of James. Life of ditto. Macpherson. Continuation of Mackintosh Weresby. Lingard F.X.

er, it had been possible for the queen to have been present, the result might have been very different. But neither the etiquette of business or royalty permitted her to witness this secret conference, in the apartments of one of the menial officers of the palace. James, who, if we may trust the memoirs compiled by the historiographer of George IV,¹ had some difficulty in overcoming his natural inclination to spare the unhappy culprit when he begged so hard for life, did not of course expose himself to the additional trial of bringing a tender-hearted, excitable female like Mary Beatrice, to be a witness of a scene, which it was not in woman's nature to behold without tears and intercessions in his behalf. Monmouth, who had better means of knowing the disposition of this princess than those writers with whom it became a matter of business, after the revolution, to blacken the widow of James II. and the mother of the pretender, calculated on her compassion in that dreadful crisis of his fate. He had, as soon as he was taken, written to entreat her to unite her good offices with those of the queen-dowager, to obtain for him an audience of the king, which audience would scarcely have been granted, if she had been his enemy; and after it had proved ineffectual, and he was told he must prepare for death, he again wrote to *both the queens*,² to implore them to intercede for his life with the king. Would he have done this, if he had thought Mary Beatrice capable of hardening her husband's heart against him, much less if she had already insulted him in his agony?

Fox, whom no one can suspect of a favourable bias towards James's consort, expressly declares this story to be wholly unworthy of credit, without more certain evidence. "It must be remarked also," says that author, "that Burnet, whose general prejudices would not lead him to doubt any imputations against the queen, does not mention her majesty's being present." Burnet, in fact, never misses an opportunity of reviling this princess, whom he calls "a revengeful Italian lady." That Mary of Modena was a native of Italy cannot be denied, but it is a strong presumption of the innocence of her life, when party malignity was reduced to the imbecility of using that circumstance as an epithet of reproach—an appeal to the prejudices of the vulgar, disgraceful to a man who held the office of a Christian prelate, and called himself an historian. If such a tale had been in circulation, Burnet would have been only too happy to have quoted it, as an instance of the unamiable disposition which he imputes to her.³

¹ Stanier Clark.

² Reresby. Mackintosh. Lingard.

³ The same motives which induced Burnet, and other party writers, whose works were published after the revolution, to vilify the innocent consort of James II., operated in a far greater degree to the defamation of her unfortunate lord, whose conduct was much more open to attack. The executions in the west of England, after Monmouth's rebellion was put down, were bloody enough of themselves, without the palpable exaggerations and incredible fictions with which they have been embellished. The butcheries of the inhuman Kirke are spoken of by James, in his private journal, in terms of unqualified indignation and disgust; and as Kirke was one of the first to join the prince of Orange, by whom he was highly favoured and constantly employed, it can scarcely be supposed that his conduct in the west of England was dictated by loyalty to the sovereign whom he deserted and betrayed.

It has been assumed by some historians, that James was cognizant of all Jeffreys' merciless proceedings, because there was a constant correspondence between the latter and Sunderland, and Sunderland's letters contain assurances "that the king approved, and thanked Jeffreys for his zeal in his service;" but this appears only one of the links in Sunderland's extensive chain of treachery. He and his friend Jeffreys played into each other's hands, and amassed enormous sums by the sale of pardons to the wealthy—a species of traffic of which Rochester and father Petre are also accused. It is a notorious fact, that Jeffreys, who was always in a state of exasperation of temper from bodily torture, and the irritability caused by habitual intemperance, scrupled not to set the king's authority at nought, by hanging old Major Holmes, notwithstanding the royal grace had been extended to him. Jeffreys pretended that it was an accident; so, according to queen Elizabeth, was the execution of Mary queen of Scots. The barbarities of Jeffreys were lamented by the king, when the whole truth was made known to him, by two courageous and noble-minded men, Sir Thomas Cutler, the commanding officer at Weils, and the good bishop Kenn,¹ who made a personal appeal to the monarch himself, in behalf of some of the victims. James not only listened to their representations, but thanked Sir Thomas Cutler publicly, for what he had done, and expressed a wish that others had imitated his humanity.²

Among the prisoners, whose case came under the personal attention of the king, was the popular orator, Story, who had endeavoured to excite the indignation of the people against his majesty, by repeating in very inflammatory language all the libellous accusations that had been set forth in Monmouth's proclamation. The incident being recorded by a violent nonconformist, Edmund Calamy, is not liable to suspicion of *over*-partiality to the unfortunate sovereign:—"When Story, taken and imprisoned for assisting Monmouth, was ordered before the king and privy-council, of a sudden, the keeper declared his orders were to bring him immediately, which he did in a coach, without giving him any time to prepare himself in any manner, only cautioning him to give a plain and direct answer to the questions king James might put to him. When brought before the privy-council, Story made so sad and sorrowful a figure, that all present were surprised and frightened at his haggard and squalid appearance. When king James first cast his eyes upon him, he cried out, 'Is that a man, or what is it?' His majesty was told it was the rebel Story. 'O, Story,' said the king, 'I remember him—that is a rare fellow, indeed!' Then turning towards him, 'Pray, Story,' says he,

¹ Kenn, in accordance with the apostolic beauty of his character, had used the authority of the church in putting a stop to the military executions of lord Feversham, and afterwards visited the sick and wounded prisoners, and relieved their bodily and spiritual wants at the same time. More than a thousand of these unfortunate persons received succour in their distress from him. "Yet," said he, "though all this was well known to king James, he never once blamed me for it."—Kenn's Examinations before the Privy Council. *Tempo William 4th Mary*. Life of Kenn.

² *Berie*. See also James's own Remarks in his Journal.

you were in Monmouth's army in the west, were you not?" He, according to the advice given him, made answer presently, 'Yes, an't please your majesty.' 'Pray,' said the king to him, 'you were a commissary there, were you not?' Again, Story replied, 'Yes, an't please your majesty.' 'And you, said king James, 'made a speech before great crowds of people, did you not?' He again very readily answered, 'Yes, an't please your majesty.' 'Pray,' said king James, 'if you have not forgot what you said, let us have some taste of your fine speech, & let us have some specimen of some of the flowers of your rhetoric?' "Whereupon," resumes Edmund Calamy, "Story told us that he readily made answer, 'I told them, an't please your majesty, that it was you that fired the city of London.'¹ 'A rare rogue, upon my word,' said the king; 'and pray, what else did you tell them?' 'I told them,' said he, 'an't please your majesty, that you poisoned your brother.' 'Impudence in the utmost height of it,' said king James. 'Pray, let us have something further, if your memory serves you?' 'I further told them,' said Mr. Story, 'that your majesty appeared to be fully determined to make the nation both papists and slaves.' By this time the king seemed to have heard enough of the prisoner's speech, and therefore crying out, 'A rogue with a witness!' and, cutting off short, the king rejoined, 'to all this I doubt not but a thousand other villanous things were added. But what would you say, Story, if, after all this, I were to grant you your life?' To which he, without any demur, made answer, 'That he would pray for his majesty as long as he lived.' 'Why, then,' said the king, 'I freely pardon all that is past, and hope that you will not, for the future, represent your king as inexorable!'"² One well-authenticated good deed ought to counterbalance a great deal of reviling, and is certainly of more weight than fifty pages of unsupported praise. Other instances of James's clemency towards those who had personally injured him are recorded. Ferguson, who had drawn up Monmouth's libellous proclamation, he freely pardoned; also Hook, who had been confederate with some others to assassinate him, by shooting him in the back, coming from Somerset-house.

The cruelties practised to the protestants in France, after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, had a prejudicial effect on the affairs of James II., by exciting a popular feeling of resentment against all members of the church of Rome whatsoever; "yet James greatly condemned the measure, as both unchristian and impolitic. He did more; he was very kind to the refugees; he was liberal to many of them. He ordered a brief for a charitable collection for them all over the nation. The king also ordered them to be denized without paying fees, and gave them great immunities, so that in all there came over, first and last, between forty and fifty thousand of them."³

¹ James and a large body of his sailors were the first that succeeded in stopping the progress of the flames; and he worked very hard personally in so doing. See Pepys' Diary.

² Calamy's Diary. Extract edited by W. A. Mackinnon, Esq., in his lately published able and elegant work, History of Civilization, vol. i., pp 201, 202.

³ Such is the testimony of even Burnet, who, strange to say, does not attempt

In the latter end of June, the queen's maternal grandmother, *madame de Martinozzi*, died at Rome of the personal injuries she received, by falling down stairs. Her property was inherited by her daughter, the duchess of Modena. This event, together with her own delicate state of health, might be the reason why Mary Beatrice appeared very little in public this summer. On the 18th of July, she went with the king to see the regiments that had lately returned from Holland, exercised on Blackheath. She spent the rest of the summer and autumn at Windsor. In September, the king made a progress to Winchester, Portsmouth, and Southampton, and took great pleasure in inspecting his shipping and naval fortifications. While at Winchester, the Roman-catholic sovereign and the protestant bishop had very amicable conversations on the subject of modern miracles, and the bishop bestowed a fervent benediction on the king, for enacting that all the poor negro slaves in the British colonies should receive Christian baptism, in spite of the disgraceful opposition of the planters to this pious edict, which they feared would have the effect of emancipating their unfortunate victims.¹ Evelyn, who attended the king on his progress, was certainly very favourably impressed by what he saw of him. He says, "I observed in this journey that infinite industry, *sedulity*, gravity, and great understanding and experience of affairs in his majesty, that I cannot but predict much happiness to the nation as to its political government, and if he so persist, there could be nothing more desired to accomplish our prosperity but that he was of the national religion."

The parliament met in November, and was alarmed by the royal proposition of a standing army, with dispensation from the Test to the officers, instead of a militia. Liberal supplies of money the commons were willing to give a sovereign who had shown himself deserving of full confidence in pecuniary matters; but as they would not encourage his project, he, with a haughty disregard to the financial benefit which he might have obtained by a more judicious policy, prorogued the parliament in anger, after a session of only eleven days, and took the fatal resolution of acting independently of the representatives of his people. The return of Catharine Sedley about the same time, gave the queen much uneasiness; and unable as she was to control her feelings, the pain she suffered was apparent to the whole court. The demons of party on either side watched the event with eager interest, and, according to their own selfish views, or bitter prejudices, attached themselves to the cause of the popish queen, or the protestant mistress. Lord Rochester encouraged his wife to form an ostentatious alliance with Sedley, under the pretence that it was for the good of the church.² Sunderland and Petre as ostentatiously espoused the cause of the queen, though both were well aware that she loved them not. When James thought proper to create Sedley countess of Dorchester, the queen took it very griev-

to attach any disqualifying motives to James's conduct. It is pleasant to be able to record some instances of liberal feeling and genuine benevolence, in a prince who is conventionally held up to reprobation.

¹ Evelyn's Diary.

² Lingard. Mackintosh. Evelyn. Clarendon Correspondence.

ously, so that when she dined in public, Evelyn, who stood near her on two successive days, says, "I observed she hardly ate one morsel, nor spoke one word to the king, or to any about her, though, at other times, she used to be extremely pleasant, full of discourse and good-humour. The Roman-catholics were also very angry, because they had so long valued the sanctity of their religion and proselytes." At last, unable to bear her mortification, Mary Beatrice fell sick, and took to her chamber; but remembering that while she had youth, beauty, a good cause, the king's conscience, and all his priests on her side, she had no reason to despair, she determined, instead of abandoning herself to tears and sullen resentment, to make a vigorous effort to rid herself of her rival. Accordingly, she summoned a special committee to her aid, and then sent for the king. When James entered his queen's chamber, he found assembled there her confessor and his own, with several other priests of high repute for sanctity; the members of his council who were of her party, and all the catholic peers. The queen told him, "that she was determined to witness her own degradation and his disregard of the most sacred obligations no longer; either he must give up his mistress, or she would withdraw to a convent," when sobs choked her voice; his majesty was instantly assailed, like the tyrant in a Greek tragedy, by the united remonstrances of the chorus, whom his injured consort had provided to second her appeal. They represented her youth, her beauty, her conjugal devotion, her irreproachable virtue; and, falling on their knees, conjured him to put an end to a connexion so injurious to such a consort, and so inconsistent with his own religious profession.¹

James was taken by surprise. The remonstrances of his spiritual directors, the beauty and the tears of the queen, and his fear of losing her, prevailed; he promised to dissolve the disgraceful tie. He sent his commands to the new countess to withdraw from Whitehall and go abroad; but as she owed him neither duty nor respect, she defied him—declared "that she was a freeborn Englishwoman, and would live where she pleased;" and added, "that if he wanted to remove her he must do it by force, and then she would appeal to the laws of the realm for protection." She crowned all by calling herself "a protestant victim." James was compelled to pay the penalty of his guilt and folly by submitting to her vulgar insolence, and bribing her with the present of a large estate in Ireland to withdraw herself from his court for a time. She returned after a few months' absence; but the queen, having succeeded in banishing her from Whitehall, bore her suspected wrongs, on all future occasions, in silence. Instead of giving way to tears and passionate upbraiding, she took the more dignified course of appearing unconscious of her unworthy rival's existence.²

¹ Burnet. Lingard. Mackintosh.

² Burnet. Barillon. Lingard. Mackintosh. Reresby. James II. told *mademoiselle Sedley* that if she would retire to France he would give her wherewithal to live magnificently. She replied, that "She would not carry her shame among strangers." Again the king pressed her to depart, because it might be said, "if she remained in England, that she had still some power over his mind." She answered, "that it was his majesty to whom the power appertained, yet she

The profligate young duchess of Norfolk (lady Mary Mordaunt), was one of the women for whom king James had the ill taste to neglect his lovely and loving queen. He was extremely anxious to keep this disgraceful conduct from her knowledge; and for this purpose employed James Craggs, a cunning lacquey of the duchess, to manage the intrigue. Craggs secured a considerable sum of money from this affair, and, moreover, obtained preferment, which raised him from his servile degree, and in time he became an agent of the party which ruined James, and held office in William III.'s cabinet.¹

It was not till the beginning of the year 1686, that the royal act of grace was published for those that had been out in Monmouth's rebellion; there were many exceptions made, for Sunderland had reaped too rich a harvest in the sale of pardons to relinquish some further gleanings at the expense of his deluded sovereign's popularity. Twenty young ladies, out of the sixty pretty girls who had gone in procession to meet and welcome Monmouth at his entrance into Taunton, and presented him with colours, a Bible, and a naked sword, were excluded by name from this amnesty, being the daughters of the richest persons in the town. After a good deal of negotiation, in which the names of Sunderland, the proud duke of Somerset, and the philanthropic quaker, William Penn, are strangely mixed up with the queen's maids of honour, a fine, varying from five pounds to a hundred, was extorted from the parents of each of the girls who had figured in that procession. These unlucky damsels would have acted more consistently with their Christian profession, if they had read the Bible quietly at home, instead of parading it for the purposes of sedition, with a drawn sword and the ensigns of rebellion. Alas! that woman's mission of peace and consolation should ever be so far mistaken!

But what can be said of the disgraceful conduct of the maids of honour, if it be true, as we are gravely assured by Mackintosh, that the composition money, wherewithal the exemption of the Taunton maidens from prosecution was purchased, was received by them?² That the maids of honour acted as intercessors with the queen to obtain her majesty's gracious mediation in behalf of the poor frightened girls, is likely enough; but strong doubts may reasonably be entertained, whether a pecuniary reward for such special pleading found its way into the pocket of any one but Sunderland's daughter, lady Anne Spencer, for whose benefit that avaricious and corrupt minister, in all probability, made the arrangement. The sum, about twelve hundred pounds, would not have

would be pulled to pieces by four horses before she would consent to be parted from him."—Dangeau, vol. 127.

¹ A droll story is told, that after this man was in the Whig ministry, he once handed a court lady with great ceremony and gallantry to his carriage, and then, in a fit of absence, got up behind it, and actually rode some distance in his old station as footman, before he recalled to mind he had become a gentleman, and had a right to be inside. His son was the Mr. Secretary Craggs, eulogized by Pope and Gay. Lady Mary Wortley Montague has preserved the memory of the elder Craggs' agency in the infidelity of king James to his consort.

² Sir James Mackintosh's Posthumous History of the Revolution. Sunderland's Letters in the State Paper Office. Lingard.

been worth all the pains he took about it if his daughter only got the sixth share. Be it as it may, however, there can be no reason to suppose that their majesties had any idea that the intercessions, preferred to them by persons in the royal household, were prompted by other feelings than those of compassion. Two of the maids of honour, in the service of Mary Beatrice, and much beloved by her, were ladies of the most irreproachable virtue, members of the church of England, and alike distinguished for moral worth and literary attainments; one of those ladies, Anne Kingsmill, published a volume of elegant little poems, in which, easy, graceful versification was combined with refinement and good feeling. She was celebrated by Pope under the name of Ardelia, after she became countess of Winchelsea. The other, the beautiful and accomplished Anne Killigrew, whom Dryden has immortalized in the well-known elegiac ode, beginning, "Thou youngest virgin daughter of the skies," was also a poet and an amateur artist of some reputation in that age. She painted the portraits of James and his queen soon after their accession to the throne, and both are said to have been good and expressive likenesses. She died of the small-pox, the same year, in the flower of her age, and must have been an irreparable loss to her royal mistress, for she had been long and faithfully attached to her service, and greatly excelled in music, of which Mary Beatrice was passionately fond.

Dryden, after noticing how successful the fair artist had been in her delineation of king James, thus describes her picture of Mary Beatrice:—

"Our phoenix queen was portrayed, too, so bright,
Beauty alone could beauty take so right;
Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,
Were all observed, as well as heavenly face.
With such a peerless majesty she stands,
As in that day she took the crown from sacred hands:
Before a train of heroines was seen,
In beauty foremost, as in rank, the queen."

This portrait, if in existence, would be a most interesting relic both of the queen and her maid of honour, the learned, fair, and good Anne Killigrew.

A fine whole-length portrait of Mary Beatrice, is in the collection of colonel Braddyll, at Conishead Priory. From the slender proportions of the figure, the youthfulness of the features, and the classical simplicity of the dress, without any ornament, except a string of jet beads which confines the folds of her mantling draperies, we might suppose it was painted when she was duchess of York; but the appearance of the crown on the pediment of the pillar against which she leans, marks it as one of her royal portraits. The increased shade of care and sadness which sits on the high melancholy brow, tells the oft-told tale, that increase of grandeur had not added to the happiness of this princess. The lovely dark eyes are full of pensive thought, her attitude, graceful as it is, would serve for that of a tragic muse. Her left hand is raised to hold back the drapery of an ample russet scarf, which is thrown carelessly across the royal mantle of dark blue velvet, and nearly envelops

without concealing, any of the symmetrical proportions of the figure. The name of Sir Peter Lely appears to this portrait, but the regal attributes indicate a date five years after the death of that artist.

Among the chit-chat details of a contemporary in a letter, April 6, 1686, are the following little notices connected with the court of Mary Beatrice.—“I imagine your countess of Dorchester will speedily move hitherward, for her house is furnishing very fine for her, in St. James’s square, and a seat taken for her in the new consecrated St. Anne’s church. * * * New equipage, in great splendour, is everywhere to be seen, especially their majesties. Her majesty is wonderfully glorious, in her own apparel.”¹ James, at this time, while pursuing with eager infatuation the dangerous and unconstitutional designs which led to his expulsion, recreated himself with hunting, two or three times a week, and appeared to take as much interest in the chase as if it were the master-passion of his soul; according to the testimony of the above, who writes—“His majesty to-day, God bless him, underwent the fatigue of a long fox-chase! I saw him and his followers return as like drowned rats, as ever appendixes to royalty did.”²

On the 3d of May, James hunted red deer, near Chelmsford, with the duke of Albemarle, prince George of Denmark, and some of the lords of his court. After a long and obstinate chase, which lasted till evening, his majesty was in at the death, between Rumford and Brentwood. He got a coach to carry him on to Brentwood, where his own coach was, well pleased that he was in, and the lords thrown out. He went the same night to sup at Newhall. A table was prepared for his majesty, and others for the lords and gentlemen; but the king, acting in better taste, would have his fellow-hunters sup with him, and they sat down in good-fellowship.³ The next day he hunted another stag, which lay in Newhall-park, and a famous run they had. The gallant creature leaped the paling, swam the river, ran through Brampsfield, Pleshie; and the Roothings, and was at last killed in Hatfield. No cockney hunter was James; the ditches were broad and deep, the hedges high, and the ways miry, but, like his ancestors, in ballad, legend, and tale, he kept close to the dogs, outrode servants, guards, and courtiers, and was in at the death, most of the lords and his noble host, the duke of Albemarle, being thrown out, to his majesty’s infinite delight. However: as his horse was spent, and his equipage and guards quite another way, and royalty in some need of a dinner, a special council was held as soon as some of the foremost riders came up, to know what was best to be done. Lord Dartmouth advised to make for Copthall, the seat of the earl of Dorset, and sent a groom to apprise his lordship that his majesty would take family fare with him that day, it being on his direct road to London.

Never did the announcement of a royal visit arrive at a more unseasonable juncture. The earl was dining out at Rockholts, with a large company of gentlemen. The countess and her mother were going to pay some visits in the neighbourhood, when the messenger met them by

¹ Ellis Correspondence, edited by the Hon. George Agar Ellis, Esq.

² *Ib.*

³ Autobiography of sir John Bramston, edited by lord Braybrooke.

the way, stopped the coach, and delivered the royal message. Her ladyship being painfully cognizant of the fact, that her cook and butler were gone to Waltham fair, would have excused herself from the inconvenient honour that was designed her in this climax of domestic distress, by saying, that her lord and servants were out; but a second messenger following close on the heels of the first, she turned her coach and drove home, sending back the carriage to meet his majesty. Then, like a woman of spirit and good sense, instead of fretting after absent keys and servants, she, by the help of her maids, broke open locks and doors, and exerted her energies to such excellent purpose, that by the time the king arrived, had washed, and viewed the gardens and house, a very handsome collation was prepared for him. Extremely well pleased with this treat, his majesty set forth for London, and on the road met the earl of Dorset returning home from Rockhols. The earl alighted, and coming to the coach door, bemoaned his ill fortune that he should not be in the way to receive that great honour, adding many apologies, that things were not answerable to his desire. "Make no excuse, my lord," replied the king, "it was exceedingly well, and very handsome."¹

It is to be lamented, that a prince, who had so much of the manly spirit of a true-born English king about him, should have forfeited the affections of his subjects, by resigning his own better judgment into the hands of an incongruous junta of rash zealots, and unprincipled double-minded traitors. The embassy to Rome gave offence, being contrary to the law of the land; the queen's name was associated with the unpopularity of the measure in a peculiar manner, as one of the objects was to solicit a cardinal's hat for her uncle, Rinaldo d'Esté, which was not obtained without very great difficulty, and most ungracious demurs on the part of the pope. James II. had little reason to show extra marks of respect to the head of his own church, for he had not a greater political foe than Innocent XI., who, as the creature of the emperor, had infinitely more regard for the prince of Orange, than for him. To judge of the feelings of that pontiff, from his secret correspondence with William, and the contempt with which he treated James's envoys and requests, one would suppose that monarch's darling scheme of liberty of conscience and universal toleration, was to the full as displeasing to him, as to the English hierarchy and the presbytery of Scotland. The arrival of the papal nuncio, Ferdinand count d'Adda, and the genuflections with which he was received by their majesties, gave infinite offence to Protestant England. The pulpits resounded with louder notes of alarm than before. The king took umbrage at certain personalities, and enjoined preachers to confine their exhortations to themes of Christian holiness, or denunciations against sin. The church vindicated its independence, and James rashly involved himself in an open quarrel with Compton, bishop of London, his old adversary.²

The king and queen came to Windsor earlier than they at first intended, in consequence of the unexpected accouchement of the princess Anne,

¹ Autobiography of sir John Branston, edited by lord Braybrooke. Published by the Camden Society.

² Echard. Mackintosh. Lingard. Journal of King James.

who had left London on the 12th of May, in preparation for that event, which was not anticipated so early, but she was brought to bed two hours after her arrival, of a fine girl. Six weeks afterwards, James invited the queen, the queen-dowager, and his daughter Anne, to see a grand review of his troops, horse, foot, and artillery, on Hounslow-heath and to dine in his pavilion. A gallery was made for the accommodation of the two queens, and their ladies, to behold the spectacle. All the cannon, twenty-eight in number, were fired, and then the whole army, horse and foot, fired twice. The king led the army till he passed the queens, then dismounted, and the lord Feversham marched before them. After this display, which was the grandest of the kind ever known, his majesty entertained the royal ladies and their noble attendants with a sumptuous banquet in his pavilion, and there was great feasting in every tent. James, calculating on the affection of the English for pageants, thought of putting all sorts of people in good humour by these sort of spectacles, but assurances had been successfully disseminated among them, that this mighty army of fifteen thousand men, with their twenty-eight pieces of artillery, was intended for the subversion of the protestant religion. Every military display was therefore beheld with jealousy and alarm. The queen came from Windsor to the camp on Hounslow-heath on the 27th of July, when his majesty, as a piece of gallantry, made his 4000 horse march, at two in the morning, into Staine's meadow, and attend the queen from thence to the heath, where she dined with lord Arran.¹ The celebration of the mass in lord Dunbarton's tent, gave great offence to the public.

Mary Beatrice spent the summer at Windsor, with the king, whom she also accompanied on a little progress towards the west of England. They returned to Whitehall in October, which, in that reign, was the grand court season, both their majesties' birthdays occurring in that month. Dr. Cartwright was presented to the queen in her bed-chamber, on his preferment to the bishopric of Chester. When chaplain to Charles II., he had performed some good offices for her and her lord, it should seem, of which she retained a grateful recollection, for when she gave him her hand to kiss, she told him "that neither she nor the king could ever forget the services he had rendered them before they came to the throne, nor should he ever want a friend as long as she lived." On another occasion this prelate says, "I was at the king's levee, and as his majesty brought the queen in to dinner, she was graciously pleased to offer me her hand to kiss."² James and his queen dined early in the day, and the king went to council in the afternoon. Great improvements were made in the royal apartments at Whitehall: the queen's state chamber was rebuilt, and sumptuously furnished and decorated; the embroidery of her bed cost 3000*l.*;³ the prudent economy of the king in the management of his private income, enabled his consort to indulge her taste without culpability in matters which afforded employment to her own sex, and encouraged ornamental artificers. The finances of the

¹ Ellis's Correspondence.

Bisnop Cartwright's Diary, published by the Camden Society.

² Evelyn

kingdom were in a flourishing state, so much so, that it was feared that the king would become independent of the nation, from having no need to apply to a parliament for supplies. This prosperity was, however, unsubstantial, for the king was at variance with the church, and there was no sympathy between him and his people. On Christmas eve, the new Roman-catholic chapel, which James had built for himself and his queen, was opened for the solemnization of the midnight mass. The royal closet was splendidly adorned with painting and gilding, and the thrones on which their majesties sat, were, according to Evelyn, "very glorious;" but all this pomp was regarded as contrary to the simplicity of the primitive Christian worship, and gave great offence. The queen does not appear to have made any personal attempts at proselytism in her own household. She was beloved by her protestant ladies, several of whom followed her into exile. Sunderland was one of the few persons who adopted the creed of royalty, but it was the cloak of his treachery; the serpent-like wile whereby he crept into the bosom of his unfortunate master, and obtained the power of effecting his ruin.

On the new year's day, 1687, that noble work of art, Gibbon's statue of James II. in a Roman habit, was placed in the great court of Whitehall, before the new-built chapel. It was a tribute of grateful and loyal affection from an old and faithful domestic, Tobias Rustat,¹ who had served the royal brothers, Charles and James, as page of the backstairs, and devoted a portion of the money, he had acquired in their service, to this purpose. Honest Toby Rustat was a man of a differently constituted mind from some of the more celebrated characters on whom James showered his favours.

Many persons attributed the disgrace of Rochester to the displeasure the queen had conceived at his having brought lady Dorchester again on the scene, for the purpose of countermining her conjugal influence. Yet, when lady Rochester, whom her majesty had once honoured with her friendship, wrote to her in her dying illness expressing an earnest desire to see her, Mary Beatrice overlooked all the provocations she had given her by her offensive parade of intimacy with the woman who was injuring her, and came to visit her in her sick chamber, and remained two hours with her.² Lady Rochester, according to Burnet, took the opportunity of insinuating the possibility of her lord becoming a convert to the court religion, and that this was the origin of the memorable controversy for his conversion, which ended in confirming his adherence to the church of England. When Rochester reluctantly resigned the treasurer's staff, Sunderland eagerly coveted that lucrative office, but the king was too careful in the management of his revenue, to trust a man with the nation's purse, who never could keep a penny in his own; it would have been well for James if he had been as wary in other matters. He considered the office of lord-treasurer too responsible for any one

¹ Tobias Rustat had previously had a statue of Charles II. executed by the same artist at his expense. His private and public charities were most munificent; witness the scholarships which he founded at Jesus College, for the orphans of the clergy.

² Clarendon Correspondence.

person to hold, and put it into commission. Sunderland flattered him self that he could render the queen instrumental in procuring for him the object of his ambition; he told her "that father Petre advised him to think of being treasurer, and that her majesty could easily persuade the king to it." Mary Beatrice understood her duty, as a queen-consort of Great Britain, too well to give any sign of encouragement in reply; Sunderland then assured her, "that it was not a plan of his suggestion, for he was very well contented as he was." Her majesty prudently freed herself from further importunity, by affecting to believe this deceitful protestation; and said, "she was glad he was of that mind, for after the king's declaration in council, she could not presume to make any attempts to shake his majesty's resolution."¹ Sunderland never forgave his disappointment. Great pains have been taken to impute the impolitic councils which embroiled James with the church to his consort; nothing can be more unjust. James himself testifies, that these things were done contrary to the advice of the queen. When Sunderland had obtained the ascendancy in the cabinet, he persuaded the king to the unpopular act of making father Petre a privy-councillor; but as soon as the queen heard what was designed, she earnestly begged the king not to do it, telling him "that it would give great scandal, not only to protestants, but to thinking catholics, as contrary to their rule."² Sunderland's influence prevailed, and her majesty was wont to use a homely Italian proverb, signifying, that the minister overbore her, and carried the measure in her despite.³ In her conversations with the nuns of Chaillot, Mary Beatrice said, "she never liked Petre, that his violent councils did the king much harm, and she believed he was a bad man."

The king paid more than usual personal attention to the queen, in the spring of 1687. When he went to visit his camp at Hounslow, he generally brought her from Windsor, or Whitehall, to Richmond palace, where he left her, and returned to her in the evening. She was fond of that palace and neighbourhood, and found the soft air beneficial to a consumptive cough that sometimes harassed her. When she felt disposed to spend a few days quietly at Richmond, the king arranged his hunting parties in that neighbourhood, and made that palace his headquarters.⁴

He was playing a desperate game in ecclesiastical affairs, and had engaged himself in a dispute with both the universities, by his ill-judged interference in their elections. The particulars of those transactions belong to the public history of James's reign; the name of his queen has happily never been mixed up with them.

Her majesty's physicians had unanimously recommended their royal mistress to take a course of the Bath waters this year; it was settled that she should go there early in the season, but her journey was delayed for the pompous public reception of the nuncio D'Adda, after his consecration in the king's chapel at Whitehall palace, as archbishop of Amasia. In the evening, he appeared in full pontificalibus in the queen's

¹ Memoirs of James II. Lingard. Lonsdale.

² King James's Loose Sheets, edited by Clarke. Ditto Journal, in Macpherson

³ Impartial View of Burnet's History.

⁴ Ellis Correspondence.

apartment. Both king and queen arose from their thrones, and knelt at his feet to receive his pastoral benediction—a display that was in bad taste. James observing tokens of disapprobation in the circle, reminded his court “that he and her majesty knelt not to the pope’s nuncio, but to the archbishop.” When the public reception of D’Adda took place at Windsor, the duke of Somerset, who was first lord of the bed-chamber, refused to introduce him, telling the king it was against the law. “Do you not know that I am above the law?” said the king; “But I am not!” rejoined the duke.¹ The ceremony was performed by the duke of Grafton; Somerset lost his place, and the command of his regiment.

James had little reason to violate public prejudices, and create personal enemies, by showing impolitic marks of respect to the papal envoy, whose real business in England was to detach him from the league with Louis XIV.; or, in case he remained obstinately fixed in that alliance, to assist the confederacy that was plotting to deprive him of his throne.²

This summer, the queen was plunged into the deepest affliction by the loss of her mother, the duchess of Modena, who died at Rome, July 19th. No common affection had united these princesses. The duchess was the only parent whom Mary of Modena had ever known, and the early ties of natural love had been strengthened by renewed intercourse in riper years. They had passed some time together in Brussels, and afterwards in England. A close and endearing correspondence had always been kept up between them; and the now childless queen felt the bereavement of her mother as one of the greatest sorrows that had befallen her. A solemn court mourning for the duchess of Modena commenced on the 31st of July, and it was ordered to be for the same duration as that which had been worn in the last reign for the queen of Portugal, the mother of Catharine of Braganza. The political intrigues of Dyckvelt, the Dutch ambassador, had led to an ominous coolness between king James and his son-in-law of Orange; but the queen had wisely kept up a friendly correspondence with both William and Mary, and instead of sending a ceremonial announcement of her mother’s death, she endeavoured to bespeak William’s sympathy by the natural expression of her grief and confidence in his affection, that might be expected between persons so dearly connected by relative ties as they were.

QUEEN MARY BEATRICE TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.³

“The friendship you have showed me on all occasions, and the part that I have always flattered myself you took in my concerns, make me hope I may have a share of your compassion in the great grief I now lie under for the death of the duchess of Modena, my mother; in which nothing can comfort me but the hopes I have of her happiness in the other world. Next to this, I find it ease in my affliction to have the pity of one’s friends, which makes me hope for yours at this time, assuring you that in what condition soever I am, I shall always be, with all sincerity,

“Truly yours,

M. R.”

¹ Mackintosh. Lonsdale. Burnet, &c., &c.

² Smith’s History of England, vol. ii., p. 342. James himself admits that he had great cause of complaint against D’Adda’s political conduct.

³ Dalrymple’s Appendix.

This frank letter had the effect, which doubtless the royal writer intended, of renewing the suspended intercourse between the courts of Whitehall and the Hague; but it was in an evil hour for the house of Stuart,¹ since an open enemy is at all times less dangerous than a pretended friend. On the 16th of August, Mary Beatrice set out for Bath, escorted by the king, who left her there on the 21st, while he proceeded on his western progress. While at Bath, her majesty received letters and messages of condolence from the prince of Orange on her late loss, which appear to have given her great satisfaction, if we may judge by the affectionate tone of her reply:

" Bath, August 21, 1687.

"I have so many thanks to return to you for the part which M. Zulestein has assured me you take in my just grief for the loss of my mother, and for sending him to assure me of it, that I know not where to begin, nor how to express to you the sense I have of it. I hope you are so just to me as to believe it much greater than I can make it appear on this paper. I have desired this bearer to help me persuade you of this, and to assure you that I do desire above all things the continuance of your friendship, which I cannot but think I do deserve a little by being, with all the sincerity and affection imaginable,

" Truly yours,

" M. R."²

The duchess of Modena, just before her death, it seems, had visited the shrine of our lady of Loretto with prayers and votive offerings to the blessed Virgin, that by her intercessions her royal daughter, the queen of England, might have a son. Her majesty had been zealously praying for the same blessing at home, not only to Heaven and our Lady, but to her favourite saint, St. Francis Xavier, in whose patronage she especially confided.³ All the zealous Roman-catholics in the three realms had long united in the same prayer. There was no reason to despair of its accomplishment, for the queen was still in the bloom of life. It could not be said of her, as of her royal sister-in-law, queen Catharine, that she was a barren woman, as she had borne four living children, one of which had lived to be five years old. But Mary Beatrice had suffered from mental disquietude, which had preyed alike on her health and spirits; and it was suspected that the uneasiness the king had caused, by giving her rivals, was the reason that the blessing of a male heir was

¹ The prince of Orange sent his messages of condolence by a person who proved one of the most active instruments in the long-projected revolution. This was count Zulestein, an illegitimate brother of his father, a gay and elegant soldier, who combined, with a person and manners universally popular with the ladies, a degree of long-sighted sagacity and political acumen scarcely inferior to his celebrated ancestors, those men of mighty intellect, William the Liberator, William the Silent, or Maurice the Subtle. The letters of that period show that the clever but perfidious Zulestein plunged daringly into all the plots for the deposition of the royal family with whom he had come to condole. Strange it was that William of Orange left evidences of all the cruel and disgusting treachery he and his agents used in this case; but in his box of letters, found after his death at Kensington, the irrefragable proofs of the kindly intercourse of his betrayed relatives with him and his wife, and at the same time of the intrigues of his agents with the English nobility, are extant in undoubted autographs.

² Dalrymple's Appendix.

³ MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté. Life of James II.

denied him. An alteration had of late taken place in his conduct, indicating an intention of leading a life more in conformity with his religious profession. He had for some months treated the queen with the attention of a lover, and expressed a laudable wish of imitating her virtues. Moreover, in the course of his Welsh progress, his majesty had made a pilgrimage to the holy well of the renowned British saint and martyr, Winifred, and taken a draught of the miracle-working waters, with vows and prayers for the accomplishment of the same object which had occupied the last thoughts of his worthy mother-in-law, the duchess of Modena.' Absurd as this proceeding may appear, it was not half so foolish as his conduct in going to Oxford, and interfering with the affairs of Magdalen college.

On the 6th of September, James rejoined his consort at Bath. He found her in greatly improved health; she had taken the waters, and used the hot mineral bath with great success, as regarded her bodily health. The bath used by Mary of Modena now goes by the name of the cross bath. It was distinguished by a richly-sculptured cross of pure white marble, erected by the earl of Melfort, to commemorate the re-union of the royal pair on that spot.²

It was at this period that James received his first solemn warning of the project of his son-in-law the prince of Orange, to deprive him of his crown, and of his treacherous practices with many of his servants. Louis XIV. having sent an especial envoy, Bonrepaux, to give him intelligence of what was going on, Bonrepaux found James with his queen at Bath, and endeavoured to prevail on him to enter into a secret treaty with Louis, for his own defence; but nothing could persuade him to believe that William was capable of the conduct alleged; and he declared his intention of keeping the treaty of Nimeguen inviolate.³

After passing a few days with Mary Beatrice, James left her at Bath, and proceeded to London for the despatch of business. From thence, he went to Windsor, where the queen joined him on the 6th of October, and they returned to Whitehall together on the 11th. The king's birthday was kept with great splendour. As James led his consort into the supper room, he made her give her hand to be kissed by his favourite prelate, Cartwright, bishop of Chester. Their majesties were both invited by the city of London to dine at the lord-mayor's feast at Guildhall; the invitation was also extended to the papal nuncio, who not only went, but was well received. The dinner is said to have been an indifferent one.

By the end of November, it began to be whispered about the court, that there was a prospect of the queen becoming a mother once more. Excessive excitement was caused by the rumour, the truth of which was angrily impugned on the one hand, and hailed with extravagant joy on

¹ Life of James II.

² The inscriptions were erased after the revolution, and the cross has been removed in later times. Some celebrity was attached to the bath used by Mary Beatrice, which was much resorted to afterwards by married ladies desirous of children.

³ MS. Bibliothèque du Roi, on Bonrepaux's Mission, 1687.

the other. The circumstance was too important to the interest of the king, to be permitted to remain long in doubt. He mentions the situation of his consort, in a friendly letter to his daughter Mary, dated November 29th, and notices that the queen had informed her of it previously.¹ The queen's pregnancy was announced by royal proclamation, and in the Gazette of the 23d of December, with an order for a day of general thanksgiving. James appears to have been determined to obtain the benefit of the prayers of the church of England for the fruition of his hopes, at as early a period as was consistent with propriety. He commanded the bishops to prepare a suitable form of prayer and thanksgiving for the occasion, to be read in all the churches in, and for ten miles round, the metropolis, on Sunday, January 15, and in every church throughout England on the 29th of that month. Nothing was said, implying hopes of *male* issue, as was afterwards pretended, but simply "that the queen might become a joyful mother of children; that God would command his holy angels to watch over her, and defend her from all dangers and evil accidents; that the king might behold his children's children, and peace upon Israel; and that his gracious consort, queen Mary, might be as a fruitful vine upon the walls of his house, and his children like the olive branches round about his table." A farther petition was added, "that the whole of the royal family might be increased and multiplied." A prayer that was intended for the benefit of the three childless heirs presumptive of the realm, Mary, Anne, and William. Mary had never borne a child, and Anne had been as unfortunate as her royal step-mother, in the loss of all her infants. The next persons in the succession were the two daughters of the king's youngest sister, Henrietta, duchess of Orleans, both catholic, and it was by no means a desirable contingency, that the crown should devolve on either of those foreign princesses, the eldest of whom was married to the king of Spain, the youngest to the duke of Savoy. Under these circumstances, the prospect of the queen bringing a male heir to the crown, might have been regarded as a most auspicious event, had there been any prospect of his being educated in the national faith. To the daughters of James II., and their consorts, such a contingency was a matter of painful consideration. They had regarded the crown as their natural inheritance, and they determined not to relinquish the influence they already held in the realm, as the heirs presumptive and reverendary. The exultation of the king, the confident predictions of the catholic party, that the royal infant would be a prince, were retorted by a series of the coarsest and most revolting lampoons tending to throw injurious doubts on the alleged situation of the queen.²

It might be imagined that the want of judgment on the part of their majesties, in attributing the present prospect of an heir to the miraculous intercessions of their favourite saints, had provoked the incredulous to a suspicion that some imposition was meditated, if the stories that were now circulated by their enemies had not been a mere revival of the me-

¹ Inedited letters of James II., Brit. Mus.

² Journal of James II. Dalrymple. Mackintosh. Ellis Correspondence Reresby.

licious libels that were invented some years before, for the purpose of stigmatizing the birth of the last child of Mary Beatrice, in the event of its proving a son. Though a son was eagerly anticipated and desired, certain attempts were made by the catholic party to provide for the contingency of a girl, by insinuating that the daughter of a king and queen—that is to say, a princess born after James's accession to the throne—would have a better claim to the succession than his daughters by Anne Hyde.¹

The situation of the queen encouraged James to pursue his plans with redoubled energy for the abrogation of the penal laws. Of the cruelty and injustice of those statutes, no one who reads the civil and ecclesiastical annals of the three kingdoms can pretend to doubt. James, who, to use his own words, "had learned the great lesson of religious toleration in the school of persecution," was ambitious of being the first British monarch who should proclaim to his people the precious boon of liberty of conscience—a boon more glorious than all the boasted privileges which were wrung from the tyrant John, by the steel-clad champions of freedom, at Runymede.

In the preceding spring, James had declared in council "that four of his predecessors having attempted in vain to establish a general conformity of worship, and the penal laws against dissenters having only led to rebellions and bloodshed, he was convinced that nothing could conduce more to the peace and quiet of the kingdom and the increase of trade, than an entire liberty of conscience; it having," he said, "always been his opinion, as most suitable to the principles of Christianity, that no man should be persecuted for conscience-sake, which he thought was not to be forced, and that it never could be to the interest of a king of England to do it."² He then directed his attorney and solicitor-general not to suffer any process in his name to be issued against any dissenter whatsoever. In this proffered charter of religious freedom, the last of the Stuart kings anticipated the enlightened policy which has gradually, but very cautiously, actuated British sovereigns and statesmen of the nineteenth century. Unfortunately for James II., the course of Christian civilization was not sufficiently advanced in that day to admit of a legislative act of Christian charity. The king forgot that he was a mere feather on the stream working against the strong tide of popular opinion, and in a fatal hour attempted to carry a noble object by unconstitutional means. The declaration of liberty of conscience was not so gratefully accepted in Scotland as the sufferings of the presbyterian party had led the king to imagine it would. They were offended with being included in the same act which proclaimed freedom of worship to papists, to anabaptists, and to quakers.

The confidential intimacy that subsisted between the king and William Penn, the philanthropic quaker, was regarded with scarcely less hostility than the influence of father Petre and the Jesuits. It was, after all, James's greatest glory that his name should have been associated with that of the benignant founder of the Utopia of the New World, Pennsyl-

¹ Echard.

² James II.'s speech in Council. Life, vol. ii.

vania. That the royal admiral, with his passion for naval glory, the despotic monarch, with his stately ideas of "the divinity that hedges in a king," and all the hot zeal of a convert to Romanism about him, could enter with sympathy and delight into the enlightened views of that pure-minded Christian philosopher, William Penn, is an interesting fact, and not less strange than true. James once condescended to use a playful reproof to the peculiarity of the quaker, who, the first time he entered his presence after he became king, did so with his hat on. James immediately took off his own. "Friend James," said Penn, "why dost thee uncover thy head?" "Because," replied his majesty, with a smile, "it is the fashion here for only one man to wear his hat."

Penn was sent by James on a private mission to the Hague, for the purpose of persuading the prince of Orange to consent to the abolition of the penal laws. The eloquence of the man of peace and Christian philanthropy, who anticipated the fulfilment of the prophecy relating to the millenary reign of Christ in the establishment of perfect fellowship and brotherly love among all, who confessed His name on earth, sounded less pleasantly to the military stadtholder than the inflammatory language of Burnet and other priestly agitators, who taught him how to make a political creed the master-key to the kingdoms of this world. William refused to concur in the removal of any statute that was not formally repealed in parliament. James further committed himself by an indirect application through Stuart, a Scotch refugee at the Hague, to William's minister, Fagel, for the purpose of winning his daughter Mary to second his wishes. He not only got a dry refusal from the princess, but the mortification of seeing the correspondence published.¹

Mary Beatrice, who rarely took any part in politics, had vainly represented to her consort the folly of his proceeding, which arose from a miscalculation of his paternal influence.² "The queen," says father Petre, "as well as myself, was of opinion against the sending any such letter to the Hague upon this subject, but rather some person able to discourse and to persuade should have been sent thither. For all such letters, when they are not grateful, produce bad effects. That which is spoken face to face is not so easily divulged, nor anything discovered to the vulgar, but what we have a mind the people should know."³ After some allusions to the queen's situation, and the ribald lampoons that were in circulation, one of which had been found affixed to a pillar of a church, the Jesuit statesman adds, "you will agree with me, most reverend father, that we have done a great thing by introducing Mrs. Collier to the queen. This woman is wholly devoted to our society, and zealous for the catholic religion." This Mrs. Collier, from whom such great things were expected, is rather a mysterious personage; her name has never been mentioned in connexion with any of the complicated intrigues of the period, neither does it occur in the list of the queen's attendants, or the nursery

¹ Echard. Lingard. Mackintosh. Dalrymple.

² Inedited letter of Father Petre to Père la Chaise, purchased at the late sale of the Strawberry-hill collection by the lady Petre, by whom the document was kindly communicated to me

³ *Ibid.*

establishment of the prince. Probably, her majesty had sufficient penetration to discover that Mrs. Collier was a dangerous intrigante, and got rid of her. Mary Beatrice was now so happy in the undivided possession of the king's affections, that she was willing to forgive those who had endeavoured to injure her, by encouraging him in his guilty attentions to her rival, and raising a party in favour of that bad woman. Convinced that she had no longer cause to dread either her or her friends, her majesty took the first opportunity of showing the earl Clarendon, that she was not only willing to overlook all past causes of displeasure, but ready to render him any service in her power.

"In the afternoon, March 8th," he says, "I waited on the queen, upon an intimation given, that she wondered she had not seen me a great while, for I had not been with her for some months. Her majesty was very gracious to me, and asked me, 'why I did not come more to court?' I told her, 'I did some time wait on the king at his levee; but having nothing to do at court, I thought it not needful to be as often there as I had been formerly.' She said, 'I was to blame, that she knew the king would be kind to me, and that she would often put him in mind of me and said that she expected to see me often.' She then asked me, 'if my pension were well paid?' I told her, 'Yes.' The king came into the room from hunting, and so I came away."¹ Clarendon was at that time involved in a sea of trouble, in consequence of the queen dowager's suit against him for arrears in his accounts.² The amiable behaviour of the reigning queen was therefore of some comfort to him. The secret correspondence of James's treacherous favourites, his discarded ministers, and disaffected nobles, with the court of Orange, unveils to the dispassionate documentary historian an extensive confederacy, with the princess Anne at the head of it,³ for the purpose of branding the child, whose birth was so eagerly anticipated by the king and queen, as spurious, in case it should prove a boy. It was from this confederacy that all the disgusting lampoons and incendiary pamphlets, on that subject, emanated. As early as the spring of 1686, the princess Anne had betrayed to the acute observation of the French envoy, Bonrepaux, that ambition and hatred to the queen were the master-passions of her soul.⁴ In what manner had Mary Beatrice provoked her ill-will? the reader naturally inquires but Anne has never brought a specific charge against her royal stepmother with whom she had lived in perfect amity from her tenth year up to the period of king James's accession to the throne.

The following passage from one of Anne's private confidential letters to her sister Mary is rather indicative of the evil passions of the writer than the bad qualities of the object of her vituperation:—"The queen, you must know, is of a very proud and haughty temper, and though she pretends to hate all form and ceremony, yet one sees that those who make

¹ Diary of Henry, earl of Clarendon. Clarendon Correspondence, vol. iii., edited by Singer.

² See vol. viii., Life of Catharine of Braganza.

³ See the proofs in Dalrymple's Appendix, vol. ii., and in the British Museum, MS.

⁴ Letter from Bonrepaux to Seignelai.

their court that way are very well thought of. She declares always that she loves sincerity and hates flattery; but when the grossest flattery in the world is said to her face, she seems extremely well pleased with it. It really is enough to turn one's stomach to hear what things are said to her of that kind, and to see how mightily she is satisfied with it."¹ Some women there are, whose minds are unfortunately so constituted, that they cannot endure to see attention offered to another. The adulation and homage that were paid to her beautiful stepmother, who was about five years older than herself, appears to have been the exciting cause of Anne's ill-will against her. So true is the observation of the wisest of men, "Anger is fierce, and jealousy is cruel; but who can stand against envy?" That no want of courtesy, or even of affection, had been manifested by the consort of James II. towards his daughter, may be perceived by Anne's concluding remark. "She (the queen) pretends to have a deal of kindness for me; but I doubt it is not real, for I never see any proofs of it, but rather the contrary."² Surely, if the queen had ever committed herself by word or deed, so as to furnish any tenable charge of complaint, Anne would have instanced it in support of her last assertion. The hatred of the princess Anne towards Mary Beatrice was of too deadly a nature to evaporate in useless invectives. She took infinite pains to persuade her sister, the princess of Orange, that a plot was in progress to deprive them of their rights in the succession, by the imposition of a spurious prince of Wales, on the nation. She complained, in the coarsest language, to her sister and the earl of Clarendon, "that the queen would not permit her to touch her, and that her majesty always went into another room to change her dress."³ Anne, all this while, kept up a show of duty to her father, and kindness to the queen; she was frequently at her majesty's toilet, and performed the service, as usual, which the etiquette of those times prescribed, of assisting to put on her majesty's chemise.⁴ The queen was taken alarmingly ill at the end of seven months, while the king was gone to Chatham, and her apprehensions of death were so great, that she wrote to the king to come immediately to her, and also sent for her confessor. "Everybody flocking about her, the princess failed not to be there too, and appeared so easy and kind that nothing could equal it; talked of the queen's condition with mighty concern, and was wanting in no manner of respect and care."⁵

The indisposition of his consort, who had now become an object of the tenderest regard, and most watchful solicitude to the king, is thus mentioned by that monarch, in the following friendly letter to his son-in-law of Orange:—

"Whitehall, May 11, 1688.

"My going to Chatham on Tuesday last hindered me from writing to you by that day's post, so let you know I had received yours of the 11th. I found my slippers and stores in very good condition, and chose one of my new three (third)

¹ Dalrymple's Appendix.

¹ Ibid.

² See her letters in Dalrymple's Appendix.

³ Life of James, compiled from his own private papers, by the Rev. S. Clark, historiographer to George IV.

⁴ Ibid.

rates to be fitted out to carry the queen dowager when she goes to Portugal. I came back hither yesterday morning, and found that my queen had not been well, and was in some fears of coming before her time, but, God be thanked, she was very well all day yesterday, and continues so now, so that I hope she will be out her full time. The weather is now very seasonable, and there is like to be a great store of fruit this year. I have no more to say, but that you shall find me as kind to you as you can expect.

“JAMES R.

“For my son, the prince of Orange.”

A week later, the queen herself wrote this little billet to William, in the same easy familiar style which marks her occasional correspondence with him:—

“May 19, 1688.

“I am so ashamed to have been so long without answering your obliging letter, that I know not what to say for myself. I well believe you know me too well to suspect it want of kindness; and, therefore, I hope you will think it, as it was, want of time, or at the worst a little laziness, which being confessed, will, I hope, be excused; for else I did long to return you a thousand thanks, as I do now, for your kind wishes, which I hope you will continue, and believe that I am, with all sincerity, truly yours,

“M. R.”

During the whole of the month of May, the queen's health was in a precarious state; she was bled, in consequence of feverish symptoms, as late as the 29th. Some anxiety must have been on her spirit, in consequence of the cruel reports that were poisoning the public mind against her, at that period when she was looking forward, with trembling hope and natural dread, to the hour of woman's peril.

Mary Beatrice had been accused of unbecoming haughtiness, in treating the injurious rumours that were in circulation with silent contempt; as a delicate woman, she could do no otherwise; as a queen, she appears to have acted with great prudence, and to have done everything necessary to convince the great ladies of the court and the princess Anne, of the reality of her alleged situation. It was her original intention to lie-in at Windsor; but she made a very proper concession to public opinion, when she gave up that arrangement, and determined to await her accouchement in the metropolis, where the witnesses requisite for the verification of the birth of the royal infant could be got together at a hasty summons, which could scarcely be the case at Windsor, or even Hampton-court. Her enemies have, with a strange obliquity of reasoning, construed this convincing proof of her willingness to afford full satisfaction to every one interested, into a presumption of her guilt.

“The great bustle,” says the princess Anne, “that was made about her lying-in, at Windsor, and then resolving all of a sudden to go to St James's, which is much the properest place to act such a cheat in.”¹ Can any one believe, that if Anne did suspect a cheat, that she would have shown so little regard to her own interest, as to have invented a pretext for going to Bath, instead of remaining on the spot, to expose it? But the queen had given her indubitable proofs that she was about to become a mother; and Anne purposely went out of the way, that she

¹ See Anne's Letters in Dalrymple's Appendix, and the originals in the British Museum.

might not be a witness of the birth of a brother, whose rights she intended to dispute; and in case the expected infant proved to be a girl she would escape a disagreeable duty by her absence. She came to take leave of the queen before she went to Bath, and they conversed together in a confidential manner.

The queen always expressed herself as doubtful, whether her confinement would take place in June or July. The princess Anne said to her, "Madame, I think you will be brought to bed before I return,"¹ giving, at the same time, a reason for her opinion, of which she was afterwards pointedly reminded by Mrs. Margaret Dawson, when she expressed a doubt whether the young prince were actually her brother.

On the 2d of June, the queen said "she would go to St. James's, and await the good hour."² It was there that all her other children had been born, and it was also the birth-place of the king, her husband. The consorts of the Stuart kings had been accustomed to lie-in at that palace; and there was no precedent of any queen having been confined at Whitehall, which was obviously unfit for such a purpose, being very noisy, and open from morning till night to crowds of well-dressed people, who chose to make it a lounge. It was, besides, a great public office, where all the business of the nation was transacted, and the queen's apartments fronted the river. Mary Beatrice never liked Whitehall. She said of it, "Whitehall was one of the largest and most uncomfortable houses in the world." Her heart always clung to her first English home, which had been endeared to her by those tender recollections which regal pomp had never been able to efface.

King James, in a letter to his daughter, Mary, thus announces the intended removal of himself and his queen to St. James's palace:—

Whitehall, June 8, 1688.

"The Q. and I intend to lie at St. James's to-morrow night, she intending to lie in there."³

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES II., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER V.

Preparations for the confinement of the queen—She removes from Whitehall to St. James's—Gives birth to a prince—Illness of the child—Reports of his death—Queen's rapid recovery—Gives audience to Zulestein in her chamber—Writes to the princess of Orange—Medal of the queen—She reproaches the princess of Orange for not mentioning the prince—Her letter to the pope—Attempts to bring the prince up by hand—His dangerous illness—Queen goes to see him—Her distress—She sends for a nurse—Col. Sands and lady Strickland—Malicious reports raised by Sands—Prince's nurse—Her simplicity—

¹ King James's Journal.

² Burnet.

³ Extracts from James II.'s letters.—Additional MSS., Brit. Mus.

Prince recovers—His likeness to his parents—Queen's letter to the princess of Orange—Hostile preparations of William—Queen's birth-day—She writes again to the princess of Orange—Dark aspect of the times—Christening of the prince—Pope godfather—Queen's offering to the shrine of Loretto—Attestations of the birth of the prince—Prince of Orange lands—King leaves London with the prince of Wales—Queen left alone at Whitehall—Perilous state of the king—Anxiety of the queen—Princess Anne absconds—King returns to London—His apprehensions for his son—Designs to send him to France, and the queen—Prince brought back from Portsmouth—Preparations for the queen's departure—Her sorrowful parting from the king—Escapes from Whitehall with the prince—Crosses the Thames on a stormy night to Lambeth—Coach delayed—Embarks at Gravesend—Her companions—Stormy voyage—Lands at Calais—Sympathy of the governor—Her letter to Louis XIV.—Her anxiety touching the fate of her husband—Alarming rumours on that subject.

THE birth of the second son of Mary Beatrice was destined to take place at the inauspicious period when James had given irreparable offence to the nation, by committing the archbishop of Canterbury and six bishops to the Tower.¹ This unprecedented act of folly was perpetrated on the 8th of June; the indignation it excited pervaded all ranks of the people, and extended even within the guarded region of the court. The queen was restless and anxious all the next day, and expressed an impatient desire for the completion of the arrangements that were making for her accommodation at St. James's palace. She sent several times in the course of that day to hurry the workmen there, and on being told that it would be impossible for them to finish in time to put her bed up that night, she gave way to petulance, and said, "I mean to lie at St. James's to-night, if I lie on the boards."

¹ The offence of the bishops was, having framed a petition to the king, praying to be excused from reading the declaration of liberty of conscience. This petition they presented to his majesty at ten o'clock on the evening of May 18th. James received them graciously at first, but took fire, very unreasonably, at the language in which the petition was couched, lost his temper, called it "a standard of rebellion," and dismissed the prelates in displeasure. In less than two hours after the petition had been put into the king's hand, it was printed, and cried about the streets, with great vociferations, for sale. James regarded this proceeding as an outrage. The prelates denied having supplied any one with a copy. James did not believe them, and insisted that their intention was to raise a tumult. They were summoned to appear before the privy council, and, after some angry discussion, ordered to find bail for their appearance in Westminster Hall, July 3d, to answer to an indictment from the crown for writing and publishing a seditious libel. They refused to find bail, and were committed to the Tower. The warrant for their committal was signed by four-and-twenty privy councillors, all protestants. Sancroft, the archbishop of Canterbury, and Kenn, bishop of Bath and Wells, were the most conscientious and loyal of men. They, with White, Turner, and Lake, forsook all, rather than take the oaths to any other sovereign than James II., to whom their allegiance had been sworn. The other two, Lloyd, of St. Asaph, and Trelawney, of Bristol, were deeply confederate with William. Lloyd was the author of some of the absurd libels tending to discredit the pregnancy of the queen. The copy of the petition was probably furnished by him, on purpose to create an open quarrel with the king. It was afterwards wittily said, with regard to the character and subsequent conduct of these reverend prelates, "that king James sent seven bishops to the Tower to be tested; five of them proved to be true gold, and two only *prince's* metal."

Kings and queens are, of course, liable to the same infirmities of temper as their subjects, but it behoves them to impose a stricter restraint on their natural emotions, surrounded as they are, at all times, by watchful observers, if not, as was the case with James II. and his consort, by invidious spies and traitors. It was by no means wonderful, however, that Mary Beatrice, under these circumstances, should be desirous of escaping, from the political excitement and publicity of Whitehall, to her old familiar palace, where she had formerly tasted some of the comforts and repose of domestic life.

It was not till a late hour on the Saturday night that the arrangements there were completed. When this was announced to her majesty, she was engaged at cards. The solemn etiquettes, which in that age pervaded the most frivolous amusements of the court, forbade her to break up the table till the game was decided, which was not till eleven o'clock. After this, she was carried in her sedan chair, attended by her servants, and preceded by her ladies through the park to St. James's palace. Her chamberlain, lord Godolphin, walking by the side of her chair. The king accompanied his consort, and passed the night in her apartment. The next morning he rose between seven and eight, and went to his own side of the palace.¹ About a quarter of an hour after, the queen sent for him in great haste, and requested to have every one summoned whom he wished to be witnesses of the birth of their child. It was Trinity Sunday, June 10th. "The protestant ladies that belonged to the court," says Burnet, "were all gone to church before the news was let go abroad," which was certainly true; but this unfaithful chronicler suppresses the fact, that they were all speedily sent for out of church, by her majesty's command.² The first person who obeyed the summons was Mrs. Margaret Dawson, one of her bed-chamber women, formerly in the household of Anne Hyde, duchess of York; she had been present at the births of all the king's children, including the princess Anne of Denmark. She found the queen all alone, sitting on a tabouret at her bed's head, trembling, and in some depression of spirits.³ The queen requested the pallet, which was in the next room, to be got ready, but, the quilts not being aired, Mrs. Dawson persuaded her not to use it, but to go into her own bed again, from which she and the king had just risen. That bed was then made ready for her majesty, who was very chilly, and wished it to be warmed. Accordingly, a warming-pan full of hot coals was brought into the chamber, with which the bed was warmed, previously to the queen's entering it.⁴ From this circumstance, simple as it was, but unusual, the absurd tale was fabricated, that a spurious child was introduced into the queen's bed. Mrs. Dawson afterwards deposed, on oath, "that she saw the fire in the warming-pan when it was brought into her majesty's chamber — the time being then

¹ Kennet. Echard. Impartial Reflections on Burnet's History.

² Examinations before the Privy Council, 22 Oct., 1688.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Letter of the princess Anne to her sister, the princess of Orange. Dalrymple's Appendix, vol. ii., p. 308.

about eight o'clock,"¹ and the birth of the prince did not take place until ten.

Anne, countess of Sunderland, the wife of James's treacherous minister, therefore no very favourable witness, gave the following statement as to the birth of the prince: "that she went to James's chapel at eight o'clock in the morning, on the Trinity Sunday, with the intention of taking the sacrament, but in the beginning of the communion service, the man who had the care of the chapel came to her and told her, 'she must come to the queen.' The countess said, 'she would as soon as the prayers were over;' but very soon after, another messenger came up to the rails of the altar, and told her, 'that the queen was in labour, and she must come to her majesty without delay;' on which, she went directly to the chamber of her royal mistress. As soon as the queen saw her, she told her, 'that she believed her hour was come.' By this time," continues lady Sunderland, "the bed was warmed, and the queen went into bed."² Here then is a most important testimony in confirmation, as to the time when the said warming-pan was used, which was before the queen entered the bed at all. After her majesty was in bed, the king came in, and she asked him "if he had sent for the queen dowager." He replied, "I have sent for everybody," and so, indeed, it seemed, for besides the queen dowager and her ladies, and the ladies of the queen's household, the state officers of the palace, several of the royal physicians and the usual professional attendants, there were eighteen members of the privy-council who stood at the foot of the bed.³ Even the princess Anne, in her coarse, cruel letters to her sister on this subject, acknowledges that the queen was much distressed by the presence of so many men, especially by that of the lord-chancellor Jeffreys. The queen, at the birth of her last child, had entreated that no one should proclaim whether it were boy or girl, "lest the pleasure on the one hand, or the disappointment on the other, should overpower her, and this command was repeated now. About ten o'clock, her majesty gave birth to a son, and forgetting every other feeling in the tender instinct of maternity, exclaimed apprehensively, "I don't hear the child cry." The next moment the prince certified his existence by making his voice heard in good earnest.

Lady Sunderland had previously engaged the midwife to give her intimation if it were a boy, by pulling her dress, and she signified the same to the king by touching her forehead, which they had both agreed should be the token. Not satisfied with this telegraphic intelligence, the king eagerly cried out, "What is it?" "What your majesty desires," replied the nurse. She was about to carry the infant into the inner room, when the king stopped her, and said to the gentlemen of the privy council, "You are witnesses that a child is born," and bade them follow and see what it was. So crowded was the queen's bed-room, that the earl of Feversham had some trouble in forcing a passage through the noble mob of witnesses, as he preceded Mrs. Delabadie and her infant

¹Depositions before the Privy Council.

²Ibid.

³There were, in all, 67 persons present. Lord Melfort's reflections on the state of England, in Macpherson.

charge, crying, "Room for the prince!" The royal infant was seen by three of the protestant ladies near her majesty's bed before he was carried into the inner chamber. One of these was the noble-minded and virtuous Susanna, lady Bellasys, who might herself have been queen of England at that moment, instead of Mary d'Esté, if she had not preferred her religion to the prospect of sharing a crown, and at the same time loved James too sincerely to consent to injure his interests, when duke of York, by becoming his wife.¹

After king James had spoken a few tender words to his consort, he said, "Pray, my lords, come and see the child." The witnesses then followed the king into the inner room, where the royal infant was shown, and all present saw it was a prince, and newly born. Lady Bellasys said "she thought it looked black in the face." A convulsion fit, such as had proved fatal to the other children of Mary Beatrice, was at first apprehended; but after the prince was dressed, he looked very fresh and well, and the king said, "nothing was the matter with the child." Mrs. Danvers, who had been the nurse of the princess Isabella, and was then in the service of the princess Anne, came to see the infant, and said "she was glad to see the same marks upon his eyes as the queen's other children had when they were born."² In the overflowing transport of his joy for the birth of a living son, and the safety of his queen, James bestowed the accolade of knighthood on her physician, doctor Walgrave, by her bed-side,³ as a token of his grateful sense of the care and skill manifested by him during the preceding months of anxious attendance upon her majesty, whose symptoms had occasionally been of an alarming character. The birth of a prince of Wales was announced to the metropolis with signal marks of triumph by the king's command. The Tower guns fired an extraordinary number of salutes, the bells rang peals of deceitful joy, the poor were feasted and received alms, and all loyal lieges throughout the realm were enjoined to unite in thanksgivings and festivity. The wisest way in which the king could have celebrated this event would have been by a general act of grace, and the liberation of the prelates in the Tower; but his obduracy on that point hurried on the accomplishment of his evil destiny, including that of his faithful wife and innocent son. By the imprisonment of the virtuous, conscientious Sancroft, he had deprived himself of a witness

¹ The evidence of lady Bellasys on the birth of James's son by the queen, was most important and conclusive, and such as must have substantiated it in any court of justice. Lady Isabella Wentworth, also, a noble protestant lady in the queen's household, verified the birth of the prince, not only before the privy council on oath, but, long after the revolution, to Dr. Hickee, dean of Worcester, in the presence of Mrs. Margaret Dawson, and even to Burnet himself, whom she told, "that she was as sure the prince of Wales was the queen's son, as that any of her own children were hers. Out of zeal for the truth and honour of my mistress," said she, "I spake in such terms as modesty would scarce let me speak at another time."—Depositions before the Privy Council, Oct. 22, 1688. Notes to the new Burnet, vol. iii, quoted by the editor from the original document signed by lady Isabella and Dr. Hickee, in Magdalen College, Oxford.

² Depositions before the Privy Council.

³ Echard.

of the birth of the prince, whose testimony no member of the church of England could have resisted.

Barillon, the French ambassador, announced the birth of the royal infant to Louis XIV. in these words:—"The queen of England has given birth, an hour since, to a prince, who is doing very well; he is very well formed, and of the full size."¹ According to this minister, the joy of the king was unbounded. James's brother-in-law, the earl of Clarendon, gives the following lively little account of this event, in his diary of June 10:—"In the morning, I was at St. James's church, where I observed great whispering, but could not learn what the matter was. As I was going home, my page told me the queen was brought to bed of a son. I went presently to St. James's, whither the court removed but the last night, and word was brought me it was true her majesty was delivered about ten this morning. As soon as I had dined, I went to court, and found the king shaving. I kissed his hand, and wished him joy. He said the queen was so quick in her labour, and he had had so much company, that he had not time to dress himself till now. He bade me go and see the prince. I went into the room, which had been formerly the duchess's private bed-chamber, and there my lady Powis (who was made governess) showed me the prince. He was asleep in his cradle, and a very fine child to look upon."² On the same day, the marchioness of Powis was sworn as state governess, and lady Strickland, wife of Sir Thomas Strickland, of Sizergh, as sub-governess, to the new-born heir of England. There were also two nurses, madame Labadie and Mrs. Royere, four rockers, a laundress, and sempstress, and two pages of the back-stairs, who were all sworn into their offices.

The same night, the numerous nursery establishment, and indeed the whole palace, were thrown into a state of dismay, by the alarming illness of the precious babe. The king was called out of his bed at three o'clock in the morning, and the royal physicians were summoned in great haste to his assistance. Mary Beatrice has herself related the following particulars connected with the indisposition of the little prince, and the strange negligence of her own personal attendants at that time:—"A few hours after the birth of my son," said she, "the physicians prescribed something for him, which they say is good for babies."³ I don't remember now what it was; but this I know, that, by mistake or carelessness, they repeated the dose, which made him so ill that every one thought he was dying. As I was in child-bed, the king would not have me awakened with these tidings; but while every one was in a state of distraction, he retired into his oratory to offer that child, who was so precious to him, to God. I awoke in the mean time, and asked for some broth, but saw no one near me, neither nurse nor attendant. I then called. The only person who remained to take care of me was a chambermaid, not more than one-and-twenty years old, and thus I learned that which they wished to conceal from me. The countess of

¹ Despatches of Barillon.

² Clarendon's Diary.

³ Inedited Memorials of Mary of Modena, Archives au Royaume de France

Sunderland was lady of the bed that night, and it was her duty to watch beside me."

Though the indisposition of the royal infant had only been caused by his being over-dosed with drugs which he would have been much better without, the doctors inflicted the additional suffering upon him, of making an issue in his tender little shoulder,¹ and giving him more physic, while they withheld from him the natural aliment for which he pined. One of the household, when communicating to his friend in Ireland the news of the birth of a prince of Wales, says, "It is a brave lusty boy, and like to live;"² and live he did, in spite of all the blunders of his nurses, the barbarities of his doctors, and the malice of those who pretended that he died, at the time this great nocturnal disturbance was raised in St. James's palace on his account, and that another child had been substituted, to personate the veritable son of the king and queen.³ On this new story, those persons chose to rest, who were ashamed of repeating the clumsy romance of the warming-pan, and pretending to believe that an imposition could be successfully practised in the presence of six medical gentlemen, three-and-twenty protestant ladies and gentlemen of high rank, besides menial attendants, or that the queen dowager, and all the catholic nobility, would become accomplices in such a cheat. Dr. Hugh Chamberlayne, the celebrated Whig practitioner, whom Burnet daringly quotes in support of his own inventions, when he heard that his name had been mentioned, as connected with these fictions, by the Lutheran minister at the Hague, in a conversation with the electress Sophia of Hanover, wrote a manly, honest letter to that princess, assuring her "that the minister must have been misled by pamphlets current in England, pretending," says he, "an account how far I had been therein engaged, to which several falsehoods were added. One of those papers was written by Mr. Burnet, son to the bishop of Salisbury." Burnet himself wrote, and printed at the Hague, some of the coarse indelicate libels that were so industriously circulated against the poor queen on this occasion.⁴ He subsequently embodied the substance of those lampoons in his history—a remarkably easy method of obtaining a mass of fictitious evidence. Dr. Chamberlayne expressly states that he was sent for early on the Sunday morning by the queen, but, being out of town, did not arrive till after the birth of the babe. He declares that the duchess of Monmouth had given him positive testimony of the reality of her majesty's alleged situation a few days before, she having been present at her toilet:⁵

"This relation," says he, "being wholly occasioned by chance, and mentioned by one at that time disoblged by the court, I take to be genuine, without artifice or disguise, so that I never questioned it. Another circumstance in this case is that my being a noted Whig, and signally oppressed by king James, they would never have hazarded such a secret as a supposititious child, which, had I been

¹ Autobiography of sir John Bramston, edited by lord Braybrooke. Published by the Camden Society.

² Ellis Correspondence, edited by the Hon. Agar Ellis.

³ Burnet's History of his own Times.

⁴ See Burnet's Six Stories, commented upon by Smollett, in his *History of England*. James II.

⁵ Dalrymple's Appendix. vol. ii., pp. 311-13.

at home to follow the summons, I must have come time enough to have discovered."

He says, "King James told him the queen came a fortnight sooner than she expected;" and this, it will be remembered, was the case, when her last child, the princess Charlotte, was born. It was, moreover, scarcely two years since the princess Anne herself had made a similar miscalculation, and was brought to bed of a fine girl, only two hours after her arrival at Windsor, having travelled from London the same day.

"During my attendance on the child, by his majesty's directions," continues Dr. Chamberlayne, "I had frequent discourse with the necessary woman, who, being in mighty dread of popery, and confiding in my reputed Whiggism, would often complain of the busy pragmatism of the jesuits, who placed and displaced whom they pleased; and for her part, she expected a speedy remove, for the jesuits could endure none but their own party.' Such was our common entertainment, but about a fortnight after the child was born, a rumour having spread through the city that the child was spurious, she cried, 'Alas, will they not let the poor infant alone? I am certain no such thing as the bringing a strange child in a warming-pan could be practised without my seeing it, attending constantly in and about the avenues of the chamber.' Other remoter incidents might be alleged, which, being of smaller moment, are forborne."¹

Mary Beatrice, regardless of all the injurious libels that emanated from the Dutch press, had continued to keep up a friendly correspondence with the prince and princess of Orange,² relating frankly, perhaps they might think ostentatiously, the particulars relating to her health to the princess, up to the period of her confinement.

King James communicated the important event of the birth of the prince, by whom his eldest daughter was apparently supplanted in her presumptive heirship of the crown, to her consort, in the following business-like note:—

KING JAMES TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

"June 12, 1688.

"The queen was, God be thanked, safely delivered of a son on Sunday morning, a little before ten. She has been very well ever since, but the child was somewhat ill, this last night, of the wind, but is now, blessed be God, very well again, and like to have no returns of it, and is a very strong boy.

"Last night I received yours of the 18th. I expect every day to hear what the French fleet has done at Algiers. 'Tis late, and I have not time to say more, but that you shall find me to be as kind to you as you can expect.

"For my son, the prince of Orange."³

¹ The illustrious lady to whom the honest doctor addressed this letter was an interested party, it is true, the British parliament having settled the royal succession on her and her posterity; but, unlike the daughters of James II., she was of too noble a nature to wish to strengthen the title which a free nation had given her, by stooping to avail herself of the base fictions of a party against the deposed sovereign, his queen, and son. So far was Sophia, electress of Hanover, from impugning the birth of the rejected claimant of the crown that she was accustomed to say, "that the unfortunate young prince was as much the child of James II. as her son George was her own offspring."—Historical Recollections, by lady Mary Wortley Montague

² See Royal Letters in Ellis's Appendix

³ Dalrympie's Appendix

Four days later, James wrote to his daughter Mary, the following brief bulletin of the health of the queen and prince of Wales:—

“St. James’s, June 16, 1688.

“The queen was somewhat feverish this afternoon. My son is, God be thanked, very well, and feeds heartily and thrives very well.”¹

In Edinburgh, the news of the queen’s happy delivery, and the birth of “the prince Stuart of Scotland,” as they proudly styled

“The young blooming flower of the auld royal tree,”

was received with unfeigned joy. The civic council records testify of the bonfires that blazed from the Canongate to Arthur’s-seat, to make known the joyful tidings, that a male heir was born to “the ancient realm.” Claret was quaffed at the expense of the crown, and glasses broken by the loyal lieges *ad libitum*, in drinking the health of their majesties and “the prince Stuart” at the town cross, amidst ringing of bells, and roaring salutes of the castle artillery. And the lord-provost received commission to go up to the court with two addresses from the good town, one to the king, the other to the queen, to congratulate their majesties.²

Even the malcontent city of York, drank deep potations to the health of the king, queen, and prince of Wales, and sent up a deceitful address of congratulation by the lord-mayor and sheriffs.³ In short, this event was celebrated with so many public demonstrations of rejoicing, in all parts of the realm, that the king and queen flattered themselves with the belief that the nation shared in their rapture. Oxford, ever loyal, notwithstanding her present dispute with his majesty, poured forth a centenary of odes and heroic verses, to celebrate the birth of a prince of Wales. The lofty numbers of Dryden’s “*Britannia Rediviva*,” which appeared a few days after this event, vindicated the honour of his office as poet laureate, by throwing the efforts of all contemporary bards into the shade. The following lines are selected as a specimen:—

“Last solemn Sabbath saw the church attend,
The Paraclete in fiery pomp descend;
But when his wondrous octave rolled again,
He brought a royal infant in his train.”

Here, Dryden alludes to the festivals of Pentecost and Trinity Sunday, and proceeds to recal to the remembrance of his countrymen, that Edward the Black Prince was also born on Trinity Sunday, which was considered a very auspicious circumstance. He forgets not to compliment the royal parents on the mingled likeness which the infant was said to bear to both:—

“’Tis paradise to look
On the fair frontispiece of Nature’s book;
If the first opening page so charms the sight,
Think how the unfolding volume will delight:
See, how the venerable⁴ infant lies
In early pomp; how, through the mother’s eyes

¹ Additional MSS., British Museum, No. 4163, fol. 1.

² Council Records of Edinburgh, vol. xxxii., p. 115.

³ Drake’s History of York.

⁴ This word, in its ancient sense, did not mean “old,” but “august,” somewhat worthy of veneration.

The father's soul, with an undaunted view,
Looks out, and takes our homage as his due."

The injurious reports that had been circulated by a faction insinuating the introduction of a spurious child, are nobly repelled in these four lines :—

"Born in broad daylight, that the ungrateful rout
May find no room for a remaining doubt;
Truth, which is light itself, doth darkness shun,
And the true eaglet safely dares the sun."

Our laureate's concluding apostrophe to the royal mother, Mary of Modena, must not be forgotten, though somewhat too adulatory for modern taste :—

"But you, propitious queen, translated here,
From your mild skies, to rule our rugged sphere;
You, who your native climate have bereft
Of all the virtues, and the vices left.—
Whom piety and beauty make their boast,
Though beautiful is well in pious lost;
So lost as daylight is dissolved away,
And melts into the brightness of the day."

It is not to be supposed that all the poets of the age imitated the chivalry of glorious John and the bards of Oxford, in flinging votive garlands at the feet of Mary Beatrice, to compliment her on having given a male heir to England. The following sarcastic squib, from the imitated political songs of the period, is written in a different spirit :—

ON MARY OF MODENA, ADDRESSED TO JAMES.

"Why dost thou wrong thy country, shame thy life,
To please false priests and a designing wife?
A wife whose character has always been
A fawning duchess, and a saucy queen.
O Nassau, with thy promised succours come,
And be to us like Antony to Rome!
Thy wife shall young Octavia's place supply,
And those that have betrayed their country fly;
Unless the king, to prove the prince his own,
Shall to the lion's den present his son;¹
Then, if the royal beasts do not destroy
The infant, it is proved his own dear boy."

A few days after the birth of his son, the following instance of clemency is recorded of king James :—"Nathaniel Hook, the late duke of Monmouth's chaplain, who hath been skulking up and down without being able to obtain his pardon, threw himself lately at his majesty's feet, desiring his majesty's pardon, or to be speedily tried and executed, since now life itself, as well as the sense of his guilt, was wearisome to him; whereupon his majesty thought fit to extend his gracious pardon to him."² James unfortunately in this, as in several other cases where he had exercised the royal attribute of mercy, calculated on the gratitude of the object of his grace. He forgot that the Christian law, which enjoins

¹ The Dream, a State Poem, 1688. This allusion is to the superstition that Beasts will not tear the true offspring of a royal line.

² Ellis's Correspondence, vol. i. p. 371.

forgiveness of our enemies, does not recommend us to trust them, and in a fatal hour he took Nathaniel Hook into his service, who became one of the secret tools of William. He followed his confiding master into exile as the hired pensionary of his foe. He was in constant correspondence with the British ambassador at the court of France, and, growing grey in his iniquities, continued, even after the death of James II., to sell the councils of his widowed queen and his son.¹

The news of the birth of a prince of Wales, was received with great pleasure at the court of France; Skelton, the British ambassador, thus describes the feelings of some of the ladies:—

“Madame la Dauphine is indisposed and in bed, yet sent for me, and said, though she saw no man, yet she could not forbear rejoicing with me upon account of the great news, and expressed great joy, and the little duke of Burgundy, whilst I was talking to madame la mareschale de la Motte, of his own accord told me ‘that he would, for joy, order threescore fuses to be fired.’ Madame la mareschale intends, in October next, to give me something to be hung about the prince’s neck, which prevents the inconveniences which commonly attend the breeding teeth. The same has been used to these three young princes with good success. * * * Monsieur made all the ladies at St. Cloud drink the prince of Wales’s health on Thursday last.”²

On the 17th of June, thanksgivings were offered up in all the churches, for the happy delivery of the queen, and the birth of a prince of Wales. As early as the 29th, the unconscious babe, who was born to inherit his father’s misfortunes, not his crown, was produced in all the pomp of purple pall and ermine, to receive in person, as he lay in lady Powis’s lap, addresses of congratulation from the lord-mayor and corporation of London, on the appearance of his royal highness in a troublesome world, wherein he was destined to create further commotions. The lord mayor and his civic brethren, having presented an offering of their good-will and affection in the shape of a purse of gold, were admitted to the honour of kissing his tiny hand.³ “The prince is in very good health,” writes one of the household, “and hath given audience to several foreign ministers.” Among these were the envoy of his affectionate brother-in-law of Orange, and of the king of Denmark.⁴ “The lord mayor of York,” pursues our correspondent, “is come to town to kiss the prince’s hand, and to present him a purse of gold, as the lord-mayor of London did. The queen is in public again, and to name a day for the fireworks on the river.”⁵

Mary Beatrice was now a proud and joyful mother, and her recovery was unusually rapid; she received visits from ladies at the end of a fortnight, and as early as the 28th, gave audience in her chamber to mynheer Zulestein, the Dutch envoy-extraordinary, who was charged with the formal compliments of the prince and princess of Orange, on the birth of her son.⁶ A few days afterwards, her majesty wrote a letter to her royal step-daughter Mary—a letter beginning with these words:—“The first time that I have taken pen in hand since I was

¹ See the despatches of the earl of Manchester and the earl of Stair.

² Macpherson’s State Papers, vol. i., p. 267.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ Ellis Correspondence

⁶ Gazette.

brought to bed, is this, to write to my dear lemon."¹ The playful familiarity of addressing her highness of Orange by her pet name, on this occasion, sufficiently indicates the affectionate terms on which the consort of James II. had been accustomed to live with his eldest daughter. It is much to be regretted, that one sentence only should have been preserved of a letter commencing in a tone so different from the epistolary style of royal ladies.

At the end of four weeks, Mary Beatrice left her retirement at St. James's palace, and returned to Whitehall. Lord Clarendon came to pay his duty to her, Monday, July 9th; he says, "In the afternoon, I waited on the queen, the first time I had seen her since she lay in. She was very gracious to me, and asked me why I had not been there before, and why I did not come oftener?"² The next day the intended exhibition of the fireworks was postponed, and the following intimation of the cause was hinted by a person behind the scenes. "The young prince is ill, but it is a secret. I think he will not hold. The foreign ministers, Zulestein and Grammont, stay to see the issue."³ The illness was so dangerous, that the princess Anne condescended to call her brother, "the prince of Wales," when communicating to Mary the happy probability of his "soon becoming an angel in heaven."⁴ He was destined to a few more trials on earth.

The premature state audiences of the prince of Wales had drawn so much ill-natured mockery on the innocent babe, in the form of vulgar, and sometimes indelicate, lampoons, that his offended mother went into a contrary extreme, equally injudicious; she would not allow him to be seen by any one but the nuncio, and forbade his attendants even to bring him to her before company.⁵ The reason alleged was, the prevalence of the small-pox.⁶

In the course of a week, the prince was so much amended, that the promised pageant of the fireworks on the Thames was shown off, to celebrate his birth and the queen's recovery. The exhibition was very splendid, consisting of several thousand fire-balloons, that were shot up in the air, and then, scattering into various figures, fell into the river; there were several stately pyramids, and many statues and devices, among which, were two large figures, representing Loyalty and Fecundity.⁷ The emblem of the latter, a hen and chickens, was scarcely applicable to Mary Beatrice and her one feeble babe—the only survivor of five ephemeral hopes. The frequent reports of his death rendered it necessary to show the prince again in public, and he was taken into the parks every day. "The lady marquess of Powis, gouvernante to the prince," writes the Ellis correspondent, "hath taught his royal highness a way to ask already, for, a few days ago, his royal highness was brought to the king with a petition in his hand, desiring that two hundred hackney coaches may be added to the four hundred now licensed, but that the

¹ Dated July 6th, 1688. From Dr. Birch's Extracts, printed by sir Henry Ellis in his Royal Letters. First series, vol. iii., p. 348.

² Clarendon's Diary.

³ Dalrymple's Appendix.

⁴ Ellis Correspondence.

⁵ Ellis Correspondence.

⁶ Letter of princess Anne

⁷ Ibid. Eveyn.

revenue for that said two hundred might be applied towards the 'feeding and breeding of foundling children.'" Thus, we see that the first idea of establishing a foundling hospital in England emanated from the nursery of the consort of James II.; she fondly thought, no doubt, to endear her infant to the people, by connecting his name with a benevolent institution.

Two silver medals were struck in commemoration of the birth of the son of James II. and Mary d'Esté. One, very large, with the profile bust of the king on one side, and the queen on the reverse. It is a most noble work of art; nothing can be more classical and graceful than the head and bust of the queen. Her hair is wreathed back, in a Grecian fillet, from the brow, and confined with strings of pearls; a few rich tresses fall, in long loose ringlets, from the low braided knot behind. It might serve for the head of a Juno or a Roman empress. The inscription is *Maria D. G. Mag. Bri. Fran. Et. Hib. Regina*. The date, 1688, has been, by some carelessness, reversed, and stands thus, 8891. King James is represented in a Roman dress, with long flowing hair, and a wreath of laurel. The other medal, which is in honour of the royal infant, represents him as a naval prince, seated on a cushion on the sea-shore, with ships in the distance. Two angels suspend the coronet of a prince of Wales over his head, and appear sounding notes of triumph with their trumpets. On the reverse, a shield with a label of three points, charged with the arms of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France, is supported between four angels; one bears the three-plumed crest—the other, the arms of a prince of Wales.

Although the royal infant had been prayed for in his sister Mary's chapel at the Hague, by the title of prince of Wales,¹ and every mark of ceremonial respect had been paid, on the occasion of his birth, by William of Orange, James could not be deceived as to the inimical feelings with which his son was regarded in that court. It was from the Dutch press that all the coarse revolting libels branding his birth as an imposition, and throwing the most odious imputations on the queen, had emanated.² One of William's agents, a Dutch burgomaster named Ouir, had been detected, at Rome, by the French ambassador, cardinal D'Étrées, in a secret correspondence with the pope's secretary, count Cassoni, with whom he communicated in the disguise of a vender of artificial fruits. One day, he was, by the cardinal's contrivance, knocked down and robbed of his basket of wares. The cardinal, at first deceived by the exquisite beauty of the fruit, thought his informers had been deceived, and that Cassoni patronised him as an artist only. However, the person by whom they had been captured, cut them open, and showed that they were filled with the seeds of the league of Augsburg, and the projected revolution of England, contained on slips of paper written in cypher, and twisted round the wires which, covered with green silk, supported the fabric of lemons, grapes, figs, &c. The most important of these was the pope's promise to supply the emperor with large sums

¹ Letter of Mary, princess of Orange, in Dalrymple's Appendix. Burnet.

² Pamphlets of the Times.

of money, to be placed at the disposal of the prince of Orange. D'Étrées' agent succeeded in picking the lock of Cassoni's cabinet, and found there a paper which had not yet been submitted to the pope, implying that the prince of Orange taking the command of the imperial forces, was but a pretext to cover his designs on England, and that he had entered into a conspiracy with the English, to put to death the king, and the child of which the queen was pregnant, if a son, in order to place himself and the princess on the throne. The cardinal lost no time in communicating this discovery to lord Thomas Howard, who despatched two couriers to his master with the news.¹ James, at the time, appears only to have regarded it as a diplomatic trick of France, being well aware that it was part and parcel of the policy of his good cousin Louis to embroil him with his son-in-law and natural ally, William. It was not till the truth of the first part of the intelligence was fatally confirmed, that he allowed the latter to make any impression on his mind. His reply to William's deceitful congratulations on the birth of the prince of Wales, appears, nevertheless, indicative, by its coldness and stern brevity, of distrust, especially the significant concluding line:—

KING JAMES TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

"July 22, 1688.

"I have had yours by M. Zulestein, who has, as well as your letter, assured me of the part you take, on the birth of my son. I would not have him return without writing to you by him, to assure you I shall always be as kind to you as you can with reason expect."²

The queen, unsuspecting as she was by nature, and always ready to hope and believe the best of every one, writes in a more friendly tone, as if willing to give William credit for feeling all that his silvery-tongued envoy had expressed, of sympathy in her maternal joy. Her letter is as follows:—

MARY OF MODENA TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

"St. James's, July 24, 1688.

"The compliments Mr. Zulestein made me from you, and the letter he brought, are so obliging, that I know not which way to begin to give you thanks for it. I hope he will help me to assure you that I am very sensible of it, and that I desire nothing more than the continuance of your friendship, which I am sure mine shall always one way deserve, by being, with all the sincerity imaginable, truly yours,³

M. R."

From the princess of Orange, Mary Beatrice expected letters more in accordance with the friendship that had subsisted between them in their early days, when they lived together like two fond sisters, rather than step-mother and daughter. The affections of the Italian princess, were of an ardent character; she had loved the princess Mary with all her heart, and she was piqued that Mary did not express any tenderness towards her infant boy, whom, with the egotism of doting maternity, she thought ought to be an object of interest to all the world. If the queen had possessed that knowledge of the human heart, which is one of the most important lessons royalty can learn, she would not have wished to

¹ See the letters of cardinal d'Étrées, in Dalrymple's Appendix.

² Dalrymple's Appendix.

³ Ibid.

inquire too closely into the feelings of the wife of so ambitious a prince as William, towards a brother who appeared born for the especial purpose of depriving her of the reversion of a three-fold diadem. Perhaps Mary, in the first glow of natural affection, had been accustomed to pet and caress the royal infants that had been born to her youthful step-mother, while they lived together in St. James's palace, and had regarded them, not as rivals, but as beloved playthings; and the queen could not perceive that the case was widely different as regarded the long-delayed birth of an heir-apparent to the crown. Mary Beatrice was not only so simple as to impute the coldness of the princess of Orange to a diminution of affection towards herself, but to address some tender expostulations to her on the subject, in a letter dated Windsor, July 31st, telling her, she suspected that she had not so much kindness for her as she used to have. "And the reason I have to think so," pursues the royal mother, "is (for since I have begun I must tell you all the truth,) that since I have been brought to bed, you have never once in your letters to me, taken the least notice of my son, no more than if he had never been born, only in that which M. Zulestein brought, which I look upon as a compliment that you could not avoid, though I should not have taken it so, if even you had named him afterwards."¹ If any real doubts had been felt by the princess of Orange, as to the claims of the infant to her sisterly affection, surely the queen afforded her a decided opportunity for mentioning the suspicions that the princess Anne had endeavoured to insinuate as to his being the genuine offspring of their majesties.

Mary Beatrice was highly gratified with the papal brief or letter addressed to her by the head of her church on the birth of her son, assuring her that that great blessing had been obtained from Heaven by his fervent prayers and supplications in her behalf. Her majesty was so polite as to take this for fact, and forgetting all the personal affronts and political ill offices which that pontiff had put both on herself as a daughter of the house of Esté, and on the king her husband as the friend of Louis XIV., responded in the following dutiful epistle:—

MARY BEATRICE TO THE POPE.

- "As great as my joy has been for the much sighed for birth of a son, it is signally increased by the benign part which your holiness has taken in it, shown to me with such tender marks of affection in your much prized brief (apostolic letter), which has rejoiced me more than aught beside, seeing that he (the prince) is the fruit of those pious vows and prayers which have obtained from Heaven this unexpected blessing, whence there springs within me a well founded hope that the same fervent prayers of your holiness, that have procured me this precious gift, will be still powerful to preserve him, to the glory of God, and for the exaltation of his holy church. For this purpose, relying on the benignity of your holiness to grant the same to me, I prostrate myself, with my royal babe, at your holy feet, entreating that your holiness's apostolical benediction may be bestowed on both of us.

"Your most obedient daughter,

MARIA R.

"At London, the 3d of August, 1688."²

¹ Extracts from Dr. Birch's MSS, published by sir Henry Ellis, in *Royal Letters*; first series, vol. iii.

² From the original Italian, printed in the *Notes of Mackintosh's History of the Revolution of 1688*.

For the first two months, the existence of this "dearest boon of Heaven," as the royal parents called their son, appeared to hang on a tenure, to the full as precarious as the ephemeral lives of the other infants, whose births had tantalized Mary Beatrice with maternal hopes and fears. Those children having been nourished at the breast, it was conjectured that, for some constitutional reason, the natural aliment was prejudicial to her majesty's offspring, and they determined to bring the prince of Wales up by hand. "This morning," says the nuncio,¹ "I have had the honour of seeing him whilst they gave him his food, which he took with a good appetite; he appears to me very well complexioned and well made. The said aliment is called *watter gruell*; it is composed of barley-flour, water, and sugar, to which a few currants are sometimes added." A very unsuitable condiment for a tender infant, as the result proved; violent fits of indigestion produced inflammation and other dangerous symptoms, and he was sent to Richmond for a change of air; but as they continued to feed him on currant gruel, he grew from bad to worse. "The young prince lives on," writes the Ellis correspondent, "but is a weakly infant, at Richmond." The queen, who was going to Bath, deferred her journey, and came frequently to see him. She attributed his illness to the want of a nurse, and the improper food with which they were poisoning rather than nourishing him. "The state to which I saw my son reduced by this fine experiment," says her majesty,² "would deter me from ever allowing it to be tried on the children of others. When he had been fed in this way till he was about six weeks old, he became so dangerously ill with colic, attended with vomiting and convulsions, that they thought every sigh would be his last. We had sent him to Richmond, a country-house, to be brought up under the care of lady Powis, his governess, and he got so much worse, that she expected every moment to be his last. I got into my coach with the determination of going to him at all events. Lady Powis had sent word to us, that if the infant died, she would despatch a courier to spare us from the shock of coming to the house where he was. Every man we met by the way I dreaded was that courier." King James accompanied his anxious consort on this journey, and participated in all her solicitude and fears. When the royal parents reached the river side, they feared to cross, and sent a messenger forward to inquire whether their son were alive, that they might not have the additional affliction of seeing him if he were dead. After a brief but agonizing pause of suspense, word was brought to them, "The prince is yet alive," and they ventured over.³ "When we arrived," continues the queen, "we found my son still living. I asked the physicians, 'If they had yet hopes of doing anything for him?' They all told us, 'they reckoned him as dead.' I sent into the village in quest of a wet-nurse (she who suckled him). I gave him that nurse; he took her milk; it revived him, and she has happily reared him; but this peril was not the least of those which have befallen him in the

¹ Count d'Adda's letter, June 28th, in Mackintosh's Appendix.

² In a conversation with the nuns of Chaillot. MS. Archives au Royaume de France.

³ Life of King James.

course of his history, which, like ours, will appear, to those who shall read it hereafter, like romance."¹ The same morning came colonel Sands, the equerry of the princess Anne, from Tunbridge-wells, charged with a complimentary inquiry after the health of the prince of Wales, her brother. His real mission was that of a creeping spy. He arrived immediately after their majesties, and encountered the queen coming from her sick infant's apartments, with her eyes swollen with excessive weeping, having altogether the appearance of the most passionate grief. She passed on without speaking or noticing him, and went to her own chamber. This was evidently when the prince had been given up by the physicians, and before the arrival of his village nurse. Sands, concluding from what he had seen that the little prince was in the agonies of death, stole unobserved into the nursery, where, if he is to be credited, he saw Mrs. Delabadie, the nurse, kneeling beside the cradle, with her hood drawn round her face, weeping and lamenting over a pale, livid, and apparently dying infant, whose features were spotted and convulsed; but before he got more than a transient glimpse, lady Strickland came flying out of the inner room, in a great passion, asked him, angrily, "What he did in her prince's nursery?" and, without waiting for a reply, unceremoniously pushed him out.² Lady Strickland has, in consequence, been described as a notable virago—a character by no means in accordance with the sweet and feminine expression of her face in Lely's beautiful portrait of her at Sizergh castle; but, even if it be true that she expelled the prowling spy with lively demonstrations of contempt, when she found him hovering, like a vulture on the scent of death, so near her royal charge, she only treated him according to his deserts.

Sands goes on to say, "that as he was retiring, he met the king, who asked him with a troubled countenance, 'if he had seen the prince?'" Sands, according to his own account, told his sovereign an untruth, by replying, that "he had not," although aware that he must stand convicted of the falsehood as soon as lady Strickland should make her report of his intrusion into the royal nursery. He has written himself down, at any rate, as a shameless and unscrupulous violator of the truth, and in the same spirit goes on to say that the king's countenance cleared up, that he invited him to dinner; and after dinner, bade him "go and see the prince, who was better; but, on being conducted into the nursery, he saw in the royal cradle a fine lovely babe, very different from that which he had got a glimpse of in the morning; so that he verily believed it was not the same child, but one that had been substituted in the place of it: for it was very lively, and playing with the fringe of the cradle-quilt."³ If there be any truth in the story at all, it is probable that the colonel saw the royal infant in the agonies of a convulsion-fit in the morning, and that when he saw it again in the after-

¹ This account was recorded from the lips of the royal mother by one of the sisters of Chaillot, in the year 1712, and was introduced by the conversation having turned on the proposed foundation of a hospital at Paris for bringing up infants on the milk of goats and asses.—MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena Archive au Royaume.

² Olgmixon

³ Ibid

noon it was after it had received the nourishment for which it had pined, and a favourable change had taken place: the distortion of the features had relaxed, and the blackness disappeared, which, allowing for the exaggeration of an untruthful person, is quite sufficient to account for the change in its aspect. The animation of the lately-suffering babe, and its alleged employment of playing with the fringe of the counterpane, is not so easy to reconcile with natural causes, as no infant of that tender age is wont to display that sort of intelligence. Be this as it may, colonel Sands pretended that the real prince of Wales died in the morning, and that the lively boy he saw in the afternoon was substituted in his place.¹ Lloyd, bishop of St. Asaph, added to this story the grave context that the royal infant, who, according to his account and Burnet's, had almost as many lives as a cat, was buried very privately at Chiswick. The princess Anne, though she greatly patronised the romance of the warming-pan, was exceedingly pleased with colonel Sands' nursery-tale, till, in her latter years, she began to discourage those about her from repeating it, by saying, "she thought colonel Sands must have been mistaken." Burnet has represented this prince of Wales as the fruit of six different impostures.²

The nurse whom the queen, prompted by the powerful instincts of maternity, had introduced to her suffering infant to supply those wants which the cruel restraints of royalty had deprived herself of the sweet office of relieving, was the wife of a tile-maker of Richmond. She came in her cloth petticoat and waistcoat, with old shoes and no stockings,³ but being a healthy honest person, she was approved by the doctors, and still more so by the little patient, to whom she proved of more service than all the physicians in his august father's realm. She immediately became an object of the royal gratitude and bounty; gold, of which she was too unsophisticated a child of nature to comprehend the value, was showered upon her, and her coarse weeds were exchanged for garments more meet to come in contact with the precious nursing who was so daintily lapped in purple and fine linen; but these changes were gradually and cautiously made. "She is new rigged out by degrees," writes one of the courtiers, "that the surprise may not alter her in her duty and care; a 100*l.* per annum is already settled upon her, and two or three hundred guineas already given, which she says she knows not what to do with."⁴

The queen remained with her boy, at Richmond, till the 9th of August, when he was considered sufficiently recovered to accompany her to Windsor, and she determined never again to allow him to be separated from her. "On Saturday last," writes the Ellis correspondent, "his royal highness the prince of Wales was removed from Richmond to Windsor, where he is lodged in the princess of Denmark's house, which was Mrs. Ellen Gwynne's, and is well recovered of his late indisposition, to the joy of the whole court. His highness's nurse is also in good health and good plight, being kept to her old diet and exercise. She hath also a governess

¹ Oldmixon.

² See Smollett's Comments in his *History of England*. Reign of James II.

³ Ellis Correspondence.

⁴ *Ibid*

allowed her, an ancient gentlewoman, who is with her night and day, at home and abroad."¹ Many pretty stories of the simplicity and innocence of this nurse, were circulated in the court.² Other tales of a less innocent character, connected with the prince and his foster-mother, were spread by the restless malignity of the faction that had conspired, long before his birth, to deprive him of his regal inheritance. It was said that the tile-maker's wife was the real mother of the infant, who was cradled in state at Windsor, for whom, like the mother of Moses, she had been cunningly called to perform the office of a nurse.³

The likeness of the young prince to both his parents, was so remarkable, that it seemed as if "the good goddess Nature," had resolved that he should carry in his face a satisfactory vindication of his lineage. Sir Godfrey Kneller, long after the revolution had fixed William and Mary on the throne, having gone down to Oxford to paint the portrait of Dr. Wallis, while that gentleman was sitting to him, on hearing him repeat one of the absurd inventions of Lloyd touching the birth of the disinherited prince of Wales, stating "that he was the son of a bricklayer's wife," burst into the following indignant oration in contradiction to this assertion; "*Vat de devil! de prince of Wales de son of ae crickbat ooman!* It is *von* lie. I am not of his party, nor shall not be for him. I am satisfied with what *de* parliament has done, but I must tell you what I am sure of, and in what I cannot be mistaken. His *fader* and *moder* have sat to me about thirty-six time a-piece, and I know every line and bit in their faces. I could paint king James just now by memory. I say the child is so like both, that there is not a feature in his face but what belongs either to father or mother; this I am sure of, and," continued he, with an oath, "I cannot be mistaken! Nay, the nails of his fingers are his *moder's*, *de* queen that was. Doctor, you may be out in your letters, but," and here he repeated his strong asseveration, "I can't be out in my lines!"⁴

The queen, deeply piqued by the coolness of the princess of Orange, when reluctantly compelled to mention the prince of Wales, was prompted, by the fond weakness of maternity, to expostulate with her on her want of affection for her unwelcome brother; in answer to the princess's letter, by the post, she writes:—

"Windsor, August 17.

"Even in this last letter, by the way you speak of my son, and the formal name you call him by, I am confirmed in the thoughts I had before, that you have for him the last indifference. The king has often told me, with a great deal of trouble, that as often as he has mentioned his son in his letters to you, you never once answered anything concerning him."⁵

¹ Ellis Correspondence, vol. ii.

² Sir John Bramston's Autobiography.

³ Political pamphlets and squibs of the time.

⁴ Thorne corroborates this account in his diary, and adds that sir Godfrey Kneller said, in the presence of several persons whose names he quotes, that on the sight of the picture of the prince of Wales that was sent from Paris to London, he was fully satisfied of that which others seemed to doubt, having perfect knowledge of the lines and features of the faces of both king James and queen Mary Rawlinson MSS. in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. See also Carte's letter in *Attrely*, vol. ii. p. 136-7, and Thorne's Diary.

⁵ Birch's Extracts, in Ellis's Royal Letters, first series, vol. iii., p. 349.

The princess of Orange has endorsed this tender but reproachful letter with this cautious sentence—answered, “that all the king’s children shall ever find as much affection and kindness from me as can be expected from children of the same father.”

The parental cares and anxieties of the king and queen for the health of their son, appear to have been so engrossing, as to have distracted their attention from every other subject. They entered his nursery, and shut out the world and its turmoils, while every day brought the gathering of the storm-clouds nearer. The king of France sent Bonrepaux once more to warn king James that the Dutch armament was to be directed against his coasts, and that not only the emperor, but the pope, and many of his own subjects, were confederate with his son-in-law against him, repeating, at the same time, his offer of French ships and forces for his defence. James haughtily refused the proffered succours,¹ and obstinately refused to give credence to the agonizing truth, that ambition had power to rend asunder the close ties with which Heaven had united him, with those who were compassing his destruction. The unfortunate duke of Norfolk, when betrayed by his servants, had said, “I die, because I have not known how to suspect.” James fell, because he could not believe that his own children were capable of incurring the guilt of parricide. That he imputed different feelings to Mary, may be gathered from his frequent and tender appeals to her filial duty and affection, from the time when the veil was at last forcibly removed from his eyes as regarded the purpose of William’s hostile preparations. With the fond weakness of parental love, he fancied her into the passive toy or reluctant victim of a selfish and arbitrary consort, and wrote to her in sorrow, not in anger. Anne he never doubted. William Penn, always a faithful, and generally a wise counsellor, advised his majesty to summon a parliament. James declared his intention to do so, in spite of the opposition of father Petre, and issued the writ, August 24th, for it to meet on the 17th of November; he had delayed it too long. Sir Roger Strickland, the vice-admiral of England, sent an express from the Downs, September 18th, that the Dutch fleet was in sight. Up to that moment, James had remained unconvinced that the naval armament of his son-in-law was preparing for his destruction. He had written on the preceding day to William :—

“I am sorry there is so much likelihood of war on the Rhine, nobody wishing more the peace of Europe than myself. I intend to go to-morrow to London, and next day to Chatham, to see the condition of the new batteries I have made on the Medway, and my ships there. The queen and my son are to be at London on Thursday, which is all I shall say, but that you shall find me as kind to you as you can expect.”

This letter is superscribed, “For my sonne the prince of Orange.”

James had relied on his daughter’s assurance, that the hostile preparations of the prince were to be employed against France. As soon as he had read Strickland’s despatch, he hurried from Windsor to London and Chatham, to take measures for the defence of the coast, leaving the

¹ Letters of Bonrepaux, in Bibliothèque du Roi.

queen to follow with her boy.¹ They met at Whitehall on the 20th with boding hearts. The queen held her court on the Sunday evening: she was anxious to conciliate the nobility: "that evening," lord Clarendon says, "I waited on the queen. She asked me 'where I had been, that she had not seen me a great while?' I said, 'her majesty had been but three days in town.' She answered, 'she loved to see her friends, and bade me come often to her.'" The next day, James told his brother-in-law, Clarendon, "that the Dutch were now coming to invade England in good earnest." "I presumed to ask him," says the earl, "if he really believed it? To which the king replied with warmth, 'Do I see you, my lord!' And then, after speaking of the numbers already shipped, he added, with some degree of bitterness, 'and now, my lord, I shall see what your church of England men will do.' 'And your majesty will see that they will behave themselves like honest men,'" rejoined Clarendon, "'though they have been somewhat severely used of late.'" The same day, the lord-mayor and aldermen came to make a dutiful compliment to the king and queen on their return from Windsor. James received them graciously, and noticed the report of the expected Dutch invasion, bidding them not be concerned, for he would stand for them, as he trusted they would by him.

It was generally reported, at this time, that there was a prospect of her majesty being again likely to increase the royal family.² Mary Beatrice continued to correspond with the princess of Orange at this agitating period. On the 21st, she apologizes for not having written on the last post-day, because the princess Anne came to see her after an absence of two months.³ The last birth-day commemoration in honour of Mary Beatrice, ever celebrated in the British court, was on the 25th of September; this year, instead of the 5th of October, O. S., as on previous occasions. It was observed with all the usual tokens of rejoicing—ringing of bells, bonfires, festivities, and a splendid court ball.⁴ Hollow and joyless gaiety! the Dutch fleet was hovering on the coast, and every one awaited the event in breathless suspense—no one with a more anxious heart than the queen. She wrote a touching and very temperate letter to her royal step-daughter and once-loving companion, the princess of Orange, telling her "that it was reported, and had been for a long time, that the prince of Orange was coming over with an army; but that, till lately, she had not believed it possible, and that it was also said that her royal highness was coming over with him. This her majesty protested "she never would believe, knowing her to be too good to perform such a thing against the worst of fathers, much less against the best, who, she believed, had loved her better than the rest of his children."⁵ Any appeal to the natural affections and filial duty of the princess was, as might have been expected, unavailing; yet Mary Beatrice wrote again in the anguish of her heart to her apathetic correspondent, though she acknowledged that she dared not trust herself to

¹ Ellis Correspondence.

² *Ibid.*

³ Birch's Extracts from the Letters of Mary d'Esté.

⁴ Ellis Correspondence.

⁵ Birch's Extracts in sir Henry Ellis's Royal Letters.

speak on that which occupied her whole thoughts. "I don't well know what to say," observes the agitated consort of James II; "dissemble cannot; and if I enter upon the subject that fills everybody's mind, I am afraid of saying too much, and therefore I think the best way is to say nothing."¹ It is not often that queens unveil the conflicting emotions of a wounded and perturbed spirit with the child-like simplicity of poor Mary d'Esté. This letter, apparently the last the queen ever wrote to Mary of Orange, is dated October 5th, the day on which her majesty completed her thirty-first year, an anniversary on which letters of a far different character had been heretofore exchanged by these two royal Marys, between whom the rival title of Mary queen of Great Britain was so soon to be disputed. King James was, meanwhile, vainly endeavouring to retrace his former rash steps, an ill-timed proceeding in the hour of danger, as it was certain to be construed into signs of fear, and it was only by preserving a bold demeanour that he could hope to daunt his foes, or to inspire his friends with confidence. The period when he could, with grace and dignity, have restored charters, published pardons, and promised to redress all grievances, was immediately after the birth of his son; but he had allowed the golden opportunity to pass, of declaring that object of paternal hope and promise to his people, by making it the dove of a renewed covenant with them—a pledge of his intention to deserve their affections, and to preserve them for the sake of his son.

The bishops framed a loyal form of prayer, to be read in all the churches, "That it might please Almighty God to defend their most gracious king in this time of danger, and to give his holy angels charge over him." This was quite as much as James had any right to expect of his protestant hierarchy; and, considering the state of public opinion at that time, it was an important service. Every day the aspect of affairs became more portentous, and still the king of France persevered in pressing the offer of his fleet and army on James. James said, "That he did not wish to be assisted by any one but his own subjects."² Kennet ascribes the continued refusal of that prince, to avail himself of the proffered succour, to the operation of God's especial providence. Doubtless, it was so; but the paternal affection of James for his country was the means whereby that protective principle worked. The last of our Stuart kings was a scurvy politician, a defective theologian, an infatuated father, and a despotic prince; but, with all these faults, he had an English heart, and he deemed it less disgraceful to submit to the humiliation of courting his offended prelates, giving up the contest with Oxford, and doing everything to conciliate his subjects, than to be the means of bringing in a foreign army to assist him in working out his will. Having by his concessions, and the proclamation that the elections for the parliament, which he had summoned to meet in November, were to be free and unbiassed, deprived, as he imagined, his subjects of an excuse for calling in foreign aid in vindication of their rights, and his son-in-law

¹ Birch's Extracts in sir Henry Ellis's Royal Letters, vol. iii.

² Reports of Barillon, Bonrepaux, and Life of James II. Autobiography of the Duke of Berwick.

of a plausible pretext for interference, he fancied the storm might pass over without involving his realm in a civil war. But he was bought and sold by his cabinet, and his enemies were those that ate of his household bread; treachery pervaded his council-chamber, and from thence diffused itself through every department of his government; it was in his garrisons, his army, his fleet; and the first seeds had been sown by those who derived their being from himself, his daughters. All this was known by almost every one in the realm but himself. Evelyn sums up the array of gloomy portents, by which the birth-day of James II. was marked at this crisis, in the very spirit of a Roman soothsayer, save that he leaves the reader to draw the inference to which he points "14th of October. The king's birth-day. No guns from the Tower, as usual. The sun eclipsed at its rising. This day signal for the victory of William the Conqueror over Harold, near Battel, in Sussex. The wind, which had been hitherto west, was east all this day. Wonderful expectation of the Dutch fleet. Public prayers ordered to be read in the churches against invasion."¹ In the midst of these alarms, the king, with his usual want of tact, caused the prince of Wales to be solemnly named in the catholic chapel of St. James's; the pope, represented by his nuncio, count d'Adda, being godfather; the queen-dowager, Catharine of Braganza, godmother.² Father Leyburn officiated. This ceremonial is noticed by one of the court in these words:—"The prince of Wales was christened yesterday, and called James Francis Edward—pope's nuncio and queen-dowager, gossips. The catholic court was fine, and the show great."³ The last name, which ought to have been the first, was dear to the historic memories of the people, as connected with the glories of the warlike Plantagenet sovereigns, Edward the Black Prince and the early promise of Edward VI.; but James, instead of allowing those associations to operate in favour of his son, thought proper to specify that it was in honour of Edward the Confessor—a monarch who stood just then almost as much at discount in popular opinion as himself. All James's notions, except that of universal toleration, were six centuries behind the age in which he lived, and in that he was a century and a half too early. In wanting judgment to understand the temper of the times, he made all other regal sciences useless. What could be more unwise than inflicting on the heir of a protestant realm, a godfather, who was regarded by vulgar bigotry as Satan's especial vicegerent upon earth, who was conventionally anathematized and defied by three-fourths of the people, and whose scaramouch proxy was annually committed to the flames, in company with that of Guy Fawkes, at the national *auto-da-fé* of the 5th of November? The name of Francis had ostensibly been given to the prince, in compliment to his uncle of Modena; but Mary Beatrice had also a spiritual godfather for her son, St. Francis Xavier, whose intercessions she considered had been very efficacious in obtaining for her the blessing of his birth. In acknowledgment of the supposed patronage of the Virgin Mary on this occasion, her majesty sent a rich offering to the shrine of Loretto. The

¹ Diary, vol. ii., p. 656.

² Gazette. Rapin.

³ Ellis Correspondence

Italian education of Mary d'Esté had rendered her unconscious of the fact, that such practices are regarded by the protestant world as acts of idolatry, by the musing antiquarian as vestiges of the superstitions of remote antiquity, lingering in a land where votive gifts were presented at the altars of Venus and Juno, and other Pagan deities. The earl of Perth, when speaking of the offerings to the shrine of our lady of Loreto, says, "By-the-bye, our queen's is the richest there as yet, and will be so a great while, as I believe."¹

Confident reports that the Dutch fleet had been shattered and dispersed in one of the rough autumnal gales, crowded the drawing-room at Whitehall with deceitful faces once more. The courtiers, like persons in the ague, intermitted in their homage according to the way of the wind. They had a hot fit of loyalty on the 16th of October; but the rumours of the Dutch disasters were speedily contradicted, and the royal circle visibly thinned in consequence. The Dutch prince, the expected liberator, had put forth his memorials, explaining the causes of his coming, at the end of which lurked the mainspring which impelled him to that resolution, a determination to inquire into the birth of the pretended prince of Wales;² in other words, to endeavour to deprive his infant brother-in-law of his birth-right, under a shallow pretext that he was not born of the queen. A pamphlet, supposed to be written by Dr. Burnet, was distributed in England, as a pendant to the declaration of the prince of Orange, entitled, A Memorial of the English Protestants to the Prince and Princess of Orange, wherein, after a long statement of the grievances king James had put on the nation, it was set forth, "that the king and queen had imposed a spurious prince of Wales on the nation, and this was evident, because his majesty would never suffer the witnesses who were present at the queen's delivery to be examined." Other papers were disseminated, asserting "that the mother of the pretended prince of Wales was coming over in the Dutch fleet." "The charge respecting a spurious heir," says sir James Mackintosh, "was one of the most flagrant wrongs ever done to a sovereign or a father. The son of James II. was, perhaps, the only prince in Europe, of whose blood there could be no rational doubt, considering the verification of his birth, and the unimpeachable life of his mother." James has called his consort "the chastest and most virtuous princess in the world." To vindicate his claims to the paternity of their beloved son, the last male scion of the royal line of Stuart, and to clear the queen of the odious imputation that was now publicly cast upon her by the self-interested husband of his eldest daughter, appeared to James II. matters of greater moment than the defence of the crown he wore. He determined to have the birth of the royal infant legally attested before he left London to take the command of his forces.

The feminine delicacy of Mary Beatrice revolted at the first proposition of a proceeding so painful to the womanly feelings of herself and the ladies who must be called upon to make depositions before a large

¹ Perth Correspondence, edited by W. Jerdan, Esq. Recently published by the Camden Society.

² E hard, Kennet, and all histories of the times.

assembly of gentlemen, for she was aware, that unless those depositions were minutely circumstantial, they would be turned against her and her son. She considered the plan suggested by the king, derogatory to their mutual dignity and her own innocence, and that the unprecedented number of honourable persons who had witnessed the birth of her son, rendered circumstantial evidence needless. One day, however, at a visit she made the princess Anne, she introduced the subject, and said, "she wondered how such ridiculous reports could get into circulation." Anne answered very coldly, "that it was not so much to be wondered at, since such persons were not present as ought to have been there."¹ The queen was much surprised at this rejoinder, which seems to have been the first thing that opened her eyes to the true source whence these injurious calumnies had proceeded.

It was obviously as much Anne's policy to provoke a quarrel now, as to imply doubts of the verity of her brother's birth; but quarrels are for the vulgar; Mary Beatrice resolved to answer the innuendo by the testimony of the numerous witnesses who were present at her *accouchement*. For this purpose, an extraordinary council was convened, on the 22d of October, in the great council-chamber at Whitehall, where, in the presence of prince George of Denmark, the archbishop of Canterbury, most of the peers spiritual and temporal, the judges, the great officers of the crown, the lord-mayor and aldermen of the city of London, and the members of the privy council; the queen-dowager, and all the persons who were present at the birth of the prince of Wales, being assembled, the king addressed them with mournful solemnity in these words:—"My lords,—I have called you together upon a very extraordinary occasion, but extraordinary diseases must have extraordinary remedies. The malicious endeavours of my enemies have so poisoned the minds of some of my subjects, that by the reports I have from all hands, I have reason to believe, that very many do not think this son with which God hath blessed me to be mine, but a supposed child; but I may say, that by particular Providence, scarce any prince was ever born where there were so many persons present. I have taken this time to have the matter heard and examined here, expecting that the prince of Orange with the first easterly wind, will invade this kingdom, and as I have often ventured my life for the nation before I came to the crown, so I think myself more obliged to do the same now I am king, and do intend to go in person against him, whereby I may be exposed to accidents; and therefore I thought it necessary to have this now done, in order to satisfy the minds of my subjects, and to prevent this kingdom being engaged in blood and confusion after my death. I have desired the queen-dowager to give herself the trouble of coming hither, to declare what she knows of the birth of my son, and most of the ladies, lords, and other persons who were present, are ready here to depose upon oath their knowledge of this matter."²

¹ Life of James II., vol. ii., p. 197.

² The testimony of the queen-dowager, Catharine of Braganza, that she was present at the birth of the prince of Wales, has been already given in the life of that princess, vol. v.ii

The queen-dowager, and forty ladies and gentlemen of high rank whereof seventeen were catholics and three-and-twenty protestants, besides the queen's midwife, nurses, and four physicians, verified the birth of the young prince on oath. The evidence of the following protestant ladies, Isabella, countess of Roscommon, Anne, countess of Arran, Anne, countess of Sunderland, lady Isabella Wentworth, lady Bellasys, and Mrs. Margaret Dawson, was so positive, minute, and consistent, with that of the catholic ladies, that if any real doubts had existed, it must have set them at rest for ever.¹

The princess Anne had been requested to attend, and had excused herself to her king and father, under a false pretence, that she was in that situation which she had accused the queen of feigning. It was the sequel of her artful departure to Bath, that she might not be a witness of what she was determined to dispute, the claims of a male heir to the crown. "And now, my lords," said the king, "although I did not question but that every person here present was satisfied before in this matter, yet by what you have heard, you will be able to satisfy others; besides, if I and the queen could be thought so wicked, as to endeavour to impose a child upon the nation, you see how impossible it would have been. And there is none of you but will easily believe me, who have suffered for conscience sake, incapable of so great a villany to the prejudice of my own children, and I thank God that those who know me, know well that it is my principle to do as I would be done by, for that is the law and the prophets; and I would rather die a thousand deaths than do the least wrong to any of my children." His majesty further said, "If any of my lords think it necessary the queen should be sent for, it shall be done." But their lordships not thinking it necessary, her majesty was not sent for.

As the injurious doubts that had been cast on the birth of the young prince, originated in malicious falsehood,² its verification had no other effect than to draw the coarsest ribaldry on the king and queen and their innocent babe. The ladies, who had had sufficient moral courage to attest the facts which exonerated their royal mistress from the calumnies of an unprincipled faction, were especially marked out for vengeance. The base lampooners of the faction dipped their pens in more abhorrent mud than usual, to bespatter witnesses whose testimony was irrefragable. The dignity of truth is, however, an adamant shield from which the shafts of vindictive falsehood will ever rebound, to the disgrace of those who fling them.

The next event that engaged public attention, was the fall of Sunderland. That perfidious minister was denounced, in full council, to the

¹ The Minutes of Council of Monday, October 22, 1688. Printed by Bill, Hill, and Newcombe, printers to the king. On the 1st of November following, it was ordered by the king in council that the declarations of himself and the queen-dowager, with the depositions of the other witnesses present at the birth of the prince of Wales, should be printed and published.

² "Burnet," as the continuator of Mackintosh justly observes, "has treated this investigation, and all the circumstances connected with the birth of the son of James II. and his queen, with a flagrant disregard of decency and truth."

king, of betraying his secrets to his enemies. James had before been warned of him by the envoy of Louis XIV. Lady Sunderland flew to the queen, and besought her protection for her husband, protesting that he was falsely accused.¹ The queen never interfered in cases which she considered out of her province. Sunderland tried to shake her resolution, by throwing himself at her feet, and pleading the merits of his conversion to the church of Rome; but Mary Beatrice had sufficient reason to suspect, that which was afterwards used by his friends as an excuse for his popery, "that he had turned catholic, the better to deceive the king and to serve the protestant cause." While he was yet closeted with her majesty, he was apprised by a message from the king that he was superseded in his office by the earl of Middleton. A partial change in other departments followed; but James's new cabinet was feeble and inefficient.

On the 27th, an express brought the news that the Dutch armada had been scattered, and all but annihilated, in a mighty storm. James, and the catholic party, suffered themselves to hope, and, deceived by William's purposed exaggeration of the mischief, to pause—seven days served to repair all damage, and to get the fleet in order again. William sailed a second time from Helvoetsluys, November 1st. On the 2d, the fortunate "protestant east wind," as it was called, swelled his sails. His descent was expected to be on the coast of Yorkshire; but, led by the traitor Herbert—for traitor every man is, who, under any pretext, pilots a foreign armament to the shores of his own country—after steering north about twelve hours, he changed his course, and passing the royal fleet of England in the Downs, entered Torbay, and landed on the 5th. The conduct of lord Dartmouth, by whom the fleet was commanded, in permitting the Dutchmen to pass without firing one shot for the honour of the British flag, is still matter of debate. His own statement, "that the sea came so heavy, and the tide fell so cross," with other technical difficulties, was admitted by the royal seaman, his master, to be reasonable excuses.²

The first intelligence of the landing of the prince of Orange was brought to James by an officer, who had ridden with such speed, that before he could conclude his narrative, he fell exhausted at the feet of the king—a startling omen, according to the temper of the times.³ Yet William was received at first but coldly in the west. The mayor of Exeter, though unsupported by a single soldier, boldly arrested the *avant courier* of the Dutch stadtholder, and shut the gates of the town against his troops at their approach, and the bishop fled. It was nine days before any person of consequence joined the Dutch prince. The episcopalian party in Scotland became more fervent in their loyalty as the crisis darkened; their bishops presented an address, on the 3d of November, to king James, assuring him, in language that must have been very cheering to the drooping spirits of himself and his consort, "that they and their clergy prayed that his son, the prince of Wales might

¹ Evelyn's Diary. Mackintosh's History of the Revolution of 1688.

² Letters in Dalrymple's Appendix. James's Journal.

³ Mackintosh

inherit the virtues of his august and serene parents; and that God in his mercy might still preserve and deliver his majesty, by giving him the hearts of his subjects, and the necks of his enemies."

A little of the energy and promptitude that had distinguished the early days of James, duke of York, would probably have enabled king James to maintain his throne; but the season of knightly enterprise was over with him. He had begun life too early, and, like most persons who have been compelled by circumstances to exert the courage and self-possession of men in the tender years of childhood, James appears to have suffered a premature decay of those faculties that were precociously forced into action. At seventeen, James Stuart would have met the crisis triumphantly; at fifty-seven, it overpowered him. Father Petre persuaded him to remain in the metropolis, when he ought to have assumed a threatening demeanour. He urged his majesty "to observe the excited state of the rabble; and to consider what would be the fate of his wife and son, if he abandoned them." James had appointed Salisbury Plain for the rendezvous of his forces, and thither he ought to have proceeded in person, instead of bestowing his attention on the defences of his metropolis. The deep-laid treachery of his favourite, Churchill, in the mean time, began to work, in the desertion of lord Cornbury, who attempted to carry off three regiments to the prince of Orange. Only sixty troopers followed him, it is true; but in consequence of this movement, lord Feversham, fancying the prince of Orange was upon his outposts, ordered the troops to fall back, and a general panic communicated itself to the army. An express brought this ill news to Whitehall, just as the king was going to sit down to dinner, but calling only for a piece of bread and a glass of wine, he immediately summoned his council to meet. He had better have ordered his horses, and set out to encourage his soldiers. His timorous or treacherous advisers, persuaded him not to hazard his person, till he were better assured of the temper of his troops; and thus three more precious days were lost.

James, having been assured that though lord Cornbury was the first deserter, he was not the only traitor in his service, nor yet in his household; determined to make one of those frank appeals to the honour of his officers, which often elicits a generous burst of feeling. He called all the generals and colonels of his reserved force together, and told them, "that if there were any among them unwilling to serve him, he gave them free leave to surrender their commissions, and depart wheresoever they pleased: for he was willing to spare them the dishonour of deserting, as lord Cornbury had done." They all appeared deeply moved, and replied unanimously, "that they would serve him to the last drop of their blood."¹ "The duke of Grafton and my lord Churchill," says James, "were the first that made this attestation, and the first who broke it." If religious scruples had been the true cause, as Churchill afterwards pretended, of his deserting his royal benefactor, why did he not candidly say so on this occasion, and resign his commission, instead of deceiving him, by professing devotion to his service? He was not con-

¹ King James's Journal.

tented with deserting his unfortunate king in the hour of need: he designed to have the merit of betraying him.¹ It was not till the 17th of November that James set out for the army. Fears for the safety of his son so completely haunted his mind, that he could not venture to leave him in London, even under the care of his fond mother the queen. He therefore determined to send the infant prince to Portsmouth, and from thence to France, and that he should travel under his own escort the first day's journey. "This was a melancholy parting, especially to the queen, who never feared danger when the king was with her, and had all her life chosen rather to share his hazards and his hardships than to be in the greatest ease and security without him. This being now denied her, and he obliged to part from her on a dangerous expedition, and the prince her son, at the same time, sent from her into a foreign country, while she was left in a mutinous and discontented city, it is not to be wondered if she begged the king to be cautious what steps he made in such suspected company, not knowing but the ground on which he thought to stand with most security might sink from under his feet."² The king recommended the care of the city to the lord-mayor, and left the management of affairs of state in the hands of a council, consisting of the lord-chancellor, and the lords Preston, Arundel, Bellasys, and Godolphin. No power was left in the hands of the queen. Father Petre had fled the country.³ "This day (November 17), at two," writes the Ellis correspondent, "his majesty marched for Windsor with the prince of Wales. They will be to-morrow at Basingstoke, or Andover. The queen is still here. This is a melancholy time with us all." James and his infant boy slept at Windsor for the last time that night. The next morning, he sent the babe to Portsmouth, with his nurse, under the care of the marquis and marchioness of Powis, and an escort of Scotch and Irish dragoons. His majesty arrived at Salisbury on the evening of the 19th.⁴

The records of the queen's proceedings, when left alone at Whitehall, bereft both of her husband and her child during nine days of terror and suspense, are singularly barren. If the letters, which she wrote to the king at that anxious period, should ever be forthcoming, they would form most valuable and deeply-interesting links in the history of that momentous time; for she writes with the truthful simplicity of a child. On the 22d of November, lord Clarendon says, "In the afternoon I waited on the queen, she having appointed me this time by Mrs. Dawson. I expressed myself as well as I could on my son's (lord Cornbury's) desertion. She was pleased to make me very gracious answers. Her majesty discoursed very freely of public affairs, saying, 'How much the king was misunderstood by his people; that he intended nothing but a general liberty of conscience, which she wondered could be opposed; that he always intended to support the religion established, being well satisfied of the loyalty of the church of England.' I took the liberty to tell her majesty that liberty of conscience could never be granted but by act of parliament. The queen did not like what I said, and so inter-

¹ King James's Journal² Ibid.³ Ibid.⁴ Dalrymple &c

rupted me, with saying, 'She was very sorry my brother and I had joined in the late petition, and said the king was angry at it.' I justified myself, by giving my reasons for so doing; but finding her uneasy, I ended my discourse with begging her majesty to use her interest in doing good offices, and to be a means of begetting confidence between the king and his people, towards which she might be a happy instrument."¹ The news came that day, that the king had bled much at the nose, and again, by express on the 24th, that the bleeding continued.² The alarm and distress of the queen may easily be imagined; for the king was not subject to those sort of attacks, and he was precisely the same age at which the late king, his brother, died of apoplexy. The hæmorrhage commenced immediately after he had held a council of war on the night of his arrival at Salisbury, and could not be stopped till a vein was breathed in his arm. The next day, when he was on horseback viewing the plains to choose a place for his camp, it returned upon him with greater violence, and continued to do so at intervals for the next three days. He was let blood four times that week.³ James calls this "a providential bleeding,"⁴ because it incapacitated him from fulfilling his intention of going to visit his advanced guard at Warminster, with lord Churchill and a party of officers, who had entered into a confederacy to betray him into the hands of the prince of Orange, by taking him to the outposts of the foe, instead of his own; and if any attempt were made for his rescue, to shoot or stab him as he sat in the chariot.⁵ "Although, says the duke of Berwick,⁶ "I would wish to hide the faults that were committed by my uncle lord Churchill, I cannot pass over in silence a very remarkable circumstance. The king meant to go from Salisbury in my coach, to visit the quarter that was commanded by major-general Kirk, but a prodigious bleeding at the nose which came all at once on his majesty, prevented him. If he had gone, it seems, measures were taken by Churchill and Kirk, to deliver him to the prince of Orange, but this accident averted the blow." A far greater peril impended over the unfortunate prince, from physical causes within, than the most subtle design which treason could devise against him. Distress of mind, combined with bodily fatigue, had thrown his blood into such a state of fermentation, that the operation of the heart was affected, and he was in imminent danger of suffusion of the brain, at the moment when nature made good her powerful struggle in his favour, and the torrents of blood which burst from his nostrils, like the opening of a safety-valve in a steam-engine that is labouring under too high a pressure,

¹ Clarendon's Diary.

² Ibid.

³ Diary of sir Patrick Hume. Reresby. Burnet.

⁴ Journal of James II.

⁵ See the full particulars of this atrocious design in Macpherson's Documents, vo. i., pp. 279-80-81, and Carte's Memorandum Book, vol. xii. The treacherous intention of Marlborough, in having confederated to deliver his royal master into the hands of William of Orange, is mentioned by sir John Reresby as 'if no doubt were at that time entertained on the subject; and it appears as well authenticated as any historical fact which is not verified by documents. Carte and Macpherson produce strong evidence, even of the intention of assassinating the king.

⁶ Autobiography of the duke of Berwick, French ed., vol. i., p. 23.

verted a sudden and fatal result. The excessive loss of blood left king James in a state of death-like exhaustion, while the recurrence of the hæmorrhage every time he attempted to rouse himself for either bodily or mental exertion, bore witness of his unfitnes for either, and produced despondency,¹ which physiologists would not have attributed to want of courage in a man who had formerly given great proofs of personal intrepidity, but to the prostration of the animal system. It was at this melancholy crisis that Churchill, the creature of his bounty, and the confidant of his most secret councils, deserted to the prince of Orange, with the duke of Grafton, and other officers of his army. This example was quickly followed by others. James was bewildered, paralysed. The warning cry, "There is treachery, O Ahaziah!" seemed for ever ringing in the ear of the unfortunate king, and he knew not whom to trust. In an evil hour, he fell back with his infantry to Andover. There he was deserted by his son-in-law, prince George of Denmark, and the duke of Ormond, both of whom had supped with him, and maintained a flattering semblance up to the last moment.²

Mary Beatrice, meantime, had continued to hold her lonely court at Whitehall, surrounded by timid priests and terrified women, and to do her best to appear cheerful, and to conciliate cold friends and treacherous foes. A slight skirmish that took place between the advanced guards of the royal army and those of the prince of Orange, in which the victory had been claimed by both, was magnified into a report of an engagement, in which the king had been defeated, and that he was retreating to the metropolis. The excitement and terror caused by these rumours were extreme. All the people of condition who were in town flocked to the palace to learn news, filling every gallery and antechamber. In vain did those about court endeavour to assume an air of cheerfulness. The queen never had the faculty of concealing her emotions, and when her heart was torn with conflicting apprehensions for the safety of her husband and her child, her pale cheeks and tearful eyes were referred to as indications of fresh misfortunes by those who, halting between two opinions, were willing to choose the side which played a winning game.

There is some reason to believe that the queen made a fruitless appeal to the feelings of the princess Anne on the evening of the 25th. That a discussion took place upon this agitating subject, rests on the following circumstance, recorded in one of lord Dartmouth's marginal notes on Burnet: "The princess pretended that she was out of order on some expostulations that had passed between her and the queen, in a visit she received from her that night; therefore she said she would not be disturbed till she rang her bell." This was clearly a feint to gain time, and forms no specific accusation against the queen, only implying that there had been a scene, in which her own temper had been ruffled. Next morning, her servants, after waiting two hours longer than usual for her rising, and finding the bed open and her highness gone, ran

¹ Burnet.

² *Life of King James.* Mackintosh. Lingard. Macpherson. Dalrymple

screaming to lady Dartmouth's lodgings, which were next to Anne's, and told her that the priests had murdered the princess. From thence they went to the queen, and old Mrs. Buss asked her, in a very rude manner, what she had done with their mistress? The queen answered, very gravely, "she supposed their mistress was where she liked to be, but did assure them she knew nothing of her, and did not doubt they would hear of her again very soon."¹ This did not prevent them from spreading a report all over Whitehall that the princess had been murdered. The nurse and lady Clarendon kept up the excitement, by running about like persons out of their senses, exclaiming, "The papists have murdered the princess!" and when they met any of the queen's servants, asked them "what they had done with her royal highness?" "Which," observes king James, "considering the ferment people were in, and how susceptible they were of an ill impression against the queen, might have caused her to be torn in pieces by the rabble, but God preserved her from their malice,² which was not able to make this contrivance more than one day's wonder, for the next morning it was known whither the princess had gone."

A day or two after, a letter, which had been left by the princess on her toilet, addressed to the queen, appeared in print.³ The delay in its delivery might have been of fatal consequences to Mary Beatrice, at a time when so much pains were taken to inflame the minds of the people against her. When king James returned dispirited to his metropolis, the first news that greeted him there was, the desertion of his daughter Anne. The blow was fatal to his cause as a king, but it was as a father that he felt it. "God help me!" exclaimed he, bursting into tears, "my own children have forsaken me in my distress."⁴ He entered his palace with those bitter drops of agony still overflowing his cheek, crying, "O if mine enemies only had cursed me, I could have borne it."⁵ Like Byron's wounded eagle, the arrow that transfixed his heart had been flegged from his own wing.

Lady Oglethorpe, who held an office in the royal household, told Sir John Resesby, in confidence, "that the king was so deeply affected when the princess Anne went away, that it disordered his understanding:"⁶ a melancholy elucidation of his subsequent conduct, which cannot be explained on any rational principle. James had all along been haunted with the idea that the life of the infant prince was in jeopardy. This fear returned upon him now with redoubled force. "'Tis my son they aim at," wrote the agitated monarch to the earl of Dartmouth, "and 'tis my son I must endeavour to preserve, whatsoever becomes of me; therefore, I conjure you to assist lord Dover in getting him sent away in the yachts, as soon as wind and weather will permit, for the first port they can get to in France, and that with as much secrecy as may be; and see that trusty men may be put in the yachts that he may be exposed to no other danger but that of the sea, and know I shall look upon this as one

¹ Note of lord Dartmouth on Burnet.

² Journal of king James II

³ Life of James.

Dalrymple. Macpherson. Echar. Rapin.
Sir John Resesby's Memoirs.

⁴ Life of king James.

of the greatest pieces of service you can do me." James wrote four times with agonizing pertinacity to lord Dartmouth, reiterating not only his commands, but his prayers, for him to facilitate the departure of the prince from England. This feverish state of anxiety about his boy, rendered James regardless of the fatal progress of the prince of Orange, who continued to advance, unopposed, but cautiously. Neither he nor any one else who had known the James Stuart of former years could believe that he would abandon his realm without a blow. What strange change had come over the spirit of the chivalrous *aide-de-camp* of Turenne, the gallant sailor-prince, who had connected his name so proudly with the naval glories of Great Britain? What says the most accomplished statesman and moralist of modern times? he, who, made wise by the philosophy of history and the study of mankind, guides the destinies of a mighty empire, by holding the balance with a faithful hand amidst conflicting parties. "When we consider the life of a man, we none know what he may become till we see the end of his career."¹ Mental anguish had unhinged the mind of the unfortunate king, his bodily strength having been previously prostrated by circumstances that sufficiently indicate the disarranged state of the brain at that momentous crisis. He summoned his council, his peers, spiritual and temporal, he appealed to their loyalty, he asked for advice and succour, and they answered in the spirit of Job's comforters, "that he had no one to blame but himself." They told him of his faults, but gave him no pledges of assistance.

The populace had been infuriated by reports, artfully circulated, that the Irish regiments were to be employed in a general massacre of the protestants, and they began to attack the houses of the Roman-catholics in the city. Terrors, for the safety of his queen, next possessed the tottering mind of James, and he determined that she should go to Portsmouth, and cross over to France, with their child. When he first mentioned this project to Mary Beatrice, she declared "that nothing should induce her to leave him in his present distress;" she told him, "that she was willing that the prince her son should be sent to France, or anywhere else that was judged proper for his security, she could bear to be separated from her child with patience, but not from himself. She was determined to share his fortunes, whatever they might be. Hardships, hazards, and imprisonments, if borne with him, she would prefer to the greatest ease and security in the world without him." When the king continued to urge her, she asked him "if he purposed to come away himself, for if he did, and wished to send her before to facilitate their mutual escape, she would no longer dispute his orders."² James assured her that such was his intention, and she made no further opposition.

The interest excited in France by the progress of this strange historic drama, inspired the celebrated count de Lauzun and his friend St. Victor, with the romantic determination of crossing the channel, to offer their services to the distressed king and queen of England, at this dark epoch

¹ Course of Civilization, by M. Guizot.

² Life of James II., from the Stuart Papers

of their fortunes, when they appeared abandoned by all the world. Lauzun was the husband of James's maternal cousin, mademoiselle de Montpensier, and had paid the penalty of ten years' imprisonment in the Bastille, for marrying a princess of the blood royal without the consent of Louis XIV. St. Victor was a gentleman of Avignon, perhaps the son of that brave lieutenant St. Victor, whose life king James had saved, when duke of York, by his personal valour, at the battle of Dunkirk, thirty years before. An idea, calculated to add no slight interest to the following pages.

The services of these knights errant were accepted by James as frankly as they were offered. He determined to confide to them the perilous office of conveying his queen and infant son to France; and they engaged in the enterprise, in a spirit worthy of the age of chivalry. A contemporary narrative in the *Archives au Royaume de France*, evidently written by St. Victor, supplies many additional particulars connected with that eventful page of the personal history of Mary Beatrice and her son.¹

"On the 2d of December," says this gentleman, "a valet-de-chambre of the king, named Labadie, husband to the queen's nurse, called me by his majesty's order, and made me a sign that the king was in the cabinet of the queen's chamber. On entering, found him alone, and he did me the honour to say he had a secret to communicate to me. I asked 'if any other persons had knowledge of it.' He replied, 'Yes, but I should be satisfied when I knew who they were.' He then named the queen, and monsieur the count of Lauzun. I bowed my head, in token of my entire submission to his orders. Then he said to me, 'I design to make the queen pass the sea next Tuesday, that day Turinie² will be on guard; the prince of Wales will pass with her from Portsmouth. You must come here this evening, with count de Lauzun, to arrange the plan.' I obeyed implicitly, and at eleven o'clock returned with count Lauzun. I found the king alone. He proposed several expedients, and different modes of executing this design; but the plan I suggested alone coincided with the ideas of his majesty." This plan was pretty nearly the same that was ultimately adopted. The king then told the queen that everything was prepared, and she must hold herself in readiness. This important secret was communicated by Mary Beatrice to her confessor, and lady Strickland, and they only waited to receive an answer from lord Dartmouth to the king's repeated letters touching the prince. It does not appear that James meant to trust his admiral with the secret, that the queen was to take shipping at the same time in the Mary yacht, which lay at Portsmouth, in readiness to receive the royal fugitives. The captain of the yacht was willing to undertake the service required;

¹ This curious document belongs to the Chaillot Collection, and is stated to be written by an Italian gentleman of the household of Mary d'Esté, who was engaged in the adventure; but the moral and internal evidence of every person who collates it with other accounts of the transaction, is that the author could be no other than St. Victor himself. It is vouched that every word of the narrative had been confirmed by the queen herself.

² The husband of the queen's lady, Pellegrina Turinie.

but, when lord Dover came to confer with lord Dartmouth on the subject, they both agreed that it was a most improper, as well as impolitic step, to send the heir-apparent of the realm out of the kingdom, without the consent of parliament; and lord Dartmouth had the honesty to write an earnest remonstrance to the king, telling him how bad an effect it would have on his affairs:

"I most humbly hope," says he, "you will not exact it from me, nor longer entertain so much as a thought of doing that which will give your enemies an advantage, though never so falsely grounded, to distrust your son's just right, which you have asserted and manifested to the world, in the matter of his being your real son, and born of the queen, by the testimonies of so many apparent witnesses. Pardon, therefore, sir, if on my bended knees I beg of you to apply yourself to other counsels, for the doing this looks like nothing less than despair to the degree of not only giving your enemies encouragement, but distrust of your friends and people, who, I do not despair, will yet stand by you in the defence and right of your lawful successor."¹

Dartmouth goes on, after other weighty reasons to dissuade the king from this ill-judged step, to assure him that nothing less than the loss of his crown, and the hazard of his majesty's personal safety, and that of the queen, could result from it, and begs him to give orders for the prince's immediate return, lest the troops of the prince of Orange should be interposed between London and Portsmouth.² This was touching the right chord; James, though unconvinced by the sound sense of lord Dartmouth's reasoning, became tremblingly anxious for the safety of his boy. Lord Dartmouth's letter, dated December 3, was received on Monday, 4th. James then changed his arrangements, but not his plans. He despatched couriers to Portsmouth on the Wednesday, with orders for lord and lady Powis to bring the little prince back to Whitehall. They started with their precious charge, at five o'clock on a dark wintry morning; missed the two catholic regiments, under the command of colonel Clifford, that were appointed to meet and escort his royal highness on the road, and narrowly escaped an ambush of 100 horse, sent by the prince of Orange to intercept them as they passed through a part of the New Forest, by taking another road, and reached Guildford safely on the Friday night.³

The historian of the queen's escape was sent by the king, with three coaches, and a detachment of the guards and dragoons, to meet the prince at Guildford; he brought him to London by Kingston, and arrived at Whitehall at three o'clock on the Saturday morning.⁴ "It was St. Victor," says Madame de Sevigné, "who took the little prince in his cloak, when it was said he was at Portsmouth." He had previously completed all the arrangements for the queen's passage to France, and hired two yachts at Gravesend—one in the name of an Italian lady, who was about to return to her own country, the other in that of count Lauzun. The following day, December 9th, was appointed for the depart-

¹ Dalrymple's Appendix, 328, 329.

² Ibid.

³ Life of James II.

When the prince's first appointed escort re-entered London, they were received with hooting and pelting, and other rough usage, by the rabble, which compelled men to disband, and every man to shift for himself. It was well for the royal infant that he came under other auspices.

time of the queen and prince; it was a Sunday, but no Sabbath stillness hallowed it in the turbulent metropolis. The morning was ushered in with tumults—burning of catholic chapels and houses; tidings of evil import arrived from all parts of the kingdom. When the evening approached, the queen implored her husband to permit her to remain and share his perils; he replied, 'that it was his intention to follow her in four-and-twenty hours, and that it was necessary, for the sake of their child, that she should precede him.' To avoid suspicion, their majesties retired to bed as usual, at ten o'clock. About an hour after, they rose, and the queen commenced her preparations for her sorrowful journey. About midnight, St. Victor, dressed in the coarse habit of a seaman, and armed, ascended by a secret staircase to the apartment of the king, bringing with him some part of the disguise which he had caused to be prepared for the queen, and told the king all was ready for her majesty's departure. "I then," pursues he, "retired into another room, where the count de Lauzun and I waited till the queen was ready. Her majesty had, meantime, confided her secret to lady Strickland, the lady of the bed-chamber, who was in waiting that night. As soon as the queen was attired, we entered the chamber. The count de Lauzun and I had secured some of the jewels on our persons, in case of accidents, although their majesties were at first opposed to it; but their generous hearts were only occupied in cares for the safety and comfort of their royal infant. At two o'clock, we descended by another stair, answering to that from the king's cabinet, leading to the apartment of madame Labadie, where the prince had been carried secretly some time before. There all the persons assembled who were to attend on the queen and the prince, namely, the count de Lauzun, the two nurses, and myself."¹

The king, turning to Lauzun, said, with deep emotion, "I confide my queen and son to your care; all must be hazarded to convey them with the utmost speed to France." Lauzun, after expressing his high sense of the honour that was conferred on him, presented his hand to the queen to lead her away. She turned a parting look on the king—an eloquent but mute farewell, and followed by the two nurses with her sleeping infant, crossed the great gallery in silence,² stole down the backstairs, preceded by St. Victor, who had the keys, and passing through a postern door into the privy gardens, quitted Whitehall for ever. A coach was waiting at the gate, which St. Victor had borrowed of his friend signor Ferichi, the Florentine resident, as if it had been for his own use.³ "On our way," pursues he, "we had to pass six sentinels, who all, according to custom, cried out, 'Who goes there?' I replied without hesitation, 'A friend;' and when they saw that I had the master-key of the gates, they allowed me to pass without opposition. The queen, with the prince, his two nurses, and the count de Lauzun, got into the coach,

¹ Narrative of the Queen's Escape, Archives au Royaume de France. Chail lot Ms.

² Madame de Sévigné, and MS. Narrative of the escape of the queen and son of James II., king of England, authenticated by the queen. Archives au Royaume de France. Chail lot Collection.

³ MS. Narrative of the queen's escape.

but to make all sure, I placed myself by the coachman on the box to direct him. We drove to Westminster, and arrived safely at the place called the Horseferry,¹ where I had engaged a boat to wait for me. To prevent suspicion, I had accustomed the boatmen to row me across the river of a night, under pretence of a sporting expedition, taking cold provisions and a rifle with me, to give it a better colour." That pretext, however, could scarcely be expected to pass current on the inclement night, when he ventured the passage of those wintry waters with the fugitive queen and her babe. It was then evidently a case of life and death, and the boatmen must have been paid accordingly, for they incurred some danger themselves. The night was wet and stormy, and "so dark," continues St. Victor, "that when we got into the boat we could not see each other, though we were closely seated, for the boat was very small." Thus with literally "only one frail plank between her and eternity," did the queen of Great Britain cross the swollen waters of the Thames, with her tender infant of six months old in her arms, with no better attendance than his nurses, no other escort than the count de Lauzun, and the writer of this narrative, who confesses, "that he felt an extreme terror at the peril to which he saw personages of their importance exposed, and that his only reliance was in the mercy of God, by whose especial providence," he says, "we were preserved, and arrived at our destination."²

A curious print of the times represents the boat in danger, and the two gentlemen assisting the rowers, who are labouring against wind and tide. The queen is seated by the steersman, enveloped in a large cloak, with a hood drawn over her head; her attitude is expressive of melancholy, and she appears anxious to conceal the little prince, who is asleep on her bosom, partially shrouded among the ample folds of her draperies. The other two females betray alarm. The engraving is rudely executed, and it is printed on coarse paper; but the design is not without merit, being bold and original in conception, and full of passion. It was probably intended as an appeal to the sympathies of the humbler classes, in behalf of the royal fugitive.

"Our passage," says the conductor of the enterprise, "was rendered very difficult and dangerous, from the violence of the wind, and the heavy and incessant rain. When we reached the opposite bank of the Thames, I called aloud by name on monsieur Dusions, the page of the back-stairs, who ought to have been there waiting with a coach and six, which had been engaged by count de Lauzun. The page answered promptly, but told them that the coach was still at the inn. Thither St. Victor ran to hasten it, leaving Lauzun to protect the queen. Her majesty, meantime, withdrew herself and her little company under the walls of the old church at Lambeth, without any other shelter from the

¹ At that time, there was only London Bridge which crossed the Thames; Westminster Bridge was not then built; ferry-boats were the communication between Westminster and Lambeth.

² MS Narrative of the Escape of the Queen of England, in Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot MS.

wind and bitter cold, or any other consolation than that the rain had ceased."¹

On that spot, which has been rendered a site of historic interest by this affecting incident, the beautiful and unfortunate consort of the last of our Stuart kings remained standing, with her infant son fondly clasped to her bosom, during the agonizing interval of suspense caused by the delay of the coach, dreading every moment that he would awake, and betray them by his cries. Her apprehension was unfounded. He had slept sweetly while they carried him, in the dead of night, from his palace nursery to the water-side; neither wind nor rain had disturbed him; he had felt none of the perils or difficulties of the stormy passage, and he continued wrapt in the same profound repose during this anxious pause, alike unconscious of his own reverse of fortune, and his mother's woe.

Mary Beatrice is said to have looked back with streaming eyes towards the royal home where her beloved consort remained, lonely and surrounded with perils; and that she vainly endeavoured to trace out the lights of Whitehall, among those that were reflected from the opposite shore, along the dark rolling river.² The historians of that period declare, that the queen remained an hour under the walls of the old church with her babe, waiting for the coach, which through some mistake never came, and that a hackney-coach was, at last, procured with difficulty. This was not the case; for St. Victor found the coach and six already at the inn, which was within sight of the river; the delay, therefore, must have been comparatively brief; but when time is measured by the exigency of circumstances, minutes are lengthened into hours.

The haste and agitation in which St. Victor appeared, when he came to inquire after the coach, combined with his foreign accent and idiom, excited observation, meantime, in the inn-yard, where a man with a lantern was on the watch, and when he saw the coach and six ready to start, ran out to reconnoitre, and made directly towards the spot where the queen was standing. "I went," says St. Victor, "with all speed on the other side the way, fearing that he would recognise the party on the bank. When I saw that he was actually approaching them, I made as if I wished to pass him, and put myself full in his path, so that we came in contact with each other, fell, and rolled in the mud together. We made mutual apologies for the accident. He went back without his light, which was extinguished by the fall, to dry himself, and I hastened to the carriage, which was now near, and joined her majesty, who got into the coach as before. The page was to have returned, not having been intrusted with the secret; but having recognised the queen, his mistress, he wished to follow her. As we left the town, we encountered various of the guards. One of them said, 'Come and see, there is certainly a coach full of papists!' But God willed it so, that they changed their purpose, for no one came near us. We had scarcely gone three miles, when we were overtaken by the sieur Løyburn, one of the queen's

¹ Orleans. King James. Dalrymple. Macpherson.

² Dalrymple.

equerries, on horseback; he had brought another horse and boots for me, which the king had, with inexpressible goodness, sent to enable me to perform my journey. I descended from the carriage, put on my boots, and mounted my horse in evil plight, what with my fall, my wet clothes, and the wind, which never ceased.¹

"We took the way to Gravesend, distant from London twenty miles. There we found three Irish captains, whom the king had sent the same day we departed, to serve in the yacht. These officers, finding the queen and prince slower than they expected, advanced, as they had been ordered, to meet them, having provided themselves with a little boat, which was close by the shore. Her majesty and her attendants left the coach, and stepping on a small point of land, entered the boat, and was soon rowed to the yacht, which lay at Gravesend, waiting for her." The master, whose name was Gray, had not the slightest suspicion of the rank of his royal passenger, who found a group of her faithful servants on the deck, looking anxiously out for her and the prince.² Mary Beatrice was certainly more fortunate in her choice of friends than her lord, for there were no instances of treachery or ingratitude in her household. All her ladies loved her, and were ready to share her adversity, and many, from whom she required not such proofs of attachment, followed her into exile. Her high standard of moral rectitude had probably deterred her from lavishing her favours and confidence on worthless flatterers, like the vipers king James had fostered. The true-hearted little company in the yacht, who had prepared themselves to attend their royal mistress and her babe to France, were a chosen few, to whom the secret of her departure had been confided — namely, the lord and lady Powis, the countess of Almonde,³ Signora Pelegrina Turinie, bed-chamber woman, and lady Strickland, of Sizergh, sub-governess of the prince of Wales. There were also Père Giverlai, her majesty's confessor, sir William Walgrave, her physician, lord and lady O'Brien Clare, the marquess Montecuculi, and a page named François, besides the page Dusions, who had insisted on following her from Lambeth. Lady Strickland and Signora Turinie had started from Whitehall after the departure of their royal mistress, and performed their journey with so much speed, that they reached Gravesend before her. Most probably they went down the Thames.

Pleasant as it was for the fugitive queen to recognise so many familiar faces, and happy as they were to see her majesty and the prince safe and well, after the perils of the preceding night, no greetings passed beyond the silent interchange of glances, and even in these due caution was

¹ This circumstance, added to various little remarks in Madame de Sévigné, identifies St Victor as the author of the narrative. Dangeau says St. Victor rode on horseback after the coach to Gravesend. Lauzun had expressly requested that St. Victor should be his assistant in this enterprise, and there was no other gentleman engaged in it.

² Narrative of the Escape.

³ Anna Vittoria Montecuculi, the companion of her childhood, and the friend of her maturer years. She was one of the ladies of the bed-chamber, and had been created countess of Almonde by king James, as a reward for her long and faithful services to Mary Beatrice. She remained with her until her death.

observed. The queen was dressed to personate an Italian washerwoman, a character not quite in keeping with her graceful and dignified figure, and regal style of beauty. She carried the little prince under her arm, curiously packed up to represent a bundle of linen;¹ fortunately the bundle did not betray the deception by crying. "It was remarkable," observes St. Victor, "that this tender infant, of six months' old, who was so delicate and lively, never opened his mouth to cry or utter the slightest complaint." The royal parents both insinuate that there was something very like a miracle in the discreet behaviour of their boy on this occasion, but doubtless he had been well dosed with anodynes. The wind being fair for France, the sails were hoisted as soon as her majesty and her little company came on board, and the yacht got out to sea, but the wind increasing to a violent gale, the captain was compelled to come to anchor off Les Dunes, to avoid the danger of being driven on the coast of France, with which the bark was threatened. The queen was always ill at sea, and, in consequence of the roughness of the passage, and the unwonted inconveniences to which she was exposed on this occasion, she was worse than usual. Hitherto, she had performed her voyages in one or other of the royal yachts, which were properly appointed with every luxury which the gallantry and nautical experience of the sailor-prince, her husband, could devise for her comfort, and he had always been at her side to encourage and support her. The case was far different now; the yacht in which the fugitive queen and her royal infant had embarked, bore no resemblance, in any respect, to the gilded toys which James had built and named, in the pride of his heart, after his three beloved daughters, Mary, Anne, and Isabella; names now connected with the most painful associations. Ten days before, when the king wrote his last autograph commands to Pepys:

"Order the Anne and Isabella yachts to fall down to Erith to-morrow.

"J. R."

It was evidently for the purpose of sending the queen and prince properly attended to France, in one or other of those vessels. The intention was abandoned in consequence of the channel being full of Dutch ships of war, and he considered it more likely for a small sailing bark to pass unquestioned, than one of his royal yachts. Mary Beatrice, directly she came on board captain Gray's yacht, had, the better to escape observation, descended into the hold with her babe and his wet-nurse; madame Labadie, the other, happening to know the captain, kept him in talk till her majesty was safely below; she was followed by her two faithful countrywomen, lady Almonde, and Pelegrina Turinie. The place was close and stifling, and when the gale rose, and the little bark began to pitch and toss, the queen, the nurse, and lady Almonde, were attacked with violent sea-sickness, altogether, in a manner that appears to have banished all ceremony. They were in such a confined space, that the indisposition of her fellow-sufferers was attended with very disagreeable consequences to her majesty. This yacht, which appears to have been only a common passage packet, was by no means suited for the accom-

¹ Dangeau. Sévigné.

modation of delicate court ladies. As her majesty had taken upon herself to personate a foreign washerwoman, no attention was bestowed on her comforts by the functionaries, such as they were, who superintended the arrangements for the female passengers. It was with great difficulty, that Pelegrina Turinie succeeded at last in obtaining a coarse earthenware basin for her majesty's use; she made the others withdraw to a respectful distance, then throwing herself at the feet of her royal mistress, supported her in her arms during her sufferings.¹

Mary Beatrice told the nuns of Chaillot, that she had made nine sea voyages, and that this was the worst of all. "It was," said she, "a very doleful voyage, and I wonder still that I lived through it. I had been compelled to leave the king, my husband, without knowing what would become of him, and I feared to fall into the hands of our foes."² King James had charged the count de Lauzun to shoot the captain dead, if he betrayed any intention of putting the queen and the prince into the hands of the Dutch. Lauzun, in consequence, stationed himself by the master of the vessel, with the full determination to throw him overboard, in case of treachery; but as the master suspected not the quality of his passengers, he conducted himself the same as if they had been ordinary persons, and steered his course safely through a fleet of fifty Dutch ships of war, not one of which questioned this little bark; and thus protected, as it were, by Heaven, notwithstanding the roughness of the passage, and the perils of the voyage, the fugitive queen, and her infant son, landed safely at Calais, on Tuesday, December 11th, at nine in the morning. The little prince was quite well, and merry of cheer. He had behaved like the son of a sailor; he was almost the only passenger on board who had not suffered from sea-sickness, and he had not cried once from the moment he was taken out of his cradle at Whitehall till after his arrival at Calais.³ Sixteen years before, Mary of Modena had embarked in almost regal pomp at Calais, in the Royal Catherine yacht, a virgin bride, with her mother, and a splendid retinue of Italian, French, and English nobles, all emulous to do her honour; now she landed at the same port, a forlorn fugitive, wearing a peasant's humble dress, with her royal infant in her arms, to seek a refuge from the storm that had driven her from a throne. But was she more pitiable, as the wife of the man she loved, and clasping the babe whom they both called "the dearest gift of Heaven," to her fond bosom, than when she sailed for an unknown land, like a victim adorned for a sacrifice, from which her soul revolted? Then all was gloom and despair in her young heart, and she wept as one for whom life had no charms; now her tears flowed chiefly because she was separated from that husband, whose name had filled the reluctant bride of fifteen with dismay. The reverse in her fortunes as a princess, was not more remarkable than the mutations which had taken place in her feelings as a woman.

Monsieur Charot, the governor of Calais, was desirous of receiving Mary Beatrice with the honours due to a queen of Great Britain, but she

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.* Life of James. Dangeau

expressed her determination of preserving a strict incognito, and with drew to a private house, where she wished to remain perfectly quiet, till the arrival of her beloved husband, whom she expected to follow her in a few hours. She had sent St. Victor back from Gravesend, to apprise king James of her embarkation, and now wrote the following pathetic appeal for sympathy and protection to her old friend, Louis XIV. :—

“ Sir,

“ A poor fugitive queen, bathed in tears, has exposed herself to the utmost perils of the sea, in her distress, to seek for consolation and an asylum from the greatest monarch in the world. Her evil fortune procures her a happiness of which the greatest nations in the world are ambitious. Her need of it diminishes not that feeling, since she makes it her choice, and it is as a mark of the greatness of her esteem that she wishes to confide to him that which is the most precious to her, the person of the prince of Wales, her son. He is as yet too young to unite with her in the grateful acknowledgments that fill my heart. I feel, with peculiar pleasure, in the midst of my griefs, that I am now under your protection. In great affliction, I am, sir,

“ Your very affectionate servant and sister,

“ THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.”¹

The agitation in which Mary Beatrice wrote this letter, may be traced in the sudden transition from the simple and touching description of her own desolate condition, to laboured attempts at compliments, which her Italian idiom renders obscure and hyperbolic, and the reader will perceive that she begins in the third person, and ends, unconsciously, in the first.

The count de Lauzun, who had been for many years under the cloud of the royal displeasure, had previously written, by an express to Louis XIV., the particulars of his chivalrous achievement, stating “ that king James had enjoined him to place his queen and son in his majesty’s own hands, but that he could not have that honour, not being permitted to enter his presence.” Louis wrote a letter to him with his own hand, inviting him to return to court.

“ I was informed yesterday morning,” writes Louis to Barillon, December 14th, “ by a letter from the count de Lauzun, that the queen of England had happily arrived at Calais, after escaping great dangers, and I immediately ordered M. de Beringhen, my first equerry, to set off with my carriages and the officers of my household, to attend that princess and the prince of Wales on their journey, and to render them all due honours, in all places on their route. You will inform the king of England of what I have written to you.”² Before this cheering intimation reached king James, he had addressed the following letter, in behalf of his fugitive queen and son, to his royal cousin of France :—

“ Sir, and my brother,

“ As I hope that the queen, my wife, and my son, have last week landed in one of your ports, I hope you will do me the favour of protecting them. Unless

¹ Manuscripts of George IV., Brit. Museum. F. 56, Recueil de Pièces, MS. 140 (copy), 272 A. Lettre de la reine d’Angleterre, princess de Modena, au roi de France. Louis XIV. There is a trifling variation in the conclusion of this letter from that cited in Dr. Lingard’s Appendix. This appears to be a more authentic copy. Both are in bad French.

² Lingard’s Appendix, from Barillon’s Despatches

I had been unfortunately stopped by the way, I should have been with you to ask the same for myself, as well as for them. Your ambassador will give me an account of the bad state of my affairs, and assure you, also, that I have done nothing contrary to the friendship that subsists between us. I am, very sincerely, sir, my brother,

“Your good brother,

“JAMES R.

“At Whitehall, this 17 Dec., 1688.”¹

Long, however, before this letter was penned in England, much less received in France, Mary Beatrice had endured agonies of suspense and apprehension from her uncertainty as to the fate of her royal husband. By one courier it was reported that he had landed at Brest, by another, at Boulogne; then, that he had been arrested in England; but the most alarming rumour of all was, that the vessel in which he had embarked to follow her, according to his promise, had foundered in a terrible storm at sea, and his majesty, with all on board, had perished.² After two days of intense anxiety had worn away, Mary Beatrice determined to go on to Boulogne, having some reason to suppose that she would receive more certain intelligence there than could be expected at Calais, since Dover had declared for the prince of Orange.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES II., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VI.

Honours paid to Mary Beatrice at Calais—She goes to Boulogne—Hears of the king's arrest—Wishes to return to England—Dissuaded by her suite—Respect shown to her by order of Louis XIV.—Escort and carriages sent for her journey—What befel king James, after the queen left Whitehall—He arrives in France—The queen's journey towards St. Germain—Stops at Beaumont—Hears of the king's escape—Her joy—Receives complimentary messages from Louis XIV. and the dauphiness—Met by Louis XIV. at Chatou—His courteous welcome—He conducts her to St. Germain—Magnificent reception there—Arrival of king James—Their meeting—Courtesies of Louis XIV.—Dependence painful to Mary Beatrice—Tapestry in her bed-room—Constancy of her servants—Her first court at St. Germain—Petty jealousies of the dauphiness and others—Mary Beatrice visits the dauphiness—Her dress—Attentions to her by Louis XIV.—His admiration of her manners—Queen and madame Maintenon—Queen's popularity in the court of France—Her letter to the countess of Lichfield—Visits to Versailles and Trianon—King James's Irish expedition—Melancholy parting with the queen—She retires to Poissy—Sympathy and attention of the king of France—Her visits to the convent of Chail-

¹ Lingard's Appendix, Hist. England, vol. xiii.

² Madame de Sévigné

lot—Spiritual friendships with the nuns—Her letters to the abbess—Reported passion of Louis XIV. for Mary Beatrice—She uses her influence for her husband—Compelled to enter into state affairs—Sends money to assist Dundee—Her talent for business—Her letter to Tyrconnell and others—Loss of the battle of the Boyne—King James returns to St. Germain's—Their visits to the French court at Fontainebleau—Jacobite correspondence—Queen again *enceint*—Her situation announced—The English peers and peeresses invited to her *accouchement*—Favourable prospect of king James—Preparations for his landing in England—He leaves St. Germain's for La Hogue—Destruction of the French fleet—Despair and strange conduct of king James—Melancholy state of the queen—James returns to St. Germain's—Birth of their youngest child the princess Louisa—Christening of the infant princess.

THE fugitive queen received the most courteous attentions, during her brief sojourn at Calais, from M. Charot, the governor, who sent everything that could conduce to her comfort to the house where she and her little company lodged, and notwithstanding her wish to remain incognito, he complimented her and the prince with a royal salute at their departure.¹ They left Calais on the 13th, under a discharge of cannon from the town and castle, amidst the acclamations of the people, who were now aware of the arrival of the royal guest, and manifested the most lively feelings of sympathy for her and her infant son. Half-way between Calais and Boulogne, her majesty was met by a company of dragoons, who escorted her carriage to Boulogne. There she was received by the governor, the duc d'Aumont, with signal marks of respect and offers of hospitality; but as he could give her no tidings of the king, her husband, her distress of mind made her prefer the retirement of a nunnery, declaring her intention of remaining there with her son till she either saw or heard from him.²

All direct intelligence from England being stopped, the rumours regarding the fate of king James were so vague and contradictory, that even Louis XIV. avowed that he knew not what to think. "Meantime," says Madame de Sévigné, "the queen of England remains at Boulogne in a convent, weeping without intermission that she neither sees nor can hear any certain news of her husband, whom she passionately loves."

The agonizing pause was at length broken. "Strickland, the vice-admiral of England," says the duc de St. Simon, "has arrived at Calais, and we understand from him that king James has been brought back to London, where, by order of the prince of Orange, he is attended by his own guards. It is thought he will escape again. Strickland has remained faithful to the king his master; finding that lord Dartmouth would not do anything, he demanded permission to retire from the fleet at Portsmouth, and has come in a small vessel to Calais." The painful tidings which sir Roger Strickland had brought were at first carefully concealed from the queen by her friends; but on the 19th, her passionate importunity for intelligence of her husband elicited the truth from a Benedictine monk, a capuchin, and an officer who had just escaped. She implored them to tell her all they knew; and they replied, in a sorrowful tone, "Sacred majesty, the king has been arrested."³

¹ Narrative of the escape.

² Dangeau. Sévigné

³ Journal of the queen's escape, Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot Ms.

"I know not," says an eye-witness, "which was the most distressing to us, the sad news of the detention of the king, or the effect it produced on the queen, our mistress."¹ Her first words were to express her determination of sending the infant prince on to Paris, while she returned to England to use what exertions she could for her lord's liberation, or else to share his fate, whatever it might be. Her faithful attendants had the greatest trouble to dissuade her from this wild project, by representing to her that she would only increase his troubles, without being able to render him any service; and that she ought to be implicitly guided by the directions which he gave her at parting.

The same day arrived the principal equerry of the king of France, with letters and sympathizing messages for the queen. She was fortunately compelled to compose herself to receive these with suitable acknowledgments. Louis had sent a noble escort, with his own carriages and horses, to convey her to the castle of Vincennes, which he had, in the first instance, ordered to be prepared for her reception. He had commanded, that in every town, through which she passed, she should be received with the same honours as if she had been a queen of France. He had also, as the roads were almost impassable from the deep snow which covered the whole face of the country, sent a band of pioneers to precede her majesty's carriage, and mark out a straight line for her progress, laying everything smooth and plain before her, so that she might be able to travel with the least possible fatigue; a piece of gallantry that was duly appreciated by the English ladies, and gratefully acknowledged by king James.² The faithful followers of Mary Beatrice were urgent for her to commence her journey towards Paris, dreading the possibility of her finding means of returning to England if she remained on the coast. At length, she yielded to their persuasions, and departed, on the 20th of December, for Montrieul. The duc d'Aumont and a cavalcade of gentlemen escorted her majesty from Boulogne, till within three leagues of Montrieul; there she and her little train were lodged in the house of the king of France. They remained there the whole of that day, "and by the grace of God," says the historian of the escape, "learned that king James was still at Whitehall."³

The morbid state of despondency into which James sunk after the departure of his queen, is sufficiently testified by the following letter, which he wrote to lord Dartmouth the next morning:

KING JAMES TO LORD DARTMOUTH.⁴

"Whitehall, Dec. 10, 1688.

"Things having so bad an aspect, I could no longer defer securing the queen and my son, which I hope I have done, and that by to-morrow by noon they will be out of the reach of my enemies. I am at ease now I have sent them away. I have not heard this day, as I expected, from my commissioners with the prince of Orange, who, I believe, will hardly be prevailed on to stop his

¹ Journal of the escape of the queen, Archives au Royaume.

² Journal of king James.

³ Original MS., verified by Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France Chai. of Collection.

⁴ Dartmouth Papers.

march; so that I am in no good way, nay, in as bad a one as is possible. I am sending the duke of Berwick down to Portsmouth, by whom you will know my resolution concerning the fleet under your command, and what resolutions I have taken, till when I would not have you stir from the place where you are, for several reasons."

That morning the king spent in a state of considerable agitation, till relieved of some portion of his anxiety regarding his wife and son by the return of St. Victor, who told him that he had seen her majesty, with the prince, safely on board the yacht, and under sail for France. Then he assumed a more cheerful aspect, and ordered the guards to be in readiness to attend him to Uxbridge the next day, and talked of offering battle to his foes, though he confessed to Barillon that he had not a single corps on whose fidelity he could rely.¹

The same day, James learned that Plymouth, Bristol, and other places had submitted themselves to the prince of Orange, and that a regiment of Scotch horse had deserted. "Nor was there an hour," observes sir John Reresby, emphatically, "but his majesty received, like Job, ill news of one sort or another; so that, prompted by most fatal advice, the next day being the 11th, he withdrew himself privately."

Before his departure, James wrote to the earl of Feversham, informing him "that he had been compelled to send away the queen and the prince of Wales, lest their lives should be endangered by falling into the enemy's hands, and that he was about to follow them; that could he but have relied on his troops, he would at least have had one blow for it." When this letter was read to the soldiers, many of them wept.²

After a day of excessive mental fatigue and agitation, the unfortunate king retired to his lonely pillow. As he was stepping into bed, he told the earl of Mulgrave "that he had good hopes of an accommodation with the prince of Orange." "Does he advance or retreat?" asked the earl. The king owned that his adversary continued to advance. Mulgrave shook his head, with a melancholy air.³ James had summoned his council to meet the next morning at nine o'clock, without any intention of being present, it has been generally said; but his mind was in too unsettled a state to be firm to any purpose long.

About midnight, he rose and disguised himself in a black periwig and plain clothes, left his bed-room by the little door in the *ruelle*, and attended only by sir Edward Hales, who was waiting for him, descended the backstairs, and crossing Privy-gardens, as the queen had done two nights before, got into a hackney coach, proceeded to the Horse-ferry, and crossed the Thames in a little boat with a single pair of oars to Vauxhall.⁴ James had taken the great seal with him from Whitehall, doubtless with the idea that he might have occasion to use it on his arrival in France, to give effect to royal letters, pardons, and commissions, but prompted by an impulse which appears clearly symptomatic of a disorganized brain, he threw it into the river while crossing. It was well

¹ Lingard, from Barillon.

² Sheffield, duke of Buckingham's Memoirs.

³ Kennel.

⁴ Recital of king James's departure, given by himself to the nuns of Claillox. See also his life.

perhaps, for some of the leaders of the revolution—happy, certainly, for the daughters of the unfortunate king—that it was only one of the haughty types of regal power that he flung into those dark deep waters, in the silence and loneliness of that melancholy voyage. Many an unsuccessful speculator, in modern times, has plunged himself into eternity from causes far less exciting than those which had impelled the betrayed king and father to leave his palace in the dead of a wintry night, with only one companion, to encounter greater perils than those from which he fled.

Horses stood ready for his majesty at Vauxhall. He mounted in haste, attended by sir Edward Hales; and, conducted by his guide through bye-ways, crossed the Medway at Ailesford bridge. He found Sheldon, one of his equerries, waiting for him at Woolpeck with a fresh relay of horses. At ten o'clock in the morning, he arrived at Emley ferry, near Feversham, and embarked in a custom-house hoy, which had been hired for the passage by sir Edward Hales. The wind was fresh, and the vessel requiring more ballast, the master ran her ashore near Sheerness. Unfortunately sir Edward Hales, while they were waiting for the rising of the tide, sent his servant to the Feversham post-office, and as his seat was in that neighbourhood, his livery was known.¹ The man was dodged to the river-side by some of the members of a gang of ruffians, who had formed a profitable association for stopping the panic-stricken catholics in their flight to France, and stripping them of their property. These men perceiving that sir Edward Hales was in the hoy, came, to the number of fifty, in three boats, armed with swords and pistols, at eleven o'clock at night, and boarded the hoy just as she was beginning to float. They leaped into the cabin, and seized the king and his two companions, with abusive language. Sir Edward Hales perceiving that his majesty was unknown, took Ames, the leader of those desperadoes, aside, and putting fifty guineas into his hand, promised him one hundred more if he would allow them to escape. Ames took the money, and promised to go on shore to make arrangements for that purpose, but advised them to give up all their valuables into his hands, as he could not answer for the conduct of his people while he was gone. The king gave him three hundred guineas, all the money he had, and his watch; and, true to his methodical habits of business, took his receipt for those trifles. Ames went off with his prey, and then his men came rudely about the king, and insisted on searching his person for more booty. James, nevertheless, succeeded in securing his coronation ring, and three great diamond bodkins belonging to his queen.²

As soon as the tide rose high enough, the ruffians brought the hoy up to Feversham, and putting the king and his companions into a coach, carried them to an inn, amidst the yells and insults of the mob, by whom his majesty was mistaken for the chaplain of sir Edward Hales or father Petre. This was the third agitating night James had passed without sleep since his sorrowful parting with his wife and child. When morn

¹ King James's Journal. Ellis Correspondence.

² Recital of king James's departure. Chaillot MS.

ing came, a seaman among the crowd, who had served under him, recognised him, and bursting into tears, knelt and begged to kiss his hand. Overpowered by this touching proof of devotion from his humble liegeman, James wept. The instinctive act of homage performed by the true-hearted sailor betrayed the rank of the royal prisoner. The very ruffians who had plundered and insulted him, when they saw his tears were awed and melted; they fell on their knees, and offered to return their pillage. James bade them keep the money, and would only receive his sword and jewels. The seamen formed themselves into a guard round his person, and declared "that not a hair of his head should be touched."¹ James ought to have been satisfied that he had still many loyal hearts among his people. Even at Feversham something might have been done, had he been in a state of mind to take advantage of the revulsion of feeling manifested in his favour. But he was not: he began to talk in a rambling and incoherent manner. One minute he wept, and asked "what crimes he had committed to deserve such treatment?" and spoke "of the ill offices done to him by the black coats;" said "that the prince of Orange sought not only his crown but his life;" and implored those present "to get him a boat that he might escape, or his blood would be on their heads." Then he asked for pen, ink, and paper; wrote, tore, wrote again; and at last succeeded in penning a brief summons to lord Winchelsea.² That nobleman hastened to his majesty, who then demanded to be conducted to the house of the mayor. The rabble objected to his removal, but the seamen carried the point, though with difficulty. The mayor was an honest man, and treated his sovereign with all the respect in his power. James talked wildly, and of things little to the purpose: "of the virtues of St. Winifred's well, and his loss of a piece of the true cross, which had belonged to Edward the Confessor."³ He was finally seized with another fit of bleeding at the nose, which probably averted a stroke of apoplexy or frenzy, but made him very sick and weak.

The earl of Winchelsea, who had been groom of the bed-chamber to his majesty when duke of York, and had married the accomplished Anne Kingsmill, a favourite maid of honour of the queen, was much concerned at the state in which he found his royal master, and besought him not to persist in his rash design of leaving England, reasoned with him on the ruinous effect such a step must have on his affairs, and at last succeeded in calming him. James made him lord-lieutenant of the county of Kent, and governor of Dover castle on the spot. The next day, sir James Oxendon came with the militia, under pretence of guarding his majesty from the rabble, but in reality to prevent him from escaping; a piece of gratuitous baseness for which he was not thanked by William.⁴

For nearly two days, no one in London knew what had become of

¹ Journal of James II., cited by Macpherson.

² Continuator of Mackintosh.

³ Continuator of Mackintosh. James was probably plundered of the antique gold crucifix and rosary, recently taken out of the coffin of Edward the Confessor which contained this relic.

⁴ Reresby's Memoirs

his majesty. On the morning of the 13th of December, an honest Kentish peasant presented himself at the door of the council-chamber at Whitehall, stating that he was a messenger from king James. It was long before he could obtain attention. At last, Sheffield earl of Mulgrave being apprised of his business, insisted on bringing him in. He delivered a letter, unsealed and without superscription, containing one sentence only, written in the well-known hand of their fugitive sovereign, apprising them that he was a prisoner in the hands of the rabble at Feversham. The faithful messenger, who had fulfilled his promise to his royal master by delivering this letter, described, with tears, the distress in which he had left his majesty at the inn.¹ The generous and courageous loyalty of this noble man of low degree ought to have shamed the titled traitor, Halifax, who sat that day as president of the council, and would fain have adjourned the assembly to prevent anything being done for the relief of the king; but Mulgrave boldly stood forth, and with a burst of manly eloquence represented "the baseness of leaving their king to be torn to pieces by the rabble, and insisted that measures should be taken for his personal safety, since, with all his popery, he was still their sovereign." He then proposed that lord Feversham, with 200 of the guards, should be instantly despatched with his majesty's coaches to invite him to return.² Shame kept those silent who would fain have opposed this motion; and the lords Aylesbury, Lichfield, Yarmouth, and Middleton posted down to Feversham to acquaint the king "that his guards were coming to escort him to London, whither his friends desired him to return." James determined to do so, and commenced his journey. At Sittingbourne he was met by his guards and equipage, and many of his faithful friends flocked round him.³ He slept that night at Rochester, whence he despatched lord Feversham with a letter to the prince of Orange, inviting him to come to London for the purpose of an amicable treaty. The next day, December 16th, he returned to his capital, and was greeted with impassioned demonstrations of affection. He came through the city to Whitehall; a body of gentlemen, forming a volunteer guard of honour, preceded him bareheaded. The bells rang joyously, and the air was rent with the acclamations of people of all degrees, who ran in crowds to welcome him. These manifestations of loyalty were far more flattering, spontaneous as they were, and the free-will offerings of popular sympathy in his distress, than if he had returned from a decisive victory over the forces of the Dutch prince. Yet every art had been used to alarm the metropolis with warnings and incendiary outcries of Irish and popish massacres; but in spite of everything, the people showed that, though they hated popery, they loved the king. Whitehall was never more crowded than on that occasion, even to the royal bed-chamber.⁴

Among the numerous candidates for audience was a deputation from the freebooters at Feversham, who came to beg his majesty's pardon for

¹ Sheffield's Memoirs.

² Sheffield's Memoirs. Macpherson. Lingard. James's Journal.

³ Journal of king James. Macpherson. Burnet.

⁴ Journal of James. Life ditto. Burnet. Mackintosh. Kennet. Echard.

their late outrage, and to proffer once more a restitution of the gold of which they had rifled him. James not only bade them keep it, but gave them ten guineas to drink his health.¹ Cheered by the apparent reaction that had taken place, the king exerted himself to hold his court, and supped in state. "I stood by him during his supper," says lord Dartmouth, "and he told me all that had happened to him at Feversham with as much unconcernedness as if they had been the adventures of some other person, and directed a great deal of his discourse to me, though I was but a boy."² That night the metropolis was illuminated, and the streets were full of bonfires. Scarcely, however, had the king retired to his bed-chamber, when Zulestien demanded an immediate audience, being charged with letters from the Dutch prince, his master, requiring that his majesty should remain at Rochester while he came to sojourn in London. James, in a conciliatory tone, replied "that the request came too late; and as he was now in London, a personal interview could the better take place." The only outrage that elicited an expression of anger was the arrest and imprisonment of his accredited messenger, lord Feversham; he expressed surprise and indignation, and wrote to the prince demanding his release.³ William was now acting as king of England *de facto*, without any other authority than that bestowed upon him by foreign troops and deserters.

James was without money, and those who ought to have offered, unasked, to supply his exigencies, exhibited a churlish spirit truly disgraceful. Lord Bellasis, a Roman-catholic peer, refused to assist him with the loan of a thousand pounds,⁴ and a base regard to purse-preservation thinned his presence-chamber the next morning. It was then that two noble gentlemen, Colin earl of Balcarres, and the gallant viscount Dundee, presented themselves, charged with offers of service from his privy council in Scotland. "They were received affectionately by the king, but observed that none were with him but some of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber. One of the generals of his disbanded army entered while they were there, and told the king that most of his generals and colonels of his guards had assembled that morning, upon observing the universal joy of the city on his return; that the result of their meeting was to tell his majesty that much was still in their power to serve and defend him; that most part of the disbanded army was either in London or near it, and that if he would order them to beat their drums, they were confident twenty thousand men could be got together before the end of the day."⁵ "My lord," said the king, "I know you to be my friend, sincere and honourable; the men who sent you are not so, and I expect nothing from them." He then said, "It was a fine day, and he would take a walk." None attended him but Colin and lord Dundee. When he was in the Mall, he stopped and looked at them, and asked how "they came to be with him, when all the world had forsaken him and gone to the prince of Orange?" Colin said, "their fidelity to so good a

¹ Ellis Correspondence.

² Note in New Burnet.

³ Jones's Journal.

⁴ Continuator of Mackintosh.

⁵ Biographical notice of Colin, earl of Balcarres, by lord Lindsay, his descendant; from the original family document. Printed by the Bannatyne Club.

master would ever be the same; they had nothing to do with the prince of Orange.' Then said the king, 'Will you two, as gentlemen, say you have still an attachment to me?' 'Sir, we do.' 'Will you give me your hands upon it, as men of honour?' They did so. 'Well, I see you are the men I always took you to be; you shall know all my intentions. I can no longer remain here but as a cypher, or be a prisoner to the prince of Orange, and you know there is but a small distance between the prisons and the graves of kings; therefore I go for France immediately. When there, you shall have my instructions. You, lord Balcarres, shall have a commission to manage my civil affairs; and you, lord Dundee, to command my troops in Scotland.'¹

James amused himself during some part of this day, his last of regal authority in England, by touching for the evil, having succeeded in borrowing 100 guineas of lord Godolphin to enable him to go through the ceremonial—a piece of gold being always bound to the arm of the patient by the sovereign—and James had been robbed of his last coin by the freebooters at Feversham. That night, when the king was about to retire to bed, lord Craven came to tell him that the Dutch guards, horse and foot, were marching through the park in order of battle to take possession of Whitehall. The stout old earl, though in his eighthieth year, professed his determination rather to be cut to pieces than resign his posts at Whitehall to the Dutch; "but the king," says Sheffield, "prevented that unnecessary bloodshed with a great deal of care and kindness." He sent for count Solms, the Dutch commander, and told him there must be some mistake. "Were not his orders for St. James's?" The count produced his orders; on which the king commanded his gallant old servant to withdraw his men.² The English guards reluctantly gave place to the foreigners by whom they were superseded; and the king retired to bed, fancying that he had purchased one night's repose, at any rate, by this concession. Worn out by the agonizing excitement and continuous vigils of the last dreadful week, he slept, and so profoundly, that to have dismissed his o'erwearied spirit from its mortal tenement by one swift and subtle stroke, would have been a *coup de grace*. A greater barbarity was committed. William sent deliberately to rouse his unfortunate uncle from that happy oblivion of his sufferings, with an insolent message "that it was thought convenient for him to leave his palace by ten o'clock the next morning;" three English peers were found capable of undertaking the commission. The plan was suggested by Halifax, who advised William to employ the Dutch officers on this ungracious errand. "By your favour, my lords," said William, sternly; "the advice is yours, and you shall carry it yourselves," naming Halifax, Delamere, and Shrewsbury. At two o'clock in the morning, this worthy trio presented themselves at the door of king James's antechamber, and knocking loudly, rudely demanded admittance to his presence. The earl of Middleton, who was lord in waiting, told them the king was in bed and asleep, and begged them to wait till morning

¹ Biographical notice of Colin, earl of Balcarres.

² Memoirs of Sheffield, duke of Buckingham

They replied, "they came from the prince of Orange with a letter, and they must deliver it that instant." Middleton approached the royal bed, and drew back the curtain, but the king was in so sound a sleep that it did not wake him. Lord Middleton was compelled to speak loudly in his ear to dispel his deathlike slumber.¹ He started at first, but perceiving Middleton kneeling by him, asked what was the matter, and bade him admit the messengers.

When they entered, James recognised two open enemies. Shrewsbury and Delamere, and one false servant, Halifax, whom he had employed as one of his commissioners to negotiate a treaty with the prince of Orange, and had thus afforded an opportunity both of deceiving and betraying him. Another painful lesson for the royal Timon of British history, on his want of attention to moral worth in those on whom he bestowed his confidence. Halifax behaved with singular disrespect to his sovereign on this occasion, and when James objected to Ham house, the place named for him to retire to by William, as "a very ill winter-house, being damp and unfurnished," he treated his majesty's objections with contempt. James said he should prefer going to Rochester, if he left town, and, after some discussion, it was agreed—but that he should go by water, attended by the Dutch guards. When James wished to go through the city, Halifax rudely over-ruled that plan, by saying, "it would breed disorder and move compassion."² The next morning, December 18th, was wet and stormy, but though James told the three lords, who had undertaken the ungracious office of expelling him from his palace, that the weather was unfit for the voyage, Halifax insisted upon it. The foreign ministers, and a few of his own peers and gentlemen, came to take leave of him, which they did with tears, and as a last mark of respect, attended him to the water's edge. Notwithstanding the tempestuous wind and the heavy rain which now fell in torrents, the banks of the river were crowded with sympathizing spectators, who came to take a parting look of their unfortunate sovereign. At twelve o'clock, James entered the barge appointed for his conveyance, attended by five faithful gentlemen, who volunteered to accompany him—viz., the earls of Arran, Aylesbury, Dunbarton, Lichfield, and lord Dundee. They were his only British escort: he had asked for a hundred of his own foot guards, and was peremptorily denied. A hundred Dutch guards went in boats before and behind the royal barge, but they were so long in embarking, that the tide was lost, and the king remained a full hour sitting in the barge waiting their convenience, exposed to the storm, before the signal was given for the rowers to move on."³ "The English were very sorrowful at seeing him depart," says Barillon, "most of them had tears in their eyes. There was an appearance of consternation in the people when they found that their king was surrounded by Dutch guards, and that he was, in fact, a prisoner." Evelyn, in his diary for that day, records the departure of his royal master in these brief but expressive words: "I saw the king take barge to Gravesend, a sad sight! The

¹ James's Life. Clarendon Diary. Dalrymple.

² King James's Journal.

³ Ibid.

prince comes to St. James's, and fills Whitehall with Dutch guards." Even then, if James could have been roused from the morbid lethargy of despair into which the unnatural conduct of his daughters, and the treachery of his ministers had plunged him, his Dutch nephew might have had cause to repent of his expedition. Ministers, counsellors, and general officers might be false to their oaths of allegiance, but the great body of the people were true, and eager to fight for their native sovereign, if he would but have trusted to their loyalty. The greatest offence, after all, that James ever gave to this country, and for which he never has been forgiven, was, that he suffered himself to be driven away by a foreign prince, without a struggle. The season of manly enterprise was past, and he felt incapable of grappling with the storm in his present state of mind and body.

The unfortunate king did not arrive at Gravesend till seven in the evening, wet and weary, and long after dark; he was compelled to sleep there that night, at the house of Mr. Eckins, an attorney. "The next morning," James says, "he received a blank pass from the prince of Orange, which he had desired, in order to send one over to the queen, believing her landed before that, in France, with her son." The expression is a little mysterious, as if the king meant to enable Mary Beatrice to return to him again, according to her earnest wish, after he had been so eager to send her away, another symptom of the unsettled state of his mind. At ten the next morning, he proceeded, under the escort of the Dutch guards, to Rochester, where he took up his quarters in the house of sir Richard Head. During the three days that he remained at Rochester, Turner, bishop of Ely, sent daily to entreat him not to withdraw. Every hour the king received visits from gentlemen and officers, who begged him to remain in England.² While others reasoned with calmness, the fiery Dundee endeavoured to rouse the desponding spirit of his heartbroken sovereign. "Make your stand here," said he, "and summon your subjects to their allegiance. Give me your commission, I will undertake to collect ten thousand men of your disbanded army together, and with them I will carry your standard through England, and drive the Dutch and their prince before you." The king said, "he believed it might be done, but it would cause a civil war, and he would not do so much mischief to the English nation, which he loved, and doubted not but his people would soon come to their senses again."³ Instead of following the counsels of gallant Dundee, he sat inactively, repeating to himself, "God help me, whom can I trust? My own children have forsaken me." Burnet pretends that James was fixed in his determination, "by an earnest letter from the queen, reminding him of his promise to follow her, and urging its fulfilment in very imperious language. This letter," Burnet says, "was intercepted, opened, and read,"

¹ Journal of James II.

² Ibid. Clarendon Diary.

³ This conversation was overheard by David Middleton, a servant of the earl of Middleton, while he was mending the fire, and by him afterwards repeated to Carte the historian.

⁴ "There was at least as much of the barbarian as the politician, in breaking that most sacred seal."—Continuator of Mackintosh.

and then forwarded to the king, at Rochester." Persons who could be guilty of the baseness of breaking the seal of such a letter, would not hesitate at misrepresenting its contents, which were, doubtless, perfectly consistent with the feminine tenderness of the queen's character, her adoring fondness for her husband, and her fears for his personal safety.

It is certain, that James had made up his mind to follow his wife and son when he quitted Whitehall the first time, and that nothing could shake his resolution. He was playing the game into the hands of his subtle adversary, who was impatient for him to be gone, and had ordered the back premises of the house at Rochester, where he lodged, to be left unguarded, to allow him every facility for escape. Before sitting down to supper, on the evening of Saturday, December the 22d, James drew up the well-known paper, containing the reasons which impelled him to withdraw for the present. In this declaration, the unfortunate monarch sums up, in simple but forcible language, the outrages and insults to which he had been subjected by the prince of Orange; but when he alludes to the unprincipled aspersion on the birth of his son, his style becomes impassioned: "What had I then to expect?" he asks, "from one, who by all arts had taken such pains to make me appear as black as hell to my own people, as well as to all the world besides?" His concluding words are neither those of a tyrant nor a bigot: "I appeal," says he, "to all who are considering men, and have had experience, whether anything can make this nation so great and flourishing as liberty of conscience? some of our neighbours dread it." This paper, James gave to the earl of Middleton, with orders that it should be printed as soon as he was gone. He then took leave of his few faithful followers and retired to bed. Between twelve and one on the morning of the 23d, he rose, and attended only by his natural son, the duke of Berwick, Mr. Biddulph, and Labadie, the husband of the prince of Wales's nurse, left the house by a back stair and postern door, and so through the garden, where captain Macdonald waited to guide him to the place where captain Trevanion waited with a boat. These two faithful officers rowed his majesty and his companions to a sorry fishing-smack, that lay a little below Sheerness. In this vessel, king James crossed the wintry waves, and, as usual, encountered very rough weather, many hardships, and some danger.¹ The circumstances under which James left England have been illustrated by a noble young author of our own times in a pathetic poem, in which the following striking lines occur:—

"We thought of ancient Lear, with the toapest overhead:
Discrowned, betrayed, abandoned—but nought could break his will,
Not Mary, his false Regan—nor Anne, his Goneril."²

The tragedy of real life is sometimes strangely mingled with circumstances of a comic character, which appear the more ridiculous perhaps from the revulsion of feeling they are apt to produce on persons labouring under the excitement of excessive grief. King James, in the midst of his distress during this melancholy voyage, felt his mirth irresistibly

¹ Journal of James II.'s Life.

² From "Historic Fancies," by the Hon. George Sydney Smyth, M.P., a volume replete with noble and chivalric sentiments.

excited, when he saw the brave captain Trevanion attempting to fry some bacon for his refection in a frying-pan that had a hole in it, which that gallant officer was compelled to stop with a pitched rag; at the sight of this expedient the king gave way to immoderate laughter, which was renewed when the captain proceeded to tie a cord round an old cracked can, to make it in a condition to hold the drink they had prepared for him. A keen perception of the ludicrous is often a happy provision of nature to preserve an overcharged heart from breaking under the pressure of mortal sorrow. It was well for the fallen majesty of England that he could laugh at things, which were melancholy indications of his calamitous reverse of fortune. The laughter, however, was medicinal, for he ate and drank heartily of the coarse fare that was set before him, and always declared that he never enjoyed a meal more in his life. James landed at the small village of Ambleteuse, near Boulogne, at three o'clock in the morning of December the 25th, being Christmas-day, O. S.¹

Mary Beatrice, meantime, whom we left at Montrieul, reached Abbeville on the 21st, where she slept and passed the Saturday, which was kept in France as New Year's-Day, N. S. She arrived at Poix on the Sunday, at two o'clock, where she was apprised, that Louis XIV. intended to assign one of the most stately palaces in France, the Chateau of St. Germain, for her residence. When her majesty approached Beauvais, the bishop, and all the principal people in the town came out to meet and welcome her. "The same had been done," pursues our authority, "in all other places through which she passed; but this bishop offered particular marks of respect and generous attention to the royal fugitive, and she remained at Beauvais till Tuesday, the 25th, where she received the welcome news, that our king had left London, which joyful intelligence greatly consoled her and her little court."² Her happiness would have been far greater could she have known how near that beloved consort was to her.

As soon as Louis XIV. was apprised of the landing of king James, he despatched one of his equerries, M. Le Grand, to apprise the anxious queen of that event, and to present his complimentary greetings to her on his own account. The dauphiness sent the duc de St. Simon with friendly messages from herself. They found the royal traveller at Beaumont. The joyful tidings they communicated appeared to console her for all her misfortunes; raising her eyes to heaven, she exclaimed, "Thou I am happy!" and praised God aloud, in the fulness of her heart.³ Mindful, however, of the ceremonial observances that were expected of her, she composed herself sufficiently to return the compliments which were delivered to her, in the names of the king of France, the dauphin, and dauphiness, with much grace, and expressed herself deeply grateful for

¹ Mary Beatrice had kept that festival ten days before, according to new style, while at Boulogne, and the dates used by the historian of her journey to St. Germain belong to that computation, which had been adopted in France: to avoid confusion, they are in this memoir made conformable to the dates used by English historians.

² MS. Narrative in the Archives du Royaume.

³ Ibid. Dangeau.

all the king of France had done for her. The gentlemen then withdrew leaving her to the free indulgence of her natural emotions, while she wrote to the king, her husband, a letter, which she despatched by Mr Leyburn, one of her equerries, who had joined her after her retreat to France. "When we returned," says monsieur Dangeau, who was one of the deputation from the court of France, "we found her majesty still transported with joy." The sudden transition from misery to happiness is always trying to a sensitive temperament. Mary Beatrice, who had been enabled to subdue the violence of her grief, by pious resignation to the will of God, had borne up under fatigue of mind and body, and the tortures of suspense; but the revulsion of feeling was too much for her corporeal powers, and she succumbed under it. The person, whoever it was, who has continued the narrative of her flight from England, with a diary of her progress to St. Germain, after relating her arrival at Beaumont, and the happy news which greeted them at that town, says, "We were beside ourselves with the joy which this intelligence caused us; but this pleasure was soon interrupted: the queen was seized with such a violent attack of pain, that for two hours her agonies were so excruciating, that our hearts were pierced with the most poignant concern; but, thanks to God, the spasms abated after a time."

The duchess of Portsmouth,¹ who was at the court of France with her son, the duke of Richmond, had the effrontery to propose coming to meet the exiled queen of England, but the duc de Lauzun sent word to her, "that her majesty would see no one till she arrived at St. Germain." Mary Beatrice made an exception from this rule, in favour of ladies whose rank and virtues qualified them to offer her marks of sympathy and attention. When the duchess of Nevers came to pay her a visit at Beaumont, she received her most affectionately and kissed her.

In the afternoon of December 28th, Mary Beatrice drew near St. Germain. Louis XIV. came in state to meet and welcome her, with his son the dauphin, his brother monsieur, all the princes of the blood, and the officers of his household; his cavalcade consisted of a hundred coaches and six. He awaited the approach of his fair and royal guest at Chateau, a picturesque village on the banks of the Seine, below the heights of St. Germain-en-Laye.² As soon as her majesty's *cortège* drew near, Louis, with his son and brother, descended from his coach and advanced to greet her, supposing that she had been in the first carriage, which he had sent his officers to stop. That carriage, however, only contained the prince of Wales, his sub-governess, lady Strickland, and his nurses. They all alighted out of respect to the most Christian king, who took the infant prince in his arms, kissed and tenderly embraced him, and made the unconscious babe a gracious speech, promising to protect

¹ This impudent woman had set her mind on obtaining an appointment as lady of the bed-chamber to the virtuous consort of James II., though she had given her great annoyance when duchess of York, and also by repeating the base slanders touching the birth of the prince of Wales. Through the intercession of the duke of Richmond, she finally carried her point; a circumstance deeply to be regretted.

² Madame de Sévigné. Dangeau.

and cherish him.¹ Louis is said to have been struck with the beauty of the royal infant, on whom he lavished more caresses than he had ever been known to bestow on any child of his own.

The queen had in the meantime, alighted from her coach, and was advancing towards his majesty. Louis hastened to meet and salute her. She made the most graceful acknowledgments for his sympathy and kindness, both for herself and in the name of the king her husband. Louis replied, "that it was a melancholy service he had rendered her on this occasion, but that he hoped it would be in his power to be more useful soon." He presented the dauphin and monsieur to her in due form, then led her to his own coach, where he placed her at his right hand. The dauphin and monsieur sat opposite to their majesties. "The queen," says Dangeau, "had with her the marchioness of Powis and the signora Anna Vittoria Montecuculi, an Italian, whom she loves very much."² And thus in regal pomp was the exiled queen of England conducted by Louis XIV. to the palace of St. Germain-en-Laye, which was henceforth to be her home. Cheered by the courteous and delicate attention with which she was treated by the sovereign of France, and anticipating a happy reunion with her beloved consort, Mary Beatrice smiled through her tears, and chatted alternately with the king, the dauphin, and monsieur, as they slowly ascended the lofty hill on which the royal chateau of St. Germain is seated. She always called Louis "sire," though the late queen, his wife, and the dauphiness only addressed him as "monsieur." When they alighted in the inner court of the palace, Louis, after placing everything there at her command, led her by the hand to the apartments appropriated to the use of the prince of Wales, which were those of the children of France. This nursery suite had been newly fitted up for the prince of Wales. Here the king took leave of her majesty. She offered to attend him to the head of the stairs, but he would by no means permit it.³

Monsieur and madame Montchevereul, the state keepers of the palace, were there to do the honours of the household to the royal guest, who was treated and served in all respects as a queen. Her apartments were sumptuously furnished; nothing had been omitted that could be of use or comfort to her; and the most exquisite taste and munificence had been displayed in the arrangement of her dressing-room and especially her table. Among the splendid toilet service that courted her acceptance, Mary Beatrice saw a peculiarly elegant casket, of which Tourolle, the king's upholsterer, presented her with the key. This casket contained 6000 Louis-d'ors; a delicate method devised by the generous monarch of France for relieving her pecuniary embarrassments. Mary Beatrice, however, did not discover the gold till the next morning; for notwithstanding the significant looks and gestures with which Tourolle presented the key of this important casket, her heart was too full to permit her to bestow a single thought upon it that night.

¹ Madame de Sévigné. Dangeau. Journal of James. History of the Escape of the Queen. Archives au Royaume.

² Madame de Sévigné. Dangeau.

³ News Letter from Versailles. Lingard's Appendix. Dangeau. Sévigné.

King James had sent his son Berwick, express, to earn her future favour, by bringing the intelligence that he was to sleep at Breteuil, and would arrive at St. Germain's towards the close of the following day.¹ Mary Beatrice wept and laughed alternately, with hysterical emotion at these tidings. The next morning, Louis and the dauphin sent to make formal inquiries after the health of the royal traveller and her son. Overcome by all she had gone through, she was compelled to keep her chamber. At six in the evening, the king of France, with the dauphin, monsieur, and the duc de Chartres, came to pay her majesty a visit; she was in bed, but admitted these distinguished guests. Louis came and seated himself on her bolster, the dauphin stood near him, without any ceremony, chatting in the friendly and affectionate manner which their near relationship to the king her husband warranted. The chamber was full of French courtiers, who had followed their sovereign.²

In the course of half an hour, Louis was informed that the king of England was entering the chateau, on which he left the queen, and hastened to greet and welcome his unfortunate cousin. They met in the hall of guards; James entered at one door as Louis advanced to meet him by the other. James approached with a slow and faltering step, and, overpowered with his grateful sense of the generous and friendly manner in which his queen and son had been received, bowed so low, that it was supposed he would have thrown himself at the feet of his royal kinsman, if Louis had not prevented it by taking him in his arms, and embracing him most cordially three or four times. They conversed in a low voice apart for about a quarter of an hour. Then Louis presented the dauphin, monsieur, and the cardinal de Benzi to his majesty, and after this ceremonial, conducted him to the apartment of the queen, to whom he playfully presented him with these words: "Madame, I bring you a gentleman of your acquaintance whom you will be very glad to see." Mary Beatrice uttered a cry of joy and melted into tears; and James astonished the French courtiers by clasping her to his bosom with passionate demonstrations of affection before everybody. "The king of England," says one of the eye-witnesses of this touching scene, "closely embraced the queen his spouse in the presence of the whole world."³ Forgetting every restraint in the transport of beholding that fair and faithful partner of his life once more, after all their perils and sufferings, James remained long enfolded in the arms of his weeping queen. Kind and sympathizing as Louis XIV. was to the royal exiles, there was a want of consideration in allowing any eye to look upon the raptures of such a meeting.

As soon as the first gush of feeling had a little subsided, Louis led James to the apartments of the prince of Wales, and showed him that his other treasure was safe, and surrounded with all the royal splendour to which his birth entitled him. He then reconducted his guest to the ruelle of the queen's bed, and there took his leave.⁴ James offered to

¹ Dangeau. Sévigné. MS. Memorials.

² Sévigné. Dangeau. News letter from Versailles, in Lingard's Appendix.

³ Letter from Versailles in Lingard's Appendix. Dangeau.

⁴ Ibid. Sévigné.

attend his majesty of France to the head of the stairs, but Louis would not permit it. "I do not believe," said Louis, "that either of us know the proper ceremonial to be observed on these occasions, because they are so rare, and therefore I believe we should do well in waiving ceremony altogether." It was noticed, however, that Louis, with his usual scrupulous attention to courtesy, always gave James the right hand. On taking his final leave, he added, "It is to-day like a visit to me. You will come and see me to-morrow at Versailles, where I shall do the honours, and after to-morrow I shall come again to visit you; and as it will be your home, you shall treat me as you like." Louis added to these delicate marks of friendship the welcome present of ten thousand pounds, which he sent to his unfortunate kinsman the following day, in the way least calculated to wound his pride. The next day, the queen sent lord Powis to inquire after the health of the dauphiness, but he was not permitted to see her.¹

The château of St. Germain, which was assigned by Louis XIV. for the residence of the exiled king and queen of England, was one of the most beautiful and healthy of all the palaces of France. James was already familiar with the place, having passed some years there in his boyhood and early youth, when a fugitive in France, with the queen, his mother, and the other members of his family, who resided chiefly at St. Germain. The remembrance of his father's death, the sorrows and vicissitudes that had clouded the morning of his days, must have been painfully renewed by returning to those scenes, after an interval of eight-and-twenty years, as a fugitive once more, and the only survivor of those who had been the companions of his first adversity. Mother, brothers, sisters, all were dead; nearer and dearer ties of kindred, his own daughters, those who owed not only their being, but the high place they held in the world, the legitimacy which invested them with the power of injuring him, had proved false. The son of his beloved sister, the princess of Orange, his own son-in-law, had driven him from his throne, and those whom he loved best on earth, his wife and infant son, were involved in his fall; yet James bore these calamities with a degree of philosophy which not only astonished, but offended the French nobility, who, excitable themselves, expected to see the fallen king display the same emotions as the hero of a tragedy exhibits on the stage. They called his calm endurance coldness and insensibility, because they could not understand the proud reserve of the English character, or appreciate the delicacy of that deep sorrow which shrinks from observation. It was the wish of James and his queen to live as private persons at St. Germain, in that retirement which is always desired by the afflicted, but it was not permitted.²

The sensitive mind of Mary Beatrice received no pleasure from the royal splendour with which the munificence of Louis XIV. had surrounded her; she felt the state of dependence to which herself and her unfortunate lord were reduced as a degradation, and every little incident that served to remind her of it, gave her pain. Her bed-chamber at St

¹ Letter from Versailles in Lingard's Appendix. Sévigné.

² Letters of Madame de Sévigné, vol. vi.

Germain's was hung with a superb set of tapestry, from the designs of Le Brun, and the upholsterer had, with artistical regard to pictorial effect, chosen the alcove as the fittest place for the piece representing the tent of Darius. The fallen queen of England could not repose herself on her bed without having the pathetic scene of the family of that unfortunate king throwing themselves at the feet of Alexander, always before her eyes. She felt the analogy between her situation and theirs so keenly, that one day she exclaimed in the anguish of her heart, "Am I not sensible enough of our calamities, without being constantly reminded of them by that picture?"¹ One of her ladies of the bed-chamber repeated this observation to the French officers of the household, and they instantly removed the *tableau* of the royal suppliants, and replaced it with another piece representing a triumph. The queen reproved her faithful attendant for mentioning a passionate burst of feeling, which appeared like a reproach to her generous benefactor, as if she imagined him capable of insulting her in her adversity. It is possible that she might suspect some little ostentation, on the part of his officers, in the choice of the tapestry.

The court of St. Germain's was arranged by Louis on the model of his own; the exiled king and queen found all proper officers of state, gentlemen-ushers, and guards ready to receive them. The French state officers and attendants were quickly superseded by the noble English, Scotch, and Irish emigrants, who followed the fortunes of the exiled king and queen. The fidelity of the queen's household was remarkable. It is an interesting fact, that almost all her attendants applied to the prince of Orange for passports to follow her into France. William granted the passes, but outlawed all who used them, and confiscated their property. An elegant poet of the present times, alludes to the sacrifices incurred by one of the attached adherents of James's cause, in these pretty lines:—

"Yet who for Powis would not mourn,
That he no more must know
His fair red castle on the hill,
And the pleasant lands below."²

Whole families preferred going into exile together, rather than to transfer their allegiance to William and Mary.³ This generous spirit was by no means confined to the Roman-catholic aristocracy. Instances of fidelity, equally noble, are recorded of members of the church of England, and even of menial servants in the royal household. The queen's old coachman, who had formerly served Oliver Cromwell in that capacity, followed his royal mistress to St. Germain's, was reinstated in his office, and con-

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, Archives au Royaume.

² Historic Fancies, by George Sydney Smythe, Esq.

³ The old cavalier knight banneret, Sir Thos. Strickland, of Sizergh, husband of the sub-governess of the little prince, who had accompanied her royal charge to France, followed her with their four boys, having first made over his Westmoreland estates to two of his servants, Thos. Shepherd, the steward, and Robert Carne, for the nominal sum of £500. The property was thus preserved to his eldest son, by the integrity of these two honest men, who might easily have been the estates from proscribed Jacobites.

tinued to drive her state coach till he died at an advanced age. Those ladies of the bed-chamber who were compelled to remain in England with their husbands and families, like lady Isabella Wentworth, and Mrs. Dawson, rendered their royal mistress the most important service of all, by continuing to bear true witness of her, when it became the fashion to calumniate and revile her. They courageously confuted her slanderers on more occasions than one. Even the daughter of the false Sunderland, the young countess of Arran, bore constant testimony to the legitimacy of the little prince, and of the virtues of the exiled queen, during the brief period she survived the revolution.

Louis XIV. allowed James and Mary Beatrice 50,000 francs per month for the support of their household. They objected at first to the largeness of the sum; but found it, in the end, insufficient to enable them to extend adequate relief to the necessities of their impoverished followers. At the first court held by the exiled king and queen at St. Germain, James looked old and worn with fatigue and suffering. Of Mary Beatrice it was said by madame de Sévigné, "The queen of England's eyes are always tearful, but they are large and very dark and beautiful. Her complexion is clear, but somewhat pale. Her mouth is too large for perfect beauty, but her lips are pouting, and her teeth lovely. Her shape is fine, and she has much mind. Everything she says is marked with excellent good sense."

It was the desire of Louis XIV., that the dauphiness, and the other princesses and ladies of the court of France, should pay a ceremonial visit of welcome to the queen of England the next day, but this was an object that required more than his power to accomplish. The dauphiness, fearing that a *fauteuil* would not be accorded to her in the presence of her Britannic majesty, feigned sickness as an excuse for not performing the courtesy prescribed by her august father-in-law, to his royal guests. She kept her bed obstinately for several days. Madame, the wife of the king's brother, said "she had a right to a *fauteuil* on her left hand, and that she would not go unless that were allowed," neither would the duchesses, without being permitted to have their *tabourets*, the same as in their own court. Monsieur was very sulky, withal, because the queen had not kissed him. Mary Beatrice, though naturally lofty, behaved with much good sense on this occasion; she referred the matter entirely to the decision of the king of France, requesting him to decide, whether the princes and duchesses were to be received according to the custom of the court of France, or of England. "Tell me," said the queen to Louis, "how you wish it to be; I will salute whomsoever you think proper, but it is not the custom in England for me to kiss any man." The king decided that it should be arranged according to the etiquette of France. Madame de Sévigné, a few days after, records the important fact, that "the queen of England had kissed monsieur, and that he was, in consideration of having received that honour, contented to dispense with a *fauteuil* in the presence of king James, and would make no further complaints to the king his brother."¹

¹ Dangeau. Sévigné.

Mary Beatrice and her lord, though deprived of the power and consequence of crowned heads, found themselves more than ever fettered with those rigid ceremonials and etiquettes, which are certainly not among the least of the pains and penalties of royalty. The princesses and female nobility of France were scarcely sane on the point of precedence, and the importance that was placed by these full-grown children on the privilege of being entitled to the distinction of a tabouret was ludicrous. It was an age of toys and trifles; but the irritation and excitement caused by frivolous contentions was to the full as great, as if the energies of the parties concerned had been employed for objects worthy of the attention of rational beings. The courts of the Stuart sovereigns, both in Scotland and England, had been conducted on more sensible principles; but at St. Germain, James and his queen were compelled to adopt the same rigid ceremonials and etiquettes as those which were used in the court of France, and to entrench themselves behind the same formal observances, or they would have been treated as if they had fallen, not only from regal power, but royal rank.

At length, it was settled that the dauphin should only sit on a *pliant*, or folding-chair, in the presence of king James; but when in company with the queen, he should be entitled to a *fauteuil*.¹ The arrangement of this knotty point did not free the royal exiles from perplexing attacks on their patience, in their new position. The princes of the blood had their pretensions also, and it was a much easier matter to satisfy them than to settle the point with their ladies. The princesses of the blood were three or four days before they would attend the court of the queen of England, and when they went there the duchesses would not follow them. They insisted on being treated, not only according to the custom of the court of France, where they have the privilege of sitting in the presence of the sovereign, but according to that of England also, where the monarch kisses ladies of their rank on their presentation. In a word, the duchesses of France demanded to be kissed by king James, and to sit in the presence of his queen. Notwithstanding the pleasing impression made by the graceful and conciliatory manners of Mary Beatrice, and the general interest excited by her beauty and her misfortunes, a party, founded on jealousy, was excited against her among the French ladies, by the princesses.

King James returned the visit of the French sovereign, in state, December 29th, and was received by that monarch with all the honours due to royalty. Louis presented him in form to the dauphiness. She stood at the door of her chamber, with her ladies, to receive him, and they conversed for a few minutes. James then called on the dauphin, and talked, like a connoisseur, of the fine pictures, cabinets, china and other articles of *vertù*, with which his apartments were decorated. His majesty afterwards visited his brother-in-law, monsieur, madame, and the princes of the blood. The next day, the dauphin came to St. Germain, and made formal state calls on James, his queen, and the infant prince of Wales. Mary Beatrice ordered that he should have a *fauteuil*

¹ *Memoirs and Anecdotes of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.*

in her presence, but a lower one than that in which she sat. The dauphiness pleaded illness as an excuse for not accompanying him. Mary Beatrice accepted the apology, and determined to waive ceremony, by paying the first visit.¹ "She told the dauphin, that she only delayed going to Versailles, to pay her compliment to the king and the dauphiness, till she could procure a dress suitable for the occasion." In making her toilette for the court of Versailles, she knew that she must pay due attention to the prevailing modes. On this occasion she was happily so successful, that she had the good fortune to please the most fastidious of the French ladies.

"When the queen of England went to visit the dauphiness," says madame de Sévigné, with enthusiasm, "she was dressed to perfection. She wore a robe of black velvet over an elegant petticoat; her hair was beautifully arranged; her figure resembles that of the princess de Conti and is very majestic." The king of France came himself to hand her from her coach; he led her into his presence-chamber, and placed her in a chair of state, higher than his own. After conversing with her about half-an-hour, Louis conducted her to the apartment of the dauphiness, who came to the door to receive her. The queen expressed some surprise. "I thought, madame," said she, "I should have found you in bed." "Madame," replied the dauphiness, "I was resolved to rise, that I might properly receive the honour done me by your majesty." Louis XIV. withdrew, because the mighty laws of court etiquette forbade his invalid daughter-in-law to sit in an arm-chair in his presence. When he had departed, the portentous ceremony of taking seats was successfully achieved. The exiled queen was inducted into the place of honour, the dauphiness seated herself in a fauteuil on her right hand, and madame the duchess of Orleans on her left, and the three little sons of the dauphiness were perched in three arm-chairs, the princesses and duchesses made their appearance, and occupied their tabourets round the room. In short, the pretended invalid held a crowded court in her bed-chamber on this occasion, and was much elated at having succeeded in inducing the queen of England to pay her the first visit. His majesty of France being privately informed, when Mary Beatrice rose to take her leave, came, with his wonted courtesy, to lead her down stairs, and place her in her coach. When Louis returned to the apartment of the dauphiness, he was eloquent in his commendations of their royal guest, and evidently, with a view of suggesting to his German daughter-in-law, that she would do well to imitate so perfect a model of regal grace and dignity, he emphatically added, "See what a queen ought to be!" He praised her charming manners and her ready wit, and expressed his admiration of her fortitude in adversity, and her passionate love for her husband.² From that hour, it became the fashion in the court of France to cite the exiled queen of England as the perfection of grace, elegance, beauty, and female virtue. The *grande monarque* had said it, and from his decision there could be no appeal. The French duchesses, who, to please the dauphiness, had protested, that if the receptions of the cour

¹ Dangeau. Sévigné.

² Sévigné.

of St Germain's were to be modelled after the customs of that of Versailles, nothing should induce them to kiss the hem of the queen of England's robe, were now ready to kiss her feet.¹

The next day, at four o'clock precisely, Mary Beatrice was favoured with a solemn state visit from the duchess of Orleans, her daughters, the duchess of Guise, and all the princesses of the blood. She kissed them all, gave a fauteuil to the duchess of Orleans, and less honourable chairs, called *pliants*, to the princesses. As far as regarded their own claims, the demi-royalty of France were satisfied; but they took the liberty of requesting the queen to explain why she permitted the signora Anna Montecuculi to occupy a tabouret in her presence, as she had not the rank of a duchess. Her majesty condescended to explain, that she allowed her that privilege as the lady in waiting.² These ladies, who were so rigid in their notions of the importance attached to chairs and stools, made no exception against the appearance of the infamous duchess of Portsmouth, who also occupied a tabouret, in that exclusive circle, having, with the persevering effrontery of her class and character, succeeded in obtaining an appointment, as one of the ladies of the bed-chamber, in the household of James's consort at St. Germain's. James was compelled to bestow several shadowy titles on his followers, to enable their ladies to hold appointments in his queen's bed-chamber, and to sit in presence of the French court. He made lord Powis a duke, to entitle his lady to a tabouret. "There are four ladies of the queen of England," says Dangeau, "whom she will have seated when there are either princesses or duchesses of France present. These are lady Powis, as an English duchess; madame Montecuculi, whom she has made countess of Almonde, as a lady of honour; and the ladies Sussex and Waldegrave as the daughters of king James;" the first named was, however, the daughter of Charles II. After the dauphiness had returned the visit of the English queen, her majesty came again to Versailles, to call on her. She arrived precisely at four o'clock, the orthodox hour. The king received her this time in the hall of guards, and led her into the state presence-chamber, and gave her the place of honour. They conversed a long time together, and then he led her by the hand, through the gallery, to the door of the apartments of the dauphiness, who received her there, and conducted her into her chamber. They were getting pretty well acquainted now, and their conversation was easy and lively. When her majesty retired, the dauphiness conducted her as far as the guard-room, where they parted, mutually satisfied with each other. Then the queen paid her ceremonial visit to the dauphin, who came to receive her in his guard-room, and conducted her to his presence-chamber, where they were both seated for some time in one fauteuil—probably one of those double chairs of state, such as that which is shown in queen Mary's chamber at Holyrood palace. The queen was charmed with monseigneur's cabinets, and good-naturedly spoke much in praise of the dauphiness, for whom, however, this prince cherished

¹ Sévigné.

² Dangeau

very little tenderness. When the queen left the apartments of the dauphin, he re-conducted her to the spot where he had received her, and she proceeded to visit monsieur and then madame. At these visits, lady Powis and madame Monteruculi were allowed seats; the one as a duchess, the other as lady in waiting to her majesty.

On the 15th, the king of France, with the dauphin, visited the king of England at St. Germain. James received them at the end of the hall of guards; and after they had talked some time, they went together to the queen's apartment, where three fauteuils were placed, but the king of England would not sit to leave the dauphin standing, who could not occupy the third fauteuil in his presence. After standing some time by the chimney-piece, chatting with that prince, James, turning to the king of France, said, "We are determined to have no more ceremonies after this visit; I will begin this evening."

The frank proposition of the sailor-king did not suit the formality of the court of France, which two successive Spanish queens had rendered almost as solemnly absurd, on the subject of ceremonials, as that of the Escorial. James and Mary Beatrice found, that if they expected to be treated according to their own rank, they must condescend to the follies of persons of narrow intellect and strong prejudices, and conform to regulations which they, as aliens and suppliants, could not presume to censure. Policy and the exigency of circumstances taught the fallen queen of England the necessity of propitiating a lady of comparatively humble birth, but whose master-mind rendered her of tenfold more importance than all the French princesses put together, with the haughty dauphiness at their head. It is scarcely necessary to explain, that this was madame de Maintenon, the bosom counsellor of Louis XIV., she who wore the *fleur-de-lys* and ermined mantle, which none but the wife of a king of France may venture to assume, though public opinion forbade the widow Scarron to bear the title of queen. The first time madame de Maintenon came to St. Germain, Mary Beatrice, having made her wait a few minutes, graciously apologized for it, by expressing her regret that she had lost so much of her conversation. The compliment was well judged, and her majesty had the good fortune of making a favourable impression on her, whose influence governed the latter years of the *grande monarche*.

"Every one," says madame de Sévigné, "is pleased with this queen, she has so much wit. She said to our king, on seeing him caressing the prince of Wales, who is very beautiful, 'I had envied the happiness of my son in being unconscious of his misfortunes, but now I regret the unconsciousness which prevents him from being sensible of your majesty's goodness to him.' Everything she says, is full of good sense; but it is not so with her husband—he is brave, but his capacity is ordinary, and he recounts all that has passed in England without emotion; he is a good man, nevertheless."

The anguish that oppressed the heart of the exiled queen, while successfully labouring to establish a hard-earned popularity in the French court, is unaffectedly avowed in the following letter, addressed by her

evidently at this period, to her faithful friend, the countess of Lichfield:—

“ St. Germain, Jan. 21.

“ You cannot imagine, dear lady Lichfield, how pleased I was to receive two letters from you, so full of kindness as they were. I hope you do not think I am so unreasonable as to expect you should leave your husband and children to come to me. I am in too miserable a condition to wish that my friends should follow it, if they can be in their own country. I was overjoyed to hear by every body, as well as by the king, that your lord had behaved himself so well. I don't doubt but he will continue to do so, and I am sure you will encourage him to it. The king is entirely satisfied with him, and does not dislike what he did, for he had the example and advice of honest men, which he may well follow. The letter sent by your sister was of no great consequence, but by the courier you had reason to think it was. I thank God I am very well in my health, and have the satisfaction to see my poor child grow visibly every day, and the king look better than he has done this great while. I want no less to enable me to support my other misfortunes, which are so extraordinary that they move every one's pity in this country, so that they cry and pray for us perpetually. I hope God will hear their prayers, and make us happy again, but no change or condition shall ever lessen the real kindness I have for you. “ M. R.”

This letter is written on plain note-paper, and is enclosed in a torn, and hastily folded envelope, superscribed: “ For the countess of Lichfield.” It is sealed with the famous diamond seal always used by the consort of James II. in her correspondence with the adherents of the Jacobite cause. The impression is her royal cypher, M. R. interlaced, surmounted with the crown matrimonial of England.



FAC-SIMILE.

The manner in which Mary Beatrice speaks of her infant boy in this most interesting letter, contains, in its unaffected simplicity, a refutation of the complicated falsehoods with which the injustice of a party had laboured to impugn his birth. When the fallen queer thanks God, in the midst of her misfortunes, “ that she has the satisfaction of seeing her poor child grow visibly every day,” every one recognises the voice of nature, and the genuine feelings of a mother's heart.

The purple velvet and ermine in which Mary Beatrice dressed her boy, not being the orthodox costume for babies of his rank in France, excited the astonishment of the ladies of that court, as we find from a remark made by madame de Sévigné, in a letter dated January 31st, 1689. “ Madame de Chaulnes has seen the queen of England, with whom she is much pleased. The little prince was dressed like a Merry-Andrew,² but beautiful and joyous, leaping and dancing, when they held

¹ Through the kindness of the hon. lady Bedingsfield, the immediate descendant of the earl and countess of Lichfield, I enjoy the privilege of presenting this most interesting royal letter, for the first time, to the public, having been permitted by that accomplished and amiable lady to copy the original, which is in her possession.

² “ Godinot” is the word used by madame de Sévigné.

him up." He was then between seven and eight months old, a most attractive age; and the bracing, saluorious air of St. Germain, had evidently been of much service to the royal infant, whose health was so delicate in England.

The exiled king and queen endeavoured to beguile their cares, by going with Louis XIV. to St. Cyr, to witness the representation of Racine's new and popular tragedy of *Esther*.¹ Mary Beatrice was seated between the two kings, having Louis on her left hand and her husband on her right. Louis invited them to visit him at the Trianon the following day. He received his royal guests under the portico, and went all over the palace with them, chatting very pleasantly with them both. While the two kings were engaged in a long private conference, Mary Beatrice played at cards, with monsieur for her partner, against the duchesses of Epemon and Ventadour. In the evening, they all went to see the ballet, where her majesty was seated, as before, between her husband and Louis XIV. She was attended by the countess of Sussex lady Sophia Bulkeley,² and madame de Montecuculi, her ladies in waiting. Madame de Maintenon was also in the tribune, with several French ladies of high rank.

The formal pleasures of the French court had no power to cheer hearts that were full of anxious thoughts of England. James had addressed a manifesto, on the 4th of January, to his lords, spiritual and temporal and his subjects in general, claiming their allegiance, stating at full the causes that compelled him to withdraw from the personal restraint under which he had been placed by the Dutch guards; he expressed his desire to return for the purpose of assembling a free parliament for the redress of all grievances. Instead of a free parliament, ninety-five peers, taking the legislative power into their hands, empowered the prince of Orange to assemble a convention, composed of persons who had been members of parliament in Charles II.'s reign, the lord-mayor, aldermen, and fifty common-councilmen of the city of London, to settle the government. The archbishop of Canterbury refused to assist in the deliberations of an illegally constituted assembly, supported by a foreign army; the greater number of the bishops adhered to their oaths of allegiance to James. A majority of two voices only, in the house of peers, confirmed the vote of the convention, that the throne was vacant, in consequence of James's flight to France. On the 6th of February, it was decided, by a majority of twenty, that the prince and princess of Orange should be proclaimed king and queen.³

The smallness of the majority by which this measure was carried, proves how closely the parties were balanced. Eight prelates, with the archbishop of Canterbury at their head, including five of the seven, who had, in commemoration of their resistance to James and imprisonment in the Tower, been called the seven pillars of the church, preferred the loss of their bishoprics to transferring their allegiance to the new sove-

¹ Sévigné. Dangeau.

² This lady was the sister of *La Belle Stuart*; she was married to Mr. Bulkeley the brother of lord Bulkeley—a title now extinct.

³ Journals of the Lords. Burnet. Mackintosh.

reigns Their example was followed by a third of the clergy; a movement and a change took place on that occasion in the church throughout England, in which the non-juring ministers occupied a position not dissimilar to those of the free church in Scotland in the present day. They forsook all, rather than violate their principles, and were reduced, with their families, to the greatest state of destitution.¹ In some instances, whole congregations adhered to the deprived minister. Party ran high in parishes, and even in families, on the subject of these divisions, and good Christians beheld with pain a breach in the unity of the church of England.

King James was, meantime, reminded by his viceroy Tyrconnel, that he was still the undisputed sovereign of Ireland; and in compliance with the urgent invitations of his subjects there, he determined to make his appearance in that realm; and, with the concurrence of the king of France, he began to make preparations for his expedition.

On the 20th of February, James lost a powerful friend by the sudden death of his niece, the queen of Spain,² who had been urgent with the king her husband, to render him assistance in his distress. Her decease plunged the courts of Versailles and St. Germain into grief and mourning. James prepared himself for his expedition to Ireland, rather in the spirit of a pilgrim devotee, than a warrior, by visiting the nunnery of Chaillot, where the heart of the late queen his mother was enshrined, and offering up his prayers for the repose of her soul. That convent was founded by Henrietta, and when a boy he had been accustomed to attend her thither, though at that time opposed, with all the vehemence of his enthusiastic temperament, to the doctrines of the church of Rome, and on very bad terms with his mother, in consequences of their differences of opinion; yet he told the lady abbess, that he had great pleasure in the recollections associated with his visits to Chaillot. He besought the prayers of the sisters for the success of his voyage, and expressed the pleasure he felt at the thought that his queen would often come there, during his absence, to perform her devotions.

At the request of Mary Beatrice, Louis XIV. had not only forgiven Lauzun, for all past offences, but elevated him to the rank of a duke, and king James, in acknowledgment of the services he had rendered, in conducting the escape of the queen and prince, invested him, on the eve of his expedition to Ireland, with the order of the garter, in the church of Notre Dame. The collar and jewel of the order, which were very richly ornamented with diamonds, were the same that had belonged to Charles I., and which had been entrusted after his death, and the subsequent reign of terror, to the care of honest Isaac Walton, who faithfully returned them to Charles II.

Lauzun was one of the hundred noble French gentlemen who volun

¹ Life and Works of Bishop Kenn.

² This princess was the eldest daughter of Henrietta of England and Philip duke of Orleans; she inherited the wit, beauty, and fascination of her mother, she was only six-and-twenty, and her death was attributed to poison, administered by the emissaries of a party jealous of her unbounded influence over the mind of her weak, sickly husband, Charles II. of Spain.—St. Simon. Sévigné

ferred their services to king James on this occasion. James's force consisted of two thousand five hundred English and Scotch emigrants; his funds, of four hundred thousand crowns—a loan from the French monarch. Louis supplied him with vessels, and offered to assist him with troops. James's reluctance to employ foreign soldiers was still insuperable, and he replied, "I will recover my own dominions with my own subjects, or perish in the attempt." Like many a lofty spirit, he was compelled to bend to circumstances, without achieving his object. Louis had provided equipages, camp beds, and toilet furniture of a magnificent description, for the use of the royal adventurer; at parting, he unbuckled his sword, and presented it, telling him he hoped it would prove fortunate.² The French courtiers, who delighted in anything resembling a scene, were greatly excited with this romantic incident, and talked much of Hector, Amadis and Orondates. The farewell compliment of Louis to his royal guest was blunt, but spoken in the spirit of true kindness. "The best wish that I can offer to your majesty," said he, "is that I may never see you again."³

The separation between Mary Beatrice and her lord was of a heart-rending character. They parted as lovers who expected to meet no more on earth. Every one felt for the uncontrollable anguish of the queen, her adieus were interrupted with tears, with cries, and swoonings. She withdrew the same day, February 28th, from the palace of St. Germain, with her infant boy, into the deep retirement of the convent at Poissy, with the intention of passing the whole of her time in tears and prayers for the safety of her ill-fated lord. The catastrophe that befel the king's favourite valet, who was drowned at Pont de Cé, was considered ominous; the vessel in which he had embarked with his majesty's luggage being lost, with all the costly presents bestowed by Louis XIV. James travelled overland in his coach, having with him his son the duke of Berwick, and the earls of Powis, Dumbarton, and Melfort, and Thomas Stuart. He crossed the Fauxbourgs of Paris, reached Orleans the same night, and took the route through Bretagne. At Roche Bernard, the duke de Chaulnes received the exiled monarch with great state, and would have conducted him to a bed-chamber, to repose himself; but James said, "I only want something to eat." They had provided him a splendid supper, entirely of fish.

He embarked at Brest on the 6th or 7th of March, and landed at Kinsale, in Ireland, on the 12th. He was received with acclamations. His viceroy, Tyrconnel, had got together an army of forty thousand men, but chiefly made up of half-naked unarmed peasants, ready to fight, but having neither arms nor military discipline. James entered Dublin, in triumph, and opened his parliament with declarations of religious liberty to all persuasions. Dundee and Balcarres urged him to come to Scotland, "where the Highland chiefs were eager for his presence, and hosts of shepherds would start up warriors at the first wave of his banner on the mountain tops;" and he was entreated by a strong party of faithful

¹ Sir James Mackintosh.

² Dalrymple Dangeau. Sévigné.

³ Madame de Sévigné.

friends and repentant foes to hasten to England without further delay.¹ Even those subtle deep-seeing foxes of the revolution, Halifax and Danby, assured Sir John Reresby, "that king James might be reinstated in less than four months, if he would only dismiss his priests." Some of the authors of the revolution began to make overtures to their old master, in the same spirit which sometimes leads members of the jockey club to hedge their bets when they see cause to suspect that they have ventured their money on a wrong horse.

The morning after the news of king James's landing in Ireland became public in London, it was discovered that some wag had written on the walls of Whitehall—"A great house to be let by St. John's day,"² intimating by this pasquinade that the present royal tenants of the palace would be compelled to vacate it before the mid-summer quarter. The proceedings of those tenants will be related in the life of queen Mary II., those of king James belong to general history, and can only be briefly alluded to occasionally, in elucidation of the personal history of his consort.

The king of France did not wish Mary Beatrice to bury herself in the seclusion of Poissy during the absence of her lord, and endeavoured by all the means in his power to tempt her to gayer scenes; but her heart was filled with too much anxiety, and all she seemed to live for was her child, and letters from James, or news of his proceedings. Louis promised to send especial couriers, whenever he received despatches, to convey the news to her as early as possible.³ From Poissy, the queen went for a few days to the convent of Chaillot. While there, she formed a spiritual friendship with the superior and several of the nuns of this community. Business recalled her majesty to her lonely court at St. Germain, from whence she addressed the following characteristic letter to the abbess of Chaillot. The original is written in French, and has never before been published in any form. Indeed, the whole of the voluminous correspondence between the consort of James II. and her cloistered friends at Chaillot, has been carefully hidden for a century and a half from every eye, first in the archives of that convent, and, since its dissolution, in the Archives au Royaume de France:

"St. Germain, 28 April, 1689.

"The too great respect that you have for me, my dear mother, prevents you from writing to me, and the proper regard I have for you obliges me to write to you, for I take great pleasure in telling you, that ever since I left your holy cloister, I have wished to return thither. I believe, however, there is self-love in that, for, without deceit, I have not found any real repose since the king left me, but at Chaillot. It is seventeen days since I have heard any tidings from him, which greatly disquiets me, since I cannot give any credit to news that comes from any other quarter. I implore the charity of your good prayers, and those of all your community. I salute them with all my heart, and more especially my dear sisters, *La Déposée*,⁴ and the assistant. I would entreat them to offer for me one of their acts of simplicity and of humility, and you, my dear

¹ Dalrymple. Life of James II. Macpherson.

² Sévigné.

³ Dangeau. Sévigné.

⁴ This was the title borne by the ex-abbess, that office being elective at the convent of St. Marie de Chaillot.

mother, to offer, also, some portion of the numerous acts of virtue that you perform every day, for me, who am, from the bottom of my heart, your good friend
 "MARIE R."

The concluding requests involve some of the vital differences of belief between Christians of the reformed church and those of the church of Rome; for however efficacious the prayers of holy men and women may be, it is contrary to Scripture warrant to believe that any person has good works to spare for others. The piety of Mary Beatrice became of a more spiritual and enlightened character as she advanced, through many sufferings on her Christian course. Very precious to the wounded spirit of the fallen queen of England were the sympathy and reverence which she received from the nuns of Chaillot in the days of her adversity, and the friendship that was commenced between her and some of the ladies of that community was only dissolved by death. She had her preferences among them; and the three who appeared to hold the first place in her regard were madame Catharine Angelique Priolo, madame Claire Angelique de Beauvais, and mademoiselle François Angelique de Mesine. Mary Beatrice often calls these ladies "her three Angeliques." She also mentions with great affection a sister whom she calls her dear little portress, and "the dear sister of Dunbarton," lady Henrietta Douglas, who took the name of Marie Paule at her profession. Many are the presents of fruit, cakes, confections, and vegetables, fish, and bread, that are acknowledged by her majesty in the course of her letters with expressions of gratitude, to the members of this community. In the postscript to this letter she speaks of the little offerings for her table that had been sent to her by her cloistered friends:

"I have eaten heartily at my dinner of your bread and salad, for which I thank you, but I forbid you to be at the trouble of sending more of it to me. I ought, at any rate, to send for it. I beg you to thank mademoiselle de la Motte for me, for the preserves she has sent me. They are very good, but too much to send at one time. I have promised lady Almond that this letter should answer for her as well as for me, for she does not know how to write in French." (This lady was an Italian.) "I believe," continues her majesty, archly, "that one of my letters will be a little more agreeable than those of her secretary.

"Adieu, my dear mother. I entreat St. Francis Xavier to hear the prayers that you will make to-morrow for me, to obtain for me of God either consolation or resignation.
 "M. R."

Superscribed, "To the rev. mother, superior of the daughters of St. Marie de Chaillot."

Endorsed, "First letter of the queen to the mother, received in 1689."

Mary Beatrice found it necessary, for the sake of her royal husband's interest, to propitiate the king of France by emerging from her tearful retirement, and appearing at some of the splendid fêtes and entertainments which he devised for her amusement. The solicitude that magnificent prince manifested for her comfort, and the many distinguishing marks of attention he showed her, were exaggerated into signs and tokens of a more lively regard than friendship. Madame de Maintenon became uneasy, and betrayed symptoms of jealousy. "Yet," observes our authority, "this suspected passion for the queen of England, had no other foundation than the sympathy and innocent attentions which the king

could not help offering to a princess, whose virtues were acknowledged by all the world, and which he would have admired in any one." Mary Beatrice was, moreover, the adopted daughter of Louis, and his regard for her was a sentiment, not a passion; a sentiment which, in its refinement and generosity, forms one of the redeeming traits of his character. He treated her, it is true, with the homage which is always paid to a beautiful and intellectual woman in France, but it was her conjugal tenderness that excited his respect. "She was always a queen in her prosperity," said he, "but in her adversity she is an angel."

The dauphin, who had a great esteem for Mary Beatrice, frequently came to see her; but the dauphiness, who was jealous of the higher title borne by the unfortunate queen, rarely visited her. One day the dauphin brought his little son, the duke of Burgundy, to St. Germain's, and the queen inquired of the dauphin if she ought not to give him a *fautueil*; and the reply being in the affirmative, he was duly inducted into one of those important seats. Then came monsieur, madame, and their son, the duc de Chartres. They had *fautuils*, but the young duke only a *pliant*. These absurd rags of ceremonials are always noted by the journalists of the time—even those who held the office of ministers of state—with as much gravity as if connected with the fate of empires. Weariness and vexation of spirit it was for the anxious consort of James II. to bestow the attention of an overburdened mind on such follies. Situated as she was, however, she was compelled to condescend to trifles, and to learn the hard lesson, to a lofty mind, of making herself everything to all the world.

The receipt of a letter from her absent lord, written during the favourable aspect of affairs which flattered him on his first arrival in Ireland, filled her heart with joy, which she hastened to communicate to her friends at Chaillot in the following animated note, written in great haste, and without distinctive date; but the allusion to the siege of Derry fixes it to May:

"St. Germain's, Tuesday matin.

"I was so much pressed with business and visits all yesterday, that I had not a single moment of time left me to give and impart my joy to my dear mother and her dear community, having received, while finishing my dinner, a very long letter from the king, of recent date, which assured me that he was in perfect health at Dublin, and that he expected every day the news of the taking of the town which is besieged (Derry). God be for ever praised, for that he has heard your prayers and those of your dear daughters, who, I doubt not, will return thanks to Him to-day, in concluding your *noveno*. Do the best for me, my beloved mother, and believe me, by inclination as much as by gratitude, your and your daughters,

"M. R."

This letter has been carefully endorsed, subsequently, "Fourth letter, which must never be produced, because matters have not succeeded in Ireland."

The early successes of king James in Ireland were rendered useless for want of money. He was compelled to raise the value of the currency in the first instance, and finally to ruin his cause by coining brass money to pass at the nominal value of silver. The expedient of bills

¹ Gallerie de L'Ancien Cour.

² Sévigné

³ Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in Archives au Royaume de France

and bank notes had never been adopted by the Stuart monarchs as the cheap representatives of imaginary hundreds and thousands of pounds. Mary Beatrice, painfully aware of the exigency of her husband's circumstances, became an earnest suppliant for money to her royal friend, Louis; but Louis was neither able nor willing to lavish wholesale sums in the Irish war. He was ready to conduce to her domestic comforts on a magnificent scale, but his own extensive buildings at Versailles were yet to be paid for. He referred everything relative to public business to his ministers. To them the anxious queen next addressed herself; and at last her impassioned pleadings wrought on Seignelai to send a welcome, but inefficient, supply of money and arms to her royal husband. The first time her name is mentioned as connected with public business, is in reference to the assistance she gave to the destitute champions of king James's cause in Scotland, by pawning part of her jewels, and sending the proceeds to Dundee for the purchase of arms and ammunition.¹ "I was extremely surprised," writes that gallant chief to lord Melfort, "when I saw Mr. Drummond, the advocate, in a Highland habit, come up to Lochaber to me, and give account that the queen had sent 2000*l.* sterling to London, to be paid to me for the king's service, and that two more were coming. I did not think the queen had known anything of our affairs. I received a very obliging letter from her by Mr. Crain."² Dundee's letter is dated June 28th. The seasonable supply which Mary Beatrice had sent him, enabled him to make a vigorous and triumphant advance. He gathered the clans round the standard of king James, and, on the 18th of July, defeated king William's forces under Mackay, in the pass of Killcranky, and having taken the Dutch standard, fell mortally wounded in the moment of victory. With him fell the cause of king James in Scotland. The queen did her utmost to keep alive the interest of her royal husband, by writing to their old friends and acquaintances in Scotland, and sending over agents and busy intriguers, to nurse up plots for risings in his favour, in various parts of the ancient realm of the Stuarts.

At this epoch, Mary Beatrice assumes the unwonted character of a woman of business. James's ministers were astonished at her acute perceptions, sound sense, and application. "I confess,"³ writes lord Melfort to king James, "I never saw any one understand affairs better than the queen, and she has really gained so much esteem from the king here, and his ministers, that I am truly of opinion, that if it had not been for her, the wicked reports spread here had made your affairs go entirely wrong at the court. I dare not," continues his lordship, "enter to speak of the prince, for adding to this letter, only; I do protest, that he is the finest child I ever saw. God Almighty bless your majesty, the queen, and him, for your comfort; grant you the possession of your own, and that you may never have a worse servant than, &c.," meaning himself. A worse counsellor James never had: his letters, when intercepted, had a very bad influence on his royal master's cause, as they betrayed a

¹ Life of king James. Nairne's State Papers.

² *Ibid.*

³ Original Papers from the Nairne Collection in Macpherson's Stuart Papers.

treacherous and vindictive temper. The queen, finding Melfort's presence mischievous at St. Germain's, got rid of him as handsomely as she could, by sending him to compliment the new pope, and to endeavour to obtain money for the exigencies of the Stuart cause, from him. His holiness expressed great sympathy, but protested his inability to assist her majesty with anything but his prayers. Her ambassador, though a catholic, did not appear to consider these of any particular value.¹

Meantime, the queen was indefatigable in her exertions for the advancement of her husband's interest in the court of France. Sometimes she was cheered with flattering tidings of successes in Ireland. On the last day of the year 1689, she writes to her friend, the abbess of Chaillot, in a perfect ecstasy :

"It is always on a Saturday, my dear mother, that I have news of the king. I believe that my dear daughters of Sion may already begin to sing their canticles of praise to the Most High, whose puissant arm, without the aid of human means, has almost entirely destroyed our enemies."²

Her majesty goes on to express her hope, that the king would soon be master of Ireland; and asks, in conclusion, the continuation of the prayers of the holy sisters of Chaillot. This letter, like all on that subject, is endorsed: "On the good successes in the war in Ireland, which had no foundation, therefore this letter must never be shown." Little did the cautious recluse, to whom they were addressed, imagine the possibility of the concatenation of circumstances which has rendered this jealously hoarded correspondence available material for the biography of the royal writer.

When Mary Beatrice first used to make her visits to this convent, the abbess insisted on treating her with the ceremonies due to royalty, and made her dine in her state apartment; but, early in the year, 1690, the queen expressed her positive determination not to avail herself of these marks of respect, in the following letter to the superior :

"I thank you, my dearest mother, for the offer you have made me, of giving me a dinner in your chamber of assembly, but I cannot be satisfied with that. I wish to eat in the refectory with you and the others, and I pray you to expect me on Tuesday at eleven o'clock, supposing this to be a fast-day. I propose to depart from hence at eight o'clock in the morning, and to be at matins at ten o'clock, in the church of our good fathers. I beg you to have them informed of it. I had already ordained the duty to Riva, to bring you the provisions for dinner on Tuesday, as I am persuaded that my sister, Marie Françoise, will prepare it with much pleasure, since there will be a portion for me, which I charge her to make similar to the others, without form or ceremony.

"Adieu, my dearest mother. adieu to all our sisters. I have pleasure in thinking that I shall soon be, for some hours, at Chaillot. I have great need of such a solace, for since I left you I have had repose neither in body or in mind."³

The letters of Mary Beatrice to her absent lord, at this exciting period, if they should ever be discovered, would, of course, surpass in interest any other portion of her correspondence. Her love for him was

¹ Ellis's Royal Letters.

² Inedited letters of the queen of James II., in the Secret Archives an Roveurne de France. Chaillot MS.

³ Ibid

so absorbing a feeling, that it prompted her to write the most earnest entreaties to those about him to be careful of his personal safety; and this the following letter is an instance:—

QUEEN MARY BEATRICE TO THE EARL OF TYRCONNEL.¹

“St. Germain, April 5, 1690.

“This is my third letter since I heard from you, but I shall not make it a long one, for the bearer of it knows a great deal of my mind, or rather, of all the thoughts of my heart; for I was so o.joyed to meet with one I durst speake freely to, that I opened my heart to him, and sayd more then (than) I should like to do again in haste to any body. I therefor refer myself to him, to tell you all wez spoke of, for I have no secrets for you. One thing, only, I must say, to beg of you to have a care of the king, and not to lett him be so much encouraged by the good news he will hear, for I dread nothing at this time, but his going so fast into England, in a *maner* dangerous and uncertain for himself, and disadvantageous to those of our persuasion. I have writt an unreasonable long letter to him to tell him my mind, and have said much to lord Dover to say to him; for it is not probable that I shall ever have so safe an opportunity of writing again. Pray putt him (the king) often in mind of beeing careful of his person, if not for his own sake, for mine, my sonne's, and all our friends. that are undone if any thing amiss happens to him. I dare not let myself go upon this subject, I am so full of it. I know you love the king; I am sure you are my friend; and *therefor*, I need say the less to you; but cannot end my letter without telling you that I never in my life had a truer, nor a more sincere friendship for anybody than I have for you.

“M. R.”

The orthography of this letter is rather obsolete than illiterate; the queen has evidently studied the language of her adopted country, so far as to have overcome the difficulties of spelling its capricious words of treacherous sound, in which she succeeds better than most foreigners, and, indeed, many natives, of the same era. The epistles of her daughters-in-law, Mary princess of Orange, and the princess Anne, are not so well spelled, and the construction of those of the latter is infinitely inferior. Mary Beatrice, however, retains obstinately one peculiarity of a foreigner writing English, she always writes the first person *i*, instead of the capital *I*, that important egotism of our language, in which, to be sure, ours stands alone among those of Europe. The worthy collector from whose stores the above tender and feminine letter is quoted, seems to have read it with surprise, for he proceeds to express a generous indignation at the idea universally entertained of the unfortunate wife of James II. He observes, “that the character of this queen has been most unjustly described by historians; she is represented as devoid of almost every natural affection, of the meanest understanding, and of such defective education, as to be incapable of reading or writing.” Mary Beatrice corresponded fluently in Italian, French, and English, and she possessed sufficient knowledge of Latin, to read the Scriptures daily, in the *vuigate*. This practice she never omitted, however much she might be pressed for time. That she was excessively occupied at this period, may be perceived from the following letter, which she wrote to the superior

¹ From Netherclift's autograph fac-simile, from the original in the possession of lord de Clifford

of Chaillot, to excuse herself from assisting at the profession of a novice, who had been desirous of receiving the white veil from her; she says—

“ May 3.

“ It is with much difficulty that I abstract this little moment to tell you that I was greatly annoyed at not being able to be with you last week, and that I will do all in my power to be there on Wednesday or Thursday, next week. In the meantime, I have ordered Riva to tell all the news that I have had from Ireland, and elsewhere, for I have not time to do it, having three expresses to despatch before I can be with you. I expect every moment another courier from Ireland, whom I know was at Brest since last Friday, and I cannot learn what has become of him.

“ I shall be glad to be excused from the profession of the daughter of the holy sacrament, for when I am at Chaillot I do not seek to go out. I beg you to make my compliments to all our dear sisters, and, in particular to my dear sisters, the assistant and *La Deposée*. I am dying to be among you, and, in the meantime, I will try to unite my imperfect prayers with the holy ones that they offer to God, who is pleased to declare for us a thousand times more than we deserve.

“ Adieu, my dearest mother: I am yours, from the depth of my heart.

“ M. R.”

This letter is certainly written in a cheerful strain. Mary Beatrice had just succeeded in raising a large sum on some of her jewels, to send to the king, although a supply little proportioned to the greatness of his need. But she had prevailed on Seignelai, the French minister of marine, to equip and send a fleet into St. George's channel. This fleet drove William's admiral, Herbert, and his squadron out of Bantry Bay, and landed some military stores for king James. D'Avaux, the French minister in attendance on that prince, exultingly announced to him, that the French had defeated the English fleet. “ It is for the first time, then,” retorted the royal seaman, with an irrepressible burst of national feeling.¹ His consort, however, could not refrain from rejoicing in the success of the expedition, which she had been the cause of sending to his assistance; and when Tourville, another French admiral, defeated the once invincible British fleet at Beachy head, on the 1st and 2d of July, she wrote a long and highly complimentary letter of congratulation to him. “ If,” says she, “ we are so fortunate as to return soon to our own country, I shall always consider that you were the first to open the way to it, for it was effectually shut against us before the success of this engagement, to which your good conduct has contributed so much. But if I do not deceive myself, it appears to me now to be completely open, provided the king could gain some little time in Ireland, which I hope he will, but I tremble with fear, lest the prince of Orange, who sees clearly that it is his interest so to do, should push the king and force him to give battle.”²

That fear was already realized. The letter of the apprehensive queen was written July 20; the battle of the Boyne had been fought on the 1st of that month. King James had chosen his post skilfully, but William's fine veteran, well-accoutred troops doubled the numbers of that unfortunate monarch's rabble rout.³ It was impossible for the result to

¹ Dalrymple.

² James's Journal.

³ Macpherson's Collection of Stuart Papers.

be otherwise than a complete overthrow. Yet, strange to say, rumour brought the flattering news to Paris of a brilliant victory won by James, in which the prince of Orange, it was said, was slain. Great rejoicings and illuminations took place in consequence. This mistake only rendered the disastrous truth more agonizing to the consort of the luckless James. Tyrconnel has been greatly blamed for advising James to quit Ireland with such precipitancy; and this again has been imputed to his paying too much regard to the feelings of the queen, who was so apprehensive of the king's person, as to be in a constant state of agony about it. She had frequently begged him to have a special care of his majesty's safety. On the 27th of June, Tyrconnel unluckily received another passionate letter from her majesty, telling him "that he must not wonder at her repeated instances on that head, for unless he saw her heart, he could not imagine the torment she suffered on that account, and must always continue to do so, let things go as they would."¹ King James landed at Brest, July 20th, N. S., with his two sons, Berwick (who had performed prodigies of valour) and Henry Fitzjames, likewise Tyrconnel and lord Powis. From Brest he sent an express to his queen, to acquaint her with his arrival there, and his misfortune, telling her, at the same time, "that he was sensible he should be blamed for having hazarded a battle on such inequalities, but that he had no other post so advantageous, and was loth to have abandoned all without a stroke."²

Mary Bearice, though she was overwhelmed with grief at the loss of the battle, was consoled by the news of her husband's safety, and she declared, in rather quaint terms, "that, after having broken her head with thinking, and her head with vexation, at the king's ruin and that of their faithful friends, without being herself in a condition to help them, she felt it as an unspeakable alleviation that the king was safe; for if she had heard of the loss of the battle before she knew of the king's arrival, she knew not what would have become of her; and though she confessed, that it was a dismal thing to see him so unhappy, as he was in France, yet, in spite of her reason, her heart was glad to see him there."³

James remained a few days on the coast of Brittany, for the purpose of sending arms, money, and provisions to the relief of the unfortunate gentlemen who continued to maintain the contest in Ireland, and also in Scotland. Mary Beatrice, after the death of Dundee, continued to keep up a correspondence with their Scottish friends, and had drawn sir James Montgomery and lord Ross into the league for king James, to whom she had sent 15,000l.⁴ Through the treachery of lord Ross, and some others engaged, the project ended in disappointment.

The meeting between Mary Beatrice and her lord, who had been absent from her eighteen long months, was inexpressibly tender. James

¹ Quoted in the Life of king James, from his Memoirs.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid. Her letter to Tyrconnel, August 13th, 1690.

⁴ Two of her letters to Montgomery, as it is supposed, connected with this plot are printed in the notes of the Melville Papers, edited by the Hon. William Leslie Melville, printed by the Bannatyne Club. This valuable volume contains the particulars of the plot, and its detection.

had the happiness of finding his son, whom he had left an infant in the nurse's arms, grown a fine strong boy, full of health, life, and joy, able to run about anywhere, and to greet him by the name of father. The beauty and animation of the child pleased the French, and rendered him the darling of the British emigrants. A curious contemporary portrait of the son of James II. and Mary d'Esté, such as he was at that age, is still in existence at St. Germain's, being the relic of a family group, consisting originally of the exiled king and queen and their boy, which was probably painted after James's return from Ireland, and once decorated one of the state apartments of the château. The little prince is very beautiful, with large dark eyes, bright complexion, and a profusion of clustering curls. He is dressed in a red and green tartan frock, with a long waist, and a point-lace stomacher: and wears a sort of fanciful helmet cap of dark blue velvet, with a plume of black and blue feathers. This costume the queen certainly intended for a Highland dress. He holds a robin red-breast on his finger, on which he bestows a smiling regard. The elbow of that arm originally rested in the palm of his royal mother, while the king held him by the other hand; but the portrait of the prince was all that could be restored of this interesting painting, which was discovered by James Smith, esq., of St. Germain's, in a great state of dilapidation, among some rubbish in an out-house, near the château.

King James and his queen were far from considering the battle of the Boyne as a death-blow to the cause. They had, up to that moment, received ardent assurances of support from attached friends in England, and so many penitential overtures through their various agents, from persons who were disposed to forsake William and Mary, that James declares, "that his chief motive in quitting Ireland, was to arrange measures with Louis XIV. for landing in England."¹ Louis came to pay him a visit at St. Germain's, the day after his arrival there, but was too much dissatisfied with the result of the Irish expedition, to feel disposed to assist him in any new project. It was in vain that James told Louis that he was ready to go on board the fleet either with an army or without one, saying "that he was certain his own sailors would never fight against one under whom they had so often conquered." Louis put him off with a compliment, and James in the anguish of his heart exclaimed, "that he was born to be the sport of fortune."² All the members of the royal family came to pay him and the queen ceremonial visits on his return. To these her majesty alludes in a letter, evidently written at this painful epoch to her friend Angelique Priolo, the ex-abbess of Chaillot. This letter is deeply interesting, unveiling as it does the natural feelings of a mind impressed with the instability of earthly greatness, and formed for higher and better things than trimming the sails of a wrecked vessel that could float no more, in the vain hope of catching a favouring gale. She says:

"At St. Germain's, this Tuesday.

"It is certain, my dear mother, that I have had grand visits to make and to receive. I shall conclude these to-morrow with that of madame de Chartres, and

¹ Journal of king James. Ditto, Life.

Dairymple.

Versailles, and I hope that we shall then have a little repose together next week. In truth, I need it, both for soul and body. What you say of that repose in your last letter is admirable, but it seems to me that the more I seek for it the less I find it. It may be, perhaps, that I seek it with too much anxiety, or rather, that I search for it where it is not; yet, all the while, I am convinced that it is only to be found in God, and I do not appear even to wish to find it out of Him."¹

A little present of fruit, from the abbess and one of the ladies who boarded in the convent, is thus graciously acknowledged by her majesty:—

"I beg you to thank our mother and mademoiselle de la Motte, both on the part of the king and myself, for the excellent figs they have sent us. We have eaten of them at dinner, and shall again at supper, and to-morrow. Since your man is here, I will write to you by him. On Monday, I will come to your vesper and sermon, if it please God. I believe the king will also, and that he sleeps to-night at Paris. He goes to-morrow to Compeigne, and will not return till Saturday. I take pleasure in the thought that I shall pass all that time at Chaillot. I shall go one day to Paris, and I hope we shall not have to do much in paying visits of ceremony. One to the marechalle d'Humiere's will be inevitable.

"My son has a little colic, but I believe it will be nothing. We are all in good health, and I am wholly yours, my dear mother, with all my heart.

"A thousand regards, on my part, to our dear mother, and to all our sisters; above all to my little portress."

Endorsed—"To La Mère Déposée."²

King James joined his queen at Chaillot, and after attending service in that church, paid his compliments to the abbess. The queen told him how fervently the nuns had petitioned for the preservation of his person, during the late perils in which he had been engaged. James thanked the gentle sisterhood very courteously for their prayers, and in allusion to the disastrous termination of his expedition, meekly added, "It is right to submit to the decrees of God." Their majesties returned together to St. Germain's. They were invited to spend some days with the French court at Fontainebleau, in October. The following particulars of their reception and visit from the journal of one of the gentlemen of the royal household of France, show the respect and affectionate attention with which they were treated by Louis XIV. "On the 11th of October, his majesty, after dinner, went to meet the king and queen of England, who were to arrive at six in the evening, by the avenue of the White Horse. The king met them at the Horse-shoe, where the dauphin was already in waiting for them. Louis took his royal guests into his own carriage, giving the queen the hand. When they reached the palace, he led her to the apartments of the queen-mother of France, where she found everything prepared for her reception, and there they passed the evening. The queen played at ombre and billiards with cardinal Furstemburg and madame de Croissy."³

The next morning, all the great ladies of the French court went to the toilet of queen Mary Beatrice, and attended her to the chapel royal, where she knelt between the two kings, James on her right hand, and

¹ Edited autograph letters of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Roy aume. Chaillot MSS

² Ibid

³ Dangeau's Journal.

Louis on her left. They were seated in the same manner at table, the dauphin, monsieur, madame, and all the princesses with them. The bad weather preventing them from going to the chase, Louis XIV. initiated his royal guests into the mysteries of the new round game of *paume*, no other than the hero of Nassau's favourite game of loo, which, among other Dutch pleasures, had recently become the rage at Whitehall. The French courtiers and their king chose to give it a name of their own devising, and then played at it with infinite zest. On the 13th, James and his consort offered to take their leave, but Louis would not permit it; he took them to a boar hunt on the 17th, and in the evening made them walk on the terrace of the grand apartments to see the stag roasted in the park, which he, and king James, and the dauphin had killed in the morning. This spectacle, seen by the light of flambeaux, was considered fine. The exiled king and queen departed on the 18th; the French king insisted on taking them in his own coach to the end of the forest of Chailly, followed by a cavalcade of other members of the royal family. The duchess of Orleans took the countess of Almonde, and lady Sophia Bulkeley, the queen's ladies in waiting, in her coach. When they reached the banks of the Seine, Louis assisted Mary Beatrice into her own carriage, and remained standing at the door till she drove off with king James and her two ladies.¹

In England, the deposed Poet Laureate Dryden endeavoured to serve the cause of his old master king James and his queen, by the following quaint Jacobite pastoral, which, under the title of the "Lady's Song," was one of the party notes at that exciting period; and, if not the best, was certainly one of the earliest specimens of that class of compositions which, for nearly a century, served to keep alive the memory of the royal Stuarts:—

A choir of bright beauties in spring did appear,
To choose a May lady to govern the year;
All the nymphs were in white, and the shepherds in green,
The garland was given, and Phillis was queen;
But Phillis refused it, and sighing did say,
I'll not wear a garland while James is away.

While James and fair Mary are fled from our shore,
The graces are banished, and love is no more;
The soft God of pleasure in sadness retires,
He has broken his bow and extinguished his fires,
And vows that himself and his mother will mourn,
Till James and fair Mary in triumph return.

Forbear your addresses, and court us no more,
For we will perform what our deity swore;
But if you dare think of deserving our charms,
Away with your sheep-hooks, and take to your arms,
Then laurels and myrtles your brows shall adorn,
When James and his son and fair Mary return."

Mr. Bulkeley, the husband of queen Mary Beatrice's faithful lady-in-waiting, lady Sophia Bulkeley, was actively engaged in England at this period, in attempting to draw some of the old servants of king James

¹ Dungen's Journal.

into a confederacy for his restoration. Lord Godolphin looked ashamed when he encountered him, and inquired, with a desponding air, after the court of St. Germain. He had deserted the falling cause of James at the revolution, and paid his homage to the ascendant star of Orange, returned to his original politics, and accepted office under William. His attachment to the late queen, as Mary of Modena was now styled, crossed his new duties. He purchased the pleasure of receiving a few lines traced by her hand, signifying that she forgave him, by promising to betray the secrets of William and Mary. William intercepted a package of his letters, showed him the proofs of his treachery, generously forgave him, and continued to employ him. Godolphin could not resolve to give up the secret correspondence with Mary Beatrice. He rendered her no particular service, but flattered her with fair words, and soothed his self-love by keeping himself in her remembrance. He was aware that she would never make the sacrifice for him, which would have rendered him wholly and devotedly her servant to command in all things.

Marlborough was one of the double-minded politicians of the age, who now courted a reconciliation with the sovereign, whom he had deserted and betrayed. The wisdom of the unjust steward in the parable, was the leading principle among those who, after the revolution, were ostensibly the servants of William, and secretly the correspondents of James. A great deal of the correspondence was carried on through the queen. Sometimes Mary Beatrice is signified in the Jacobite letters of the period, as Mr. Wisely and Mrs. Whitely, occasionally, by a figure, or as Artley's spouse, James bearing the cognomen of Artley, among many other aliases. Godolphin is often called "the bale of goods,"—Marlborough, "the Hamburg merchant," or Armsworth. There are a great many of these letters in the French archives.

The cares and restless intrigues which occupied the exiled court at St. Germain, were occasionally varied by visits to Louis XIV., Versailles, Marli, and Fontainebleau, but they rarely went to Paris, except to pay their devotions in the churches there. The great delight of Mary Beatrice was when she could pass a day or two with her cloistered friends at Chaillot. Towards the close of the year 1691, she found herself, after an interval of four years, once more likely to become a mother. The king appeared to derive consolation for the loss of three crowns, in the satisfaction which he felt at this prospect, and he exerted the utmost vigilance to prevent the queen from encountering the slightest fatigue or excitement, that might risk a disappointment. So anxious was he on this point, that he actually interposed the authority of a king and husband, to prevent one of the devotional journeys to Chaillot in the last week of November, on which, her majesty and the catholic ladies of her household had set their hearts. Lady Sophia Bulkeley, who was deputed to make sundry excuses to the abbess of Chaillot, for her majesty, being unable to pay her promised visit to the convent, could not refrain from giving a broad hint of the true reason, though, in consequence of its being very early days, the matter was to be kept a profound secret. "Our incomparable queen," says she, "is constrained to follow the counsels of the wise, and not to risk taking the air, lest

the pain in her teeth should return. Her majesty finds herself now nearly well; but it becomes necessary for her to take all sorts of precautions to keep so. The king judges it proper, and he must be obeyed, that she should await here the arrival of the king of France to-morrow. These causes unite to deprive the queen and us of one of the greatest pleasures. I hope she will make up for it by preparing for us another *very agreeable*, in the meantime, that we may take in good heart the pains of too long an absence."

At this interesting point her majesty, who had, we may presume, peeped over her noble attendant's shoulder, and, perceiving that her ladyship was bent on divulging as much of the important secret as her droll French would permit, interrupted her for the purpose of telling it herself, and her faithful amanuensis concludes in these words: "I finish my letter to give place to a more worthy and more perfect pen. If you turn the paper you will be consoled."

The queen, who had been suffering much from inflammatory tooth-ache, and other ills incidental to her situation, and was always subject to great depression of spirits at such times, commences her letter rather in a tone of resignation than joy. She writes on the same sheet of paper:

"I am much mortified, my beloved mother, that I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you as I had purposed, but it seems that, for some time, it has been God's pleasure to send me all sorts of mortifications. It is certain that I have had several of different kinds, even since I saw you; but what is there to be said to all this, if not, 'It is the Lord; let him do what is good in his sight.'

"It is necessary that I should explain to you lady Almond's letter (another of her ladies, who had been giving hints on the subject, it should seem), for it is impossible for me to have a secret from you; and I will tell you, that besides my inflammation, which has been very violent, and though abated, is not yet gone; and besides the visit of the king, which I must receive to-morrow, there is yet another reason that prevents me from coming to you. It is, that I have some suspicions of pregnancy, but as I have not yet any certainty of it, I do not like to have it mentioned. In a few days I shall know positively, and then I will inform you, that is, if it should be verified. Alas, my dear mother, what pain to be so many months without seeing you; but in that, as in all the rest, God is the master, and must do what he will. I entreat you not to speak of this little secret, unless it be to my sister, *La Déposée*. To all the others, give the reasons of the inflammation and the visit of the king. I hope to-morrow to make my devotions in spirit with you and your holy daughters, and I believe that I shall not have less interest in your prayers and theirs, absent, than if I could be present. My poor little Angélique will be much mortified. I assure you that I am very much, also."¹

This letter is dated November 20th, 1691. Her majesty's situation was publicly declared on the 7th of January, 1692. James addressed summonses to the pecesses, the lady mayoress of London, the wives of the sheriffs, and also to Dr. Hugh Chamberlayne, the celebrated accoucheur, as well as to the lords, inviting them to be present at the birth of the expected infant:

"That we may not be wanting to ourselves," says he, "now it hath pleased

¹ Autograph letter of the queen of James II., begun by lady Sophia Bulkley mediated Chaillox MSS. in the Hotel Subise, Paris.

Almighty God, the supporter of truth, to give us hopes of further issue, on dearest consort the queen, drawing near her time. * * * We do therefore hereby signify our royal pleasure to you, that you may use all possible means to come with what convenient haste you may, the queen looking about the middle of May next (English account). And that you may have no scruple on our side, the most Christian king has given his consent to promise you, as we hereby do, that you shall have leave to come, and, the queen's labour over, to return with safety."

Everything, at this conjunction, appeared favourable to the hopes of the exiled court. Louis XIV. was making apparently effectual preparations, to assist James in the recovery of his crown, having received confident assurances that the army directed by Marlborough, and the fleet by Russell, would declare in favour of their old master. The princess Anne, who had sought a reconciliation with her father, answered for a part of the church; the steady adhesion of such men as Sancroft, Kenn, and 600 of the clergy, to their allegiance, was, in reality, a much more satisfactory pledge of the feelings of the church of England¹ to James, than any she could give. Letters and messages, full of professions of attachment, reached him or the queen, daily, from all parts of Great Britain. James determined to make another effort to regain his realm. The spirits of the queen fluctuated at this period. On the 19th of March she excused herself from assisting at the nuptials of Louis XIV.'s natural son, the duc de Maine, with mademoiselle Charolois, on account of her situation. "She had already," she said, "taken to her chamber, according to the ancient custom of the queens of England when near a confinement.² It is probable that she had no wish to be present at this bridal, for she subsequently made various devotional visits to religious houses and churches in the neighbourhood of St. Germain's, and even in Paris. On the 30th, the king of France and the dauphin attended one of the receptions in her bed-chamber at St. Germain's, on which occa-

¹ That eminent protestant divine, Dr. Sherlock, dean of St. Paul's, was a staunch advocate for the recal of king James, as long as he thought it could be done without plunging the nation into the horrors of a civil war. Like many honest members of the church of England, he was disgusted at the mass of treachery and falsehood which had been employed by the authors of a revolution, necessary as a constitutional measure, but reflecting infinite disgrace on some of the parties concerned in it. Sherlock, in his famous letter to a member of the convention, indignantly exposes the political falsehood of the existence of a treaty between Louis XIV. and James for the destruction of the protestants. "There is," says he, "one thing more I would beg of you, that the story of a French league to cut protestant throats be well examined, for this did more to drive the king out of the nation than the prince's army; and if this should prove a sham, as some who pretend to know say it is, it seems to be at least half an argument to invite the king back again." The enemies of Sherlock afterwards turned all he had said in favour of his old master, which was not little, against himself, when he took the oaths to king William; but Sherlock was not called upon to resist the powers that be. As a churchman, he submitted to the change which a majority of the nation had ordained, well knowing that he had duties to perform of a higher nature than those of a political partisan. He was a bright and a shining light in the church of England, and she required such men to comfort her and support her apostolic character, when bereaved of bishops like Kenn and others of the deprived clergy.

² Dangeau.

sion the princess of Conde presented the newly-married duchess de Maine to her majesty. A day or two afterwards, Mary Beatrice was attacked with a dangerous illness, in consequence of having remained too long kneeling in the chapel, and it was feared she would have to be bled. The king of France came in person to see her, and inquire after her health.¹ She recovered, but remained in the greatest depression of spirits, on account of the approaching departure of the king for the coast of Normandy, in order to join the expedition that was in preparation for his projected landing in England. Before he quitted St. Germain, James invested his boy, who had not yet completed his fourth year, with the order of the garter, and, leaving his sorrowful queen surrounded by a crowd of weeping ladies, departed, April 21st, for Caen, and from thence to La Hogue.² Unfortunate in everything, he waited four weeks in vain for a favourable wind to cross to England, and in the meantime, the Dutch fleet formed a junction with Russell in the Downs, and appeared on the coast of France. Russell, who was in correspondence with his old master, advised him to prevent a collision between the fleets. He was willing to let the squadron slip by, but, for the honour of England, he must not be defied. The unseasonable bravery of the French admiral, Tourville, provoked an encounter that ended in the destruction of the French fleet. James, who was a spectator of the battle, on witnessing the admirable effect of his own naval tactics against his allies, cried out, "Ha! have they got Pepys on board?" But when he saw the British seamen, from the boats, scrambling up the lofty sides of the French vessels, he exclaimed, in a transport of national and professional enthusiasm, "My brave English! My brave English! My brave English."³ The French officers warned him to retire, as he was in considerable danger, for the guns from the burning ships began to discharge their shot in all directions; and scarcely had he withdrawn, when they raked the spot where he had been standing, and killed several of the officers.

James obstinately lingered for three weeks at La Hogue, after he had witnessed the annihilation of his hopes. Nothing could rouse him from the lethargic stupor into which he had sunk; not even the repeated letters and messages from his anxious consort, who was in hourly expectation of her accouchement, and implored him to return to her. The melancholy depression of spirits in which the poor queen awaited that event, in the lonely chateau of St. Germain, unsupported by the presence of her husband, is touchingly described by her own pen, in a letter to her friend, the abess of Chaillot:—

"June 14, 1692.

"What shall I say to you, my beloved mother, or rather, what would not you say to me, if we could be one little quarter of an hour in each other's arms? I believe, however, that time would be entirely passed in tears and sighs, and that my eyes and my sobs would tell much more than my mouth; for, in truth, what is there, after all, that can be said by friendship in the state in which I am?"

After the first impassioned outpouring of the anguish and desolation with which the catastrophe at La Hogue had overwhelmed her, she en

¹ Dangeau.

² Ibid. Life of James.

³ Dalrymple.

deavours to resign herself to the will of God. An internal conviction that they were vainly struggling against an immutable decree, is thus mournfully confessed: "Oh, but the ways of God are far from our ways, and his thoughts are different from our thoughts. We perceive this clearly in our last calamity, and by the unforeseen, and almost supernatural mischances by which God has overthrown all our designs, and has appeared to declare himself so clearly against us for our overwhelming. What then," pursues the sorrowful queen, "can we say to this, my beloved mother; or rather, is it not better that we should say nothing—but, shutting the mouth, and bowing the head, to adore and to approve, *if we can*, all that God does; for he is the master of the universe, and it is very meet and right that all should be submitted to him. It is the Lord; he has done what was good in his eyes."¹ She goes on to acknowledge the difficulty she feels in performing the Christian duty she has described, in the following simple, touching words:—

"This, my dearest mother, is what I wish to say and do, and to this, I believe you have yourself encouraged me by your words, as you do by your letters, which are always so precious to me. But I say it, and I do it, with so bad a grace, and so much against my will, that I have no reason to hope that it can be agreeable to God. Aid me to do it better by your prayers, and encourage me constantly by your letters, till we have the happiness of embracing each other again."²

The dissection of a letter so deeply confidential is, certainly, rather like unfolding the secrets of a confessional. Little did the royal writer imagine that the various passions that agitated her mind as she penned it, would, one day, be laid open to the whole world. The tragic emotions of the fallen queen, and the elevation of the Christian heroine, are alike forgotten in the natural apprehensions of the weak, suffering woman, when she alludes to her situation at this distressing crisis. "I suffered much, both in body and mind, some days ago," she says, "but now I am better in both. I linger on, still, in continual expectation of the hour of my accouchement. It will come when God wills it. I tremble with the dread of it; but I wish much that it were over, so that I might cease to harass myself and every one else, any longer, with this suspense."³

Mary Beatrice had exceeded her reckoning nearly a month. If she had been brought to bed at the time specified by king James in his summons to the peers and peeresses, it would have been in the midst of the distress and consternation caused by the battle of La Hogue.

How deeply hurt the poor queen felt at the unaccountable perversity of her lord, in continuing to absent himself from her at this agitating crisis, may be perceived from the tone of unwonted bitterness with which she adverts to his conduct. "When I began my letter yesterday," she says, "I was in uncertainty what the king would do, and of the time when I might have the happiness of seeing him, for he has not yet chosen to retire from La Hogue, though he has had nothing to keep him there."

¹ Inedited letter of the queen of James II. to the abbess of Chaillot, dated June 14th, 1692 Archives au Royaume de France.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

and the state in which I am speaks for itself, to make him come to me.' In the meantime," continues her majesty, with increasing pique at James's strange insensibility to the importance of the impending event, and the necessity of making such arrangements as would render the birth of their expected infant a verification of the legitimacy of their son, "he would not resolve on anything, but he will find all well done, although it has cost me much to have it so, without his orders, which my lord Melfort came to bring us this morning. It seems that for the present, the king has nothing to do but to return hither, till they can take other measures. Your great king (Louis XIV.) has received my lord Melfort very well, and has spoken to him of us, and of our affairs, in the most obliging manner in the world, and has even written to me in answer to the letter I sent to him by milord Melfort. This is a comfort to me, and the hope of having the king with me at my delivery, consoles me much, for I believe he can be here by Saturday or Sunday next. Behold, my dear mother," continues the sorrowful queen, "a little statement of what has passed, and is passing in my poor heart. You know and can comprehend it better than I do myself; I pray you to embrace all our dear sisters, and to take leave of them for me, before my lying in, not knowing what may occur. I hope, however, that we may see each other again after the Assumption, if it please God." She adds, with almost childish simplicity, "Permit the poor Angelique to kiss your hand in the place of mine, as often as she wishes."¹ When the mighty are put down from their seats, it is well if the unbought, unpurchasable affection of the lowly and meek, who love them, not for their greatness, but for their misfortunes, can be appreciated at its real value.

James did not return to St. Germain till the 21st of June.² His recklessness of the confirmation it would have afforded to the imputations on the birth of their son, if the queen had been brought to bed while he was away, together with his strange disregard to her feelings, appear indicative of an unsound state of mind. A melancholy solution could, in all probability, have been given for the unexplained mystery of that month's absence.

When sir Charles Littleton, who had faithfully adhered to James in his misfortunes, told him how much ashamed he felt, that his son was with the prince of Orange, the royal father mournfully replied, "Alas, sir Charles! wherefore ashamed? are not my daughters with him?" An impression, that he was born to fulfil an adverse destiny, in which all who attempted to show him kindness would be ruinously involved, is avowed by James in the following letter which he addressed to Louis XIV. at this gloomy epoch. A letter, certainly not written in the spirit of a politician:

"My evil star has had an influence on the arms of your majesty always victorious but when fighting for me. I entreat you, therefore, to interest yourself

¹ Inedited letters of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² Inedited letter of the queen of James II. to the abbess of Chaillot, dated June 14-15, 1692.

³ Life of king James, from Stuart Papers.

no more for a prince so unfortunate, but permit me to withdraw, with my family, to some corner of the world where I may cease to be an interruption to your majesty's wonted course of prosperity and glory."¹

Louis did not avail himself of the generous proposal of his desponding kinsman, to retire from France, and Heaven had still some blessings in store for the fallen king. On the 28th of June, Mary Beatrice gave birth to a daughter, at the palace of St. Germain's, in the presence of all the princesses and great ladies of the court of France, except the dauphiness, who was in a dying state. All the English ladies, and noble followers of the exiled court, the chancellor of France, the president of the parliament of Paris, and the archbishop of Paris, and madame Meereroon, the wife of the Danish ambassador, were witnesses of the birth of the royal infant. Madame Meereroon was considered an important witness, because opposed to the interest of king James; but she could not help owning the absurdity of the aspersions that had been cast on the birth of his son.²

The morbid state of apathy in which king James had remained ever since the battle of La Hogue, yielded to softer emotions, when he beheld the new-born princess. He welcomed her with a burst of paternal affection, and bestowed the tenderest caresses upon her. When she was dressed, he presented her to the queen, with these touching words, "See what God has given us, to be our consolation in our exile."³ He called her "his comforter," because he said, "he had now one daughter, who had never sinned against him." He had confidently anticipated another son, but he declared himself abundantly grateful to Heaven for the precious gift of this girl. She was baptized, with great pomp, in the chapel-royal of St. Germain's. Louis XIV. returned from the siege of Mons, in time to act in person as her sponsor; he and his sister-in-law, Elizabeth Charlotte, duchess of Orleans, held her at the font, and gave her the name of Louisa Mary. The French ladies were astonished at seeing the little princess, who was then only a month old, dressed in robes of state, and with shoes and stockings on her tiny feet. The shoes and stockings worn by the royal neophyte were begged by the nuns of Chaillot, and were carefully preserved by them among the curiosities of their convent.⁴ Eighteen days before the birth of the princess Louisa, the son of James II. and Mary Beatrice completed his fourth year. Mary Beatrice assured the nuns of Chaillot "that she never saw the king, her husband, in a passion but once, and that was with their little son, on account of his manifesting some symptoms of childish terror when he was only four years old."⁵ Her maternal anxiety tended to foster timidity in the child, which James feared might prove inimical to his future destiny.

¹ Amélie Pichot's Historical Introduction to the Life of Charles Edward Stuart Ibid., and Life of James.

² MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, Archives au Royaume de France.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Ibid.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES II., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VII.

Queen's maternal happiness—Lansdowne verses in her praise—Queen visits Chaillot—Her conversations—Her historical reminiscences—Her visit of condolence at Versailles—Traits of character—Portraits—Her faithful followers at St. Germain's—Her sympathy for their distress—Anecdotes of her husband—Of her children—Her note of her son's visit at St. Cyr—Her son's governesses—Her letter from Fontainebleau—Attention to her by Louis XIV.—Her dangerous illness—Mentioned in Marlborough's letter to James II.—Attachment of Mrs. Penn to her—Death of the queen's brother—Disputes on her inheritance—Devastation of her country—Her letter of intercession—Slights from Madame de Maintenon—Death of Mary II.—Queen's parting with her husband—Letters on his absence—Her grief for executions in England—Queen sponsor to princess of Orleans—Complains of Madame de Maintenon—Queen sells her jewels, relieves Jacobites—Letters praising her to electress Sophia—Disputes at Peace of Ryswick concerning queen's dower—Queen's incautious confidence—Queen presides at nuptials of Burgundy and Adelaide of Savoy—Refuses to part with her son to William III.—Queen's letters relating domestic incidents—Her dower granted by England—Appropriated by William III. to his own use—Dangerous illness of James II.—Queen nurses him—Her letters thereupon, &c. &c.

AN interval of repose, and even of domestic comfort, succeeded the birth of *La Consolatrice*, as James II. fondly called the child of his adversity. Mary Beatrice, though deprived of the pomp and power of royalty, and a queen only in name, was assuredly much happier in her shadowy court at St. Germain's than she had been as a childless mother and neglected wife, amidst the joyless splendour of Whitehall. She was now blest with two of the loveliest and most promising children in the world, and possessed of the undivided affection of a husband, who was only the dearer to her for his misfortunes. Like the faithful ivy, she appeared to cling more fondly to the tempest-scathed oak, in its leafless ruins, than when in its majestic prime.

A very eloquent and deserved tribute to the virtues and conjugal tenderness of this princess was offered to her, in the days of her exile and adversity, by the accomplished earl of Lansdowne, in a poem, entitled, "The Progress of Beauty," in which, after complimenting the reigning belles of William and Mary's court, he adverts to the banished queen with a burst of generous feeling, which ought to have been far more gratifying to Mary d'Esté than all the homage that was paid to her in the

morning flower of her charms, when surrounded by the pride and pomp of royalty :—

“Be bold, be bold, my muse, nor fear to raise
Thy voice to her who was thy earliest praise;
Queen of our hearts, and charmer of our sight,
A monarch's pride, his glory and delight!
Princess, adored and loved, if verse can give
A deathless name, thine shall for ever live.
O happy James! content thy mighty mind,
Grudge not the world, for still thy queen is kind;
To lie but at her feet more glory brings,
Than 'tis to tread on sceptres and on kings:
Secure of empire in that beauteous breast,
Who would not give their crowns to be so blest?”

James himself frankly acknowledged that he had never known what true happiness was, till, rendered wise by many sorrows, he had learned fully to appreciate the virtues and self-devotion of his queen. He now regarded her not only with love, but veneration; and made it the principal business of his life to atone to her, by the tenderest attentions, for the pangs his former follies had inflicted on her sensitive heart. He knew that, possessed of her, he was an object of envy to his cousin, Louis XIV., and was accustomed to say that, like Jacob, he counted his sufferings for nothing, having such a support and companion in them.¹ Blest in this perfect union, the king and queen endeavoured to resign themselves to the will of God, whose hand they both recognised in their present reverse of fortune. The first time James visited the convent of Chaillot, after the battle of La Hogue, the abbess, Frances Angelica Priolo, condoled with him on the disastrous termination of his hopes, and lamented, “that God had not granted the prayers which they had offered up for his success.” The king making no reply, she fancied he had not heard her, and began to repeat what she had said in a louder voice.

“My mother,” interposed the fallen monarch gravely, “I heard you the first time you spoke. I made you no answer, because I would not contradict you; but you compel me to tell you, that I do not think you right, for it seems to me as if you thought that what you asked of God were better than he has done. All that God does is well done, and there is not anything well done but what he does.”²

The abbess next proceeded to make a comparison between him and St. Louis. when the great designs of that prince against the Saracens were overthrown. “Alas, my mother,” replied James, “do not compare me to that great saint. It is true, I resemble him in my misfortunes, but I am nothing like him in my works. He was always holy from his youth, but I have been a great sinner. I ought to look upon the afflictions which God has sent me, not as trials, but as the just chastisement of my faults.”³ The sentiments expressed by James on this occasion, in a letter to his friend, the bishop of Autun, are those of

¹ Continuator of James's Life, from Stuart Papers.

² Contemporary Life of James, and Circular Letter of the Convent of Chaillot. Circular Letter of the Convent of Chaillot. Stuart Papers.

an humble and contrite heart. "God says he is pleased to show, from time to time, by great events, that it is He that does all, to make us the more sensible that it is by Him that kings do reign, and that he is the Lord of Hosts!" "No enterprise," continues James, "was ever better concocted than the projected landing in England, and never was anything more visibly shown than that it was not permitted by God; for, unless the winds had been contrary to us, and always favourable to our enemies, the descent had been made. We ought to submit, without murmuring, to all that happens to us, since we are assured that it is God's will it should be so."¹

On the 7th of September, 1692, Mary Beatrice paid one of her annual devotional visits to the convent of Chaillot, and remained there till the 10th, the anniversary commemoration of the foundress, queen Henrietta Maria, when king James, who had in the meantime made a retreat to the more lugubrious solitude of La Trappe, joined her, and they both assisted at the services for the repose of the soul of that queen. The archbishop of Diey said the mass; and after all the offices were ended, came to pay his compliments to their majesties in the state apartment. They had a long conversation on the state of religion in Dauphiny, which greatly inclined to the doctrine of Geneva. The archbishop informed their majesties, that in the city of Diey fourteen bishops abjured catholicism at once, and all the men in that town declared themselves Huguenots in one day. Their wives remained catholics ten years, and then followed the example of their husbands. "Diey," said he, "is one of the most ancient bishoprics in France; the walls of the town were built by Julius Cæsar, who named it the city of a hundred towers, there being that number round the wall, which I understand the enemy has demolished.² The queen lamented the destruction of so great a piece of antiquity. When the archbishop took his leave, the nuns were permitted to enter the queen's presence-chamber. Their majesties were seated on a sofa, the nuns ranged themselves round the room; but the queen requesting the abbess to permit them to sit, her reverence made a sign for them to seat themselves on the ground. The king and queen conversed pleasantly with them; and in reply to a question from the abbess about Charles II.'s death, Mary Beatrice related the particulars from beginning to end, with some assistance from her husband, who occasionally took up the word. One of the community wrote the whole narrative down exactly as it was related by their majesties. This curious and most interesting historic document is still in existence in the Archives au Royaume de France, entitled, "The Recital of the Death of his late Majesty, King Charles."³

In the course of the relation, Mary Beatrice frankly told her consort, before every one, that he would have done better if he had persuaded his brother to avow his religion, instead of resorting to so many little expedients about leaving the chamber. She thought deception, she said,

¹ Circular Letter of the Convent of Chaillot. Stuart Papers.

² Chaillot MS., Archives au Royaume.

³ Some of the information has been embodied in the eighth volume of the Lives of the Queens.

‘very wrong at such a time, and on such a subject.’ The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of several ladies of quality, who wished to have the honour of paying their homage to the king and queen. Their majesties consented to receive them, and the community of nuns retired. The queen gave a second reception after the vespers, which was attended by the Orleans family, and others of the great ladies of France.

The earnestness with which the queen apologizes to the superior of the convent of Chaillot, for her carelessness in forgetting to give her some money, which she had promised to solicit from king James for a case of distress, is amusing. Her letter is only dated—

“At St. Germain, this Saturday.¹

“I do not know, my dear mother, whether you can pardon me the great fault which I committed the other day with regard to you. I know well that I can never pardon myself, and that I have some trouble in pardoning you for not having reminded me, when I was with you, to give you that which I had brought for you, and before I was as far as Versailles, I found it in my pocket. It is certain that I felt myself blush so much on discovering it, that if it had been day instead of night, my ladies would have been astonished at the change in my countenance; and it is also certain that I am truly annoyed with myself about it. I have told the king that I had forgotten, the other day, to give you his money for the alms that you had asked, and I have begged him to take it himself to-day, and to give it to you with my letter. He undertook to do it with all his heart, without questioning me upon it, and you, my dear mother, forget, if you can, a fault of memory, but not of the heart, assuredly.”

Indorsed—“To the reverend mother superior of the Visitation de Chaillot.”

The death of the Bavarian dauphiness, *La Grande Dauphine*, as she is called in the memoirs of the period, took place in the spring of 1693, after a lingering illness, during which Mary Beatrice frequently paid her sympathising visits, although the dauphiness had always looked upon her as a rival in the regard of Louis XIV., and was jealous of the ceremonial marks of respect that were paid to her, on account of her empty title of queen of England. After the funeral of this princess, Mary Beatrice came to Versailles, in her black mantle of state mourning, to pay her visits of condolence to the king, who received her in his great cabinet. There were present twenty ladies, who were allowed seats. She then visited the widowed dauphin and his children, and monsieur and madame.

The exiled king and queen had succeeded in carrying away a great many of the crown jewels, as well as those which were their own personal property. Among the precious things which they secured, was a casket full of rose nobles, coined during the reign of the sovereigns of the house of Lancaster. These had become very scarce, and a superstitious value was attached to them at that time in Europe, as it was believed that the gold, from which they were struck, had been the fruits of some successful alchemist’s labours in transmuting inferior metals into gold. One of these Lancastrian coins was regarded as a valuable present by the ladies of the French court, and the queen was glad to increase her in-

¹ Inedited autograph letter of Mary d’Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

fluence by all the little courtesies in her power.¹ The jewels were parted with, one by one, in cases of extremity, and not till long after Mary Beatrice had despoiled herself of all her personal ornaments, of which few queens had a richer store, or less need.

Mary Beatrice sometimes accompanied her husband in his journeys to La Trappe, where he formed a friendship with the Abbe de Rancé, and, till his death, kept up a constant correspondence with him. The English reader will take little interest in the fact, that the devotion of this princess greatly edified even the strictest Trappists, yet her religion, though differing, in many points, from that mode of faith which the true protestant thinks most acceptable to Him who loves to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, was a vital and sustaining principle. A contemporary, who bears record of the consoling influence of religion on the heart of king James, says of his consort: "She has the same disengagement from things below. She looks upon those which are here called goods, but as flashes of light that pass away in a moment, which have neither solidity nor truth, but deceive those who set their hearts upon them."²

Mary Beatrice was now in her thirty-fifth year, but neither time nor sorrow had as yet impaired the personal graces which had been so lavishly bestowed upon her by nature. James, earl of Perth, when writing in terms of great commendation of the charming duchess of Arenberg to his sister, the countess of Errol, says, "She is one of the most beautiful and every way accomplished ladies I ever saw, except our queen, who deserves the preference for her merit of all I have known."³

The fine original portrait of Mary Beatrice, in the collection of Walter Strickland, esq., of Sizergh, must have been painted about this period. The elevated coiffure there represented, was then the prevailing mode at the court of France, but far less becoming to the classical outline of the Italian princess than the floating ringlets of her more familiar portraits by Lely, or the Grecian fillet and string of pearls with which her hair is arranged, by Rottier, in her medals. When duchess of York, or queen of England, it was sufficient for her to consult her own exquisite taste in such matters, but in France she was compelled to submit to the tyranny of fashion. In conformity to this, her luxuriant tresses were turned up almost straight from her brow, and combed over a cushion, above which the back hair was arranged in a full wreath of curls, and brought sloping down each side the head. A most trying style to any face, adding an unnatural height to the forehead and a great stiffness to the general outline of the figure. Her dress in the original painting is of royal blue velvet, furred with miniver, the boddise fitting tight to the shape, and clasped with a jewelled stomacher, full sleeves looped with jewels and point-lace ruffles. The portrait, which is supposed to be a Rigaud, is an exquisite work of art. It was presented by the exiled

¹ Memoirs of the Marquise de Crequi.

² Circular Letter of the Convent of Chaillot on the Life and Death of James II, King of England.

³ Letters of James, earl of Perth, edited by W. Jordan; published by the Camden Society.

queen to her faithful friend, lady Strickland, together with a portrait of the princess Louisa, as the only rewards fortune had left in her power to bestow on that lady, after thirty years of devoted service, through every vicissitude. These royal gifts are heir-looms in the possession of the direct descendant of sir Thomas and lady Strickland, at Sizergh casle, Westmoreland.¹

Another of the French portraits of the consort of James II., is in the royal historical gallery at Versailles. A crimson curtain in the background is drawn aside, and shows the parterre of St. Germain's, in the distance,—that palace, so interesting to English travellers, as the refuge of the last monarch of the royal Stuart dynasty and his faithful queen; and subsequently an asylum for their noble but ruined followers, was plundered of its valuable paintings and furniture at the French revolution, and has, within the last few years, been converted into a military penitentiary. The chateau remains externally nearly the same as when James II. and Mary Beatrice held their melancholy courts there, but the interior has suffered a desecrating change. The great presence-chamber, where the exiled king and queen entertained the grand monarch, the dauphin, and all the princes and princesses of the Orleans, Condé, and Conti lineage, is now converted into a tailor's atelier. Fauteuils, pliants, and tabourets, are no longer objects of angry contention there. The ignoble board, where the military needle-men are seated in the equality of shame, at their penal tasks, has superseded all those graduated scales of privileged accommodation for the full-grown children of high degree, in ancient France, who wearied the vexed spirit of a queen of England with their claims and absurd pretensions.

A portion of the private suite of the king and queen's apartments remain unaltered. King James's morning room or cabinet, with its dark green and gold pannelling and richly carved cornice, presents a melancholy appearance of faded splendour. It opens with glass doors, upon the stately balcony that surrounds the chateau, and commands a charming and extensive prospect. It was here that the fallen king retired to read or write; this room communicated with the queen's bed-chamber by a private stair, and, indeed, with the whole of that wing of the palace, by a number of intricate passages which lie behind it. In one of the lobbies there is a small square window, which commands a view of the royal closet, so that any one ambushed there, might look down upon his majesty and watch all his proceedings. A pleasing tradition connected with this window was related to me by a noble lady, whose great-grandmother, Mrs. Plowden, was one of the ladies in the house-

¹ Madame Caylus, or her editor, has brought a most injurious and unfounded charge against lady Strickland, whose losses of property, banishment from home and country, and fidelity unto death, sufficiently disprove it. She expired in the Benedictine convent at Rouen, some months before the death of her royal mistress. Her single-hearted and kind disposition is apparent from her will, in which she leaves some trifle of personal property to all her relatives, and apologizes touchingly for her poverty, having so little to leave. If Madame Caylus's charge of treachery were true, why was lady Strickland's family deprived of the ~~the~~ manor of Thornton Briggs, inherited from Catherine Neville, being the only landed property not secured from the grasp of William III.?

hold of queen Mary Beatrice. Mrs. Plowden's infant family lived with her in the palace of St. Germain, and she sometimes found it necessary, by way of punishment, to shut up her little daughter, Mary, a pretty spoiled child of four years old, in the lobby leading from her own apartment to the queen's backstairs, but the young lady always obtained her release by climbing to the little window that looked down into the king's closet, and tapping at the glass till she had attracted his attention. Then, showing her weeping face, and clasping her hands in an attitude of earnest entreaty, she would cry, in a sorrowful tone, "Ah sire, send for me!" James, unless deeply engaged in business of importance, always complied with the request of the tearful petitioner, for he was very fond of children; and when Mrs. Plowden next entered the royal presence with the queen, she was sure to find her small captive closeted with his majesty, sitting at his feet, or sometimes on his knee. At last, she said to the king, "I know not how it happens, but whenever my little girl is naughty, and I shut her up in the lobby, your majesty does her the honour of sending for her into your closet." James laughed heartily, and pointing to the window above, explained the mystery.

It was fortunate that James and his queen were fond of children, and indulgent to them, for their royal abode at St. Germain was full of the young families of their noble attendants, who having forsaken houses and lands for their sake, had now no other home. There were little Middletons, Hays, Dillons, Bourkes, Stricklands, Plowdens, Staffords, Sheldons, and many of the children of their protestant followers, also, who might be seen sporting together in the parterres, in excellent good fellowship, or forming a mimic court and body-guard for the little prince, whose playmates they were, and the sharers of his infantile pleasures. These juvenile Jacobites were objects of the tenderest interest to the exiled king and queen, who, when they went to promenade on the terrace, were always surrounded by them, and appeared like the parents of a very numerous progeny. The chateau, indeed, resembled an overcrowded bee-hive, only that the young swarms were fondly cherished instead of being driven forth into the world.

Other emigrants there were for whom the king and queen could do but little in proportion to their wants. The town of St. Germain and its vicinity were filled with Scotch, English, and Irish Jacobite families, who had sacrificed everything in their fruitless efforts for the restoration of king James, and were, for the most part, in a state of utter destitution. The patience with which they bore the sufferings they had incurred for his sake, pierced the heart of that unfortunate prince with the most poignant grief. Both he and Mary Beatrice imposed rigorous self-denial on themselves in order to administer to the wants of those families. "King James used to call, from time to time, into his cabinet some of these indigent persons, of all ranks, who were too modest to apply to him for aid, and distributed to them, folded up in small pieces of paper, five, ten, fifteen, or twenty pistoles, more or less, according to the merit, the quality, or the exigency of each."¹

¹ Nairne's Recollections of James II., in Macpherson's Stuart Papers

The little prince and his sister, as soon as they were old enough to understand the sufferings of the Jacobite families, devoted all their pocket money to their relief. The princess, from a very tender age, paid for the education of several of the daughters of the British emigrants, protestants as well as catholics, and nothing could induce her to diminish her little fund, by the purchase of toys for herself.¹ Her natural vivacity was softened and subdued by the scenes of sorrow and distress, amidst which she was born and reared, and while yet an infant in age, she acquired the sensibility and tenderness of womanhood. Both in person and disposition there was a great resemblance between her and the queen her mother, with this difference, that she was of a more energetic character. She had quick talents and ready wit. Her state-governess was the countess of Middleton, to whom she was greatly attached, but her love for her parents and her brother amounted almost to passion.

Mary Beatrice fully participated in the pain which it cost the unfortunate James to disband the household troops, composed of the noble-minded and devoted gentlemen who, with unavailing loyalty, had attached themselves to his ruined fortunes, and were starving in a foreign land for his sake. In one of her letters to her friend Angelique Priolo, she feelingly alludes to this measure, which was dictated to the fallen majesty of England by the then arbiter of his destiny, Louis XIV. "Yesterday," says the consort of king James, "we went to Versailles. At present, I can inform you, that we are in good health, God be thanked! It is long since I have seen the king look so well, but his kind heart, as well as mine, has suffered much for some days from this desolating reform that awaits us, and which we have endeavoured to prepare for during the last few months; it has at length begun among our poor troops. I can assure you, with truth, that the desperate condition of these poor people, touches us far more keenly than our own calamities. At the same time I must tell you, that we are perfectly satisfied with the king (Louis XIV.), as we have good grounds to be, for he spoke to us yesterday with much kindness about it, and convinced us that if it had not been for the consideration he has for us, and the desire he has to please us, he should not have kept a fourth part of those whom he has retained, and whom he will keep well for love of us. I will enter into all the details of this when I have the pleasure of seeing you, which will be in a fortnight, if it please God. In the mean time, I beg you not to speak of this affair, for it is not yet public, but it soon will."

"Pray much for us, my dear mother," continues the fallen queen, "for in truth we need it much: I never cease to pray for you as for myself, to the end that God would make his grace abound in the replenishing our hearts with his sacred love, and if we should be so happy as to obtain this of him, we may be indifferent to everything else, and even satisfied with all we have lost, so that we possess him." A pious Latin aspiration from the Psalms, concludes this letter, which is merely signed with the initial "M." A few devotional sentences, in a child's text-hand, were

¹ Chailot MS., Archives au Royaume de France.

originally enclosed, which the fond mother explains to her friend in the following postscript :—

“Here is a prayer from the hand of my son, which seems written well enough to be sent to you. I believe that my dear mother will be glad to have something in her hands which comes from those of that dear child.”¹

Deeply interested of course were the sisters of Chaillot in the son of their royal patron and patroness, the exiled king and queen of England. The singular beauty and amiable disposition of this child, his docility and precocious piety, rendered him an attractive visitor to the ladies of St. Cyr, as well as those of Chaillot. “I will send my son when you wish,” writes the queen to the abbess of Chaillot, at a time when that lady was on a visit to the superior of St. Cyr. “Send me word, if you think that he will annoy Madame de Maintenon, for in that case I will send him while she is on her journey. If not, I will send him one day next week.”²

In the course of the desolating reform, as Mary Beatrice had emphatically termed the reduction of the military establishment of her unfortunate lord at St. Germain, a touching scene took place between king James and the remnant of the brave followers of Dundee, which is thus related by Dalrymple :—

“They consisted of 150 officers, all of honourable birth, attached to their chieftains, and each other, and glorying in their political principles. Finding themselves a load upon the late king, whose finances could scarcely suffice for the helpless who hung on him, they petitioned that prince for leave to form themselves into a company of private sentinels, asking no other favour but to be permitted to choose their own officers; James assented. They repaired to St. Germain to be reviewed by him before they were incorporated with the French army. A few days after they came, they dressed themselves in accoutrements borrowed of a French regiment, and drew up in order in a place through which he was to pass as he went to the chase. He asked who they were, and was surprised to find they were the same men with whom, in garbs better suited to their ranks, he had the day before conversed at his levee. Struck with the levity of his own amusement, contrasted with the misery of those who were suffering for him, he returned pensive to his palace. The day he reviewed them, he passed along their ranks, and wrote in his pocket-book with his own hand every gentleman’s name, and gave him his thanks in particular, then removing to the front, bowed to the body with his hat off. After he had gone away, he returned, bowed to them again, and burst into a passion of tears. The regiment kneeed bent their heads and eyes steadfast on the ground, and then rose and passed him with the usual honours of war.”

The parting speech which James addressed to them concludes with these words :—

“Should it be the will of God ever to restore me to my throne, it would be impossible for me ever to forget your sufferings. There is no rank in my armies

¹ Inedited autograph letter of the queen of James II. to the abbess of Chaillot Archives au Royaume de France.

² *Ibid.*

to which you might not pretend. As to the prince, my son, he is of your own blood; he is already susceptible of every impression. Brought up among you, he can never forget your merit. I have taken care that you shall be provided with money, and with shoes and stockings. Fear God, love one another. Write your wants particularly to me, and be assured that you will find in me always a parent, as well as a king."

One of these gallant gentlemen, captain Ogilvie, was the author of one of the first and most touching of the Scottish Jacobite songs:—

"It was a' for our rightful king,¹
We left fair Scotia's strand,
It was a' for our rightful king,
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear!
We e'er saw Irish land.

"Now a' is done that man could do,
And all is done in vain,
My love, my native land, adieu,
For I must cross the main, my dear!
For I must cross the main.

"He turned him round and right about,
Upon the Irish shore,
He gave his bridle reins a shake,

With, adieu for ever more, my love!
Adieu for ever more!

"The soldier fra the war returns,
The merchant fra the main;
But I ha'e parted fra' my love,
And ne'er to meet again, my dear!
And ne'er to meet again!

"When day is gane and night is come,
And all are boun' to sleep,
I think on him that's far awa',
The livelang night, and weep, my
dear!
The livelang night, and weep!"

The conduct of this new Scotch brigade, both in Spain and Germany, excited the admiration of all the French army, and, as related by Dalrymple,² forms one of the fairest pages in the history of modern chivalry. A charming trait of the son of James II. and Mary of Modena, in connection with some of these unfortunate gentlemen,³ verified the truth of that monarch's assertion, "that the prince was already susceptible of every impression," and also, that he had been early imbued by his parents with a tender sympathy for the sufferings of their faithful friends. Fourteen of the Scotch brigade, unable to bear the hardships of the life of common soldiers, returned to St. Germain's to thank king James for having written to their commander to obtain their discharge, and permission for them to return to Scotland, or in case they chose to remain in France, promising to pension them out of his personal savings. James received them with the kindness and affection their attachment had merited. Four of the number, who were too much impaired in constitution to return home, continued at St. Germain's. One day, when listlessly strolling near the iron palisades of the palace, they saw a boy of six years old about to get into a coach emblazoned with the royal arms of Great Britain; this child was the son of the exiled king and queen, the disinherited prince of Wales, who was going to join the promenade of the French court at Marli. He recognised the unfortunate emigrants, and instead of entering the carriage, made a sign for them to approach. They advanced respectfully, and spontaneously offered the

¹ Captain Ogilvie, of the family of Inverquhar, was the author of this pathetic lyric. He served king James at the Boyne, and was one of the brave Scottish exiles who fell at the battle of the Rhine. Only four of these followers of the banished king were Roman-catholics; the rest belonged to the reformed church episcopalian of Scotland. Many of them had been bred as divines.

² Memoirs of Great Britain.

³ Amédée Pichot.

mark of homage, which, according to the customs of the times, was always paid to persons of royal rank, by kneeling and kissing his hands, which they bathed with their tears. The princely boy graciously raised them, and with that touching sensibility which is often prematurely developed by early misfortunes, expressed his grateful appreciation of their loyalty. He told them "that he had often heard of their valour, and that it made him proud, and that he had wept for their misfortunes as much as he had done for those of his own parents; but he hoped a day would come that would convince them that they had not made such great sacrifices for ungrateful princes."¹

He concluded by presenting them with his little purse, containing ten or twelve pistoles, and requesting them to drink the king's health. Both words and action were evidently unprompted, and from his own free impulse. The boy had been virtuously trained; indeed, it was subsequently seriously lamented, by the Jacobites, "that the queen, his mother, had brought the prince up more for heaven than earth." Gold too highly refined, is not fit for common use, and requires a certain portion of alloy to make it bear the stamp which gives it currency.

At the untimely death of his first state-governess, the marchioness of Powis, in 1691, Mary Beatrice had expressed an earnest wish that she could have the countess of Errol, the widow of the hereditary grand-constable of Scotland, to supply the place of that lamented lady, as she considered her the fittest woman in all the world to have the charge of her son. Just at the moment when the queen's anxiety was at its height, the countess, having received an intimation of her majesty's wish for her services, made her escape from Scotland, and presented herself at St. Germain's, and received the appointment, but retained it little better than two years. In October, 1693, we find the following notice in Dangeau. "The queen of England has learned with much grief the death of the countess of Errol, the governess of the prince of Wales, a place which she considered it difficult to supply in France." He appears to have remained from that time entirely under the care of lady Strickland.

Almost the only local memorial remaining at St. Germain's of the interest formerly felt in that town for the son of Mary d'Esté and James II., is the sign of the ancient Jacobite hotel, "*Le Prince de Galles*," which has every appearance of being a contemporary relic of the Stuart court. It has a portrait of the chevalier St. George on either side, coarsely enamelled on metal in enduring colours, representing that unfortunate prince at two distinct periods of his boyhood, and in different costumes. On one side he is delineated as a smiling round-faced child of seven or eight years old, with flowing ringlets, and royally robed in a vest and mantle of cloth of gold. In the other he is about thirteen, tall and slender, arrayed in a cuirass and point-lace cravat—his natural ringlets carefully arranged in the form of a periwig, and tied together with a blue ribbon. In both portraits he is decorated with the order of the Garter. The late proprietor of the "*Prince de Galles*" was offered

¹ Amédée Pichot.

and refused a thousand francs for this curious old sign, and declared that he would not part with it for any price. When a miniature of this prince was shown to pope Innocent XII., the old man, though anything but a friend to James and Mary Beatrice, was so charmed with the representation of their child, that he kissed it, and said, "he would fain hope to see the restoration of that angel to his just right." The earl of Perth, by whom this little incident is recorded, says, "this picture was brought to Rome by father Mar, and that it was accounted very like the young prince, and," continues he, "I really believe it, for one sees of the king and queen both in it; he is wonderfully handsome."¹

The exiled king and queen of England were invited to the bridal fête of their young relative, mademoiselle D'Orleans, with the duke of Lorraine. On this occasion, the queen writes rather a lively letter from Fontainebleau, giving her cloistered friend at Chaillot, a little account of the manner in which her consort and herself were passing their time in the gay and magnificent court of the *grand monarque*.

"Fontainebleau, 17th October.

"According to my promise, my dear mother, I send you my news of this place, which is good, God be thanked, as far as regards health, although the life I lead here is very different from that at St. Germain's. I have been already four times to the chace, and we have beautiful weather. The king (Louis XIV.), according to his wont, loads us with benefits and a thousand marks of friendship. Of this we are not the less sensible because we are accustomed to it from him. On the contrary, at every fresh proof, we are penetrated with more lively feelings of gratitude. Our departure was delayed till next Friday; that of the duchess of Lorraine has rendered us all very sad.² She was so much afflicted herself that one could not look at her without weeping. Monsieur and madame were, and still are, full of compassion at seeing it. They did not return here till yesterday evening. The young bride preserved a demeanour throughout that has charmed all the world, and me in particular, who have always loved, and now esteem her more than ever. I have seen madame de M— twice. She has been indisposed, but at present she is better. I entered yesterday with her on the chapter of Chaillot very naturally. I told her what I had resolved with you, and many other things. She told me that she had represented to the king the state of your house. If, however, you would not be flattered, it is necessary that I should tell you that I do not believe that you will gain anything by that at present, for a reason I will tell you when I see you. I am in doubt whether I should speak to her; I have no great inclination, for, in truth, I am ashamed of her, and for myself, that I had not power to obtain anything. I do not seem to have anything to reproach myself with on this matter, seeing that I did all, and will do all I can think of, to render you a little service."³

There was a grand review in the plain of Houille, of the French and Swiss guards, at which James and his queen were present. As soon as they arrived on the ground, the king of France made queen Mary Beatrice come into his coach, in which mademoiselle and his daughter-in-

¹ Perth Correspondence, edited by W. Jerdan, Esq., printed by the Camden Society.

² She was the daughter of the duke of Orleans, by his second wife, Elizabeth Charlotte of Bavaria, and the great-granddaughter of Elizabeth, queen of Bohemia; therefore doubly related to James II. She proved a firm friend to his son

³ Inedited autograph letter of the queen of James II. to the abbess of Chaillot in Archives au Royaume de France.

law, the duchess of Maine, were already seated. Louis was ever anon at the door of the carriage, to do the honours of the review to her and took much trouble in explaining to her the evolutions of the troops. The prince-royal of Denmark was also at this review, and was treated with great attention. James and his queen met this prince at all the balls, hunts, and other amusements, with amity, notwithstanding his close relationship to prince George. They were both at the royal hunt, on the 20th of February, where the prince was very much astonished at the grand huntsman, the duke de Rochefoucault, giving the baton to the king of England—a compliment only paid to the princes of the blood royal of France, but always to king James.

Neither James nor his consort were forgotten, meantime, in England, where the enormous taxes of William's war-government, together with his exclusive Dutch patronage, and other grievances, caused many to recur with regretful feelings to "the king over the water," as they significantly styled the deposed sovereign. The following enigmatical song, entitled "Three healths," was sung at convivial meetings, by the Jacobite partisans, at this period, both in country and town :

THREE HEALTHS.

A JACOBITE SONG.

"To ane king and no king, ane *uncle* and father,
To him that's all these, yet allowed to be neither ;
Come, rank round about, and hurra to our standard,
If you'll know what I mean, here's a health to our landlord !

"To ane queen and no queen, ane *aunt* and no mother,
Come, boys, let us cheerfully drink off another ;
And now to be honest, we'll stick by our faith,
And stand by our landlord as long as we've breath.

"To ane prince and no prince, ane son and no bastard,
Beshrew them that say it! a lie that is fostered!
God bless them all three, we'll conclude with this one,
It's a health to our landlord, his wife, and his son.

"To our monarch's return one more we'll advance,
We've a king that's in Flanders, another in France;
Then about with the health, let him come, let him come, then
Send the one into England, and both are at home then."¹

Towards the close of the year 1693, Mary Beatrice suffered excessively from the attacks of that very painful and dangerous malady, gall-stones, and this complaint continued to harass her, from time to time, for the rest of her life. Sometimes the pain was so acute, that she could not bear the motion of a carriage. In the month of December, in that year, she begins a letter to her friend, madame Priolo, to explain the necessity of her remaining quietly at St. Germain's, instead of coming to the convent as she had intended, in these words :

¹ This is one of the oldest Jacobite songs, and is from the collection of sir Walter Scott. It was written during the life of James II., and alludes to Mary of Modena and her son. The epigrammatic turn of the last verse is admirable. The epithets, uncle and aunt, allude to the relationship of the exiled king and queen to William: III.

"Man purposes and God disposes. You used to say this every day, my beloved sister, and I prove the truth of it at present, seeing I am compelled to remain here to pass this great feast, instead of going to Chaillot to celebrate it with our dear sisters, as I proposed with much pleasure to do. But I must have patience, since there is no help for it; for although I am not suffering now the great agonies I have suffered, I have still some lesser ones."¹

She then goes on to explain her symptoms, and says her physicians had forbidden her to undertake the journey to Chaillot at present.

The year 1694 commenced with a strong confederacy of the aristocracy of Great Britain to bring back "the good old farmer and his wife," as James and Mary Beatrice were, among other numerous cognomens, designated in the Jacobite correspondence of that epoch. The part acted by Marlborough in these intrigues, will be seen in the following letters from James's secret agent and himself, from which it should appear that both placed great reliance on the prudence of the queen:

LETTER FROM GENERAL SACKFIELD TO LORD MELFORT.²

"May 3, 1694.

"I have just now received the enclosed for the king. It is from lord Churchill but no person but the queen must know from whom it comes. For the love of God, let it be kept a secret. I send it by express, judging it to be of the utmost for the service of my master (king James), and, consequently, for the service of his most Christian majesty (Louis XIV.)"

MARLBOROUGH TO JAMES II. (ENCLOSED IN THE ABOVE.)

"It is only to-day I have learned the news I now write you, which is, that the bomb ketches and *twelve* regiments encamped at Portsmouth, with two regiments of marines, all commanded by Talmash,³ are destined for burning the harbour of Brest, and destroying all the men-of-war which are there. This will be a great advantage to England, but no consideration can prevent, or ever shall prevent me, from informing you of all that I believe to be for your service. Therefore, you may make your own use of this intelligence, which you may depend upon being exactly true. But I must conjure you, for your own interest, to let no one know but the queen and the bearer of this letter. Russell sails to-morrow, with forty ships; the rest are not yet paid, but it is said that in ten days the rest of the fleet will follow. I endeavoured to learn this from admiral Russell, but he always denied it to me, though I am sure he knew this design for six weeks. This gives me a bad sign of that man's intentions. I shall be well pleased to learn that this letter comes safe into your hands."

Of a very different character from this double-minded favourite of fortune, were some of the devoted gentlemen who had adhered to James and Mary Beatrice in their adversity. The disinterested affection to both that pervades the following letter from the earl of Perth, then at Rome, to Colin, earl of Balcarres, is an honour to human nature:

"My heart has not been capable of any joy like what yours must feel now when you are to see our king and queen. I'm sure it must be such a one as, to

¹ Autograph letter of the consort of James II., Archives au Royaume de France.

² See Original Stuart Papers in Macpherson, vol. i., p. 444. The name is often spelled Sackville.

³ See Dalrymple's *Memoirs of Great Britain*, vol. ii., pp. 44-5. Likewise many curious confirmatory particulars, in Lloyd's Report to James II. Macpherson's *State Papers*, vol. i., p. 480. The unfortunate general Talmash (Tolemache) and his regiments were the victims of this information, and a disastrous defeat of the British forces occurred, June 8th, 1694, at Brest.

me, is inconceivable at present. I'm told, from home, that there's no defence against the *forfeiture* (forfeiture) of my family. I thank God I have never been tempted to wish it might subsist upon any other terms than to be serviceable to my dearest master: if things go well with him, I need not fear; and if not, should I beg a morsel of bread, I hope I shall never complain. Give him and his lady my duty, and kiss our young master's hand for me. I have no longing but to see them altogether, and I must confess I languish for that happiness. I'm sure, if somebody have anything, you will not want, so you may call for it until your own money arrives. Continue to love, my dearest lord, yours entirely, &c."¹

Every year, Mrs. Penn, the wife of James's former *protégé*, the founder of Pennsylvania, paid a visit to the court of St. Germain's, carrying with her a collection of all the little presents which the numerous friends and well-wishers of James II. and his queen could muster. Mrs. Penn was always affectionately received by the king and queen, although she maintained the undeniable fact that the revolution was indispensable, and what she did was from the inviolable affection and gratitude she personally felt towards their majesties.² Unfortunately, James and his queen were surrounded by spies at St. Germain's, and their faithful friends became known and marked persons, in consequence of their rash confidence in traitors:

"There was one Mrs. Ogilvie," writes one of William's spies at St. Germain's, "sent to Scotland with the answers of some letters she had brought the late queen from that country. She is to be found at the countess of Carnwath's lodgings, in Edinburgh."³

On the 7th of September, Mary Beatrice paid her annual visit to Chailot, and remained till the king joined her there, for the anniversary of his royal mother's death. Their majesties attended all the services performed on this occasion. They were over by noon. Then the king and queen went to visit one of the aged sisters who was sick in the infirmary. They remained with her a full quarter of an hour, and then dined together in the queen's apartment, in the presence of the community. The queen begged the abbess to tell the sisters not to keep their eyes always fixed on the ground, but to raise them; adding, "that they all seemed as serious as if they were at a funeral." While they were at dinner, their majesties talked on various subjects. James drew a lively picture of the occupations of men of the world who are governed by their passions, whether of ambition, love, pleasure, or avarice; and concluded by observing "that none of those things could give content or satisfaction, but that the peace of God alone could comfort those who were willing to bear the cross patiently for the love of Him." The conversation turning on death, the king expressed so much desire for that event, that the queen was much distressed. "Alas," said she, with tears in her eyes, "what would become of me and of your little ones, if we were deprived of you?" "God," he replied, "will take care of you

¹ Notes of Lord Lindsay's Biographical Notice of his Ancestor, Colin, Earl of Balcarres. Balcarres' Memorial, printed by the Bannatyne Club.

² Kennerley's Life of Penn, 1740. Mrs. Penn was the daughter of a cavalier of good family.

³ Cairn's State Papers, edited by MacCormick.

and our children; for what am I but a poor feeble man, incapable of doing anything without Him?" Mary Beatrice, whose heart was full went to the table to conceal her emotion, by pretending to look for book. The assistant sister, who tenderly loved the queen, softly approached the king, and said to him, "We humbly entreat your majesty not to speak of your death to the queen, for it always afflicts her." "I do so to prepare her for that event," replied James, "since it is a thing which, in the course of nature, must soon occur, and it is proper to accustom her to the certainty of it." James only missed a few days of completing his 61st year at the time this conversation took place, and he was prematurely old for that age. The assistant said to the queen, when they were alone, "Madame, I have taken the liberty of begging the king not to talk of death to your majesty, to make you sad." The queen smiled, and said to her, "It will not trouble me any more. He is accustomed to talk to me about it very often, and above all, I am sure that it will not accelerate his death a single moment."

The devoted love of Mary Beatrice led her to perform the part of a ministering angel to her sorrow-stricken lord; but the perpetual penances and austerities, to which he devoted himself, must have had, at times, a depressing effect on her mind. Like his royal ancestor, James IV. of Scotland, he wore an iron chain about his waist, and inflicted many needless sufferings on his person.¹ James and Mary Beatrice were about to pay a visit to the French court at Fontainebleau, when an express arrived from Louis XIV., to give James a private intimation of the death of the queen's only brother, Francisco II., duke of Modena, who died September 6th, at Gossuolo, of the gout, and a complication of cruel maladies, in the 34th year of his age. In the evening, James broke the news to Mary Beatrice, who was much afflicted. All the amusements of the French court were suspended for some days, out of compliment to her feelings; and she received visits and letters of condolence from all the members of the royal family and great nobles of France. In reply to a letter, written to her on this occasion, by the duc de Vendôme, the grandson of Henry IV. and the fair Gabrielle, she says.—

"My cousin,

"The obliging expressions in the letter that you have written to me on the death of my brother, the duke of Modena, correspond fully with the opinion I have always had of the affection with which you interest yourself in all that concerns me. I wish to assure you that in the midst of my grief I am very sensible of the marks of sympathy which you give me, and that I shall be a way, with much esteem, my cousin,

"Your very affectionate cousin,

"MARIE R.

"At St. Germain-en-Laye, the 27th of Oct., 1694."²

The brother of Mary Beatrice was the founder of the university of Modena. As he died childless, the consort of James II. would have succeeded to his dominions, if the order of investiture had not preferred the

¹ Chaillet MS. in Archives au Royaume de France.

² Printed in Delort's *Journeys in the Environs of Paris*.

more distant males.¹ Her uncle Rinaldo, therefore, inherited the dukedom without a question, and obtained leave to resign his cardinal's hat, that he might marry the princess Charlotte Felicité, the eldest daughter of John Frederick duke of Brunswick-Hanover, his cousin in the nineteenth degree. Mary Beatrice considered that, although she and her son were barred from the succession of the duchy, she had a claim, as the natural heir, to all the personal property of her childless brother, and she employed the earl of Perth to represent her case to the pope. Unfortunate in everything, she gained nothing by the contest, except the ill-will of her uncle, and a coolness ensued between those relatives, who were once so fondly united by the ties of natural affection. Duke Rinaldo joined the Germanic league, which, being absolutely opposed to the restoration of the male line of the royal Stuarts to the throne of Great Britain, of course increased the estrangement; yet when Modena, several years afterwards, was occupied by the French army, and subjected to great misery in consequence, Mary Beatrice, notwithstanding the injurious conduct of the duke, her uncle, acted as the friend of his unfortunate subjects, by using her personal intercessions with the king of France and his ministers to obtain some amelioration for their sufferings. Louis XIV. was, however, too much exasperated against Rinaldo to interfere with the proceedings of his general, the duc de Vendôme, to whose discretion everything regarding Modena was committed by the war minister. Mary Beatrice then addressed the following earnest letter of supplication to that chief, by whom she was much esteemed:—

“ My Cousin,—

“ I am so persuaded of your friendship for me, and of the inclination you have to please every one when in your power, that I cannot refrain from writing a word to you in favour of the poor distressed country where I was born, and where you are at present, at the head of the king's armies.

“ The governor of Modena, or those who govern for him in his absence, have sent a man here to make known to the ministers of the king the sad state in which that unfortunate city, and all the country round it, are. I have not been able to obtain so much as a hearing for him; but they reply to me, ‘that no one here can interfere in that business, and that the king ought to leave the care of

¹ Gibbon's Antiquities of the House of Brunswick. “*L'Art de Vérifier les Dates.*” Hercules Renaud, the grandson and representative of the uncle of queen Mary Beatrice, had an only daughter who bore the same name. This Mary Beatrice d'Esté the younger, was compelled by her father to marry the archduke Ferdinand, the brother of the emperor, in 1771, and her descendant is at present duke of Modena. If it be asked why this duchy did ultimately go to heirs-female, in the persons of the younger Mary Beatrice of Esté and her Austrian descendants, who now hold it, it may be answered, that the Modenese heirs male having failed in duke Hercules Renaud, her father, the duchy reverted to, and was consolidated in the empire, so that the emperor could give it to whom he chose, and most naturally—by his influence, and from political reasons, too—to Mary Beatrice, who married his relative, and to her descendants, who now, owing to the complete failure of the Stuart-Modenese line in the person of the cardinal of York step into the shoes of the latter, and are the nearest heirs-female, or of line, of the Estés, dukes of Modena, formerly dukes of Ferrara. By the marriage, like wise, of François IV, son of Mary Beatrice the younger, with Victorie Josephina of Sardinia, the Sardinian and Stuart oldest co-heir and representative, their descendants singularly conjoin.

it to his generals, who, with the intendants, must decide about those places. Consequently, this man has made a useless journey; and it is therefore that I address myself to you, to implore you, with all the earnestness in my power, that you would be very favourable to these poor people, without, in the slightest degree, compromising the king's interests, which are not less near to my heart than my own, and preferred by me to every other on earth. M. L'Intendant Boucha assures me, and will render the same testimony to you, of the good-will of those poor people to the French, to whom they are ready to give everything they have; but they cannot give more than they have, and this is what is demanded of them. In fine, my cousin, I resign this business into your just and benevolent hands, being persuaded that you will do your best to save this poor country, if it can be done without prejudice to the service of the king; for I repeat, that I neither ask, nor even wish it at that price. I pray you to be assured that I have for you all the esteem and friendship that you deserve of

"Your affectionate cousin,

"MARIA R."¹

The pecuniary distress of the court of St. Germain began to be very great in the year 1694. The abbé Renaudot, a person entirely in the confidence of the cabinet of the unfortunate James, writes to one of the French ministers, December 17th, that the queen of England proposed to sell all her jewels, that she might raise the sum necessary for some project, to which he alludes, connected with the affairs of her royal husband. "I believe, monseigneur," writes he, "that I ought to relate to you this circumstance, as it seems to me that no one dare speak of the utter destitution which pervades the court of St. Germain. It is not their least embarrassment that they have no longer the means of sending to England, to those who have the wish to render them service."

Many persons, both French and English, resorted to the court of St. Germain, to be touched by king James for the king's evil. Angry comments are made by several contemporary French writers, on his presuming to exercise that function, fancying that he attempted the healing art as one of the attributes pertaining to his empty title of king of France, and that it was a usurped function formerly inherent in their own royal saint, Louis IX. The representative of the elder line of that monarch, James undoubtedly was; but the imaginary power of curing the king's evil, by prayer and touch, was originally exercised by Edward the Confessor, as early as the ninth century, in England, and afterwards by the sovereigns, who, in consequence of their descent from Matilda Atheling, claimed the ancient royal blood.² Though James and his consort were now refugees of France, and dependent on the charity of the reigning sovereign of that realm for food and shelter, they continued to style themselves king and queen, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland, and France. James frequently received hints as to the propriety of dropping the latter title; but he would as soon have resigned that of England, which was now almost as shadowy a distinction.

Mary Beatrice writes to her friend, the abbess of Chaillot, January 4th,

¹ Printed in Delort's Journeys in the Environs of Paris.

² The prayer for the office of healing was originally printed in the Liturgy of the Church of England, but in Latin. James II. gave great offence by dispensing with the assistance of his protestant divines on this occasion, in the second year of his reign.

to thank her and her sisterhood for their good wishes for the new year, 1695, and to offer those of herself, her husband, and children, in return. In the postscript of this letter, she notices the death of the duke of Luxembourg as a great loss to Louis XIV., "and, in consequence, to ourselves also," she adds. She appears a little uneasy at neither having seen madame de Maintenon since the day when she had received something which she considered a slight from her. "It is true," continues her majesty, as if willing to impute both this and the omission of an invitation to an annual Christmas fête at the court of France to accidental causes, "that the frost and ice are so hard that it is difficult to approach us here, and there is some trouble in descending from this place. I believe that this is the reason that the king has not sent for us to come to-morrow, as in other years."¹

The news of the death of James's eldest daughter, queen Mary II., reached St. Germain's January 15th, and revived the drooping hopes of the anxious exiles there. James, however, felt much grief that she had not expressed a penitential feeling for her unfilial conduct towards himself. It was expected that an immediate rupture would take place between William and Anne, on account of his retaining the crown, to which she stood in a nearer degree of relationship. But Anne was too cunning to raise disputes on the subject of legitimacy while she had a father and a brother living. Her claims, as well as those of William, rested on the will of the people, and any attempt to invalidate his title would naturally end in the annihilation of her own. She played a winning game, by submitting to a delay, which the debilitated constitution of the Dutch king assured her would be but of temporary duration; and she openly strengthened their mutual interests by a reconciliation with him, while she continued in a secret correspondence with her betrayed father.² It was, perhaps, through her artful representations that James neglected to take advantage of the favourable crisis produced by Mary's death. He was vehemently urged at that time, by his partisans, to make a descent in England, and assured, that even the support of ten thousand men would be sufficient to replace him on the throne.³ The French cabinet could not be induced to assist James at that crisis, and he was fretted by the proceedings of his daughter by Arabella Churchill, who, having been left a widow by the early death of her husband, lord Waldegrave, married lord Wilmot privately, but not soon enough to save her reputation. The queen forbade her her presence, and James ordered her to retire to a convent in Paris, till after her confinement, as great scandal was caused by her appearance. Acting, however, by the advice of her mother, with whom she had always been in correspondence, she fled to England, and made her court there by revealing all she knew of the plans of the unfortunate king, her father.⁴ King James had not a more bitter enemy than his former mistress, Arabella Churchill, now the wife of colonel Godfrey. The duke of Berwick, about the same time, took the liberty of marrying one of the fair widows of St. Germain's, against the

¹ Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² Macpherson's Stuart Papers. Life of James II.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Dangerou

wish of his royal father and the queen, who were, with difficulty, induced to sanction the alliance. The lady was the daughter of viscount Clare, and widow of lord Leven. The displeasure against Berwick was short-lived. Mary Beatrice very soon appointed his new duchess as one of her ladies of her bed-chamber; she was much attached to her. It is mentioned by Dangeau, that the king of France gave the duke and duchess of Berwick apartments at Versailles, because he knew it would be agreeable to the queen of England.

While the partisans of the exiled royal family were in a state of feverish anxiety, awaiting some movement or important decision on the part of James, both he and Mary Beatrice appeared to exhibit a strange indifference to the chances of the game. Caryl, the secretary of state at St. Germain, in a letter to the earl of Perth, dated July 4th, 1695, after a discussion of state affairs, says, "The king and queen are both absent from St. Germain, but will return this night, having spent four or five days severally in a ramble of devotion, the king at La Trappe, and the queen at Chaillot. The prince and princess are in perfect health, and grow up to the wonder of everybody."

In the month of August, Louis XIV. gave a stag-hunt in the forest of Marly, expressly for the amusement of Mary Beatrice, whom he was anxious to divert from the ascetic habits which, like her consort, she was too much disposed to practise. In October, Louis invited her and James to spend several days with his court at Fontainebleau. The formal round of amusements in which the exiled king and queen were compelled to join with absent and sorrowful hearts, appear to have occupied, without interesting, Mary Beatrice. In a letter to her friend, madame Angélique Priolo, she says—

"These six days past have I sought for a moment to write to you, my dear mother, but without being able to find one. Yesterday evening, I thought myself sure of the opportunity of doing it before supper, but monsieur de Ponchartrain" (a person not to be neglected, certainly, as he was one of the cabinet ministers of Louis XIV.) "entered my chamber just as I would have finished my letter to our mother, and prevented me. I strive to do my duty here towards God and man, but alas! I fail greatly in both, for in this place there is so much dissipation! Yet it is certain, also, that I am never so much persuaded of the littleness and vanities of this world as when I am in the midst of its grandeurs and its great appearances.

"I shall complete my thirty-seventh year to-morrow. Pray to God, my dear mother, that I may not spend another without serving and loving him with all my heart."

In conclusion, she says—

"I do not know, as yet, when I shall go from hence, but I believe that it will be one day next week. I am, as usual, always too well treated by the king and every one else here."

That minute court-chronicler, Dangeau, gives these particulars of a visit paid by Mary Beatrice and her lord to the French court at Versailles, November the 9th: "The king and queen of England came here at three o'clock. The king (Louis XIV.) walked with them to his new fountains and his cascade. They were a long time with the king. Whes

¹ Dangeau's Memoirs

he returned to madame Maintenon, the queen sat down to cards. Louis always delighted to make her play, but she generally quitted her cards soon after, under the excuse of going to prayers. When the supper was announced, the king took both her and the king, her husband, and placed them at his own table. The dauphin had another table. The queen was only attended by four ladies, who were the duchess of Berwick, the duchess of Tyrconnel, and the ladies Almonde and Bulkeley. When they rose from table, the king and queen of England returned to St. Germain's." Lady Tyrconnel was a great favourite of the queen; she was not altogether so trustworthy as her husband; her chief error was not in intention, but a habit of scribbling news incessantly to her treacherous sister, lady Marlborough. The exiled queen had, as she expressed herself in her letter, a friendship for Tyrconnel, and an unshaken reliance on his fidelity to king James, which he had proved, through good report and ill report, to the hour of his death.

The arrival of Mr. Powel at St. Germain's, in January, 1696, charged with urgent letters and messages from a strong party of the open adherents and secret correspondents of king James in London, entreating him to make a descent in England without delay, rekindled a fever of hope in the hearts of the exiled king and queen. The representations made to them of the unpopularity of William, the miseries caused by excessive taxation, a debased currency, and the decay of commerce and trade, induced them to believe that the people were eager to welcome their old master, not only as their legitimate sovereign, but as their deliverer from the miseries of a foreign yoke.¹ Louis XIV. entered into measures for assisting James in this new enterprise with apparent heartiness. Berwick, whose military talents and chivalric character had won for him in France the surname of the British Dunois, was to take command of the Jacobite insurgents: 12,000 men, whom they had required to assist them, were already on their march to Calais, and all things promised fair. On the 28th of February, James bade adieu to his wife and children, in the confident belief that their next meeting would be at Whitehall. James had been assured by his friends in England, that if he would adventure a descent, he would regain his crown without a contest. Unfortunately, Powel, the secret agent, who brought this earnest invitation to his old master, had not explained the intentions of the Jacobite association with sufficient perspicuity. In the first conversation he had with his majesty, in the presence of the queen, he was so eager for something to be attempted, and talked with so much ardour, that both James and Mary Beatrice imagined that the rising would take place directly it was known that the king was ready to embark. But, in reality, they expected for him to land first with the 12,000 men, which was to be the signal for a general revolt from William. The mistake was fatal to the project. Louis was willing to lead his troops and transports to assist an insurrection, but his ministers persuaded him that it would be useless to risk them on the chance of exciting one. The fleet and troops were in readiness at Calais when James arrived there, but were not permitted to

¹ Stuart Papers, in Macpherson. Life of James II. Journal

stir from thence till certain news of a rising in England should be received.¹ The design of sir George Barclay, and a party of desperate persons attached to the Jacobite party, to precipitate matters by the wild project of a personal attack on king William in the midst of his guards did the utmost mischief to James's cause, though he had always forbidden any attempt on the life of his rival, except in the battle-field.

Meantime, the fleet of French transports that should have conveyed James and his auxiliaries to the shores of England, were shattered by a violent storm, which wrecked many of them on their own coast.² In short, in this, as in every other enterprise, for the purpose of replacing the exiled line of Stuart on the throne of Great Britain, winds, waves, and unforeseen contingencies, appeared to be arrayed in opposition, as if an immutable decree of Heaven forbade it. James retired to Boulogne on the 23d of March, with the intention of remaining there till something decisive should take place. The state of his faithful consort's mind, meantime, will be best explained in one of her confidential letters to her friend, Angelique Priolo, to whom, as usual, she applies for sympathy and spiritual consolation in her trouble. "If you could imagine, my dear mother," she says, "to what a degree I have been overpowered with grief and business since I quitted you, your kind heart would have compassion on mine, which is more broken and discouraged than it has ever been, although for two or three days I appear to begin to recover a little more fortitude, or rather, to submit with less pain to the good pleasure of God, who does all that pleases him in heaven and earth, and whom no one can resist; but if we had the power, I do not believe that either you or I, far less my good king, would wish to do it. No, no, my dear mother, God is a master absolute and infinitely wise, and all that he does is good. Let him, then, be praised for ever, by you and by me, at all times and in all places."

After lamenting that her heart does not sufficiently accord with the language of her pen in these sentiments, and entreating her friend to pray for her, that she may become more perfect in the pious duty of resignation, she goes on to say: "The king is still at Calais, or, perhaps, now at Boulogne; as long as he remains there, he must have some hope. I will tell you more about it when I see you, which will be Saturday next, if it please God."³ Her majesty concludes with these words: "Offer many regards on my part to our dear mother, to whom I cannot write, for I have written all this morning to the king, and I can do no more; but the desire I had to write to you has made me make this effort."

This letter, though with no other date than "St. Germain's, this Tuesday," was written before Ladyday, as the queen asks her cloistered friend if she intends to communicate preparatory to that festival of their church. So early after the departure of her unfortunate lord, did Mary Beatrice begin to despond, and with reason, as to the success of the enterprise on which he had left St. Germain's. The discovery of Barclay's insane

¹ Journal of James II. Life. Macpherson.

² Macpherson. Dalrymple

³ Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France

plot against William's life, broke the measures that James's more rational adherents had concocted for a revolt, connected with the landing of their old master, provided he were backed by the promised aid of the twelve thousand auxiliaries from France.

All the business at the court of St. Germain's was directed by Mary Beatrice at this anxious period, which involved constant correspondence and meetings between her and the French ministers.¹ Early in April, she had a long interview with Louis XIV. at Marli, in the vain endeavour of prevailing upon him to allow his troops to accompany king James to England. Louis was inflexible on this point, and she had the mortification of communicating the ill success of her negotiation to her husband. Calais was, meantime, bombarded by the English fleet under Russell, who stood so far committed by the confessions of some of the confederates in the late plot, that he was compelled to perform the duty of the post he held, without regard to the interests of his late master. James was anxious still to linger on the coast; but the French cabinet having destined the troops for service elsewhere, Louis signified his wish that his royal kinsman should return to St. Germain's.² Mary Beatrice once more sought, by her personal influence with Louis, to avert measures so entirely ruinous to their cause, but her solicitations were fruitless. James returned to St. Germain's in a desponding state of mind, with the mortifying conviction that no effectual assistance would ever be derived from the selfish policy of the French cabinet.³ The devoted love and soothing tenderness of his queen, mitigated the pain he felt at the bitter disappointment of his hopes; and he resigned himself, with uncomplaining patience, to the will of God. The most poignant distress was felt by Mary Beatrice at the executions which took place in consequence of the denunciation of their unfortunate adherents. In one of her letters to her Chaillot correspondent, she says, "There have been three more men hanged in England, making eight in all, and two more are under sentence. Nothing can be sadder than the news we hear from that country, though we hear but little, and that very rarely."

It was at this time that the crown of Poland courted the acceptance of James II., but he firmly declined it. "Ambition," he said, "had no place in his heart; he considered that the covenant which bound him to his subjects was indissoluble, and that he could not accept the allegiance of another nation, without violating his duties to his own. England had rejected him, but she was still too dear to him to be resigned. He would hold himself, till death, free to return to his own realm, if his people chose to unite in recalling him."⁴ Mary Beatrice applauded his decision, though urged by Louis XIV. to persuade her lord to avail himself of so honourable a retreat from the hopeless contest for the recovery of his dominions.

The appointment of the duke of Perth to the important office of governor to the young prince, her son, then about eight years old, is thus announced by the royal mother to her friend, madame Priolo:

¹ Letters of the earl of Middleton, in Macpherson.

² Journal of James. Stuart Papers.

³ Journal of James II. Life. Macpherson.

"July 23

"The king has named, this morning, milord Perth governor of my son, and we are going to put him into his hands. This is a great matter achieved for me, and I hope that God will bless the choice we have made, after having prayed for more than a year, that God would inspire us to do it well. Tell this to our dear mother from me, for I have not time to write to her. Her prayers, with yours and those of our dear sisters, have had a great part in this election, which I believe will be agreeable to God, for he is a holy man, and of distinguished merit, as well as of high rank. I am content to have my son in his hands, not knowing any one better. But I have placed him, above all and in the first place, in the hands of God, who in his mercy will have care of him, and give us grace to bring him up in his fear and in his love."¹

In the same letter, her majesty says :

"We are all in good health here. We had yesterday a visit from the king (of France), and the day before, from madame de Maintenon. We go to-morrow to St. Cloud, for the ceremonial of the baptism of mademoiselle de Chartres."

Mary Beatrice was godmother to the infant. The ceremonial, which was very splendid, took place at St. Cloud, in the presence of king James and all the foreign ambassadors, as well as the princes and princesses of the blood. After they had promenaded for some time in the apartments, the king gave his hand to the queen of England, and led her to the chapel, where they both held the little princess at the font.²

Although, in the general acceptance of the word, a great friendship might be said to subsist between Mary Beatrice and madame de Maintenon, there were times when, like most persons who have been raised by fortune immeasurably above their natural level, the widow of Scarron took the opportunity of making the consort of James II. feel how much more there is in the power of royalty than the name. The fallen queen complains, in one of her letters, of the want of sympathy exhibited by this lady on a subject which seems to have given her great pain. "You will be surprised," she says to her friend, Angelique Priolo, "and perhaps troubled, at what I am now going to tell you in regard to that which cost me so much to tell that person to whom I opened my heart thereupon, she not having thought proper so much as to open her mouth about it the other day, though I was a good half hour alone with her. I declare to you that I am astonished at it, and humiliated. However, I do not believe that I am quite humble enough to speak to her about it a second time, whatever inconvenience I may suffer. There is no order come from Rome, as yet, regarding our poor," continues the unfortunate queen; "on the contrary, the pope has been very ill, and I believe he will die before they are given; so that, yesterday, we came to the resolution to sell some jewels to pay the pensions for the month of September, and it follows that we must do the same for every month, unless that we get other assistance, and of that I see no appearance. I conjure you, my dear mother, not to afflict yourself at all this. For myself, I assure am more astonished than grieved." This observation refers to the slight the unfortunate queen had received from madame de Maintenon, to whom her application had apparently been made in behalf of the suffering adherents of king James. "And in respect to our poor,"

¹ Archives au Royaume de France.² Dangeau.

continues she, "I never shall consider that I have done my duty till I have given all I have; for it will not be till then that I can say, with truth, that nothing remains to me, and it is impossible for me to give more."

Mary Beatrice was as good as her word; by degrees, she sacrificed every ornament she had in the world for the relief of the unfortunate British emigrants. The following interesting testimony is given of her conduct by an impartial witness, madame Brinon, in a letter to her friend Sophia, electress of Hanover. "The queen of England," says this lady, "is scarcely less than saintly; and in truth it is a happiness to see her as she is, in the midst of her misfortunes. A lady of her court told me that she deprived herself of everything, in order to support the poor English who had followed the king to St. Germain's.' She has been known to take out the diamond studs from her manchettes (cuffs), and send them to be sold. And she says, when she does these charitable actions, 'That it is well for her to despoil herself of such things to assist others.' Is it possible that the confederate princes cannot open their eyes to the real merit and innocence of these oppressed and calumniated *majesties*? Can they forget them when a general peace is made?' I always speak to you, dear electress," pursues the correspondent of the generous princess, on whom the British parliament had settled the succession of this realm, "with the frankness due to our friendship. I tell you my thoughts as they arise in my heart, and it seems to me that your serene highness thinks like me." Sophia of Hanover was of a very different spirit from the daughters of James II. She always had the magnanimity to acknowledge his good qualities and those of his faithful consort, and lamented their misfortunes, though she accepted with gratitude the distinction offered to her and her descendants by a free people; but she scorned to avail herself of the base weapons of falsehood or treachery, or to derive her title from any other source than the choice of protestant England. In a preceding section of the same letter, madame Brinon speaks of James II., with whom she had recently been conversing. "He suffers," she says, "not only like a saint, but with the dignity of a king. The loss of his kingdoms he believes will be well exchanged for Heaven. He reminded me often that one of the first things he did, after his arrival in France, was to go to see madame de Maubisson."²

The exhausted state of the French finances compelled Louis XIV., who was no longer able to maintain himself against the powerful Anglo-Germanic, Spanish, and Italian league, to entertain proposals for a general peace. The deliberations of the congress which met for that purpose at Ryswick, in the year 1697, were painfully interesting to James and his queen, since the recognition of William's title of king of Great

¹ MS. Collection of George IV. Recueil de Pièces, Brit. Museum. 14, a. Madame de Brinon to the electress Sophia, Feb. 22, 1697, dated from Maubisson.

² The elder sister of the electress Sophia, who had given up all her hopes of the English succession to become a catholic abbess. She was a great artist, "and her portraits bear a high price," says Grainger, "not as princess, but as painteress."

Britain was, of course, one of the leading articles. Louis, however, insisted on the payment of the dower settled by parliament on James's queen, as an indispensable condition of the treaty. Mary Beatrice had done nothing to forfeit this provision; her conduct as wife, queen, and woman had been irreproachable. She had brought a portion of 400,000 crowns to her husband, whose private property had been seized by William. Her claims on the revenue of a queen-consort rested on the three-fold basis of national faith, national justice, and national custom. When it was objected that James was no longer the sovereign of England, the plenipotentiaries of France proposed to treat her claims in the same manner as if her royal husband were actually, as well as politically, defunct, and that she should receive the provision of a queen-dowager of Great Britain. So completely was the spirit of the laws and customs regarding the inviolability of the rights of the queens of England in her favour, that we have the precedent of Edward IV. extorting from his prisoner, Margaret of Anjou, the widow of a prince whose title he did not acknowledge, a solemn renunciation to her dower as queen of England, before he could appropriate her settlement to his own use.

No wonder, then, that the claims of Mary of Modena infinitely perplexed her gracious nephew's cabinet, who met this question in the following pettifogging mode of discussion, from the pen of one of their understrappers, sir Joseph Williamson, whose style is worthy of his era:

"And as to the *late king James's queen's jointure*, which the French *stick hard upon to be made good*, it is a point of that delicacy that we are not willing, hitherto, to entertain it as any matter of our present business. If she have by law a right, *she be to enjoy it*;¹ if not, we are not here empowered to stipulate anything for her. And so we endeavour to *stave it off* from being received as any part of what we are here to negotiate. However, it seems to be of use, if Mr. Secretary² can do it, without noise or observation, to get an account of all that matter, how it now stands, and what settlements were made by the marriage articles, if any; what, of any kind, have been made on her, and how far, according as the law now stands, those that have been made *will take*."

These inquiries were not to be made for the purposes of justice towards the rightful owner of the said jointure, but in order that a *flaw* might be picked in the settlement, as this righteous Daniel subjoins:

"A private knowledge of this, if we could get it in time, might be of good help to us to *stave off the point*, which, as we think, cannot so much as be openly treated on by any of us, without inconveniences that will follow."

"MEMORIAL CONCERNING THE APPANAGE OF THE QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN."

"October, 1696.

"According to the most ancient laws and customs of England, which are still in force, queens have their full right and power in their own persons, their estates and revenues, independently of the kings their husbands, by virtue of

¹ So in the original. The letter is published in Coxo's *Correspondence of the Duke of Shrewsbury*, pp. 361, 362.

² Mr. Secretary Vernon, who about this time talked, according to the letter of his patron, the Duke of Shrewsbury, of filling his pockets with stones, and jumping into the Thames, in imitation of his unfortunate predecessor in office, the now dead sir William Temple.

³ Macpherson's *Stuart Papers* Nairne's *Papers*, vol. ii., No. 40.

which they have always had officers of their revenues, who depended entirely on them, and all their acts have been valid, without the concurrence of the kings their husbands."

"As the queen of England, (Mary Beatrice of Modena,) brought a very considerable sum as her portion at her marriage, the king, her husband (on his accession to the crown) thought it was reasonable for him to make an establishment of fifty thousand pounds sterling, of annual revenue, on her, which was passed under the great seal of England, and afterwards confirmed by acts of parliament which have not been repealed to this day; inasmuch, that the queen has an incontestable right to all the arrears of this revenue, which are due since she left England, as well as to those which shall be due hereafter. Her majesty only asks this simply and purely as a private debt, which is incontestably due to herself, and of which she only sets forth a state (ment), lest it should be unknown to those who have the power and the will to do her justice."

The courtesy and gentleness of the last clause of the poor queen's plea deserved to be met with more candour and justice than are perceptible in the official Williamson's Despatches before quoted.

While this matter was in debate, Louis XIV. treated James and Mary Beatrice with the most scrupulous personal attention. William required that they should be deprived of their shelter at St. Germain, and, indeed, driven from France altogether; but to this Louis would not consent. He invited them to assist at the nuptials of his grandson the duke of Burgundy with Adelaide of Savoy, which were solemnized at Fontainebleau, September the 7th. The bride was nearly related to Mary Beatrice on the father's side, and her mother, being the daughter of Henrietta, duchess of Orleans, was a niece of James II., whose connexion with the royal family of France was consequently much strengthened by this alliance. The exiled king and queen were given the place of honour as the most distinguished of the guests at this marriage, and Mary Beatrice was seated between Louis XIV. and her husband, at the nuptial banquet. When supper was over, the two kings withdrew, followed by all the gentlemen, and the queen honoured the bride by assisting at her *couchée*, and presenting her *robe de nuit*. James attended, in like manner, on the bridegroom, whom he led into the bridal chamber. The queen, who had retired with her ladies while his royal highness got into bed, re-entered and bade him and the bride good night, according to the ceremonious etiquette of the court of France.¹

It was observed that madame de Maintenon only appeared twice, and then stayed scarcely half an hour; for on this occasion of high and stately ceremony, her doubtful rank was not recognised, and she was forced to sit behind the seat of the queen of England, who was the leading lady at the court of France. The queen again visited Louis XIV. at the Trianon, with all her court, as he gave a grand festival there on the 17th of September, and again was Maintenon forced to retreat into her original insignificance.²

Unfortunately, the courier who brought the news that the peace of Ryswick, whereby Louis XIV. recognised William of Orange as King of Great Britain, was signed, arrived at Fontainebleau at the same time as the exiled king and queen. Louis XIV. had, with peculiar delicacy

¹ St. Simon, vol. ii.

² *Ibid.*

told his minister Torcy, that whatever expresses arrived, or however urgent the news might be, the peace was not to be mentioned if he were in company with the king or queen of England, and he would not suffer the least sign of rejoicing to take place, or the musicians of his palace to play or sing any songs, in celebration of the peace, till their majesties and their whole court had returned to St. Germain's.¹

The affectionate sympathy and kindness of Louis did much to soothe the pain his political conduct had caused to his unhappy guests. They were too just to impute that to him as a fault, which was the result of dire necessity, and they had the magnanimity to acknowledge his benefits, instead of reflecting on him for the present extinction of their hopes. "We are, in the bottom of our hearts, satisfied with your great king," writes Mary Beatrice to her friend, madame Priolo. "He was beside himself to see us arrive at Fontainebleau at the same time with the courier who brought the news of the peace, and he testifies much friendship, pity, and even sorrow for us. He had no power to act otherwise in this matter. In other things there is no alteration. Our residence at St. Germain's appears fixed, from what he has told us: I say that it appears, for in truth, after all that we see, how can we believe that anything is sure in this world?"²

"I have the promise of the king (Louis) that I shall be given my dower, and I have entreated him to be pleased to take upon himself the payments for me." In other words, for him to become the medium through which the money was to be transmitted by William and received by the consort of James. "For," pursues she, her lofty spirit rising above the exigencies of her circumstances, "I will demand nothing, nor receive ought from any other than from him, to whom I will owe entirely and solely the obligation." Louis having insisted on the article of the treaty, which secured it to her as a *sine qua non*, William signed it without the slightest intention of ever fulfilling the obligation. The consort of his uncle might have spared herself the trouble of arranging any punctilios of ceremony as to the how, when, and where she was to receive her income from William; he scrupled not to deceive the British nation, at the same time that he defrauded his aunt, by charging the annual sum of 50,000*l.* to that account, and applying it to his own purposes. Mary Beatrice, after thus unburthening her mind of the subject that was uppermost in her thoughts, experienced a sudden misgiving that she was acting with some degree of rashness, for she says, "I have been drawn on, without intending it, to enter into this matter, and not knowing what I may have said, I entreat you to burn my letter."³

Is it not sufficient comment on the imprudence of which this princess was habitually guilty, in writing long confidential letters, on the most important subjects of her own and her unfortunate consort's private affairs, and afterwards those of her son, to her spiritual friends at Chaillot, to say that her request was *not* complied with?—and this and many other speci-

¹ St. Simon, vol. ii.

² Autograph letters of the queen of James II., in Archives au Royaume de France.

³ Autograph letter of the queen of James II. to madame Priolo, Archives au Royaume de France.

mens of her autograph correspondence with these ladies is in existence to this day.

Her letters afford sufficient evidence that the consort of Midas was not the only queen in the world who felt an irresistible necessity to whisper her lord's secrets in a quarter where she flattered herself that they would be kept from the world. The holy sister had as little appearance of being a dangerous confidant as the marsh ditch in that memorable tale; but without accusing her of bad intentions, it is more than probable that she was no more fit to be trusted with a secret than her royal friend. She went not abroad to reveal that rash confidence it is true, but it is equally certain that the convent of Chaillot was the resort of busy and intriguing ecclesiastics. William and his ambassador, the earl of Manchester, had several priests in their pay,¹ and that such men would succeed in obtaining a sight of the exiled queen of England's correspondence with her beloved friends at Chaillot, there can be little doubt, especially when letters, which ought never to have been written, were preserved, notwithstanding the royal writer's earnest request to the contrary.

It is a fact, no less strange than true, that by one of the secret articles of the peace of Ryswick, William III. agreed to adopt the son of his uncle, James II. and Mary Beatrice d'Esté, as his successor to the British crown, provided James would acquiesce in that arrangement, and leave him in peaceful possession of the disputed realm for the term of his natural life.² William was at that time labouring under a complication of mortal maladies, and it was expected by those about him, that he would precede his unfortunate father-in-law to the tomb. One of his great eulogists, Dalrymple, calls his proffered adoption of his disinherited cousin, "an intended piece of generosity towards the exiled family." It is doubtful, from the thorough apathy of William's character, whether he were sufficiently under the influence of conscience, to intend the posthumous restitution of the crown to the legitimate heir as an act of tardy justice. There can be no doubt but that he would have been glad, under any pretence, to get the young prince into his own hands, by which means he would have held him as a hostage against his own father, and at the same time kept Anne and her party in check as long as he lived, leaving them to fight the matter out after his death. The proposition contained in itself an acknowledgment of the falseness of the imputation: William had attempted to throw on the birth of the son of James and Mary Beatrice,³ and had they possessed the slightest portion of political

¹ Reports of the earl of Manchester.

² Journal of James II. Treaty of Ryswick.

³ It will be remembered that William had, in the year 1688, not only snubbed the pens of disaffected lampooners to accuse Mary Beatrice of feigning a pregnancy, but had openly, in his manifesto, when he first landed in England, called the birth of the prince, her son, in question. One of the reasons alleged by him for his coming over with a foreign army, was to cause, as he said, inquiry to be made by parliament into the birth of a supposed prince of Wales. This inquiry he never made. "He dared not," says the duke of Berwick, "enter into the question, well knowing that no prince ever came into the world in the presence of so many witnesses. I speak," continues he, "from full knowledge of the facts, for I was present; and, notwithstanding my respect and my devotion as

wisdom, they would have entered into a correspondence with William on the subject, for the sake of exposing his duplicity to the people of England, and the little respect he paid to the act of parliament which had settled the succession on the princess Anne and her children. When, however, the project was communicated to James, Mary Beatrice, who was present, before he could speak, exclaimed with the natural impetuosity of her sex and character, "I would rather see my son, dear as he is to me, dead at my feet, than allow him to become a party to his royal father's injuries."¹ James said, "that he could bear the usurpation of the prince of Orange and the loss of his crown with Christian patience, but not that his son should be instrumental to his wrongs;" and thus the matter ended.² James has been accused of pride and obstinacy in this business, but as he has himself observed, he had no security for the personal safety of his son, and he had had too many proofs of the treachery of William's disposition to trust the prince in his keeping.

King William had gained a great point in being recognised as king of England by the king of France, but that was not enough, he was piqued at the asylum that was afforded by that monarch to the deposed king and queen at St. Germain's. They were too near England to please him. He had laboured, at the peace of Ryswick, to obtain their expulsion from France, or at least to distance them from the court. Louis was inflexible on that point. The duke of St. Albans, the son of Charles II., by Nell Gwynne, was sent to make a fresh demand, when he presented the congratulations of William on the marriage of the duke of Burgundy, but it was negatived. St. Albans was followed by William's favourite, Portland, attended by a numerous suite. At the first conference he had with the minister Torcy, he renewed his demand that James and his family should be chased from their present abode.

Torcy replied, "that his sovereign's pleasure had been very fully expressed at Ryswick, that it was his wish to maintain his present amicable understanding with king William; but that another word on the subject of St. Germain's would disturb it." Portland was treated with all sorts of distinctions by the princes of the blood, and was invited to hunt with the dauphin several times at Mendon. One day, when he had come for that purpose, word was brought to the dauphin, that it was the intention of king James to join in the chase, on which he requested Portland to defer his sport till a future occasion. Portland quitted the forest with some vexation, and returned to Paris with his suite. Portland was a great hunter, and he was surprised that he received no more attention from the duke de Rochefoucault than common civility warranted. He told him he was desirous of hunting with the king's dogs. Rochefoucault replied drily, "that although he had the honour of being the grand huntsman, he had no power to direct the hunts, as it was the

the king, I never could have lent a hand to so detestable an action as that of wishing to introduce a child to take the crown away from the rightful heirs, and after the death of the king it was not likely that I should have continued to support the interests of an impostor; neither honour nor conscience would have permitted me."—Autobiography of the duke of Berwick.

¹ Nairne's Collection of Stuart Papers.

² James's Journal.

king of England (James) of whom he took his orders. That i.e. came very often; and as he never knew till the moment where he would order the rendezvous, he must go to attend his pleasure with great reverence;¹ and left Portland, who was much displeased. What he had replied was out of pure regard for James, who at that time was not well enough to hunt; but he wished to show Portland, that he was not one of the time-serving nobles, whom he had been able to attach to his chariot wheels. Portland resolved to depart; and before he left Paris, hinted that the dower, which, by one of the articles of the peace of Ryswick, had been secured to Mary Beatrice, would never be paid as long as king James persisted in remaining at St. Germain's.¹ It is well known that it never was, this being one of the pretences on which it was withheld. In order to give his ambassador Bentinck more influence with the vain-glorious Louis XIV., it is said that 80,000*l.* was expended by him. Prior, the poet, was secretary to the embassy. He saw the unfortunate James in his exile a few months before his troublous career was brought to a close; and in these words he describes the royal exiles to his master, Halifax: "The court is gone to see their monarch, Louis XIV., a cock-horse at Compiègne. I follow as soon as my English nags arrive. I faced old James and all his court the other day at St. Cloud. *Vive Guillaume!* You never saw such a strange figure, as the old bully is (James II.) lean, worn, and ravelled, not unlike Neale, the projector. The queen (Mary of Modena) looks very melancholy, but otherwise well enough; their equipages are all very ragged and contemptible. I have written to my lord Portland the sum of several discourses I have had with M. de Lauzun, or rather they with me, about the pension which we were to allow the queen. Do we intend, my dear master, to give her 50,000*l.* per annum, or not? If we do not, I (or rather my lord Jersey) should now be furnished with some chicaning answers when we are pressed on that point; *for it was fairly promised*—that is certain."² Prior, however brutally he expresses himself, was right as to fact, and parliament had actually granted the dower, and supposed it was paid; "but," as the duchess of Marlborough truly observes,³ "it never found its way further than the pockets of William III."

In one of her letters, without date, the poor queen says:

"I have been sick a whole month, and it is only within the last four or five days that I can call myself convalescent; even within the last two days I have had inflammation in my cheek and one side of my throat, which has incommoded me; but that is nothing in comparison to the other illness I have suffered, which has pulled me down, and rendered me so languid that I am good for nothing. In this state it has pleased God to allow me to remain all the time I have been at Fontainebleau. It is by that I have proved doubly the goodness and the patience of the king, which has exceeded everything one could imagine. I have also been overwhelmed with kindness by every one. Monsieur and Madame have surpassed themselves in the extreme friendship they have shown for me which I can never forget while I live. Madame de Maintenon has done wonders with regard to me, but that is nothing new with her. After all, my dear

¹ Dangeau.

² Letters of Eminent Literary Men, by Sir H. Ellis, p. 265. Camden Society.

³ Conduct, duchess of Marlborough. Burnet.

mother, I agree with you, and I am convinced in the bottom of my heart, and never more so than at the present moment, that all is but vanity. I dare not allow myself to go on writing to you without reserve, but I will tell you everything when I have the pleasure of conversing with you, which will be next Tuesday, I hope."¹

In another of her letters to her Chaillot correspondent, Mary Beatrice says, "A very honest man died yesterday, who had been secretary of war for Ireland. The king, my husband, loved him very much, and he is a great loss to him. He died in the chateau very Christianly, and as a good catholic ought. I request a *de profundis* from all our sisters, for the repose of his soul. I send you the English news, which we have received by the usual way. You will see that the parliament makes itself entirely the ruling power there. We are all in good health, God be thanked."²

One day, the princess of Conti said to the exiled queen, "The English don't know what they would be at. One party is for a republic, another for a monarchy." To which her majesty made this acute rejoinder, "They have had a convincing proof of the fallacy of a republic, and they are now trying to establish it, under the name of a monarchy."³

Some little facts connected with the domestic history and private feelings of the royal exiles at St. Germain's, are generally to be gathered from the unaffected letters of Mary Beatrice to her spiritual friend and confidante, madame Priolo; in one of these, which is merely dated "at St. Germain's, this Saturday morning," she says—

"The king had a little fever eight days ago, but nothing came of it, only that it prevented him from hunting, and going to Marli. We were there the day before yesterday till an hour after midnight, to see the young and old dance. I take very little pleasure in that sort of thing, and even when it is over, I feel very much fatigued."⁴

So much for the joyless gaiety of formal court balls, which to the fallen king and queen of England, who, as a matter of state etiquette, were compelled to perform at least the part of complacent spectators in such scenes, while their hearts were oppressed with unutterable cares and sorrows, must have been worse than vanity and vexation of spirit. Her majesty, with the fond simplicity of maternal love, which makes mothers in humbler life fancy that every little incident or change that affects their offspring, must be no less interesting to their friends than to themselves, goes on to communicate the following details relating to her children.—

"My son has had two great teeth torn out within the last twelve days; they were very fast, and he bore it with great resolution. They had caused him much pain, and prevented him from sleeping."

"My daughter's nose is still a little black from her fall; in other respects they are both well. Here is an exact account of the health of all who are new to me."

The royal matron, whom nature, when forming her heart so entirely

¹ Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot.

² Ibid.

³ MS. Memorials in *offito*.

⁴ Inedited letters of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France.

for the instincts of maternal and conjugal love, never intended for a politician, now proceeds as a matter of minor moment, to speak of public affairs, and thus mentions the severe mortification that had recently been inflicted on their great adversary, William III., in the dismissal of his Dutch guards,—

“In regard to business, the parliament of England have not had much complaisance for M. le P. d’Orange, for they have deprived him of his army, and he has himself consented to it, and passed the bill, seeing plainly that he had no other resource.”¹

Mary Beatrice passes briefly over the affair of the Dutch guards as a mere matter of personal mortification to the supplanter of her lord in the regal office, not perceiving the importance of the political crisis that had been involved in the question of whether the Dutch sovereign of England were to be permitted to overawe a free people by a foreign standing army, paid with their gold. The fates of Stuart and Nassau were then poised in a balance, which William’s refusal to acquiesce in the unwelcome fiat of those who had placed the regal garland on his brow, would have turned in favour of the former. William, however, possessed a wisdom in which his luckless uncle was deficient, the wisdom of this world. He knew how to read the signs of the times; he felt the necessity of schooling his sullen temper into a reluctant submission, and kept his diadem.

The following interesting letter from Mary Beatrice to the abbess of Chaillot, though without any date of the year, appears to have been written some little time after the peace of Ryswick:—

Fontainebleau. 25th September.

“I received your last letter, my dearest mother, just as we were starting from St. Germain, and could only read your letter in the coach, where, too, I read that from sister Angelique, which you had had copied in such fair and good writing, that it was really wonderful. The king and all my ladies were charmed with it, for I read the whole of it aloud. We put your basket of fruit into the coach, and found the contents so excellent, that we eat of them several times in the course of that day.

“Your own letter is admirable. Nothing can be more beautiful than your reflections on the cross. That cross follows me everywhere, and I have found it even here, having been ill for three or four days. My indisposition commenced with an ordinary colic, and ended in a nephrytique, occasioned, M. Fagon thinks, by the violent exercise of hunting, after having remained for a long time inactive; but, God be thanked, it is all over, and I have been twice to the chase since, without suffering any inconvenience.”

The abbess of Chaillot’s fine basket of fruit, which the royal party had such pleasure in discussing, during their journey to Fontainebleau, had probably more to do with her majesty’s colic, than the fatigues of the chase, which she only followed in her coach, as she expressly notices in another letter. The devotion of Mary Beatrice to this unfeminine amusement, was not among the most amiable of her propensities. It was a passion with James, and almost the last pleasure in which he permitted himself to indulge.

¹ Autograph letter of Mary Beatrice to sister Angelique Priolo, in the Archives au Royaume.

"We are treated here, by the king and all his court, as in other years," continues Mary Beatrice, "and having said that, I can say no more, for you know in what manner I have always described it. With the permission of the king, we have named Thursday for the day of our departure, and to-morrow we go to Melun. I shall not go to Lis; you can divine the reason.

"It is two days since I commenced this letter, and I cannot finish it to-day (the 27th). I was yesterday at Melun, and was very much pleased with our sisters there, and above all, with their mother. They are very good daughters; they were charmed with the king, my husband, whom I brought to see them.

"I am now about to write two words to our mother on the subject of the little Strickland, who is perhaps dead at this time; for Mr. Arthur has sent word to her mother that she was very ill, and it is several days since she has had any tidings of her.

"Adieu, my ever dear mother; I embrace you with all my heart at the foot of the cross. It is there where you will always find me. I will send you my news from St. Germain on Friday or Saturday next, if it pleases God, who alone knows what may happen between this and then. Alas! poor M. de Pomponne, who was so well on Tuesday last, died yesterday evening. There is nothing more to tell you at present, for in this place they talk of nothing but the chase."

Endorsed—"2d letter of the queen, during the extremity of our little sister, Strickland."¹

This young lady, in whom the queen took almost a maternal interest, was the daughter of one of her faithful servants, who had forsaken everything to follow her adverse fortunes. "*La petite Strickland*," as Mary Beatrice familiarly calls her, had, by the liveliness of her disposition, caused some anxiety to her parents and the nuns, though it appears from a subsequent letter of the queen, that she died in what was considered an odour of sanctity, having received the white veil of a probationer from the hand of her royal mistress—an honour of which all the ladies who destined themselves for a religious life in that convent were ambitious.

In the November of 1699, Mary Beatrice was alarmed, during one of her annual retreats to Chaillot, by a rumour that the king her husband was seriously indisposed. Without tarrying for the ceremonies of a formal leave-taking of the community, she hastened back on the wings of love and fear to St. Germain, and found his majesty in great need of her conjugal care and tenderness. She gives the following simple and unaffected account of his sufferings and her own distress, in a confidential letter to the abbess of Chaillot, dated 28th of November:—"Although I quitted you so hastily the other day, my dear mother, I do not repent of it, for the king was too ill for me to have been absent from him. He was surprised, and very glad to see me arrive. He has had very bad nights, and suffered much for three or four days; but, God be thanked, he is getting better, and has had less fever for some days, and yesterday it was very slight. I am astonished that it was not worse, for the disease has been very bad. Felix (one of Louis XIV.'s surgeons) says that it is of the same nature with that which the king, his master, had in the neck about two years ago. It suppured three days ago, but the boil is not yet gone."

¹Autograph letter of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

Thus we see that king James's malady was not only painful, but loathsome—even the same affliction that was laid on Job, sore boils breaking out upon him. Yet his faithful consort, five-and-twenty years his junior, and still one of the most beautiful women in Europe, attended on him day and night; and unrestrained by the cold ceremonial etiquettes of royalty, performed for him all the personal duties of a nurse, with the same tenderness and self-devotion with which the patient heroine of domestic life occasionally smoothes the pillow of sickness and poverty in a cottage.

"It is only for the last two nights," continues the queen, "that I have slept apart from the king on a little pallet-bed in his chamber. I experienced some ill consequences myself, before I would consent to this separation; and you may believe, my dear mother, that I have not suffered a little in seeing the king suffer so much. I hope, however, that it will do him great good, and procure for him a long term of health. I attribute his recovery principally to the prayers at Chaillot; and I thank our dear mother and sisters with all my heart, and request a continuation of them.

"My own health is good; God has not sent all sorts of afflictions at once. He knows my weakness, and He has disposed for me accordingly. It is His signal grace that the malady of the king has come to so rapid a conclusion, and without any relapse. Thank Him, my dear mother, for me, and pray that I may be rendered sufficiently thankful for this mercy, and for all that has been done for me, *mortificat et vivificat*; but He can never be sufficiently praised by you and me.

"I am yours, my dear mother, with all my heart. I recommend my son to your prayers; he will make his first communion at Christmas, if it please God."

The latter part of this letter is illegibly written, and in broken French, with a confusion of pronouns which renders it difficult to translate. It bears evident traces of the restless nights and anxious days which the royal writer had spent in the sick-chamber of her unfortunate consort, and the reader must remember that it was not the native language of the Modenese princess.

In another of her letters, Mary Beatrice speaks in a more cheerful strain of her husband's health: "The king, thank God, is better; he is not quite free of the gout yet, (that is but a trifle.) His other complaint is quite cured, but the doctor would not permit him to go to Marli yesterday, as he had hoped, because it was too far to go in the coach for the first time. He has been out for the first time to-day to take the air, without the least inconvenience, so that we hope he may be able to accomplish the journey to Marli." She hastily concludes her letter with these words: "Adieu, my ever dear mother; I must finish, for the king calls me to come to supper."

The king did not rally so fast as was anticipated by his faithful consort. The season of the year was against him, and he had more than one re-

¹ Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France. Subscribed, "*A ma sœur la déposité.*"

lapse. Mary Beatrice was herself very far from well at this time, but all thoughts of her own sufferings were, as usual, swallowed up in her anxiety for her husband. "I have been for a long time indisposed," writes she to Angelique Priolo, "but my greatest pain has been the serious illness of the king; but God be thanked, he has been without fever for the last two days, and is now convalescent, as I am also, although we have not as yet attended mass, except in the chamber, on account of the great cold which still confines us here, and deprives me of the hope of seeing you before the 22d of the month, when I hope to spend two or three days at Chaillot, if there be no change; but in this world there is not anything that we can reckon upon as sure."¹ In the same letter, she requests her friend to ask the abbess of Chaillot to forward the bills of expenses for her own chamber, and for the young Scotch novice, her *protégé*, whom she always designates as "*La petite sœur de Dumbarton*," for whose board in the convent of Chaillot she had made herself responsible. She also names the chamber of the ladies in waiting, who were accustomed to attend on her during her occasional retreats to the convent of Chaillot, some expenses having been incurred for their accommodation:—

"Adieu," she says, "my ever dear mother. *Sursum corda*. Adieu! Let us in all times and in all places, employ time for eternity. Amen."

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES II., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ill health of queen Mary Beatrice—Alarming symptoms—Letter on her own religion—Princess Anne announces death of the duke of Gloucester—Letter of the queen thereon—Improved prospects of her children—Queen's importunity for Chaillot—Rudeness of madame Maintenon to her—Queen's conversation with Louis XIV.—Visits Fontainebleau—Letters from thence—On her son—Escape from fire—Alarming illness of James II.—Distress of the queen—Her letter from his bedside—Their pecuniary difficulties—Queen goes with the king to Bourbon baths—Her devoted attention—Seen supporting him in his walks—Letters and anecdotes of her homeward journey—Anxiety to return to her children—Arrives at St. Germain's—Placability to her step-daughters—Decline of James II.—All business transacted by the queen—Hopes of her son's restoration—James II. struck with apoplexy at chapel—Falls in the queen's arms—Her devoted attendance on his death-bed—His eulogium on her virtues—Violence of her grief—Forced to withdraw—Watches unseen

¹ Autograph letter of Mary Beatrice, Archives au Royaume de France.

near him—Brings her son to Louis XIV. at James II.'s death-bed—Recognition of her son by Louis as heir to James II.—Queen charged by James to write to his daughter Anne—Queen's touching parting with James II.—His death—**QUEEN'S WIDOWHOOD**—Her son proclaimed, at gates of St. Germain's, James III. &c.—Queen's homage to him—She goes to Chaillot—Reception there—Obsequies of James II.—Anecdotes of the queen's sojourn at Chaillot—Assumes her widow's dress—Visit to the heart of James II.—Returns to her children at St. Germain's—Receives visit of condolence from Louis XIV.—James II.'s will—Appoints queen as regent for their son—Queen's letter to princess Anne—Queen's letter on her forty-third birth-day—Conferences with lord Belhaven—Refuses to send her son to Scotland—Her cabinet at St. Germain's—In debt to the convent at Chaillot—Her letter thereon—Sends it by her daughter.

THE keen, bracing air of St. Germain's was certainly inimical to Mary Beatrice, a daughter of the mild, genial clime of Italy, and she suffered much from coughs and colds, which often ended in inflammations of the lungs and chest. Her children inherited the same tendency to pulmonary affections, and their constitutions were fatally weakened by the erroneous practice of frequent and copious bleedings, to which the French physicians resorted on every occasion. Habitual sorrow and excitement of spirit, generally speaking, produced habits of valetudinarianism. Mary Beatrice seldom writes to her friends at Chaillot without entering into minute details on the subject of health. That king James, prematurely old from too early exertion, broken-hearted, and practising all sorts of austerities, was an object of constant solicitude to her, is not wonderful, or that anxiety and broken rest, for which her delicate frame was ill suited, laid her in turn upon a bed of sickness; but she generally passes lightly over her own sufferings, to dwell on those of her beloved consort and their children. In one of her letters to Angelioue Priolo, she says:—

"For myself, I have been more frightened than ill, for my indisposition has never been more than a bad cold, attended, for half a day, with a little fever. I am still a little *en rhume*, but it is just nothing. My alarm was caused by the very serious illness of my son, in which, for thirteen or fourteen days, the fever never left him; and scarcely did he begin to amend a little, when the fever attacked the king. I declare to you that the thought of it overwhelmed me with affliction. But, God be thanked, he had only one fit of it, and a very bad cold, of which he is not yet quit. That one fit of the fever has weakened and depressed him very much, and he has not been out, as yet, further than the children's little chapel, and for this reason I would not leave him here alone, to go to Chaillot. Since the last two days his cold has abated, and he is regaining his strength so well, that I hope to see him wholly recovered at the end of this week. My son is also very much pulled down and enfeebled, but he, likewise, has improved much during the last two days. He went, the day before yesterday, to mass, for the first time. My poor daughter had also a very severe cold and fever for two days, but it has left her for several days, and she is entirely recovered; so that, thank God, we are all out of the hospital. This morning the king and I united in an act of thanksgiving together for it, in the little chapel."

From another of her letters, which, though uncertain as to date, having only that of "St. Germain's, this 11th of December," appears to be a subsequent one of the same period, her majesty says:—

¹Archives au Royaume de France.

"My sickness has been brief, but my convalescence very tedious. It is only since the last two days that I can say that I have been wholly free from the great debility and depression, which have been more distressing to me than the malady itself, and which rendered me insupportable to myself and every one else."¹

This symptom, which the king and the prince had also experienced, looks like influenza; but we find, from the conclusion of the letter, that the poor queen had also been suffering from a severe attack of the hereditary complaint of her family, gout in her hand, which had prevented her from holding her pen—a great privation to so determined a letter-writer as she appears to have been. She says:—

"As to M. d'Autun, alas! I have not been in a condition to write to him. It is all I can do (and you can see it, without doubt, in the characters) to write to you, to-day; to you, my dear mother, to whom I can assuredly write when I cannot to any other, for my heart conducts and gives power to my hand."²

In the same letter there is an interesting little trait of conjugal duty, indicative of the delicacy of feeling with which this amiable princess conformed her wishes to the inclinations of her husband, when she perceived that they were likely to be opposed.

"I had," says she, "a great desire to go to Chaillot before Christmas-eve, to make up for my journey at the presentation. I sounded the king upon it, but perceiving that I should not be able to obtain his permission without pain, I would not press it. We shall not, therefore, see each other at that vigil."³

It may be said that this was but a trifling sacrifice on the part of the queen; but it should also be remembered that she was in a state of personal suffering, attended with great depression of spirits, at that time, the result of a long illness, brought on by fatigue and anxiety during her attendance on her sick husband and children, and that she felt that desire of change of place and scene, which is natural to all invalids; above all, it is the little every-day occurrences of domestic life that form the great test of good-humour. A person who is accustomed to sacrifice inclination in trifles, will rarely exercise selfishness in greater matters.

"I shall not," says she, on another occasion, "have the pleasure of seeing you before the vigil of the Ascension, for the king goes very little out of my chamber, and I cannot leave him. He will not even be in a state to go to La Trappe so soon, therefore I will not quit him till the eve of that feast."

The terrible malady of which Mary Beatrice died, cancer in the breast, made its appearance, though possibly in an incipient state, during the life of her husband, king James, and notwithstanding the angelic patience with which all her sufferings, both mental and bodily, were borne, must have added a bitter drop to the overflowing cup of affliction of which

¹ Archives au Royaume de France.

² Autograph letters of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France.

³ *Ibid.*

she was doomed to drink. She mentions this alarming symptom to her friend, madame Priolo, in these words :

"I cannot say that I am ill, but I have always this gland in my bosom, undiminished, and three days ago I discovered another tumour in the same breast, near the first, but not so large. I know not what God will lay upon me, but in this, as in everything else, I try to resign myself, without reserve, into his hands, to the end that he may work in me, and for me, and by me, all that it may please him to do."

The sympathies of Mary Beatrice were not confined within the comparatively selfish sphere of kindred ties. She never went to the convent of Chaillot without visiting the infirmary, and endeavouring to cheer and comfort the sick. Once, when an infectious fever had broken out in the convent, and it was considered proper for her to relinquish her intention of passing a few days there, she says :

"For myself I have no apprehension, and if there were not some danger in seeing my children afterwards, I should come ; but I believe the doctor is the only judge of that, and for that reason I wish to send you one of ours, that you may consult with him about the sickness, the time of its duration, and how far the sick are from my apartment, and after that we must submit to his judgment."

The peace between England and France, however fatal in its terms to the cause of James II., was the means of renewing the suspended intercourse between him and his adherents, many of whom came to pay their homage to him and the queen, at St. Germain's, with as little regard to consequences as if it had been Whitehall. A still more numerous class, impelled by the natural propensity which has ever prevailed among the English to look at celebrated characters, flocked to every place where they thought they might get a peep at their exiled king and queen, and their children.

"Last Thursday, May 22, 1700," writes the British ambassador, the earl of Manchester, to the earl of Jersey, "was a great day here. The prince of Wales, as they call him, went in state to Nôtre Dame, and was received by the archbishop of Paris with the same honours as if the French king had been himself there. After mass, he was entertained by him ; and your lordship may easily imagine that all the English that are here ran to see him."¹

Mary Beatrice, writing to her friend at Chaillot on the same subject, after thanking her and the rest of the nuns for the prayers they had made for her son, during his preparation for one of the sacraments of their church, says, "That dear son, God be praised, appeared to me to make his first communion in very good dispositions. I could not restrain my tears when I witnessed it. I seem as if I had given him to God with my whole heart, and I entreat our heavenly Father only to permit him to live for his service, to honour and to love him. The child appears to be well resolved on that. He has assured me, 'that he would rather die than offend God mortally.' Let us all say, from the depths of our hearts, continue, O Lord, to work thus in him."²

¹ Cole's State Papers.

² Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot Collection.

The queen refers, in the same letter, with great satisfaction, to the religious impression that had lately been made on one of the young ladies in the convent of Chaillot:

"We must," she says, "entreat God for its continuance. Our mother, her mistress, and yourself, will have great merit in his sight on account of it, for that child has tried your patience and your charity, in the same manner as the little Strickland exercised that of others; and we have seen with our eyes the blessing of God on them both, for which may He be for ever praised, as well as for the cure of the king, which we may now call perfect, for the abscess is healed, and the gout is gone; but it will require time and repose to harden the skin, which is still very tender and delicate; but, with His patience, all will be well soon."¹

The death of the young duke of Gloucester, the only surviving child of the princess Anne of Denmark, which occurred August 12, 1700, appeared to remove a formidable rival from the path of the son of Mary Beatrice. The news of that event was known at St. Germain's two or three days before it was officially announced to the English ambassador, who was first apprised of it by one of his spies in the exiled court. This seems a confirmation of the assertion of Lamberty, that the princess Anne sent an express secretly to St. Germain's, to notify the death of her son to her injured father.

"In respect to the decease of the young prince," says Mary Beatrice, in allusion to that important event, in one of her confidential letters to Angelique, "that does not as yet produce any visible change, but it must, of necessity, in the sequel, and perhaps rather sooner than they think in France. We follow our good rule of keeping a profound silence, and put our hopes in God alone. Pray to him, my dear mother, that he will be himself our strength."

"There was to have been a great hunting on the plains of St. Denis for the prince of Wales," writes the earl of Manchester, "in order that the English here might have seen him; but, after this melancholy news, it was thought more decent to put it off"—a proof of respect, at any rate, on the part of the exiled king and queen, for the memory of his innocent rival, and of their consideration for the feelings of the princess Anne. Greatly were the outward and visible signs of respect paid by the court of France to the son of James II. augmented by the death of his nephew, Gloucester. "I shall only tell you," proceeds the earl of Manchester, "that the prince of Wales is to be at Fontainebleau for the first time, and an apartment is preparing for him." September 8th, Manchester writes, "that the court of St. Germain's is actually in mourning, except the king and queen. One of the cabinet there, was of opinion that they should be so far from expecting an official notification of the duke of Gloucester's death—that king James himself ought rather to notify it to all other princes." William's ambassador goes on to report that, "Sir John Parsons, of Rygate, (one of the London aldermen,) and his son, have both been to make their court to the late king and queen; and he (Parsons) says, 'he hopes to receive them when he is lord-mayor of

¹ Autograph letter of the queen of James II. to the abbess of Chaillot, in Archives au Royaume de France.

London,' which he pretends is his right next year. The court of France goes to Fontainebleau on the 23d instant, and the late king of England, and the prince of Wales, on the 27th. There are great numbers of English," continues his excellency, "and it is observed at St. Germain's, that they see every day new faces, who come to make their court there. There are a few of note who go; but I find some that come to me, and go there also."¹ Very accurate is the information of William's ambassador, as to the movements of the royal exiles of St. Germain's

The queen writes, on the 26th of September, to the abbess of Chaillot, to tell her that she had performed her devotions in preparation for her journey to Fontainebleau. "I renewed," says she, "my good resolutions, but, my God, how ill I keep them! Pray to Him, my dear mother, that I may begin to-day to be more faithful to him. Alas, it is fully time to be so, since I am at the close of my forty-second year!"²

"Here is a sentence," continues the queen, "which comes from the mind, the hand, and, I believe I may say, the heart of my son. Give it to father Raffron from me, and recommend us all to his prayers." Her reverence of Chaillot, in all probability, did as she was requested, for the paper written by the young prince is not with his royal mother's letter. We may suppose it was of a devotional character, for religion was the principal occupation of the exiled family:

"The king tells me," proceeds Mary Beatrice, "to inform our mother that he has sent her papers to the king, his brother, and that he has written two words with his own hand on the one for Chaillot. He recommends himself to the prayers of all the sisters, and to yours in particular."

This constant solicitation on the part of Mary Beatrice, for some temporal advantage for her friends at Chaillot, subjected her at last to a rude repulse from madame de Maintenon; for that lady, while her majesty was speaking to her on the subject, rose up abruptly and left the room,³ without troubling herself to return an answer. Mary Beatrice did not condescend to resent her ill-manners, though, in one of her letters to the abbess of Chaillot, she expresses herself with some indignation at her breach of courtesy. Her majesty was impolitic enough to endeavour to carry her point by a personal appeal to Louis XIV., and was unsuccessful. "I acquitted myself," she says, in one of her letters, "as far as was possible of the commission with which our dear mother had charged me, and which I undertook with pleasure, but I must confess to you, that the king replied very coldly, and would scarcely allow me to speak thereupon. I had, however, sufficient courage to tell him a good deal of what I had purposed. I obliged him to answer me once or twice, but not in the manner I could have wished. He afterwards inquired after you. I told him, you had been much distressed that his majesty could believe that the daughters of Chaillot had wished to deceive him; to which he frankly replied, 'Oh, I have never believed that;'

¹ Cole's State Papers.

² Autograph letter of the queen of James II. to madame Priolo, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

³ Ibid

and then he appeared as if he would have been glad to change the conversation; and I had not the boldness to prevent him a second time.”

The poor queen showed little tact in importuning the fastidious and ease-loving prince, so perseveringly on a subject which appeared disagreeable to him. In this letter she begs her friend not to mention her having related the particulars of her conversation with Louis, as it might be taken amiss by him and madame de Maintenon:

After having importuned madame de Maintenon for several years about the Chaillot business, till she obtained at last the object of her petition, Mary Beatrice, with strange inconsistency, forgot to express her personal thanks to that powerful mover of the secret councils of Versailles, for the favour she had rendered to her protégés at her solicitation. Her majesty writes to the abbess of Chaillot, in a tone of consternation, about this omission:—

“You are already acquainted,” she says, “with what I am about to tell you; for it is impossible but that M. de M—— must have expressed her surprise to you that I conversed with her an hour and a half, the other day, without so much as mentioning the favours that she had obtained for you of the king, having been so full of thankfulness on my own account, two days before. I, however, avow this to you, and entreat your forgiveness, as I have done to herself, in a letter which I have just been writing to her. It seems to me,” continues her majesty, “that when we have the misfortune to commit faults, the best thing we can do is to repent of them, confess them, and endeavour, as far as we can, to repair them. Send me word,” she says, in conclusion, “when you would like best that I should come and see you, and what day you would wish to see my son.”

On the day of the assumption, 1700, the queen attended the services of her church in the convent of Chaillot. Her majesty was accompanied by king James and their son; she presented them both to the abbess and the nuns. In the circular letter of Chaillot for that year, the holy ladies give the following description of the disinherited heir of Great Britain. “He is one of the finest and best made princes of his age, and he has the most beautiful and happy countenance in the world; he has much wit, and is lively, bold, and most agreeable. He greatly resembles the queen, his mother, and is also like the late king Charles, his uncle.”

Portraits and medals of their son were sent by the deposed king and queen this year, not only to their adherents in England, but, in many instances, to noble families opposed in principles,¹ to show them how decidedly nature had vindicated his descent, by stamping his countenance, not only with the unmistakable lineaments of a royal Stuart, but with a striking resemblance of the kindred Bourbons, Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. We trace it even in the smiling, dimpled face he shows in his eighth year, as may be seen by the original portrait in the marquis of Breadalbane’s collection at Holyrood. His visit to Fontainebleau gave great pleasure to the young prince, and to his fond mother also, whose maternal pride was, of course, highly gratified at the caresses that were lavished on her son, and the admiration which his beauty and graceful

¹ “Seven thousand medals of the pretended prince of Wales are to be stamped by Rottier, who is here, and sent to captain Chieney, who formerly lived at Hackney, but is now in some part of Kent.”—Despatches of the earl of Manchester, August, 1700.

manner excited. "My son," she says to her friend at Chaillot, "is charmed with Fontainebleau. They would make us believe that they are delighted with him. It is true, that for the first time, he has done well enough. Your great king has surpassed himself in goodness and cordiality to us. Pray God to recompense him for it, even in this life."¹

The death of his nephew, William duke of Gloucester, who was only one year younger than the son of Mary Beatrice and James II., appeared to have placed that prince in a more favourable position than he had occupied since he had been deprived of his place in the royal succession. The decease of William III. was confidently expected to precede that of king James, who was accustomed to say, "that he would embark for England the instant the news of that event reached him, though three men should not follow him."²

Mary Beatrice was with her husband, king James, again at Fontainebleau, in October, on a visit to the French court. She writes to her friend at Chaillot, on the 13th of the month, in a more lively strain than usual. "I have never," she says, "had such good health at Fontainebleau as this year. The king, my husband, has also been perfectly well. He has been hunting almost every day, and is growing fat. We have had the most beautiful weather in the world. The king (Louis), as usual, lavished upon us a thousand marks of his goodness, and of the most cordial regard, which has given us the utmost pleasure. The whole of his royal family followed his example, and so did all his court. To God alone be the honour and glory."³ Two public events, of some importance, are next mentioned by her majesty in this letter: "At length," says she, "our good father (the pope) is dead, and the poor king of Spain also; the news arrived yesterday at Fontainebleau two hours after our departure. They had been three days expecting momentarily this event. * * I found my children, God be thanked! in perfect health on my return yesterday evening at half-past seven; they told me that you had not forgotten them during our absence. I thank our mother, all our sisters, and you, for it with all my heart."

The queen's preservation from a frightful peril, in which she was involved during her recent visit to the French court, excites all the natural enthusiasm of her character. "I experienced," she says, "when at Fontainebleau, the succour of the holy angels, whom you have invoked for me; for one evening, while I was saying my prayers, I set fire to my night cornettes, which were burned to the very cap, without singeing a single hair." These cornettes were three high, narrow stages of lace, stiffened very much, and supported on wires, placed upright from the brow, one above the other, like a helmet, with the vizzor up, only composed of point or Brussels lace, and with lappets descending on either side. A lady stood small chance, indeed, of her life, if such a structure ignited on her head; therefore some allowance must be made

¹ Autograph letters of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² Stuart Papers in Macpherson.

³ Autograph letters of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France.

for the pious consort of James II., imputing, not only her escape, but the wonderful preservation of her jetty tresses, under those circumstances, to the friendly intervention of the guardian angels, whom the holy *mère d'oposee* of the convent of Chaillot had been endeavouring to interest in her favour. The fashion of the cornettes was introduced by madame de Maintenon, and was invariably adopted by ladies of all ages though becoming to very few, from the ungraceful height it imparted to the forehead. Mary Beatrice not only wore the cornette head-tire both by day and night herself, but had her beautiful little girl, the princess Louisa, dressed in this absurd fashion when but four years old, as may be seen in a charming print in possession of Kirkpatrick Sharp, Esq., from the original picture of the royal children at play, in the parterre at St. Germain's. The infantine innocence and arch expression of the smiling babe, who, hand in hand with the prince, her brother, is in eager pursuit of a butterfly, give a droll effect to the formal appendage of Brussels lace cornettes, and lappets, on the little head.

The following letter was written by the young princess, when in her eighth year, to the queen, her mother, during a temporary absence from St. Germain's:—

“Madame,

“I hope that this letter will find your majesty in as good health as when I left you. I am at present quite well, but I was very tired after my journey. I am very glad to learn from my brother that you are well. I desire extremely your majesty's return, which I hope will be to-morrow evening, between seven and eight o'clock. M. Caryl begs me to inquire of you if I ought to sign my letter to the nuncio ‘Louise Marie, P.’ I am impatient to learn if you have had any tidings of the king.

“I am, madame,

“Your majesty's very humble and obedient daughter,

“LOUISE MARIE.”

“St. G., this 21st of May, 1700.”

Some secret intrigue appears to have been on foot at this time, for the purpose of inducing the son of James II. and Mary Beatrice to undertake the desperate enterprise of effecting a landing in some part of England, unknown to his royal parents, if any credit is to be attached to the following mysterious passage in one of the earl of Manchester's ambassadorial reports, dated December 11th:—

“I cannot tell from whence they have, at St. Germain's, an apprehension that the P. (Prince of Wales) will be carried away into England, with his own consent; and upon this, they have increased his guards. Whereas formerly he had six, he has now fourteen. They think their game so very sure, that there is no occasion he should take such a step.”

If such a scheme were in agitation, it is possible that it originated with some of the Scotch magnates, who were anxious to defeat the project of the union, which was then contemplated by William. The notorious Simon Fraser, generally styled lord Lovat, made his appearance at the court of St. Germain's, about this time, with offers of services, which, in consequence of the horror expressed by Mary Beatrice for his

* The original autograph is in French, written in a child's large-text hand, between ruled lines. It is preserved in the Chaillot Collection.

general conduct and character, were rejected, and he received an intimation that his presence was unwelcome. It would have been well for the cause of the exiled family if, after James's death, she had continued to act according to her first impression regarding this unprincipled adventurer. If any judgment may be formed from the secret correspondence of the nobility and landed gentry, of Great Britain with the court of St. Germain, it should seem that nearly the whole of Ireland, and a closely-balanced moiety of the people of England, weary of the oppressive taxation of the Dutch sovereign, sighed for the restoration of a dynasty, who, whatever were its faults, did not needlessly involve the realm in expensive continental wars, to the ruin of commerce and the decay of trade. In Scotland the burden of the popular song—

"There 's nae luck about the house, there 's nae luck at a',
There 's meikle pleasure in the house, while our good man 's awa',"

is well known to have borne a significant allusion to the absence of the deposed sovereign.

The wisdom of the proverbial sarcasm, "Defend me from my friends, and I will take care of my enemies," was never more completely exemplified than in the case of king James. A letter, written by his former minister, the earl of Melfort, to his brother, the duke of Perth, stating, "that there was a powerful party in Scotland ready to rise in favour of the exiled sovereign, and that it was fully the intention of that prince to re-establish the Roman-catholic religion in England," being intercepted, was communicated by king William to parliament, and, of course, did more injury to the cause of the royal Stuarts than anything that could have been devised by their foes. The king and queen were greatly annoyed, and Melfort was banished to Angers; but the mischief was irrecoverable.

In the midst of the vexation caused by this annoying business to the king and queen, James was seized with an alarming fit of that dreadful constitutional malady, sanguineous apoplexy, of which he had manifested the first symptoms at the period of the Revolution. The attack, on this occasion, appears to have been produced by agitation of mind, under the following affecting circumstances: their majesties were attending divine service in the chapel royal at St. Germain, on Friday, March 4th, 1711—the anthem for that day being from the first and second verses of the last chapter of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, "Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us: consider and behold our approach; our inheritance is turned to strangers, our houses to aliens."

These words, so applicable to his own case, touched too powerful a chord in the mind of the fallen monarch. His enfeebled frame was unable to support the climax of agonizing associations which they recalled; a torrent of blood gushed from his mouth and nose; he fainted, and was carried out of the chapel in a state of insensibility. A report of his death was generally circulated.¹ The terror and distress of the poor queen may readily be imagined; but she had acquired, during long years of adversity, the needful virtue of the patient heroine of domestic life, the

¹ Somer's Tracts. Stuart Papers.

power of controlling her own feelings for the sake of ministering to the sufferings of the beloved partner of her trials. Very touching is the account given by Mary Beatrice to her friend, Angelique Priolo, in a letter, dated December 13th, of the sufferings of her unfortunate consort, and her own despondence during her anxious attendance in his sick chamber.

"I seize this moment," she says, "while the king sleeps, to write a word to you by his bed-side. I have read your letter to him, and he has charged me to return his thanks to you, holy mother, and to all the sisters, for your prayers, and for the part you take in his illness, which is not painful, but I fear dangerous; for he is extremely weak in the right hand and leg, which threatens paralysis; his other hand is not affected, God be thanked, but he trembles with apprehension, lest it should mount to his head. I suffer far more than he does, from the anticipation of greater sufferings for him; and, throwing myself at the foot of the Cross, my heart seems to tell me that this is not enough, for that it is the will of God that it should be pierced with a terrible wound." The dread that the beloved of her heart would be taken from her with a stroke, fills her soul with unutterable anguish as a woman; but, as a Christian, she submits, and only seeks to obtain the grace of resignation: "You know my weakness, my dear mother, and my little virtue, and therefore you may judge better than any other person the extreme need I have of prayers. I do not ask anything in particular; for I feel no want of my former faith in devotion, but only a public desire to be able to conform myself to the will of God. I request only the fervent prayers of my dear mother and all our sisters, and of the other monastery I ask yours, my good mother, who suffer for me and with me, and who know well the sad state in which I find myself. I do not hope to see you during the holy week; but we will be found at the foot of that Cross, whither our crosses should be borne."¹

The apprehensions entertained by the anxious consort of James, that he was threatened with an attack of paralysis, were fully realized; and, as a last resource, he was ordered to the baths of Bourbon. "The late king," says William's ambassador, the earl of Manchester, in his official report of the 16th, "is very ill, having had a second fit of apoplexy,"² which was violent, and has taken away the use of his limbs on one side of him." In another despatch, dated 26th, his excellency gives the following particulars to secretary Vernon of the melancholy state of their old master, of whose sufferings he invariably writes with more than diplomatic hardness: "What I wrote concerning James was a true account, which you may judge by his intending to go to Bourbon in November next. He is far from being well, and is very much broke of late, so that some think he cannot last long. His stay at Bourbon will be of three weeks. He is to be eleven days in going, and as long coming

¹ Archives au Royaume, &c.

² The ambassador uses this word erroneously, two or three times, instead of paralysis. Several of the fits with which James was attacked, during the *ex montis* of his life, were epileptic.

back. They intend to pump his right arm, which he has lost the use of, and he is to bathe and drink the waters."

The anguish of the poor queen was increased by the misery of pecuniary distress at this anxious period, having no funds for the journey, she was compelled to appeal to Louis XIV., for a charitable supply. "They desired," says the earl of Manchester, "but 30,000 livres of the French court for this journey, which was immediately sent them in gold. I don't know but they may advise him after that to a hotter climate, which may be convenient enough on several accounts. In short, his senses and his memory are very much decayed, and I believe a few months will carry him off." Very kind attention and much sympathy were shown to James and his queen, on this occasion, by Louis XIV. He sent Fagon, his chief physician, to attend him at Bourbon, and charged d'Urfe to go with them, to pay all the expenses of the journey, and to arrange that they were treated with the same state as if it had been himself, although they had entreated that they might be permitted to dispense with all ceremonies.¹

The waters and baths of Bourbon were, at that era, regarded as the most sovereign panacea in the world for paralytic affections and gout. King James, who was fully aware that he was hastening to the tomb, was only induced to undertake the journey by the tender importunity of his consort. They bade adieu to their children, and left St. Germain on the 5th of April, proceeding no farther than Paris the first day. Even that short distance, sixteen miles, greatly fatigued the king. They slept at the house of their old friend, the duke de Lauzun, where several persons of quality from England, who were then in Paris, came privily to inquire after king James's health, and to kiss his hand and that of his queen. So closely, however, were their proceedings watched by William's ambassador, that the intelligence, together with the initials of the names of the parties, was transmitted to the secretary of state in London.² The following day, their majesties had a meeting with Louis XIV. at the Louvre, and attended mass at Notre Dame. King James, says our authority, walked without much difficulty, aided by the supporting arm of his faithful queen, who was constantly at his side.³

Among the papers at the Hotel de Soubise, are letters from various ecclesiastics to the queen's friend, La Mère Priolo, tracing the progress of their journey to the baths of Bourbon, in which they made stages from one convent to another. The nature of this correspondence makes it overloaded with the details of catholic observances, which afford little satisfaction to those interested in historical research. Here and there, however, are a few biographical notices. The queen was a little overpowered by the odour of the pastilles burnt at the high mass; but she told the writer, "she was quite ashamed of this weakness, which had not thus affected her for a long time."

The tender and devoted affection of Mary Beatrice for her unfortunate consort is simply and touchingly manifested in a letter which she ad

¹ St. Simon, vol. iii., pp. 93, 94.

² Despatches of the earl of Manchester

³ Inedited letter de l'Abbé de Roguette, dated May 2, 1701. Archives au Roy
à Paris, &c., Hotel de Soubise.

dressed, on the 20th of April, to her friend, madame Priolo, after they had accomplished their long weary journey to the baths of Bourbon. The king was better, and her heart overflows with thankfulness to God and an unwonted strain of cheerfulness pervades her paper: "Bourbon, 20th April.—At last, my dear mother," she says, "we arrived at this place on the fourteenth day after our departure from St. Germain, without any accident. God be thanked, the king is much better! he has had a little gout, which is now gone; his hand and knee are gaining strength. He eats and sleeps well, and I hope that we shall bring him back in perfect health. If God should grant us this mercy, instead of complaining of the journey, which I have assuredly found very long and uncomfortable, I shall call it the most agreeable, and the happiest I have made in all my life. With regard to myself, too, I ought not to complain, for I am so well that I am astonished at it. Assist me, my dear mother, in rendering thanks to God for his mercy, in sustaining me in all the various states in which it has pleased him to place me, and beseech him to grant me the grace to be more faithful and grateful to him."¹

The British ambassador had accurate information, meantime, of the minutest particulars relating to the proceedings of Mary Beatrice and her suffering lord. In a despatch dated April 20th, he says: "The late king has the gout at Bourbon, so cannot drink the waters." Mary Beatrice, in her letter of the same date, mentions her visits to the nuns of Montargis, and other religious communities, being aware that such matters would prove of greater interest to her friends at Chaillot, than details of the company whom she met at the baths of Bourbon, or the business of the great world:—"I have been much pleased with our sisters of Montargis, and above all, with the good mother, with whom I appeared to be well acquainted, from the love I bear to her sister, whom she much resembles. They have also a *Deposée*, who appears to have some merit. These of Nevers gave me your dear letter. There was such a crowd when I received it, that I was not able to look over it, as I could have wished, but the little I saw pleased me much. Our poor sisters of Moulins I have not seen, because we were taken by another road, at which I was much vexed, but, if it pleased God, before I quit this place, I will go one day to see them, express. To-day they have sent their confessor to signify their chagrin at not having seen me."²

From an inedited letter of the superior, in the Archives au Royaume de France, it appears that Mary Beatrice and her consort visited that convent the day before the festival of the holy Trinity. The queen edified all the religieuses by the humility with which she followed the processions of that festival, on foot, "without *parasol*,"³ squire, or trainbearer, with a taper in her hand. The angelic modesty of her countenance made her the admiration of all beholders." The king was unable to

¹ Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot MS.

² *Ibid.*

³ This remark proves that this article of luxury was in use in Louis XIV.'s reign.

walk without the supporting arm of his faithful consort, but he viewed the procession from a balcony. "We have had five queens here," says the superior of Moulins, "whom I remember very well, but not one comparable to this; every one is equally charmed and edified with her." From this correspondence, it appears that the waters and baths of Bourbon freed king James's arm from the rheumatic gout, and enabled him to walk and speak with less difficulty, instances of amendment which prove how deeply he had been afflicted. The personal attentions of the queen to her suffering husband are mentioned with admiration by the writers of the numerous packets of letters from which we have gleaned this intelligence. Such instances of humanity and affectionate duty can be appreciated by every one; those who would turn away with disgust from the processions and trifling observances with which these letters are loaded, can appreciate the fond wife and devoted nurse.

The effect of the waters of Bourbon was so beneficial to king James, that, contrary to all expectation, he was able to commence his journey to St. Germain on the 4th of June. The queen, on her return from the baths of Bourbon, visited the convent of nuns in the town called La Charité, on the Loire. She could not help, as she told her ladies afterwards, observing the extreme poverty of the nuns. They told her "that this was occasioned by robbers, who often came and pillaged them of all that they possessed; but of late they had kept a rifle always loaded, in order to fire if the bandits came," which, indeed, the queen added, "that she had noticed, and had remarked to herself, that it was strange to see such a weapon in a cell of nuns." It does not appear whether the poor ladies ever fired the rifle; perhaps it was merely hung up in *terrorem*.¹ The queen writes from Montargis the following cheering account of king James's health:—"We are now within three days' journey of Paris, in good health, thank God! The king gains strength every day, and they assure us that, after a few days of rest, he will find himself much better than he has yet done. He has a very good appearance: he eats well, and sleeps very well; he walks much better, and has begun to write. It is a great change for the better. I am persuaded that the prayers of Chaillot, and of almost all our holy institutions, have contributed more to it than the waters. God be praised for it, for ever." The queen, in her postscript, adds: "I must not forget to tell you that it will be impossible to stop at Chaillot at all, for the Tuesday, the last day of our journey, we have arranged to go straight by d'Essone to St. Germain, having, as you may believe, some impatience to embrace my dear children."²

During her anxious attendance on her sick consort at Bourbon, Mary Beatrice, from time to time, sent messengers to St. Germain, to inquire after the health and welfare of her children, who remained there under the care of the duke of Perth and the countess of Middleton. Very constant and dutiful had the prince and his little sister been in their correspondence with their royal parents, at this period of unwonted separation

¹ Autograph letter of the queen of James II. in the Archives au Joyseume de France. Chaillot MS.

² *Ibid.*

A packet of their simple little letters to the queen is still preserved among more important documents of the exiled Stuarts, in the *Archive au Royaume de France*, in Paris, containing interesting evidence of the strong ties of natural affection by which the hearts of this unfortunate family were entwined together. Mary Beatrice and James arrived at St. Germain's in time for the celebration of the birthday fêtes of their son and daughter. The prince completed his thirteenth year on the 10th of June, and the princess her ninth on the 28th of the same month. Visits of congratulation were paid by the king of France, and all the members of the royal family, to the king and queen, on their return from Bourbon. Though Louis XIV. had been compelled to recognise William III. as king of Great Britain, he continued to treat the deposed king and queen with the same punctilious attention to all the ceremonials of state, as if they had retained their regality. When the young duke of Anjou, his grandson, was declared king of Spain, he sent his first equerry to announce the fact to them, and he treated the new monarch precisely with the same honours as he did king James, taking care to avoid the slightest misunderstanding, by never allowing them to meet in his presence, as he considered each entitled to the honour of a fauteuil on his right hand; which it was impossible both could have at the same time. The young king of Spain visited James and his queen at St. Germain's, and they returned his visits at Versailles.

The improvement in the health of her beloved consort, during their late visit at Bourbon, which had filled the heart of Mary Beatrice with false hopes of his ultimate recovery, was but of temporary duration. The British ambassador, who kept, through his spies at St. Germain's, a close watch on the symptoms of his deposed sovereign, gives the following account of his state in a despatch dated June 15:—"King James is so decayed in his senses that he takes care of nothing, all things going direct to the queen. They were both yesterday at Versailles to wait on the king, but they did not come till after five, so that I was gone."¹ The decay of king James's senses, of which his former liegeman speaks, was a failure of his physical powers, which had, as before noticed, been brought too early into action. Edward the Black Prince, John of Gaunt, Henry IV., and Henry VII., men of far greater natural talents than James II., all died in a pitiable state of mental atrophy, prematurely worn out, the victims of their precocious exertions. In addition to this cause, James had been heavily visited, in the last fourteen years of his life, with a burden of sorrow such as few princes have been doomed to bear. Calumniated, betrayed, and driven from his throne, into exile and poverty, by his loved and fondly cherished daughters, the heart of the modern Lear of British history had, of course, been wrung with pangs no less bitter than those which that great master of the human heart, Shakespeare, has portrayed, goading the outraged king and father to madness; but James bore his wrongs with the patience of a Christian, and instead of raving or "foul, unnatural hags," and invoking the vengeance of Heaven on one and both of them, like the hero of the tragedy, he be

¹ Cole's State Papers.

sought daily of God to pardon them. He was encouraged in his placable feelings by his consort, for Mary Beatrice, deeply as she had been injured by her step-daughters and their husbands, never spoke an angry word of either, but was accustomed to check her ladies if they began to inveigh against them. "As we cannot speak of them with praise," she would say, "we will not make them a subject of discourse, since it only creates irritation, and gives rise to feelings that cannot be pleasing to God. Let us rather look closely to ourselves, and endeavour to avoid those faults which we see in others."¹

Although a few fond superstitions, the result of education and association with her conventual friends, now and then peep out in the letters of Mary Beatrice, the fervency and depth of her piety and love of God, her patience and resignation under all her trials and afflictions, and her charitable forbearance from reviling those who had so cruelly injured and calumniated her, prove her to have been a sincere Christian. In one of her letters to her friend, Angelique Priolo, she says that she supplicates the God of all consolation to fill her heart with his holy love, and then to do what He would with her; "for I believe," continues she, "that a heart full of divine love is at peace and content in every kind of state, and cannot be otherwise than well. This is the only thing I would pray you to ask for me, my dear mother. It is the sole thing needful, without which one cannot be happy, either in this world or in the other; and with which, all that the world calls misfortunes and disgrace cannot render one miserable. I believe this as firmly as if I had experienced it myself, although, in truth, I have never felt an approach to it for instead of doing all for love, I do all perforce. God knows it, and you may comprehend it well; and therefore I am sure, my dear mother that you will pity me and pray for me."

King James's sands of life were now ebbing fast. The earl of Manchester, in a despatch dated July 13th, says, "The late king was taken with another fit of apoplexy, and it was thought he would not have lived half an hour. His eyes were fixed, and I hear yesterday he was ill again. He is so ill decayed, that, by every post, you may expect to hear of his death." The skill of Fagon, who remained in constant attendance, and the tender care of his conjugal nurse, assisted the naturally strong constitution of James to make a second rally. He crept out once more, on fine sunny days, in the parterre, supported by the arm of his royal helpmate, accompanied by their children, and attended by the faithful adherents who formed their little court. Sometimes his majesty felt strong enough to extend his walk as far as the terrace of St. Germain's, which, with its forest background and rich prospect over the valley of the Seine, bore a tantalizing resemblance to the unforgotten scenery of Richmond hill and the Thames, with the heights of Windsor in the distance. The eyes of Mary Beatrice were at times perhaps suffused with unbidden tears at the remembrances they recalled; but the thoughts, the hopes, the desires of the dying king, her husband, were fixed on

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Esté, in the Archives du Royaume de France.

brighter realms. He who had learned to thank God for having deprived him of three crowns, that He might lead him through the chastening paths of sorrow to a heavenly inheritance, regarded the kingdoms of this world and their glories, with the eye of one who stands on the narrow verge between time and eternity.

The terrace of St. Germain's was a public promenade, and many of the English who visited France, after the peace of Ryswick, incurred the risk of being treated as Jacobites, on their return home, by resorting thither. Some, doubtless, sought that prohibited spot to gratify a sort of lingering affection for James and his queen, which they dared not acknowledge even to themselves; but the greater number came for the indulgence of their idle curiosity to see the exiled court. Few even of the latter class, however, except the hireling spies of the Dutch cabinet, who were always loitering in the crowd, could behold without feelings allied to sympathy, the wasted form of him who had been their king, bowed earthward with sorrow rather than with years, his feeble steps supported by his pale, anxious consort, their once beautiful queen; her eyes bent with fond solicitude on his face, or turned with appealing glances from him to any of their former subjects whom she recognised, and then with mute eloquence directing their attention to her son. It was not every one who could resist her silent pleading; and it is noticed by lord Manchester, that the hopes of the Jacobites of St. Germain's of the restoration of the royal family, were never more sanguine than at that period, when everything in the shape of business was transacted by the queen.

The tender solicitude of Mary Beatrice for her children, led her to bestow much of her personal attention on them when they were ill. On one occasion, when they were both confined to their chambers with severe colds, she describes herself as "going from one to the other all day long."¹ The early deaths of her three elder children rendered her naturally apprehensive lest these beloved ones should also be snatched away; yet her maternal hopes were so confidently fixed on her son, that one day, when he was so seriously ill that apprehensions were entertained for his life, she said, "God, who has given him to me, will, I hope, preserve him to me. I doubt not that he will rule, one day, on the throne of his fathers. God can never permit the legitimate line of princes to fail." It was the personal influence of the woman, a queen now only in name, that gave vitality to the Stuart cause, at a time when every passing day brought king James nearer to the verge of the tomb. It was her impassioned pleading, that, enlisting the dauphin and his generous son, the duke of Burgundy, and madame de Maintenon on her side, obtained from Louis XIV. the solemn promise of recognising her son's claim to the style and title of king of England, when his father should be no more.²

King James continued to linger through the summer, and was occasionally strong enough to mount his horse. Mary Beatrice began to

¹ Inedited Letters of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France
² Earl of Manchester's Despatches, in Cole.

flatter herself with hopes of his recovery; and weary as he was of the turmoil of the world, there were yet strong ties to bind him to an existence that was endeared by the affection of a partner who, crushed as he was with sorrow, sickness, and infirmity, continued, after a union of nearly eight-and-twenty years, to love him with the same impassioned fondness as in the first years of their marriage. It was hard to part with her and their children, the lovely, promising, and dutiful children of his old age, whom nature had apparently so well qualified to adorn that station of which his rash and ill-advised proceedings had been the means of depriving them. A political crisis of great importance appeared to be at hand. The days of his rival, William III., were numbered as well as his own; both were labouring under incurable maladies; the race of life, even then, was closely matched between them; and if James ever desired a lengthened existence, it was that, for the sake of his son, he might survive William, fancying—fond delusion—that his daughter Anne would not dare to contest the throne with him. The clear-sighted diplomatist who represented William at the court of France, feeling the importance of a close attention to the chances in a game that was arriving at so nice a point, kept too keen a watch on the waning light of his old master's lamp of life to be deceived by its occasional flashes. In his despatch of the 31st of August, 1701, he says, 'The late king hopes still to go to Fontainebleau, but I know this court will prevent it, because he might very likely die there, which would be inconvenient.'¹

The event alluded to in these humane terms, appears to have been hastened by a recurrence of the same incident which caused king James's first severe stroke of apoplexy in the preceding spring. On Friday, September 2d, while he was at mass in the chapel-royal, the choir unfortunately sung the fatal anthem again, "Lord, remember what is come upon us; consider and behold our reproach," &c. The same agonizing chord was touched as on the former occasion, with a similar effect. He sank into the arms of the queen, in a swoon, and was carried from the chapel into his chamber in a state of insensibility. After a time, suspended animation was restored; but the fit returned upon him with greater violence. "A most afflicting sight," says the continuator of his memoirs, "for his most disconsolate queen, into whose arms he fell the second time."²

Mary Beatrice had acquired sufficient firmness in the path of duty to be able to control her own agonies on this occasion, for the sake of the beloved object of her solicitude. She had inherited from her mother the qualifications of a skillful nurse, and her queenly rank had never elevated her above the practical duties of the conjugal character. She could not deceive herself as to the mournful truth which the looks of all around her proclaimed; and her own sad heart assured her that the dreaded moment of separation between them was at hand. Contrary, however, to all expectation, nature made another rally; her husband recovered

¹ Earl of Manchester's Despatches, in Cole.

² Life of James II., from the Stuart Papers, edited by Stanier Clark, *Historique* to George IV.

from his long death-like swoon, and, all the following day, appeared better; but he, looking death steadily in the face, sent for his confessor on the Sunday morning, and had just finished his general confession when he was seized with another fit, which lasted so long, that every one believed him to be dead. His teeth being forced open, a frightful hæmorrhage of blood took place—a recurrence for the third time, only in a more aggravated form, of the symptoms of sanguineous apoplexy with which he was threatened when with the army at Salisbury, and which so effectually fought the battles of his foes against him, by precluding him from the possibility of either bodily or mental exertion.

The distress and terror of the queen nearly overpowered her on this occasion, but she struggled with the weakness of her sex, and refused to leave her suffering husband in his extremity. James himself was calm and composed, and as soon as the hæmorrhage could be stopped, expressed a wish to receive the last rites of his church; but said he would see his children first, and sent for his son. The young prince, when he entered the chamber and saw the pale, deathlike countenance of his father, and the bed all covered with blood, gave way to a passionate burst of grief, in which every one else joined except the dying king, who appeared perfectly serene. When the prince approached the bed, he extended his arms to embrace him, and addressed his last admonition to him in these impressive words, which, notwithstanding the weakness and exhaustion of sinking nature, were uttered with a fervour and a solemnity that astonished every one:¹

“I am now leaving this world, which has been to me a sea of storms and tempests, it being God Almighty’s will to wean me from it by many great afflictions. Serve Him with all your power, and never put the crown of England in competition with your eternal salvation. There is no slavery like sin, nor no liberty like his service. If his holy Providence shall think fit to seat you on the throne of your royal ancestors, govern your people with justice and clemency. Remember, kings are not made for themselves, but for the good of the people. Set before their eyes, in your own actions, a pattern of all manner of virtues. Consider them as your children; you are the child of vows and prayers, behave yourself accordingly. Honour your mother, that your days may be long; and be always a kind brother to your dear sister, that you may reap the blessings of concord and unity.”²

Those who were about the king, apprehending that the excitement of continuing to speak long and earnestly on subjects of so agitating a nature, would be too much for his exhausted frame, suggested that the prince had better now withdraw; at which his majesty was troubled, and said, “Do not take my son away from me till I have given him my blessing at least.”

The little princess Louisa was brought to the bedside of her dying father, bathed in tears, to receive, in her turn, all that Heaven had left it in the power of the unfortunate James to bestow on his children, by

¹ Life of James II., from the Stuart Papers.

² Scmer’s Tracts, vol. xi., p. 342.

Mary Beatrice—his paternal benediction and advice. It was perhaps a harder trial for James to part with this daughter than with his son; she was the child of his old age, the joy of his dark and wintry years. He had named her *La Consolatrice* when he first looked upon her, and she had, even when in her nurse's arms, manifested an extraordinary affection for him. She was one of the most beautiful children in the world, and her abilities were of a much higher order than those of her brother. Reflective and intelligent beyond her tender years, her passionate sorrow showed how deeply she was touched by the sad state in which she saw her royal father, and that she comprehended only too well the calamity that impended over her. "Adieu, my dear child," said James, after he had embraced and blessed her, "adieu; serve your Creator in the days of your youth. Consider virtue as the greatest ornament of your sex. Follow close the steps of that great pattern of it, your mother, who has been no less than myself overclouded with calumnies; but Time, the mother of Truth, will, I hope, at last make her virtues shine as bright as the sun."¹

This noble tribute of the dying consort of Mary Beatrice to her moral worth, doubly affecting from the circumstances under which it was spoken, is the more interesting, because the prediction it contained is fulfilled by the discovery and publication of documents verifying the integrity of her life and actions, and exposing the baseness of the motives which animated the hireling scribblers of a party to calumniate her.

The observation of human life, as well as the research of those writers who, taking nothing on trust, are at the trouble of first searching out and then investigating evidences, will generally prove that railing accusations are rather indicative of the baseness of the persons who make them, than of want of worth in those against whom they are brought.

James did not confine his death-bed advice to his children; he exhorted his servants and friends to forsake sin, and lead holy and Christian lives, and tried to persuade his principal minister of state, the earl of Middleton, to embrace the doctrines of the church of Rome. After he had received the last sacraments of that church from the curé of St Germain's, he told him that he wished to be buried privately in his parish church, with no other monumental inscription than these words, "Here lies James, king of Great Britain." He declared himself in perfect charity with all the world; and, lest his declaration that he forgave all his enemies from the bottom of his heart should be considered too general, he named his son-in-law, the prince of Orange, and the princess Anne of Denmark, his daughter.

All this while, the poor queen, who had never quitted him for a moment, being unable to support herself, had sunk down upon the ground by his bedside, in much greater anguish than he, and with almost as little signs of life. James was sensibly touched to see her in such excessive grief, and seemed to suffer more on that account than any other. He tried all he could to comfort her, and to persuade her to resign herself to the will of God in this as in all her other trials, but none had ap-

¹ Somer's Tracts, vol. ii., p. 342.

peared to Mary Beatrice so hard as this, and she remained inconsolable till, a visible improvement taking place in the king's symptoms, she began to flatter herself that his case was not desperate.¹ James passed a better night, and the next day Louis XIV. came to visit him; he would not suffer his coach to drive into the court, lest the noise should disturb his dying kinsman, but alighted at the iron gates the same as others. James received him with the same ease and composure as though nothing extraordinary were the matter. Louis had a long private conference with Mary Beatrice, for whom he testified the greatest sympathy and consideration. On the following Sunday, his majesty of France paid a second visit, and the whole of that day the chamber of king James was thronged with a succession of visitors of distinction, who came to harass him and the queen with complimentary marks of attention on this occasion. No wonder that he sank in a state of exhaustion on the following day, that his fever returned and all hopes of his recovering vanished.²

When this last fatal change appeared, the queen, who was as usual by his bedside, gave way to an irrepressible burst of anguish. This distressed the king, who said to her, "Do not afflict yourself—I am going, I hope to be happy." "I doubt it not," she replied; "it is not for your condition I lament, but for my own," and then her grief overpowering her, she appeared ready to faint away, which he perceiving, entreated of her to retire, and bade those who were near him lead her to her chamber.³ The sight of her grief was the only thing that shook the firmness with which he was passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death. As soon as the queen had withdrawn, James requested that the prayers for a departing soul should be read to him and for him, in which he joined with unaffected devotion. Meantime, Mary Beatrice having recovered herself a little, was only prevented, by the injunctions of her spiritual director, and the consciousness that worn out as she was by grief and watching, she would be unable to command her feelings, from returning to her wonted station by the pillow of her dying lord. But, though she was not permitted to be present visibly, she came softly round by the backstairs, and knelt, unseen, in a closet behind the alcove of the bed, where she could hear every word and every sigh that was uttered by that dear object of her love, which for upwards of seven and twenty years had been the absorbing principle of her existence. In that unsuspected retreat, Mary Beatrice remained for several hours, listening with breathless anxiety to every sound and every motion in the alcove. If she heard the king cough, or groan, her heart was pierced at the thought of his sufferings, and that she was no longer permitted to support and soothe him; and if all were silent, she dreaded that he had ceased to breathe. James sunk into a sort of lethargy, giving, for several days, little consciousness of life, except when prayers were read to him, when, by the expression of his countenance, and the motion of his lips, it was plain that he prayed also.⁴

¹ Life of James II., from the Stuart Papers.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Circular Letter of the convent of Chaillot on the death of Mary Beatrice of Modena, late queen of England.

Meantime, the momentous question of what should be done with regard to acknowledging the claims of the youthful son of James II. and Mary Beatrice, to the title of king of Great Britain, after the decease of the deposed monarch, was warmly debated in the cabinet council of Louis XIV. All but seven were opposed to a step in direct violation of the treaty of Ryswick, and which must have the effect of involving France in a war for which she was ill prepared. Louis XIV., who had committed himself by the hopes he had given to Mary Beatrice, listened in perturbed silence to the objections of his council, in which his reason acquiesced, but the dauphin, being the last to speak, gave a strong proof of the friendship, which, in his quiet way, he cherished for the parents of the disinherited heir of England, for rising in some warmth, he said, "it would be unworthy of the crown of France to abandon a prince of their own blood, especially one who was so near and dear to them as the son of king James, that he was, for his part, resolved to hazard not only his life, but all that was dear to him for his restoration." Then the king of France said, "I am of monseigneur's opinion," and so said the duke of Burgundy and all the princes of the blood.

The following interesting particulars connected with this determination of Louis XIV., were narrated by Mary Beatrice, herself, and must be related in her own words.¹ "It was," said she, "a miraculous interposition, in which, with a heart penetrated with a grateful sense of his goodness to us, I recognised the hand of the Most High, who was pleased to raise up for us a protector in his own good time, by disposing the heart of the greatest of kings to take compassion on the widow and orphans of a king, whom it had pleased God to cover with afflictions here below. We can never cease to acknowledge the obligations that we owe to the king; for not only has he done all that he could for us, but he did it in a manner so heroic and touching, that even our enemies cannot help admiring him for it. He came twice to see my good king during his illness, and said and did everything with which generous feeling could inspire a noble heart, for the illustrious sufferer. He could not refrain from shedding tears, more than once, on seeing the danger of his friend. He spared neither care nor pains to procure every solace, and every assistance that was considered likely to arrest the progress of the malady. At last, on the Tuesday after the king had received the viaticum for the second time, and they had no longer any hopes of him, this kind protector did me the honour of writing with his own hand a note to me, to let me know that he was coming to St. Germain, to tell me something that would console me. He then came to me in my chamber, where he declared to me, with a thousand marks of friendship, the most consolatory that could be, under the circumstances—that after due reflection he had determined to recognise the prince of Wales, my son, for the heir of the three kingdoms of Great Britain; whensoever it should please God to remove the king, and that he would then render the same honours to him, as he had done to the

¹ Recital of the death of James II., by his queen. Chaillot MS., Archives du Royaume de France.

king his father.¹ I had previously implored this great monarch, in the presence of the king my husband, to continue the honour of his protection to my children and me, and entreated him to be to us in the place of a father. I made him all the acknowledgments in my power, and he told me that 'I could impart these tidings to the king my husband when and how I thought best.' I entreated him to be the bearer of them himself."¹

Louis, being desirous of doing everything that was likely to alleviate her affliction, proceeded with her to king James's chamber. Life was so far spent with that prince, that he was not aware of the entrance of his angust visitor, and when Louis inquired after his health, he made no answer, for he neither saw nor heard him.² When one of his attendants roused him from the drowsy stupor in which he lay, to tell him that the king of France was there, he unclosed his eyes with a painful effort, and said, "Where is he?" "Sir," replied Louis, "I am here, and am come to see how you do." "I am going," said James, quietly, "to pay that debt which must be paid by all kings, as well as by their meanest subjects. I give your majesty my dying thanks for all your kindnesses to me and my afflicted family, and do not doubt of their continuance, having always found you good and generous."³ He also expressed his grateful sense of the attention he had been shown during his sickness. Louis replied, "that was a small matter indeed, but he had something to acquaint him with of more importance," on which the attendants of both kings began to retire; "Let nobody withdraw," exclaimed Louis; then turning again to James, he said, "I am come, Sir, to acquaint you that whenever it shall please God to call your majesty out of this world, I will take your family under my protection, and will recognise your son the prince of Wales, as the heir of your three realms." At these words, all present, both English and French, threw themselves at the feet of the powerful monarch who was at that time the sole reliance of the destitute and sorrowful court of St. Germain's.⁴ It was, perhaps, the proudest, as well as the happiest moment of Louis XIV.'s life, that he had dared to act in compliance with the dictates of his own heart, rather than with the advice of his more politic council. The scene was so moving, that Louis himself could not refrain from mingling his tears with those which were shed by those around him. James feebly extended his arms to embrace his royal friend, and strove to speak, but the confused noise prevented his voice from being heard, beyond these words, "I thank God I die with a perfect resignation, and forgive all the world, particularly the emperor and the prince of Orange." He might have added, the empress Eleanor Magdalen of Newburgh, whose personal pique at the preference which his matrimonial ambassador the earl of Peterborough had shown for the beautiful Mary Beatrice of Modena, eight-and-twenty years before, although the means of elevating her to the greatest throne in Europe, was one of the unsuspected causes of the

¹ Recital of the death of James II., by his queen. Chailott MS., Archives au Royume de France.

² Life of James II., from the Stuart Papers. St. Simon.

³ Somer's Tracts. Stuart Papers. St. Simon.

• Ibid.

all offices James, and afterwards his widow and son, experienced from that quarter.

James begged, as a last favour, "that no funeral pomp might be used at his obsequies." Louis replied, "that this was the only favour that he could not grant." The dying king begged, "that he would rather employ any money that he felt disposed to expend for that purpose, for the relief of his destitute followers." These he pathetically recommended to his compassionate care, with no less earnestness than he had done Mary Beatrice and her children. Having relieved his mind by making these requests, he begged his majesty "not to remain any longer in so melancholy a place."¹

The queen having, meantime, sent for the prince her son, brought him herself through the little bed-chamber into that of his dying father, that he might return his thanks to his royal protector. The young prince threw himself at Louis' feet, and, embracing his knees, expressed his grateful sense of his majesty's goodness. Louis raised, and tenderly embracing him, promised to act the part of a parent to him. "As this scene excited too much emotion in the sick," says the queen, "we passed all three into my chamber, where the king of France talked to the young prince my son. I wish much I could recollect the words, for never was any exhortation more instructive, more impressive, or fuller of wisdom and kindness."²

The earl of Manchester, in his private report of these visits of Louis XIV. to the sorrowful court of St. Germain's, and his promises to the queen and her dying husband, in behalf of their son, mentions the resignation of king James, and then speaking of the prince his son, says,—"I can tell you, that the moment king James dies, the other will take the title of king of England, and will be crowned as such by those of St. Germain's. The French king is now at Marly, and at his return he goes to Fontainebleau, so it may easily be contrived not to see the P. (prince) till his return. The queen will be in a convent at Chaillot, till the king be buried, and the P. (prince) at the duke of Lauzun's at Paris, and after that they will return to St. Germain's; I doubt not but the French will call him *Roi d'Angleterre*. September 14. It was expected that king James would have died last night, but he was alive this morning, though they expected he will expire every moment, being dead almost up to his stomach, and he is sensible of no pain."³

James retained, however, full possession of his mental faculties, and when his son entered his chamber, which was not often permitted, because it was considered to occasion too much emotion in his weak state, he stretched out his arms to embrace him, and said, "I have not seen you since his most Christian majesty was here, and promised to own you when I should be dead; I have sent my lord Middleton to Marly to thank him for it." The same day, the duke and duchess of Burgundy came to take their last leave of him, when he spoke with composure to

¹ Duke of Berwick's Memoirs.

² Recital of the death of James II. Chaillot MS

³ Despatches of the earl of Manchester.

both, and begged that the duchess would not approach the bed, fearing it might have an injurious effect on her health.¹

"We have been," writes the earl of Manchester, September 16th, 'ever since Tuesday, expecting to hear of the death of the late king. His greatest distemper is now a lethargy, and he is often thought dead, though with cordials they keep him up. The king of France was that day to see him, and there declared publicly, that he would own the P. (prince) for king of England, and ordered the captains of the guards to pay him the same honours that they did to the late king James."

The duke of Berwick, who was an attendant on the death-bed of his royal father, James II., says that he remained in a lethargic state, except when roused by stimulants; his sight was weakened, but sense and consciousness remained with him unimpaired to his last sigh. "Never," continues Berwick,² "was there seen more patience, more tranquillity, and even joy, than in the feelings with which he contemplated the approach of death, and spoke of it. He took leave of the queen with extraordinary firmness; and the tears of this afflicted princess did not shake him, although he loved her tenderly. He told her to restrain her tears. "Reflect," said he to her, "that I am going to be happy, and for ever."³ Mary Beatrice told him, that the nuns of Chaillot were desirous that he should bequeath his heart to their community, to be placed in the same tribune with that of their royal foundress, queen Henrietta, his mother, and her own, when it might please God to shorten the term of their separation, by calling her hence." James thanked her for reminding him of it.

He gave Mary Beatrice some directions about their son, and requested her to write to the princess Anne, his daughter, when he should be no more, to assure her of his forgiveness, and to charge her, on his blessing, to endeavour to atone to her brother for the injuries she had done him. Soon after, his hands began to shake with a convulsive motion, and the pangs of death came visibly upon him. His confessor and the bishop of Autun told the queen, "that she must withdraw, as they were about to offer up the services of their church for a departing soul, and that the sight of her agony would disturb the holy serenity, which God had shed upon the heart of the king." She consented, as a matter of conscience, to tear herself away; but when she kissed his hands, for the last time, her sobs and sighs roused the king from the lethargic stupor, in which exhausted nature had sunk, and troubled him. "Why is this?" said he tenderly to her. "Are you not flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone—are you not a part of myself? How is it, then, that one part of me should feel so differently from the other? I in joy, and you in despair. My joy is in the hope I feel, that God in his mercy will forgive me my sins, and receive me into his beatitude, and you are afflicted at it. I have long sighed for this happy moment, and you know it well; cease, then, to lament for me. I will pray for you.—Farewell."³

This touching adieu took place four-and-twenty hours before James

¹ Life of James II. Stuart Papers.

² Memoirs of the duke of Berwick

³ Recital of the death of James II., by his widow. Chaillot MS.

breathed his last. They forbade the queen to enter the chamber again, though he asked for her every time he awoke. Mary Beatrice being informed of this, implored so passionately, the evening before his death, to be permitted to see him once more, promising not to allow anything to escape her that should have the effect of agitating him, that she was permitted to approach his bed. She struggled to feign a composure that she was far from feeling; but James, although his eyes were now waxed dim, and his ear dull, perceived the anguish of her soul; and when she asked him, if he suffered, replied, "I suffer, but it is only because I see how much you suffer. I should be well content if you were less afflicted, or could take some share in my happiness."¹ She asked him, to request of God for her the grace of love and perfect resignation to his will. They compelled her to withdraw; and she passed the awful interval in fasting, watching, and prayer, alone in her chamber. When all was over, her confessor, father Ruga, came to seek her, no one else venturing to announce to her the fact, that her husband had breathed his last. Even he shrank from the task of telling her so in direct words; but, requesting her to unite with him in offering up some prayers for the king, he commenced with, "*Subvenite Sancte Dei.*"

"Oh, my God, is it then done?" exclaimed the queen, throwing herself upon the ground, in an agony of grief, for she knew, too well, that this was part of the office appointed by their church for a soul departed; and pouring out a torrent of tears, she remained long unable to utter a word.²

Father Ruga exhorted her to resign herself to the will of God, and, in token of her submission to his decrees, to say "*Fiat Voluntas Tua*:" Thy will be done. Mary Beatrice made an effort to obey her spiritual director; but, at first, she could only give utterance to the word "*Fiat.*" The blow, though it had so long impended over her, was hard to bear; for, in spite of the evidences of her own senses to the contrary, she had continued to cherish a lingering hope that the separation might yet be delayed, and she scarcely knew how to realize the fact that it was irrevocable. "As there never was a more perfect and more Christian union than that which subsisted between this king and queen, which, for many years, had been their mutual consolation," says a contemporary, who was well acquainted with them both, "so there never was a more bitter sorrow than was felt by her, although her resignation was entire and perfect."³

King James departed this life at three o'clock in the afternoon; he died with a smile on his countenance.⁴ The bitterness of death had long been passed, and he had requested that his chamber-door might be left without being guarded, so that all who wished to take a last look of him might freely enter. His apartments were crowded both with English and French, of all degrees, and his curtains were always open. "The

¹ Recital of the death of James II., by his widow. Chaillot MS.

² Chaillot MS. Records of the death of James II.

³ Narrative of the death of king James, written by an eye-witness for the nurse of Chaillot.

⁴ *Ibid.*

moment after he had breathed his last," says the duke of Berwick, "we all went to the prince of Wales, and saluted him as king. He was, the same hour, proclaimed at the gates of the chateau of St. Germain by the title of James III., king of England, Scotland, Ireland and France." The earl of Manchester affirms that there was no other "ceremony than that the queen waited on him, and treated him as king. What was done in the town," continues his excellency, "was done in a tumultuous manner. Some say there was a herald, an Irishman. Lord Middleton, &c., did not appear, because they could not tell how the title of France would be taken here, had they done it in form. Lord Middleton brought the seals to him, which he gave him again. Others did the like. I am told that, before the French king made this declaration, he held a council at Marly, where it took up some time to debate whether he should own him or no; or, if he did, whether it ought not to be deferred for some time. The secret of all this matter is that, in short, there was a person who governs here who had, some time since, promised the queen that it should be done.¹ So that, whatever passed in council was only for form's sake."

When the royal widow came, in compliance with the ceremonial which their respective positions prescribed, to offer the homage of a subject to her boy, she said to him, "Sir, I acknowledge you for my king; but I hope you will not forget that you are my son;" and then, wholly overpowered by grief, she was carried in a chair from the apartment, and so conveyed to her coach, which was ready to take her to the convent at Chaillot, where she desired to pass the first days of her widowhood in the deepest retirement, declaring that she would not receive the visits or the compliments of any person whatsoever.²

Mary Beatrice left St. Germain about an hour after her husband's death, attended by four ladies only, and arrived at Chaillot a quarter before six. The conventual church of Chaillot having, in the mean time, been hung with black by the nuns, and everything done requisite to testify their respect for the departed king and the royal widow of England, their afflicted friend and patroness, as soon as the tolling of the bells announced her approach, the abbess and all the community went in procession to receive her at the convent gate. The widowed queen descended from her coach in silence, with her hood drawn over her face, followed by her four noble attendants, and apparently overwhelmed with the violence of her grief. The nuns gathered round her in silence; no one offered to speak comfort to her, well knowing how tender had been the union that had subsisted between her and her deceased lord. The abbess kissed the hem of her robe, some of the sisters knelt and embraced her knees, and others kissed her hand; but no one uttered a single word, leaving their tears to express how much they felt for her affliction. The tragedy of real life, unlike that of the stage, is generally a veiled feeling. "The queen," says our authority,³ "walked directly

¹ Madame de Maintenon.

² Stuart and Chaillot MSS. Autobiography of the duke of Berwick.

³ MS. Narrative of the visit of the widow of James II. to Chaillot, by one of the nuns. Archives au Royaume de France.

into the choir, without a sigh, a cry, or a word, like one who has lost every faculty but the power of motion. She remained in this mournful silence, this stupefaction of grief, till one of our sisters"—it was the beloved Françoise Angelique Priolo—"approached, and kissing her hand, said to her in a tone of tender admonition, in the words of the royal Psalmist, 'My soul, will you not be subject to God?' '*Fiat voluntas tua,*' replied the sorrowful queen, in a voice stifled with sighs. Then advancing toward the choir, she said in a firmer tone, 'Help me, my sisters, to thank my God for his mercies to that blessed spirit, who is, I believe, rejoicing in his beatitude. Yes, I feel certain of it in the depth of my grief.' The abbess told her she was happy in having been the wife of such a holy prince. 'Yes,' answered the queen, 'we have now a great saint in Heaven.' She was then conducted into the choir, and all the sisters followed her. She prostrated herself before the altar, and remained long in prayer." Having eaten nothing since the night before, she was so weak, that the nuns apprehending she would faint, begged her to be carried to her chamber in a chair; but, out of humility, she chose to walk, after practising many little fond observances, which appear to have been edifying to the nuns, though the reader might be wearied, and perhaps offended, by the detail. The abbess and two or three of the nuns attended the poor queen to her chamber, and entreated her to suffer herself to be undressed and go to bed; but she insisted on listening to more prayers, and complained bitterly that the solace of tears was denied her. She could not weep now—she who had wept so much during the prolonged agony of her husband's illness.¹

"She sighed, often," says the nun, who has preserved the record of this mournful visit of the widow of James II., to the convent of Chaillot, "her sighs were so heavy and frequent, that they pierced all our hearts with a share of those pangs that were rending her own. She was seized with fits of dying faintness, from the feebleness and exhaustion of her frame, but she listened with great devotion to the abbess, who knelt at her feet and read to her appropriate passages from the holy Scriptures, for her consolation. Then she begged the community to offer up prayers for the soul of her husband, for "oh," said she, "a soul ought to be very pure that has to appear in the presence of God, and we, alas, sometimes fancy that persons are in heaven when they are suffering the pains of purgatory," and at this thought the sealed-up fountain of her grief was opened, and she shed floods of tears; much she wept, and much she prayed, but was at last prevailed on to take a little nourishment, and go to bed, while the nuns returned to the choir and sang the vespers for the dead.² Then the prayers for the dead were repeated in her chamber, in which she joined, repeating the verses of every psalm, for she knew them

¹ Narrative of the visit of the queen to the convent of Chaillot, after the death of James II., by a nun of Chaillot. Archives au Royaume.

² The author of this biography does not consider herself in any way responsible for the sentiments and theology of either James II. or his queen. She is herself a member of the church of England, and relates things as she finds them; that being the duty of a biographer, notwithstanding differences of opinion on many important points.

all by heart. She begged that a prayer for the conversion of England might be added for her sake, observing, "that for the last twelve years she had been at St. Germain, she had never omitted that petition at her private evening devotions." This little trait will be regarded as an instance of bigotry by many persons, but, although Mary Beatrice, educated as she was in the strictest tenets of the church of Rome, placed an undue importance on some things, which are not regarded by members of the reformed church as scriptural, her prayers were intended as acts of charity and Christian piety, and therefore ought not to be condemned.

At seven in the evening, the queen sent for her almoner, and after she and her ladies had united in their domestic worship for the evening, she begged that the writer of this record, who was her particular friend, and another of the sisters of Chaillot, would remain with her, for she saw that her ladies in waiting and her *femme de chambre* were worn out with fatigue and watching, and made them all go to bed. The nuns read to her from the book of Wisdom, and the description of the new Jerusalem in the Apocalypse, the occupation of the blessed in that holy city, and several other passages from holy writ, that were considered applicable to the time and circumstances.¹ The queen listened, sometimes with sighs, and sometimes with elevation of the soul to God, and submission to his decrees; but her affliction was inconceivable, and would scarcely permit her to taste a few moments of repose. During the whole of the Saturday, she continued to pray and weep, and, from time to time, related the particulars of the illness of the late king her husband, and his patience. "Never," said her majesty, "did the illustrious sufferer give utterance to a word of complaint, nor make a gesture of impatience, although his pains were sharp, and lasted more than fifteen days. He accepted his sufferings as the punishment of his sins. He took all the remedies that were prescribed, however disagreeable they might be, observing, 'that he was willing to live as long as it pleased God's providence to appoint, although he desired, with ardour, to die, that he might be united to Jesus Christ, without the fear of offending him any more.' "So entirely was my good king detached from earthly things," continued the royal widow, "that notwithstanding the tenderness I have always had for him, and the love he bore to me, and the grief that I must ever feel for his loss during the rest of my days, I assure you that if I could recal his precious life by a single word, I would not pronounce it, for I believe it would be displeasing to God."

After the royal widow had departed from St. Germain to Chaillot, about six o'clock in the evening, the public were permitted to view the body of king James in the same chamber where he died. The clergy and monks prayed and chaunted the dirge all night. Altars were erected in the chamber of death, where masses were said, next morning, until noon. When the body was opened for embalming, the heart and the brain were found in a very decayed state. James had desired, on his death-bed, to be simply interred in the church of St. Germain, opposite to the chateau; but when his will was opened, it was found that he had

¹ Chaillot MS., Archives au Royaume de France.

therein directed his body to be buried with his ancestors in Westminster Abbey. Therefore the queen resolved that his obsequies only should be solemnized in France, and that his body should remain unburied till the restoration of his son, which she fondly hoped would take place; and that, like the bones of Joseph in Holy Writ, the corpse of her royal husband would accompany his children, when they returned to the land of their ancestors. The body was destined to await this expected event in the church of the Benedictines, Fauxbourg de St. Jacques, Paris, whither it was conveyed on the Saturday after his demise, about seven in the evening, in a mourning carriage, followed by two coaches in which were the officers of the king's household, his chaplains, and the prior and curate of St. Germain's. His guard carried torches of white wax around the cortège. The obsequies being duly performed in the convent church of the Benedictines, the body was left under the hearse, covered with the pall, in one of the chapels. So it remained during the long years that saw the hopes of the Stuart family wither, one after the other, till all were gone; still the bones of James II. remained unburied, awaiting sepulture.

But, to return to Mary Beatrice, whom we left in her sorrowful retreat at Chaillot, endeavouring to solace her grief by prayers and devotional exercises, which are termed by the sister of that community by whom her proceedings have been recorded, "acts of faith and acts of resignation."¹ "On the evening of Saturday, September 17th, the second day of her widowhood, her majesty," continues this sympathizing recluse, who had watched beside her on the preceding night, "did me the honour of commanding me to take some repose, while sister Catharine Angelique took my place near her. At the second hour after midnight, I returned to the queen. As soon as she saw me, she cried out, 'Ha, my sister, what have I suffered while you were away! It is scarcely possible to describe my feelings. I fell asleep for a few moments, but what a sleep it was! It seemed to me as if they were tearing out my heart and rending my bowels, and that I felt the most horrible pains.' I made her majesty take some nourishment, and read to her the soliloquies in the Manual of St. Augustin, and she slept again for a few moments. Then my sister, Catharine Angelique, told me that, during my absence, her majesty had done nothing but sigh, lament, and groan, and toss from one side of the bed to the other, and bemoan herself as if in the greatest pain. We, who had seen the queen so resigned in the midst of her affliction, were surprised at this extreme agitation; but," continues the simple nun, "our surprise ceased when they told us privately that the body of the late king had been opened and embalmed at the precise time that the queen was thus disquieted in her sleep. The same night, they had conveyed his bowels to the English Benedictines, and his heart to us, without any pomp or noise, as secretly as possible, for fear the queen should hear of it, and be distressed. Our mother had received particular orders on that subject from

¹ MS. Recital of the death of James II., and the visit of the queen to the convent of Chaillot.

our king (Louis XIV.), prohibiting her from either tolling her bells or chanting at the reception of King James's heart, within the convent of the visitation of St. Marie de Chaillot, lest it should agitate the royal widow."

"The young king of England, too, had expressly recommended us by milord Perth, to take every possible precaution to prevent the queen, his mother, from having the slightest idea of the time of its arrival; but the sympathy of the queen defeated all our precautions. The late king had good reason to say to his august spouse 'that she was flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone;' for when death had rendered his body insensible of the wound, the queen had felt all the pain in her own living frame; and this was the more to be remarked, since she knew nothing of what was then doing."

The good sister of Chaillot, being of a marvellous temperament, has made a miracle of a coincidence very easy to be accounted for by natural causes. The poor queen had scarcely closed her eyes in sleep for upwards of a fortnight, during which time she was in a state of the most distressing excitement; while the occasional deceptive amendments in the king's symptoms, by kindling the "hope that keeps alive despair," had added the tortures of suspense to her other sufferings, and kept her nerves on a perpetual stretch. Every one knows the distressing sensations that attend the first perturbed slumbers into which exhausted nature sinks, after either nurse or patient has passed many nights of continuous vigils.

Early on the Sunday morning, the queen asked many questions, which the nuns considered a confirmation of the presentiment she had had of the arrival of the heart of her departed lord. She said she knew that it was near her; and, at last, they acknowledged that it was already enshrined in their tribune, near that of the queen, his mother. She spoke much and eloquently, that day, of James. She said "that he had felt his humiliation, and, above all, the injustice he had experienced, very keenly; but that his love of God had changed all his calamities into blessings; she compared him to St. Stephen, who saw the heavens opened while they were stoning him."

While the queen was at Chaillot, they read to her some passages from the life of the reverend mother, Anne Marie d'Epervon, the superior of the great Carmelite convent at Paris, who had recently departed this life, with a great reputation for sanctity. Her majesty had been well acquainted with this *religieuse*, whom both the late king and herself had been accustomed to visit, and held in great esteem. Mary Beatrice appeared much interested in the records of her departed friend, who, before she took the habit, had refused the hand of the king of Poland, and preferred a life of religious retirement to being a queen. "Ah," exclaimed the royal widow, "she was right; no one can doubt the wisdom of the choice, when we are at liberty to make it." Her majesty told the community, that she had herself passionately desired to take the veil, and that it was only in compliance with her mother's commands that she had consented to marry her late lord. "If it were not for the sake of

ner children," she said, "she would now wish to finish her days at Chaillot." Other duties awaited her.

The king of France had commanded the exempt of the guard of honour, by whom her majesty was escorted to Chaillot, and who remained on duty during her stay, not to admit any person whatsoever to intrude upon her grief during her retirement there, not even the princesses of the blood, though Adelaide, duchess of Burgundy, stood to her and king James in the near relation of great-niece. This order was so strictly obeyed, that even the cardinal Noailles was refused admittance, though the queen had a great wish to see him. When his eminence was informed of this, he returned, and they had a long conference. On the third day after her arrival, being Monday, Mary Beatrice assumed the habit of a widow; "and while they were thus arraying her," continues our good nun, "her majesty, observing that I was trying to look through her eyes into her soul, to see what effect this dismal dress had on her mind, assured me, "that those lugubrious trappings gave her no pain, because they were in unison with her own feelings, and that it would have been very distressing to herself to have dressed otherwise, or, indeed, ever to change that dress. For the rest of my life," said her majesty, "I shall never wear anything but black. I have long ago renounced all vanities, and worn nothing, in the way of dress, but what was absolutely necessary, and God knows that I have not put on decorations, except in cases where I was compelled to do so, or in my early youth."¹

When the melancholy toilet of Mary Beatrice was fully completed, and she was dressed, for the first time, in widow's weeds, she seated herself in a fauteuil, and all the ladies in the convent were permitted to enter, to offer her their homage and condolences. But every one was in tears, and not a word was spoken. For the queen sat silent and motionless as a statue, with her eyes fixed on vacancy, apparently too much absorbed in her own unspeakable grief to be conscious of anything. "I had the boldness," says our simple nun, "to place the crucifix where her majesty's regards were absently directed, and soon all her attention was centred on that model of patience in suffering. After a quarter of an hour, I approached to give her an account of a commission, with which she had charged me. She asked what hour it was? I told her, that it was half-past four o'clock, and her carriages were come; that the community were waiting in the gallery, and a chair and porters were in attendance to convey her to her coach." She rose and said, "I have a visit to make before I go;" then bursting into a passion of tears, she cried, "I will go and pay my duty to the heart of my good king. It is here—I feel that it is, and nothing shall stop me from going to it. It is a relic that I have given you, and I must be allowed to venerate it."²

The more enlightened tastes of the present age, incline us to condemn as childish and superstitious, this fond weakness of an impassioned lover, in thus clinging to a portion of the earthly tabernacle of the beloved, after his spirit had returned to God who gave it; but it was a

¹ Chaillot MS Archives au Royaume de France.

² Ibid

characteristic trait, both of the times, the religion, and the enthusiastic temperament, of the countrywoman of Petrarch, of Ariosto, and Tasso. Every one in the church of St. Marie de Chaillot, at any rate, sympathized with her, and felt the tragic excitement of the scene, when the disconsolate widow of James II. in her sable weeds, covered with her large black veil, and preceded by the nuns singing the *De Profundis*, approached the tribune where the heart of her beloved consort was enshrined in a gold and vermeil vase. She bowed her head, clasped her hands together, knelt, and kissed the urn across the black crape that covered it, and after a silent prayer, rose, and having asperged it with the holy water, without a tear or sigh, turned about in silence to retire, apparently with great firmness, but before she had made four steps from the spot, she fell into a fainting fit, which caused us," continues the recording nun, "some fears for her life. When, at last, she recovered, she was, by the order of her confessor, placed in a chair, and so carried to her coach. It was impossible for her to stay longer at Chaillot, because the young prince and princess, her children, had need of her presence at Germain's."

"We have seen all this with our own eyes," observes the nun, in conclusion, "and the queen herself confirms what we have said here, as our mother and all the community judged it proper that an exact and faithful narrative of the whole should be made, to the end that it might be kept as a perpetual memorial in our archives, and for those who may come after us."

Mary Beatrice returned to her desolate palace, at St. Germain's, on Monday, September 19th, in the evening, where the prince and princess rejoined her from Paris, and a tender re-union took place between the sorrowful family and their faithful adherents. The next day, Louis XIV. came in state, to pay his visits of condolence to the royal mother and son. The widowed queen received him in her darkened chamber hung with black, lying on her bed of mourning, according to the custom of the French queens. Louis said everything he could to mitigate her affliction, and comforted her with the assurances of his protection to her and her son. William's ambassador, who kept a jealous eye on all the proceedings of the French sovereign, with regard to the widow of James II. and her son, gives the following notices in his reports to his own court, which supply some authentic information touching this important epoch. On the 24th of September, he says: "I did not go to Versailles, yesterday. I was satisfied that the whole discourse would be of their new Roi d'Angleterre, and of the king's going to make him the first visit at St. Germain's, which he did that day. He stayed but little with him, giving him the title of Majesty. He was with the queen a considerable time. The rest of the court made their compliments the same day."

"September 23. The French king made the P. (prince) the first visit. Next day, the P. (prince) returned the visit at Versailles. All the ceremonies passed to the entire satisfaction of those at St. Germain's, and in the same manner, as it was observed, with the late king."

"September 24. I can perceive from M. de Torcy, that the French

The question was finally put, for the third time, on the 20th of February, in the House of Lords, "whether the bill for attainting Mary late wife of the late king James, of high treason, should pass," and to the eternal disgrace of those peers, who either voted in the affirmative, or by absenting themselves from the house on that occasion, allowed the iniquity to be perpetrated, it was carried in the affirmative. Twenty peers, however, among whom the name of Compton, bishop of London, is included, had the manliness to enter a protest against the vote, as illegal, "because there was no proof of the allegations in the bill, so much as offered, and that it might be a dangerous precedent."¹

The commons, when the bill was sent down to them, treated it with ineffable contempt; they did not so much as put it to the question, but, throwing it under their table, consigned it to oblivion.² That such a bill could pass a British house of lords must be attributable to the absence of those noblemen who had followed the royal Stuarts into exile, the number of timorous peers over whom the terror of arrest and impeachment hung, and also to the fact that several foreigners had been naturalized and elevated to the peerage by king William, whose votes were at his command.

Mary Beatrice writes on the 25th of the same Feb., N.S. (while the question was still before the lords) to the abbess of Chaillot, in increasing depression of mind—

"You are kind," she says, "my dear mother, to think always of your poor unworthy daughter, and of the means of comforting her. I doubt not but God will reward you for it, by giving you the recompence which he has promised to those who do the works of spiritual mercy. Among those, I believe there are none more agreeable to God than to console the afflicted; and I think that, of all afflictions, those of the heart and the soul are the most terrible, especially when they are joined together, which is at present my sad case."³

After mentioning her intention of coming to Chaillot on the 6th of March, for a little repose both of mind and body, of which she says all around her, especially her son, perceive that she is in great need, she adds—

"The affairs, of which I spoke in my last letter, are not domestic affairs, which go on well enough at present, but matters of great importance. I hope they will be concluded next week. I ought to go to Marli on Thursday, but I hope to be free to come to you on Monday, to open my poor heart and rest my body. All those who are about me are convinced of my need of it. They all pity me greatly, and my son is the foremost to recommend me to take this little journey. I believe that our dear mother and sisters will be very glad of it, and that the beloved *concierge* will prepare the apartment with pleasure."⁴

Among the Stuart papers, in the Hotel de Soubise, there is one extremely touching; it is an agitated scrawl, in the well-known autograph of the queen, in which she has translated the act of parliament

¹ Journals of the House of Lords.

² Parliamentary History. Ralph's History of England. Continuation of Mackintosh.

³ Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

⁴ *Ibid.*

passed under the influence of William III., attainting her son of high treason, by the designation "of the pretended prince of Wales." It is indorsed thus, in another hand—1702. "*Quelles feuilles qui paraissent ecrites de la main de la reine d'Angleterre, Veuve de Jacques II., contenant copie de l'acte pour la conviction du crime de haute trahison du putatif de Prince Galles (le Roi Jacques III.)*" The agony with which the widowed queen has translated this last injury of William against her child is apparent in the writing, which is crooked, hurried, and illegible. The attempt to subject herself to the same pains and penalties to which the young prince had been rendered liable, is unnoticed; it was the arrow that had been aimed at her son which pierced the heart of the fond mother. Proud and sensitive as Mary Beatrice was by nature, the insults and calumnies with which she had been assailed must have been keenly felt, but her personal wrongs are invariably passed over in silence. In one of her letters to her friend Angélique Priolo, without date, but evidently written at this agitating period, she says—

"I have need of consolation, for I am overwhelmed with chagrin, and these fresh affairs are very disagreeable. Alas, they are never otherwise for me! Entreat of God, my dear mother, that he would grant me gifts and graces to bear them; but, above all, those of wisdom of council and of strength, whereof I am at present in such extreme want."¹

After some allusion to the prospect of public affairs in France, which she considered favourable to the cause of her son, she gives the following particulars of her own state:—

"Another consolation is, that my health is as good as you could wish for me. Considering how deeply my malady is seated, it certainly does not increase; and if there be any change, it is rather an amendment. I eat well. I have slept better for the last fifteen days, although, assuredly, my heart is not tranquil; but God can do all. He turns and disposes us as he pleases. He mingles the good and ill according to his holy, and always just and adorable will, to which I would conform, in all and through all, and against the struggle of my own sinful inclination.

"We have been to Marli on the Feast of Kings, and the king (Louis XIV.) came here three days after. He is always full of kindness and friendship for us. • • •

"Adieu, my dear mother, till Saturday, eight days' hence, in the evening, when I hope to embrace you, and to have more time to converse with you during this journey than I had in the last. My poor heart is oppressed and bursting, but not the less yours."²

It was the act of parliament, enforcing an oath for the abjuration of the young prince, her son, that so greatly depressed and agitated the heart of Mary Beatrice. The measure was strongly opposed in the house of commons, and much diplomacy was practised there, to throw the bill out by subtle amendments, in order to gain time; but the Jacobite party were out-manœuvred, and it passed the lords. The council ordered

¹ Autograph letter of the widowed queen of James II., in the Archives du Royaume de France. Chaillot MSS.

² Autograph letter, dated St. Germain, Archives au Royaume de France Chaillot MSS.

a special commission to be prepared, for giving the royal assent to it without delay, the forms requiring it to be signed by the king, in the presence of the lord-keeper and the clerks of the parliament. The awful sentence "*Je tire vers ma fin*," occupied the thoughts of the expiring monarch, before the deputation arrived at Kensington palace, and it was many hours ere they could obtain admission into his presence. The pause was of no common interest; the fortunes of the two rival claimants of the crown hung on the event. Parliament remained sitting; and the Jacobite party, well aware that William was not in a state to be troubled with business, raised the cry of "Adjourn, adjourn!" hoping that the bill would be lost by the demise of the sovereign; but a message from the lords prevented their plan from being carried into effect.

The deputation entered the royal chamber meantime, but William's nerveless hand being incapable of giving effect to the last office of hatred, which survived the corporeal powers of sinking nature, by signing the bill, the fac-simile stamp was affixed in his presence. This was the last regnal act of William's life, of which it might truly be said, The end crowns the works. He expired the next day, March 8th, 1702, having survived his unfortunate uncle, James II., scarcely six months.

This event had been long expected, and eagerly anticipated by the friends of the exiled royal family, as the epoch of a counter-revolution, in favour of the son of James II. Burnet complains that the young prince had a strong party in England, who were eager to place him on the throne.¹ In Scotland, the dread of a popish sovereign had become secondary to the fear of seeing the ancient realm degraded into a province to England. The health of the representative of the royal Stuarts had been publicly drunk, by the title of James VIII., and that of Mary Beatrice as "the queen-mother." Ireland only required a leader to rise and proclaim her son from one end of the Green Isle to the other as James III.; yet Anne succeeded to the throne of the three realms, on the death of William III., as peacefully as if there had been no such person in existence as a brother, whom a closely balanced moiety of her subjects considered their king *de jure*. That no effort was made in behalf of that prince by the Jacobite party, stimulated by the regent-court of St. Germain, and supported by his powerful allies, the kindred monarchs of France and Spain, has been regarded as an inexplicable mystery; but, like many other historical problems, may be explained by a little research.

From the inedited Chaillot correspondence, it appears that Mary Beatrice, overwhelmed with the difficulties and perplexities of her position, and, above all, with the feverish excitement of the crisis, was attacked with a dangerous illness just before the death of William, which brought her to the verge of the grave, and completely incapacitated her from taking any part in the deliberations of her council, on the momentous question of what ought to be done with regard to her son's claims to the crown of Great Britain. Her life depended on her being kept quiet, because of the violent palpitations of the heart, and other alarming

¹ History of his own Times.

symptoms, with which her illness was accompanied. Her cabinet, torn with conflicting jealousies and passions, could agree on nothing; so, of course, nothing was done; and before she was in a state to decide between the opposing counsels of the rival ministers, Middleton and Perth, her step-daughter, Anne, was peacefully settled on the throne, and the hopes of royalty were for ever lost to her son and his descendants. The convalescence of Mary Beatrice was tedious, and her recovery was impeded by the fasts and other austerities which she practised, till her spiritual director, father Ruga, was compelled to interfere, as we find by a letter from that ecclesiastic to madame Priolo, dated March 15th, in which he says, "that he has given the ladies Strickland and Molza to understand the opinions of her majesty's physicians and surgeons on this subject, and that he shall do everything in his power for the preservation of a health so precious. However," continues he, "the queen has desisted from the mortification of her body in obedience to those councils, and is following the orders of her physicians and my directions. She has begun to go out for a walk after dinner, and they have taken measures for preventing the importunities of her officers about audiences."¹

Almost the first use the royal invalid made of her pen, was to write the following brief note to her friend, Angelique Priolo, which bears evident traces of her inability for application to public business; but, as usual, she appears more troubled at the sufferings of others than her own:—

"St. Germain, 13th of April.

"I know not whether I shall have strength to write to you, my dear mother, for this is the first letter I have attempted since I quitted you. I am in pain for our poor dear *deposée*. I send my physician to see her, and render me an exact account of her state. Embrace her tenderly for me. I pray for her with all my heart. The physician will give you an account of my poor health, which, I believe, will not permit me to pass the festivals with you, as I could have wished, but it is not often that I can do as I would. I am not strong enough to tell you more. I am yours, my dear mother, with all my heart, and the same to my dear portress. M. R."

Directed, "For our dear mother."²

In a letter of a later date, she writes more at length, and enters into some few particulars of her illness. From one allusion, it appears that her ecclesiastics had been amusing her with an account of the miracles said to have been wrought through the intercession of her deceased consort. Accounts that were at first very cautiously received by Mary Beatrice. It is, on the whole, a very curious letter:—

"At St. Germain, this 2nd of May

"At length, my dear mother, I find a moment of time and enough health to write to you. It is certain that I have had a very bad cold for some days past. The nights of Friday and Saturday were so bad, I having passed them almost entirely in coughing, and with palpitations of the heart, that the doctors at last resolved to bleed me, of which they have no reason to repent, for I am now quite well, not having had any more of the cough, and the palpitations of the

¹ Inedited letters in the Archives au Royaume de France

² Ibid

heart have been much less; but this last night has been the best, and I can say the only entirely good one that I have had for eight months.

"But enough of my poor body. As for my heart, it is in the same state as it was when I left you, never better but often worse, according to the things which happen in the day. These are always wearisome to me, and very disagreeable. I have had, however, the day before yesterday, the pleasure of seeing the king (Louis XIV.) for an hour and a half, and yesterday madame de M—— was here nearly two and a half. But in truth their affairs are not pleasant, and they have throughout a bad aspect; but God can change all that in one moment when it shall please him, and he will do it if it be for his glory and for our good. It is this only that should be asked of him, without wishing for anything else.

"I am impatient to see the brother of the curé of St. Poursain. I hope that you will send him to me soon. I have seen about the conversion of souls, which is a greater miracle than the healing of bodies, attributed to the intercession of our holy king, and which gave me pleasure, although I am not so sensible of it as I could wish. Alas, I know not of what I am made; the only sensibility that remains in me is for pain. But I am obliged to you, my ever dear mother, for the holy jealousy you have of my love to God. Beseech him to renew it in this poor heart, which, after all, is devoid of rest when it is not occupied with him."¹

The royal widow of England goes on to speak of a subject of distressing import to her, poverty:—"I am ashamed," she says, "of not having sent you all the money that I owe you. I will do it the first opportunity. I dare not tell you the state I am in for want of money; it would give you too much pain." It seems, however, as if a present to the convent was to be extracted out of the narrow finances of the royal devotee at this most inconvenient season—a present for which the abbess was to advance the purchase-money on her own account. "Let the veil of the chalice, and all the other necessary things, be provided," continues her majesty, "for it must be done, and in a few days you will be paid. Adieu, my dear mother; in three weeks you shall see us, if it should please God that my poor children be well."² The holy ladies of Chaillot had sent an offering from their garden to the queen; for she says, in her postscript, "the salad was admirable, and the flowers very beautiful. I hope that the king, my son, and my daughter will thank you for them by lady Almond; but I always do so, both for them and me. I am sorry," she adds, "that your nephew has not got anything. He must humble himself, and not attach himself to things of this earth, for all fail."

It was about this period that the dreadful malady which had appeared a few months before king James's death, began to assume a painful and alarming form. When her majesty consulted the celebrated Fagon on her case, and entreated him to tell her the truth, without reserve, he frankly acknowledged that the cancer was incurable; but assured her, at the same time, that her existence might be prolonged for many years, if she would submit to a series of painful operations, and adhere strictly to the regimen he would prescribe. She replied, "that life was too wearisome to her to be worth the trouble of preserving on such terms!" On, repenting of her passionate exclamation, as an act of sinful impatience, she added, "that she would endeavour to conform herself to the

¹ Autograph letters of Mary Beatrice in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² *Ibid*

will of God, and was willing to do everything her physicians required of her."¹ She gives the following account of her progress towards convalescence in a letter to her friend Angelique Priolo:—

"It is certain that I have suffered enough with my breast during fifteen days, but it is also true that there were fifteen in which I did not suffer more, and that for the last three or four days it appears better than it has done for some months. Nevertheless, I fear that the anguish will return after a time. It must be as God pleases. I supplicate him always, and I intreat you to do the same, that he will deign to diminish my ills or augment my patience. I intreat him with all my heart for the alleviation of your sufferings, but above all, for the sanctification of your soul; for I regard that of the first importance, as I know you do that of mine.

"The king, my son, has continued well since my sickness; God never sends all my crosses at the same time. I hope that God of his grace will give me strength to go to Chaillot about the 11th or 12th of next month. My journey to Fontainebleau is not yet certain, nor can it be for the present. My daughter trembles with fear lest I should not go. I went the other day to Marli; the coach did not increase my indisposition, God be thanked."²

Unfit as poor Mary Beatrice was for the excitement and fatigue of business at that period, she was compelled to rouse herself from the languid repose in which her bodily sufferings had compelled her to indulge, in order to decide on a question of painful import to her. Simon Fraser, generally styled lord Lovat,³ had immediately on the death of king William proclaimed the exiled representative of the house of Stuart king of Scotland, in his own county of Inverness; and soon after, presented himself at the court of St. Germain's, for the purpose of persuading the queen-mother, as Mary Beatrice was there entitled, to allow the young prince to follow up this daring act in his favour, by making his appearance among his faithful friends in Scotland, engaging, at the same time, to raise an army of 12,000 men in the highlands, provided the king of France would assist them with arms and money, and land 5000 men at Dundee, and 500 at Fort William. Mary Beatrice, enfeebled by her long illness, depressed by the disappointment of the vain hope she had cherished, that her step-daughter, Anne, would not presume to ascend the throne of Great Britain, after her oft-repeated penitential professions to her unfortunate father, and in defiance of his death-bed injunctions, listened doubtfully to the project. Her two favourite ministers, Caryl and Middleton, had united in persuading her, that it was only through the medium of treaties and amicable conventions that her son could be established as the reigning sovereign of Great Britain; that his cause would be injured by the introduction of French troops; and that there was reason to believe his sister Anne cherished favourable intentions towards him, which would be inevitably destroyed by attempts to disturb her government. On the other hand, the duke of Perth, who

¹ Chaillot MSS. in the archives au Royaume de France.

² Autograph letter of Mary Beatrice to Angelique Priolo, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

³ For the fullest particulars of this remarkable person, the reader is referred to his biography in that pleasing and valuable adjunct to the history of the House of Stuart, "The Lives of the Jacobites," by Mrs. A. T. Thomson.

was the governor of the prince, and had been much beloved by the late king, endeavoured to stimulate the queen to a more energetic policy. He showed her a letter from the marquess of Drummond, his eldest son, assuring him that the principal lords of Scotland were ready to take up arms in favour of their hereditary sovereign, if he might only be permitted to appear among them—nay, more, that a deputation from them was ready to make a voyage to France, to tender fealty in person to the young king.¹

The marquess of Drummond, sir John Murray, and sir Robert Stuart, the head of the clan of Stuart, wrote also to the queen and to the French minister, the marquis of Torcy, by lord Lovat, in whom they entirely confided, to urge the same, assuring her that Scotland was ready to throw off the yoke of the queen of England, and to assert her independence as a separate kingdom, under the sceptre of the representative of the royal house of Stuart. Ireland was eager to follow the same course; but it was necessary that he should appear among them, for it could not be expected that sacrifices should be made, and perils of life and limb incurred, for an invisible chief.² Middleton opposed their plans, and urged the doubtful integrity of Lovat, and the certain dangers to which the prince and his friends would be exposed, and that he had better await patiently, as queen Anne was childless, and, though still in the meridian of life, her extreme corpulence and general infirmity of constitution rendered it improbable that she would occupy the throne long, and, as a matter of course, the prince would, on her death, peacefully succeed to the throne. In the meantime, he was too young to exercise the functions of regality in his own person, and would be better employed in finishing his education, under the eye of his royal mother, than roaming about in a wild, unsettled country like Scotland, with rude highland chiefs, from whom he might acquire habits of intemperance and ferocity, and be exposed to the perils of battle and siege, where, as a matter of necessity, he must conduct himself with the daring gallantry that would be expected from a royal knight-errant. Above all, there was the chance of his falling into the hands of the party that had persecuted him in his cradle, and even before he saw the light. Mary Beatrice was only too ready to yield to reasoning, which was addressed to the fond weakness of maternal love and fear. The terrors of the act of attainder that hung over her boy were always present to her. She remembered the fate of another disinherited and rejected prince of Wales of disputed birth, "the gallant, springing young Plantagenet," Edward of Lancaster, stabbed by ruthless hands in the presence of the victorious sovereign, whose crown he had presumed to challenge as his right. There was also the unforgotten scaffold of the youthful Conradin of Swabia, the tearful theme of many a tale of poetry and romance in her native Italy, to appal the heart of the fond mother, and she obstinately and with impassioned emotion reiterated her refusal to allow her

¹ Macpherson's *Stuart Papers*. Inedited Memorial of the duke of Perth, in the Bibliothèque du Roi.

² *Ibid*

boy to incur any personal peril during his minority, and while he remained under her guardianship.¹

Severely as the conduct of Mary Beatrice at this juncture has been censured in the Perth memorials,² it must, at any rate, exonerate her from the calumnious imputation of having imposed a spurious heir on England, since, if she had been capable of the baseness imputed to her by Burnet, Fuller, Oldmixon, and their servile copyists, she would have used her political puppet in any way that appeared likely to tend to her own aggrandizement, without being deterred by inconvenient tenderness for an alien to her blood, especially as her young daughter would be the person benefited by his fall, if he became a victim. With the prospect of a crown for her daughter, and the dignity and power of a queen-regent of Great Britain for herself, would such a woman, as she has been represented by the above writers, have hesitated to place a supposititious prince in the gap for the accomplishment of her selfish object? But the all-powerful instincts of nature were obeyed by Mary Beatrice, in her anxious care for the preservation of the son of her bosom—that unerring test whereby the wisest of men was enabled to discern the true mother of the child from the impostor, who only pretended to be so. The leaven of selfish ambition had no place in the heart of the fallen queen. She was ardently desirous of seeing her son recalled to the throne, which she at any rate regarded as his rightful inheritance, and her portionless daughter recognised as princess royal of Great Britain and, after her brother, presumptive heiress of the realm—a station which the extraordinary beauty and fine qualities of the young Louisa promised to adorn. As for herself, she had felt the pains and penalties of royalty too severely to desire the responsibility of governing her former subjects in quality of queen-regent. The genuine simplicity of her character, and the warmth of her affections, are unaffectedly manifested in the following letter to her friend Angelique :

“St. Germain's. this 17th of July.

“I have but one moment, my dear mother, to tell you that I am very well, and my children also. I went to Marli on Thursday, and found M. de M—— (madame de Maintenon) ill enough, but, thank God, she finds herself at present much better.

“Lady Tyrconnell assures me that all the embroidery will be done for the beginning of September. I beg you not to spare my purse about it, for things of that kind should not be done at all, unless they be well done; and for this, above all, which regards the dear and holy king, I would give to my very chemise.

“I rejoice that our sick are cured, and that the ceremony of the new novena has been so well accomplished. I am hurried to the last moment. Adieu! Embrace you at the foot of the Cross.

Superscribed—“To the mother Priolo.”

¹ Posthumous memorial of the duke of Perth on the causes of the political errors of the court and regency of St. Germain's during the minority of the son of James II. Inedited MSS. in the Bibliothèque du Roi.

² Portfolio of inedited State Papers in the Bibliothèque du Roi. St. Germain's MSS.

³ Autograph letter of the widow of king James II. in the Archives au Royaume de France.

"Is it possible, my dear mother, that all your good sense, and the friendship you bear me, should not have led you to prevent all the thanks from our mother, and the rest of the community, for so trifling a thing, and have spared me this shame. I expected that of you; instead of which, you have seriously put your name among the others, to augment my confusion. You know my heart, my dear mother, and the desire I have to do much for you and others, to whom I owe much, and the pain I feel at doing so little. In truth, my poverty is never more keenly felt by me than when I think of Chaillot; and if I ever become rich, assuredly you would all be the first to feel it."

Her majesty laments that it will be a month before she can see her friend again :

"In the meantime," she says, "I send my children to you. It is my daughter who will give you this letter: say something to her for her good, and give her some instruction. Ah! how happy I should esteem myself if I could put her into the hands of a person who had all your good qualities! Beg of God to inspire me with what I ought to do for the benefit of this dear daughter."¹

¹ Archives au Royaume de France.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN CONSORT OF JAMES II. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER IX.

Queen Mary Beatrice—Deceptive hopes for her son—Fuller's libels on her republished—Censured by parliament—Bill of attainder against her son—Attempts of the lords to attain Mary Beatrice by a clause—Resisted by the commons—Lords bring in a separate bill against her—Remarks thereupon—Her pathetic letters—Contemptuous treatment of the bill by house of commons—Abjuration of the young prince—Agitation of the widowed queen—Death of king William—Accession of queen Anne—Dangerous illness of queen Mary Beatrice—Her letters—Her poverty—Alarming progress of organic malady—Her patience—Divisions in her council—Her timorous policy—Maternal weakness—Her devotion to king James's memory—Pretended miracles—Queen cajoled by lord Lovat—Sells her jewels to equip troops—Distrusts lord Middleton—Her sufferings—Consults a cancer doctress—Dissuaded by madame Maintenon—Her letters—She prints a life of king James—Sickness of her son—Deaths in her household—Duke of Berwick warns the queen of Lovat's villany—Berwick's opinion of the queen—Her kindness to him—She goes to royal fête at Marli—Respect paid to her by Louis XIV.—Her melancholy letter—Sickness of her son—Letters thereupon—His recovery—Early promise of the princess—She is presented at the court of France—Grand ball at Marli—Respect paid to the royal exiles—Return of the queen's malady—Dangerous symptoms—Her letters—Secret correspondence with Marlborough and Godolphin—Description of the prince and princess—Prince attains his majority—Life at St. Germain—Frolics of the prince and princess—Stars of St. Germain—Merry pilgrims—Royal haymakers—Carnival at St. Germain.

It would not have been difficult for a mind so deeply impressed with the vanity of earthly greatness, as that of Mary Beatrice, to have resigned itself to the all-wise decrees of "Him by whom kings do reign," if the fact could have been made apparent to her, that the sceptre had passed from the royal house of Stuart for ever. But, in common with those who perilled their lives and fortunes in the cause of her son, she beheld it in a different light, from that in which the calm moralist reviews the struggle, after time has unveiled all mysteries, and turned the dark page of a doubtful future into the records of the irrevocable past.

The devoted partisans of legitimacy, by whom Mary Beatrice was surrounded at St. Germain, persuaded her that a peaceful restoration of their exiled prince was at hand; they fancied they recognised the retributive justice of Heaven in the remarkable manner in which his rivals had been swept from the scene. The fact was no less strange than true, that in consequence of the premature death of the childless Mary, the utter bereavement of the princess Anne, and the inevitable failure of the Nassau-Stuart line with William III., the son of James II. had become the presumptive heir of those on whom parliament had, in the year

1689, settled the regal succession. The events of a few months, of a week, a day—nay, the popular caprice of an hour—might summon him to ascend the throne of his ancestors.

Who can wonder if the heart of the widowed queen occasionally thrilled with maternal pride, when she looked on her two fair scions, in the fresh-budding spring of life and promise, and thought of the sere and barren stems that intervened between them and a regal inheritance? The nearest protestant to Anne in the line of succession, Sophia, electress of Hanover, had, with a magnanimity rarely to be met with where a crown is in perspective, declared herself reluctant to benefit by the misfortunes of her royal kindred, generously expressing a desire that the nation would take into consideration "the unhappy case of *le pauvre prince de Galles*," as she styled the son of James II.; "that he might rather be thought of than her family, since he had learned and suffered so much by his father's errors, that he would certainly avoid them all, and make a good king of England."¹ Sophia had, it is true, acceded to the flattering wish of parliament, that the protestant succession should be settled on her and her family; but her scruples, and the avowed reluctance of her son, prince George, to quit his beloved Hanover to reside in England, inspired Mary Beatrice with a sanguine hope that little contest was to be apprehended from that quarter. The sentiments expressed by the electress, regarding her youthful cousin, were frequently heard in England at the commencement of the last century, not only from the lips of those with whom attachment to hereditary monarchy was almost an article of faith, but from many who dreaded the horrors of civil wars. Sympathy for the calamities of royalty has always been a characteristic of the English; and there was a romantic interest attached to the situation of the widow and orphans of James II., which appealed so powerfully to the sensibilities of kind and generous hearts, that the baser members of the Dutch cabinet resorted once more to calumny and forgery, for the purpose of counteracting the revulsion of popular feeling, which was far more to be dreaded than the intervention of France. Scarcely had James II. been dead a month, when the notorious William Fuller,² publicly presented to the lords justices, the lord mayor, and several ministers of state, a book, entitled—

"A full demonstration, that the pretended prince of Wales was the son of Mrs. Mary Gray, undeniably proved by original letters of the late queen and others and by depositions of several persons of worth and honour, never before published; and a particular account of the murder of Mrs. Mary Gray at Paris Humbly recommended to the consideration of both houses of Parliament. By William Fuller, gent."³

William Fuller had, for many years, earned a base living by devoting

¹ Letter of the electress Sophia of Hanover to Mr. Stepney, envoy to the court of Brandenburg, quoted in one of speaker Onslow's marginal notes to Burnet's History of his own Times, octavo edition, vol. iv., pp. 489-90-91, from the original letter in the collection of lord Hardwick, generally called "the electress Sophia's Jacobite letter."

² London Post. October 17th, 1701.

³ Sold by A. Baldwin, at the Oxford Arms, in Warwick-lane.

both tongue and pen to the fabrication of falsehood for political purposes. He was a kindred spirit with Oates, Bedloe, and Speke, and was employed by persons of similar principles to those who had paid and encouraged them. The book which peers, magistrates, and ministers of state were found capable of receiving, was the reprint of a libel on the exiled queen, Mary Beatrice, and her unfortunate son, the malignity of which was only equalled by its absurdity, being a new and very marvellous version of the old tale of her imposing a spurious child on the nation, who, instead of being the child of "*de brick-bat woman*," as before assumed, was, he now pretended, the son of the earl of Tyrconnel by a handsome gentlewoman called Mrs. Mary Gray, whom lady Tyrconnel was so obliging as to take the trouble of *chaperoning* from Dublin to St. James's palace, where she was secretly brought to bed of the pretended prince of Wales;" adding, "that the said Mrs. Mary Gray was conducted to France, and there murdered by the command of Louis XIV., with the consent of her majesty, during the absence of king James in Ireland." In support of this romance, he subjoined various forged letters, especially one in the name of the exiled queen, which he introduces with the following preamble:—"I shall first set down the true copy of a letter writ by the late queen to king James in Ireland, taken from Mr. Crane when he was apprehended for high treason, at the Ship tavern in Gracechurch-street, on the 5th of March, 1690; and being writ obscurely, I had the honour to make the writing apparently appear to his present majesty, his royal consort, and several noble lords then present in the king's closet at Kensington, by the steam of compound sulphur, &c., which secret was imparted to me by the late queen at St. Germain's, in order to my conveying the same to her majesty's chief correspondents in England."

The only assertion in this monstrous tissue of absurdity worth inquiring into, is, whether William and Mary actually committed themselves, by personally countenancing the barefaced trick of affecting to steam an autograph confession, of imposition and murder, out of "an obscurely written paper," for the purpose of villifying the innocent consort of the uncle and father whom they had driven from a throne. The most revolting libel in the book is contained in the statement, that a daughter and a nephew could outrage common decency, by acting openly as accomplices of the shameless slanderer. The indignation of the commons was excited against the originator of so foul a charge, and the house finally proceeded to declare—

"That the said Fuller was a notorious impostor, a cheat, and a false accuser, having scandalized their majesties and the government, abused the house, and falsely accused several persons of honour and quality; for all which offences they voted an address to his majesty to command his attorney-general to prosecute him."¹

Which was done accordingly, and he underwent the disgrace of the pillory, which, to one so insensible of shame, was no punishment.²

¹ Journals of the House of Commons, 24th of February, fourth year of William and Mary; vol. x., p. 693; British Museum.

² Ralph's Continuation, vol. ii., p. 327.

Those who are familiar with the journals of parliament and other documentary sources of information, are aware that Fuller was constantly employed as an official spy and informer by William III. or his secretaries of state; that he suffered the punishment of the pillory several times for perjury in his base vocation, and continually returned to the charge with the pertinacity of a venomous insect. The accusation of correspondence with the exiled queen was constantly preferred by him against persons obnoxious to the existing government. Not long before king James's death he denounced at the bar of the commons several members of that house, as confederate with other gentlemen in a plot for restoring that prince, in pursuance of which treasonable design they had, he affirmed, "sent letters to the late queen Mary [*Beatrice*] in a mutton bone." As he could bring no evidence of this charge, the commons, out of all patience, voted him "a common nuisance."¹

Fuller, strong in the protection of the existing government, regarded the censure of the representatives of the people as little as he did the law of God against false witness; and re-published the libel against Mary Beatrice in 1701, for which he had nine years before been branded with the strongest terms of condemnation a British parliament could express, and suffered the disgraceful punishment of the pillory. It was obvious that he had been suborned to revive his cruel calumnies against the exiled queen in the first month of her widowhood, in order to rob her of the sympathy of her former subjects in her present heavy affliction, in preparation for the blow which the magnanimous nephew and son-in-law of her late consort was about to aim against her and her son at the opening of parliament.

William III. was at Loo at the time of his unfortunate uncle's death. He was sitting at table with the duke of Zell and the electoral prince of Hanover, dining in the presence of his Dutch and English officers, when it was announced to him that this long expected event had taken place. William received the news in silence, uttering no word in comment, but it was observed that he blushed and drew his hat down over his face, being unable to keep his countenance.² The nature of his secret communing with his own dark spirit, no one presumed to fathom. He returned to England, put himself, his servants, and equipages, into mourning for king James, summoned his parliament, and caused a bill to be brought into the house of commons, for attainting the orphan son of that uncle for whom he and his household had assumed the mockery of woe.

"This bill could not be opposed," says Burnet, "much less stopped; yet many showed a coldness in it, and were absent on the days on which it was ordered to be read." The boy was but thirteen, yet our amiable prelate's censure on the coldness which many members of the English senate showed in such a proceeding, is not on account of their want of moral courage, in allowing the bill to pass, by absenting themselves, instead of throwing it out, but because they did not unite in the iniquity of subjecting the young prince to the penalty of being executed

¹ See Parliamentary Journals, Sinollett's History of England, and Parliamentary History

² St. Simon. Dangeau.

without a trial, or any other ceremony than a privy seal warrant, in the event of his falling into the hands of the reigning sovereign. This was not enough to satisfy king William and his cabinet; their next step was an attempt to subject the widowed queen, his mother, to the same pains and penalties. "It," pursues Burnet, in allusion to the bill for attainting the son of James II., "was sent up to the lords, and it passed in that house with an addition of an attainder of the queen, who acted as queen-regent for him. This was much opposed, for no evidence could be brought to prove that allegation; yet the thing was so notorious that it passed, and was sent down again to the commons. It was objected to there, as not regular, since but one precedent, in king Henry VIII.'s time, was brought for it."

The right reverend historian ventures not to expose his party, by mentioning the precedent which they had shamed not to rake up from among the iniquities of Henry VIII.'s slavish parliaments, as a warrant for a procedure which casts an indelible stain on William III. and his cabinet, the precedent being no other than that of the unfortunate marquis of Exeter, whom the murderous facilities of a bill of attainder enabled the jealous Tudor tyrant to bring to the scaffold, in the year 1540, without the ceremony of a trial.¹

This illegal attempt, on the part of William's house of lords, to introduce the name of the royal widow, par parenthesis, into the bill for attainting her son, by the insulting designations of "the pretended prince of Wales, and Mary, his pretended mother,"² is an instance of gratuitous baseness, unparalleled even in the annals of that reign in which they sought for a precedent.

The attainder of Margaret of Anjou and her infant son, Edward, prince of Wales, by the victorious Yorkists in 1461, was a case somewhat in point, as regarded the position of the exiled queen, and the irresponsible age of the prince; but it has always been regarded as one of the revolting barbarisms of the darkest epoch of our history. It took place, moreover, during the excitement of the most ferocious civil wars that had ever raged in England, and was voted by steel-clad barons fresh from the slaughter of a fiercely contested battle, where forty thousand men lay dead, among whom were sons, brothers, and faithful followers. Queen Margaret had introduced foreign troops into the kingdom, and had caused much blood to be spilt, not only in the field, but on the scaffold. Mary Beatrice had done none of these things; she had shed tears, but not blood; she had led no hostile armies to the field to contest the throne with William for her son; her weapons were not those of carnal warfare. She had not so much as recriminated the railings of her foes, or expressed herself in anger of those who had driven her into exile, stripped her of her queenly title and appanages, and not only violated the faith of solemn treaties and unrepcaled acts of parliament, by depriving her both of her income as a queen-consort and her jointure as a queen-dowager of Great Britain, but even robbed her of her private fortune, the solid eighty thousand pounds which she

¹ Journals of the House of Lords.

² Ibid., and Parliamentary History

brought from her own country, as her marriage portion. Conduct that appears disgraceful to the national honour, when it is remembered, that she and her two young children were destitute, and depended on the precarious charity of a foreign prince for a home and the common necessaries of life, and that neither as duchess of York, nor queen consort of England, had she ever done anything to forfeit the esteem of her former subjects. She had been chaste, prudent, economical, and charitable; a fond and faithful wife, a step-mother against whom no act of unkindness or injustice could be proved; loyal and patient as a subject, gracious and dignified as a queen, and scarcely less than angelic in adversity. Her religion was a matter between herself and her God, for she never interfered with the consciences of others; superstitious in her own practice she might be, and probably was, but it is certain, that if her life and actions had not been irreproachable, her adversaries would not have been reduced to the base expedient of employing the slanders of a notorious criminal like Fuller, to blacken her with charges so monstrous and absurd, that they defeated their own ends, by exciting the indignation of every generous mind against the wretch who had been found capable of devising the foul calumny.

The commons, though well aware that Fuller acted but as the hireling tool of others, in thus ostentatiously calling public attention to the reprint of his condemned libel on the exiled queen, which they had pronounced "false and infamous," summoned him and the printers and publishers to the bar of their house to answer for the misdemeanor, and regardless of significant hints that he was employed by the secretaries of state, came to the resolution, *nemine contradicente*, "that Fuller having taken no warning by the just censure received from the house of commons, 24th February, 1691, and the punishment inflicted upon him by just sentence of law, has repeated his evil practice by several false accusations, in divers scandalous pamphlets, this house doth declare the said William Fuller to be a cheat, a false accuser, and incorrigible rogue; and ordered, that Mr. Attorney do prosecute him for his said offences."¹ In this vote the lords also concurred, yet they scrupled not, at the same time, to abet the creatures of the Dutch sovereign in their unconstitutional proceedings against the calumniated queen.

The commons had stoutly refused to pass the attainder of the widow of their old master, as an additional clause to that of the unfortunate young prince her son; and it is to be regretted, that no clerk or reporter was hardy enough to venture his ears, by taking notes of the stormy debates which shook the house, on a question so opposed to every principle of the English constitution, as that of an illegal attempt of the kind against a royal lady, of whom no other crime had ever been alleged, than the faithful performance of her duties towards a deposed consort and disinherited son; duties from which no reverse of fortune could absolve a wife and mother, and least of all a queen.

On the 1st of February, this desolate princess writes to her spiritual friend at Chaillot,—“I will try to lift up heart, which is in truth much

¹ See Journals of both Lords and Commons, thirteenth year of William III.

depressed, and well nigh broken. Pray for me near that dear heart which you have with you for the wants of mine, which are extreme." In conclusion, she says,—“The news from England is very strange. God must be entreated for them, since literally they know not what they do.” The meekness of this comment on the vindictive proceedings of her foes, appears the more touching, from the circumstance of its having been penned the very day before the bill for the separate attainder of the royal writer was read for the first time in the house of lords, February 12th, O. S. From a refinement of malice, she is designated in that instrument, “*Mary late wife of the late king James.*”¹ The title of queen dowager was, of course, denied her by the sovereign who had appropriated her dower, and whose design it was to deprive her also of the reverence attached to royalty. The widow of the late king James, he dared not call her, for there was something touching in that description, it came too close to her sad case, and in six simple words, told the story of her past greatness and her present calamities with irresistible pathos. They had attained a boy of thirteen, “the only son of his mother, and she was a widow,” and had been their queen; and they, the peers of England, were invited to attain her also, but not by her true description. Not as *Mary the widow*, but as “*Mary, the late wife of the late king James.*”² The violation of the English language in this subtle definition being less remarkable, considering that the measure originated with a Dutchman, than the profound observation of the susceptibilities of the human heart which it denotes, and the careful avoidance of the use of titles calculated to inspire reverence or compassion. The name of “widow” contains in itself a powerful appeal to the sympathies of Christian men and gentlemen, for pity and protection. The apostle has said, “Honour such widows as be widows indeed;” and such they all knew full well was the desolate and oppressed relict of their deposed sovereign. Noblemen there were in that house, as well as *peers*, some of whom remembered the forlorn widow of that unhappy prince, such as she was, when she first appeared before them in her early charms and innocence, as the bride of their royal admiral; many had bowed the knee before her when she stood before them, a few years later, in more majestic beauty on the day of her consecration as their queen; when if any one of them had been told that he would, hereafter, to please a foreign master, unite in subjecting her to the pains and penalties of a bill of attainder, he would perhaps have replied in the words of Hazael, “Is then thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?” The dangerous contingency of awakening chivalric feelings or compunctious recollections in the hearts of that assembly was avoided—the sacred names of queen and widow were denied.

¹ Inherited letter of the widow of James II. to Françoise Angelique Priok, in the Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot MSS.

² See Journals of the House of Commons. The perversions, reservations, and misrepresentations in the unfaithful account given by Bishop Burnet of this transaction, have been too fully exposed by Ralph, and since by the acute annuator of Mackintosh, to require comment here.

Journals of the House of Lords.

king was brought to do this, at the solicitation of the queen at St. Germain. It is certain, that M. de Torcy, as well as the rest of the ministers was against it, and only the dauphin and Madame de Maintenon, whom the queen had prevailed with, carried this point, which I am satisfied they may have reason to repent of."

"September 26th. The will of the late king James is opened, but not yet published, but I hear it is to be printed. What I have learned of it is, that the queen is made regent; the French king is desired to take care of the education of the P. (prince); that in case he be restored, the queen is to be repaid all that she has laid out of her own; that all other debts which they have contracted, since they left England, and what can be made out, shall be paid—that the new king shall not take any revenge against his father's enemies, nor his own. That he shall not use any forces in matters of religion, or in relation to the estates of any persons whatsoever. He recommends to him all those that have followed him. I am told, that lord Perth is declared a duke, and Caryl a lord."¹

The information touching the will of king James, was true, as far as regards the power given to Mary Beatrice; but this document was dated as far back as November 17th, 1688, having been made by him after the landing of the prince of Orange, when he was on the eve of leaving London to join the army at Salisbury. By that document, he bequeaths his soul to God, in the confident assurance of eternal salvation, through the merits and intercession of our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, without a word of the Virgin Mary, or any other saint. "Our body," he says, "we commit to the earth; and it is our will that the same be privately interred in our royal chapel, called Henry VII.'s chapel."

After mentioning the settlements which he had made—first, as duke of York, out of his personal property, and afterwards when king, as a provision for his entirely beloved consort, queen Mary—he constitutes his dear son, prince James, his sole heir, both of his three kingdoms and his personal property, with the exception of certain jewels, plate, household furniture, equipages, and horses, which are left to the royal widow.

"And we will and appoint that our said dearest consort," continues his majesty, "have the sole governance, tuition, and guardianship of our said dear son, till he shall have fully completed the fourteenth year of his age."

It is a curious fact, that James, after thus constituting Mary Beatrice as the guardian of their son and executrix of his last will and testament, appoints a council to assist her in this high and responsible charge, composed of the persons in whom he, at that date, reposed the most especial trust and confidence; and at the head of this list stood uncanceled the name of his son-in-law, prince George of Denmark! The duke of Newcastle, the earl of Nottingham, the duke of Queensbury, Cromwell's son-in-law, viscount Fauconberg, and lord Godolphin, are there, united with the names of some of the most devoted of James's friends, who

¹ Cole's State Papers.

with their families, followed him into exile: the true-hearted earl of Lindsay, the marquis of Powis, the earls of Perth and Middleton, and Sir Thomas Strickland, besides several of those who played a doubtful part in the struggle, and others, both friend and foe, who had gone to their great account, before the weary spirit of the last of the Stuart kings was released from its earthly troubles.

In virtue of this will, the only one ever made by James II., Mary Beatrice was recognised by the court and council of her deceased lord, at St. Germain's, as the acting guardian of the prince their son, and took upon herself the title of queen regent of Great Britain; she was treated by Louis XIV., and his ministers, with the same state and ceremony as if she had been invested with this office in the only legal way, by the Parliament of this realm.

The first care of the widowed queen was to obey the death-bed injunctions of her deceased consort, by writing to his daughter, the princess Anne of Denmark, to communicate his last paternal message and admonition. It was a painful duty to Mary Beatrice, perhaps the most painful to her high spirit and sensitive feelings, that had ever been imposed upon her, to smother her indignant sense of the filial crimes that had been committed by Anne, against her fond confiding king and father, the slanders she had assisted in disseminating against herself, and, above all, the base aspersions that princess had endeavoured to cast on the birth of the prince her brother, for the purpose of supplanting him in the succession to the throne of the Britannic empire. Mary Beatrice had too little of the politician, too much of the sensitive-feelings of the female heart in her character to make deceitful professions of affection to the unnatural daughter of her heart-broken husband. Her letter is temperate, but cold and dignified; and though she does not condescend to the language of reproachful accusation, it clearly implies the fact, that she regarded Anne in the light of a criminal, who, without effective repentance, and the fruits of penitence, sincere efforts to repair her offences against her earthly parent, must stand condemned in the sight of her heavenly Father.

LETTER OF MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA TO THE PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK.

"I think myself indispensably obliged to defer no longer the acquainting you with a message, which the best of men, as well as the best of fathers, has left with me for you. Some few days before his death, he bid me find means to let you know that he forgave you from the bottom of his heart, and prayed God to do so too; that he gave you his last blessing, and prayed to God to convert your heart, and confirm you in the resolution of repairing to his son, the wrongs done to himself; to which I shall only add, that I join my prayers to his, herein, with all my heart, and that I shall make it my business to inspire into the young man who is left to my care, the sentiments of his father, for better no man can have."

"Sept. 27, 1701."

If Mary Beatrice expected any good effects to be produced by the stern sincerity of such a letter, she knew little of the human heart, to which nothing is so displeasing as the prayers of another for its amendment.

¹ From the copy in Stanier Clarke's *Life of James II.*, printed from the MSS. in George IV.'s possession.

A few days after the date of this letter, Mary Beatrice completed her forty-third year. The anniversary of her birth had always been kept as a fête by the exiled court at St. Germain, but this year, in consequence of the melancholy bereavement she had so recently sustained, it was observed by her in a different manner. She gives the following account of herself in her first letter to the superior of Chaillot, on her return to St. Germain; it is dated October 6th, just three weeks after the death of king James:¹

"My health," she says, "is good beyond what I ever could have hoped in the state in which I find myself, for I avow frankly that my heart and my soul are sad, even unto death, and that every passing day, instead of diminishing, appears to augment my grief. I feel more and more the privation and the separation from him who was dearer to me than my own life, and who alone rendered that life sweet and supportable. I miss him, every day, more and more, in a thousand ways. In my first grief, I felt something like a calm beneath, but now, although, perhaps, it does not appear so much outwardly, I feel a deeper sorrow within me.

"Yesterday, the day of my birth, I made a day of retreat, (spiritual retirement for self-recollection and religious exercises,) but with so much pain and weariness, and tedium, that, so far from finding it a solace, I was oppressed and crushed down with it, as I am also with the weight of business; so much so, that, in truth, my condition is worthy of compassion. I hope the God of mercy will have pity on me, and come to my help; but here I feel it not, nor is it permitted me to find comfort either on earth or Heaven."

The royal widow then goes on to express her ardent wish of making another visit to Chaillot, to keep the festival of All Saints with her cloistered friends there, and her fears that, overwhelmed with business and anxiety as she was at this period, it would not be permitted to her to follow the bent of her own inclination. "Never," she says, in conclusion, "never has any one so great a want of prayers as I have. I entreat of God to hear those which you make to Him for me, and that He will deign to pity and take care of me."

Mary Beatrice was now a widow without a dower, a regent without a realm, and a mother whose claims to that maternity which had deprived herself and her husband of a throne, were treated by a strong party of her former subjects with derision. Although the subsequent birth of the princess Louisa had sufficiently verified that of her son, rendering, withal, the absurdity manifest of the widowed queen upholding the claims of an alien to her blood to the prejudice of her own daughter, who might otherwise expect to be recalled to England as the next in the royal succession to the princess Anne of Denmark, there were, indeed, those—Burnet, for instance—who talked of a second imposition in the person of the young Louisa; but the striking likeness between the royal brother and sister sufficiently indicated that their po-

¹ Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice, widow of James II., king of England. Archivés au Royaume de France.

rentage was the same. Mary Beatrice gives the following brief account of their health and her own, together with a touching allusion to her departed husband, in her letter to the abbess of Chaillot, at the commencement of a sorrowful new year, dated,

" St. Germain, Jan. 4th, 1702.

" My health is good, and that of the king, my son, and my daughter, perfect God be thanked! I have bad nights myself, but that does not prevent me from going on, as usual, every day. I have great want of courage and of consolation. God can grant me these when it pleases him. I hope that your prayers will obtain them for me, joined with those of that blessed spirit whose separation from mine is the cause of all my pain."¹

The first step taken by Mary Beatrice, in the capacity of guardian to the prince, her son, was to publish a manifesto in his name, setting forth his claims to the crown of Great Britain as the natural heir of the deceased king, his father. This manifesto produced no visible effects in favour of the young prince in England. In Scotland, the party that was secretly opposed to William's government, and openly to his favourite project of the union of the two realms, perceived how powerful an instrument might be made of the youthful representative of the royal Stuarts, if they could succeed in bringing him forward as a personal actor in the political arena. The duke of Hamilton and the confederate lords having organized their plans for a general rising, sent the earl of Belhaven on a secret mission to St. Germain, to communicate their design to the queen-mother, and to endeavour to prevail on her to intrust them with her son. From a very curious contemporary document in the lately discovered portfolio in the Bibliothéque du Roi,² it appears that, in November, 1701, the earl of Belhaven came to Paris, on this errand, where he remained three months. He had several conferences with the earl of Middleton, to whom he was introduced by his brother-in-law, captain John Livingston. Lord Belhaven was naturally regarded, at first, with feelings of distrust by the exiled queen and her cabinet, having been one of the most subtle of all the instruments employed by William in bringing about the revolution of 1688. He succeeded, however, in removing the unpleasant impression created by his former political conduct, by professing the most determined hostility against the Dutch sovereign, who, instead of paying the debt of gratitude with the rewards and honours to which he conceived that his extraordinary services entitled him, had neglected and slighted him, and performed none of his pledges with regard to Scotland.

" I remember," says our authority,³ " that my lord (Belhaven) said,

¹ In Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot MS.

² MS. in the St. Germain Collection. This record is endo.sca, " Papers of my lord Belhaven." It is enclosed in the following brief note, addressed to the earl of Seafield:—

" My lord,

" The paper that I send you is the same of which I spoke to you yesterday

" I am, my lord, &c.,

" C. HEDDER."

³ St. Germain MS. on Lord Belhaven's Secret Mission, in the Bibliothéque du Roi.

that he had sent letters to the duke of Hamilton, and that he acted by his instructions, the duke having become the head of those who were faithful to the interests of their country; that he had himself been hated and ill treated by king William, and that he had now an aversion to the cause of a prince who had so greatly deceived the nation; that the yoke which bound Scotland to England — for he could not call it a union — had been the ruin of his country; that he, for one, was for setting up the claims of the prince of Wales in so decided a manner, as to compel the reigning king to acknowledge him, and that would keep him in check, and make him pay more attention to the interests of the ancient realm of his ancestors.²”

On the 2d of February, 1702, his lordship had a private audience of the queen, in her palace of St. Germain, to whom he repeated all he had said to the earl of Middleton of the favourable intentions of his party, in behalf of her son. He told her, “that if the prince could be induced to embrace the protestant religion, it would be easy to obtain his recal, even by the parliament, as the recognised successor of king William.” He represented to her how desirable this would be; “for,” said he, “England is so superior in force to Scotland, both by sea and land, that unless he had a strong party in England, he would not, as king of Scotland, be able to conquer England. The prince of Wales,” continued he, “has not only a strong party in England, but a bond of alliance in France to support him in his claims.”¹ Mary Beatrice was inexorable on the subject of religion. Even when lord Belhaven went on to assure her, “that if her son would declare himself a protestant, the duke of Hamilton and his party would proclaim him king of Scotland, without waiting either for the death of William or the consent of the English parliament,” her majesty, with uncompromising sincerity replied “that she would never be the means of persuading her son to barter his hopes of Heaven for a crown. Neither could she believe that any reliance could be placed by others on the promises of a prince who was willing to make such a sacrifice to his worldly interests.” Lord Belhaven, after expressing his extreme regret at her stiffness on this important point, next proposed to her majesty, on the part of the duke of Hamilton and the confederate Scottish lords, “that if the prince would not change his religion, he would at least make a compact not to suffer more than a limited number of Romish priests in his kingdom, and that he would make no attempt to alter the established religion in either realm.” This the queen freely promised for the prince her son; and then his lordship engaged, in the name of his party, that they would do all in their power to oppose the English parliament in the Act of Settlement regarding the Hanoverian succession.²

It is interesting to be able to unveil some of the secret feelings that had agitated the heart of the royal mother in anticipation of this important interview. In a letter to her friend, the abbess of Chaillot, dated February 1st, she says—

“I am ashamed to tell you, that for several days past I have slept

¹ St. Germain MS., Bibliothèque du Roi.

² *ibid.*

less, and wept more, than I have done for some time. I find myself utterly overwhelmed, without power to find consolation either in heaven or earth. I hope always that my dear sainted king will by his intercessions obtain help for me of God. I expect it perhaps too eagerly, for my need of it is very great."¹

She goes on to speak of the publication of some of king James's letters, and of the funeral oration that had been made for him in the pope's chapel at Rome, where her kinsman, cardinal Barberini, chanted the mass, and the pope himself sang the *Libera*. "My health," continues she, "thanks to God, is wonderfully good; and I beg of him to give me grace to employ all his gifts for his sole service." In conclusion, she says—and this has clearly reference to the propositions about to be made to her by the confederate Scotch lords, through lord Belhaven—

"I request some particular prayers, to obtain the enlightenmen: and blessing of God on the business which we have at present on the tapis; and when it is put home to me, is likely to augment my troubles. This is to yourself alone."²

Lord Belhaven had several interviews with the queen, to whom he continued unavailingly to urge the desirableness of the prince conforming to the prevailing religion of the realm over which she flattered herself he might one day reign. The queen declared that her son, young as he was, would rather die than give up his religion; but that neither he nor the late king, his father, or herself, entertained any designs to the prejudice of the church of England; all they desired was toleration for those of their own way of thinking, which, she said, with some emotion, she considered "was only reasonable."³

Finally, lord Belhaven communicated the earnest desire of the duke of Hamilton and his party, "that she should send the prince to Scotland, in which case they were willing to raise his standard, and rally their followers. At present, his name was all that was known of him; but if he were once seen among them, he would be recognised as the representative of their ancient sovereigns, and the people would be ready to fight in his cause."⁴

Unfortunately, the maternal weakness of Mary Beatrice was of too absorbing a nature to allow her to entertain this proposition. Perhaps she doubted the principles of lord Belhaven, whom she had little reason to esteem.⁵

Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot MS.

¹ *Ibid.*

MS. Bibliothèque du Roi.

² State Papers in the Bibliothèque du Roi.

³ John, earl of Belhaven, whose family name was Hamilton, played a more remarkable, though, perhaps, less conspicuous part, in bringing about the revolution of 1688, than any other man. In order to perform the office of a spy and secret agent for the prince of Orange more safely and effectually, the tradition of his family affirms that, immediately on the death of Charles II., he left his family mansion, attended by only one servant, in whose fidelity he could confide, and when he reached England, he sent this person back, with directions to circulate a report that his lordship and his horse had suddenly disappeared, while crossing Solway Moss, and that it was to be feared he had been engulfed in a quicksand. The earl, who had made every arrangement for his deep-laid plot, meantime disguising himself as a gardener, hired a cottage and a market garden at Richmond, where he affected the cultivation of rare exotics, especially tulips

It has been conjectured, that she apprehended that the duke of Hamilton meant to revive the never-forgotten claims of his own ancestors on the Scottish crown; nothing could induce her to put her son into the hands of the confederate lords. "He was a minor," she said, "and as his guardian, she stood responsible to the late king, his father, and also to the people of England, who would, she doubted not, one day recal him to the throne of his forefathers; but, in the interim, she would not consent to his incurring so great a peril on her own responsibility." She had been persuaded that it was the intention of the party that had placed the prince of Orange on the throne, to assassinate her boy at the time she fled with him from England, thirteen years before; and this idea returned so forcibly to her mind on the present occasion, that she could not conceal her uneasiness when the proposition was made to her; and thus an opportunity that seemed to promise much, was lost, for she preferred the personal safety of her son to the advancement of his interests.

Mary Beatrice gave much of her confidence at this period to lord Caryl, who had been her secretary when duchess of York, had followed her into exile, and sacrificed all his property in England for the sake of his principles. She had induced king James to advance him to the post of secretary of state, being well persuaded of his fidelity. He was a person of a very elegant mind, and had been the friend and earliest patron of Pope. It was to the suggestions of Caryl that Pope was indebted for the idea of the unique and graceful poem of "the Rape of the Lock." He was also the friend and assistant of Dryden. His talents as a statesman were not equal to the difficulties of his position at the court of St. Germans, where he was crossed by the intrigues and jealousies of weak, violent, and wrong-headed rivals. The queen esteemed and trusted him, and that was sufficient to entail upon him the envy and ill-will of the rest of the cabinet, who charged all the miscarriages of the Jacobite cause to his influence. It is strange, that among persons who had sacrificed everything for their principles, so much disunion should exist, especially in a court without an exchequer, where all service was performed *con amore*.

Lord Middleton professed to be a protestant, but in his hours of relaxation declared that he believed in no religion. His fidelity to James II. was greatly doubted; that king, on his death-bed, entreated him to heed his ways and to be converted. After the death of his royal master, he fell into disgrace with the queen; he regained her confidence in the following manner:—he had been ill some time, or affected to be so; one morning, in great agitation, he demanded audience of the queen at

hyacinths, and other Dutch plants. As a collector of these, he made frequent voyages to Holland, and was, for upwards of three years, the unsuspected medium of communication between William and his confederates in England. After the revolution was accomplished, the long-lost earl of Belhaven reappeared on the scene; but after some years he changed his politics, and became a Jacobite: finding, however, that he could not induce the mother of the disinherited prince to enter into his projects, he returned to his original party, became a promoter of the union, and zealously supported the whig interest to the end of his life.

St. Germain, and when she granted it, he told her, "that by a miracle his health was perfectly restored; for he had seen a vision of his lost master, king James, in the night, who told him he would get well, but that he owed his health to his prayers, and that he must become a catholic." Middleton concluded this scene by declaring his conversion.¹ This was attacking the poor widow of James on the weak point of her character; she burst into tears of joy, and received Middleton into her confidence; he abjured the protestant faith, took the catholic sacraments immediately, and soon after ruled all at St. Germain.

The news of this conversion was communicated by Mary Beatrice to her friend Angelique Priolo, in terms which, though they may elicit a smile from persons of a calmer and more reflective turn of mind, were perfectly consistent with the enthusiastic temperament of her own :

"I defer not a moment, my dear mother, to send you the good news of the conversion of milord Middleton, which I have known for several days, but it was not in my power, till yesterday, to declare that to you which has given me such great pleasure; the only one, in truth, of which I have been sensible, since the death of our sainted king, to whose intercession I cannot but attribute this miracle—the greatest, in my opinion, that we have seen in our day. Entreat our mother (the abbess of Chaillot) and all our sisters, from me, to assist me in returning thanks to God, and in praying to him for a continuance of his grace and his mercies, which are admirable and infinite. I will tell you the particulars of this when we meet; but at present you must be content with learning that he left us at seven o'clock yesterday morning, to go to Paris, and to put himself into the hands of the superior of the English seminary there (who is a holy man) for some weeks. I am about to send this news to madame de Maintenon, but I hope to see her to-morrow, or the day after, at St. Cyr. Let us confess that God is good, my dear mother, and that he is true; that his mercies are above all, and through all his works, and that he ought to be blessed for ever. Amen."²

At the time of king James's death, Mary Beatrice was in arrears to the convent of Chaillot a large sum, for the annual rent of the apartments that were retained for her use, and that of her ladies and their attendants. The money that she would fain have appropriated to the liquidation of this debt by instalments, was constantly wrung from her by the craving misery of the starving families of the devoted friends who had given up everything for the sake of their old master, king James; and she knew that their necessities were more imperative than the claims of the compassionate nuns, who were willing to wait her convenience. Occasionally she had it in her power to gratify them with gifts from the poor remnants of her former splendour, for the decoration of their church. Their gratitude on one of these occasions, when they addressed a letter of thanks to her, signed by the superior and all the sisterhood, appeared to her sensitive delicacy so much more than was her due, that she addressed the following affectionate letter of reproof to her beloved friend Angeliquo Priolo on this subject. It is, like too many of hers, without date.

¹ St. Simon, vol. vi., 124, and following.

² Autograph letters of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot MS

The embroidery mentioned by Mary Beatrice in this letter, and which she exhorts the abbess not to spare expense in having well executed, was for the decoration of the tribune in the conventual church of Chaillot, where the heart of her deceased consort, king James, was enshrined, and was to be placed there at the anniversary of his death. That day was kept by Mary Beatrice as a strict fast to the end of her life, and it was commemorated by the *religieuses* of Chaillot with all the pompous solemnities of the Romish ritual. A vast number of persons, of whom the aged bishop of Autun was the foremost, asserted "that they had been cured of various maladies by touching the velvet pall that covered his coffin, and entreating the benefit of his prayers and intercessions." These superstitious notions were, doubtless, the result of highly excited imaginations, wrought upon by the enthusiastic reverence with which the memory of this unfortunate monarch was held in France. The grief of his faithful consort was beguiled by these marvellous legends, although she at first listened doubtfully, as if conscious of her own weak point, and dreading imposition; but the instances became numerous, and being attested by many ecclesiastics of her own church, she soon received them with due unction, and flattered herself that the time was not far distant when the name of the departed object of her undying love would be added to the catalogue of royal saints and confessors, in the Romish calendar.

When Mary Beatrice entered upon the second year of her widowhood, she passed several days in meditation, prayer, and absolute seclusion from the world; during that period she neither received visitors, wrote letters, nor even transacted business, farther than works of absolute necessity.¹ On the 2d of October, the day she came into public again, she and her son visited king James's nearest paternal relative and dearest friend, the abbess of Maubisson, the eldest daughter of the queen of Bohemia, for whom she cherished a spiritual friendship. She also held an especial conference with the celebrated father Masillon, the bishop of Autun, cardinal Noailles, and other dignitaries of the church of Rome, on matters which she appeared to consider of greater importance than affairs of state—namely, an inscription for the urn which contained the heart of her deceased lord, and the various tributes that had been paid to his memory, in funeral sermons, orations, and circular letters. She writes on these, to her, interesting topics, a long letter to the ex-abbess of Chaillot. The following passage betrays the proneness of human affections to degenerate into idolatry:—

"With regard to the epitaph on the heart of our sainted king, I am of opinion that it ought not to be made so soon, since it is not permitted to expose that dear heart to the public to be venerated as a relic, which, however, it will be one day, if it please God, and I believe that it ought to be delayed till that time. M. d'Autun appears of the same opinion, and also M. le Cardinal, who was with me yesterday two hours on my coming out of my retreat, which has decided me entirely on that point, by saying it ought not to be done at present. Meantime, they are going to make that (an epitaph) for our parish here, which I forgot to

¹ Letter of lady Sophia Bulkeley to the abbess of Chaillot, in the Archives at Royaume de France.

tell him (the cardinal) yesterday, or, rather, I should say, to remind him of it for he knows it very well."

The literary reader will perhaps be amused to find her majesty in the next place entering so far into the technicalities of publishing, as to discuss new editions, printers, and the business of the press with sister Françoise Angélique Priolo, who appears to have been the fair chronicler of the convent of Chaillot, to whose reminiscences of the royal widow her biographer is so much indebted. The well-known obituary of James II., published in the circular letter of Chaillot seems to have emanated from the same friendly pen, for Mary Beatrice says—

"About the new edition of our circular letter, I pray you to tell our mother (who is willing, I believe, that this letter should serve for her as well as you) that it is true I told M. d'Autun that we would talk it over together at the end of the month, not thinking that you were obliged to go to press before then. M. le Cardinal told me yesterday, that unless I wished for the impression myself, he saw no immediate reason for the reprint; but if you are pressed for it, or if you apprehend the printer will be otherwise engaged, I have nothing to say against the first part, but you must see that they omit all that regards me—that is to say, that they content themselves with naming my name, and mentioning that I was among you for three days. As to the rest, I confess that I am not of opinion that they ought to add anything new to the letter, at least not before the abridged copies that I had printed are all gone; and M. d'Autun and M. le Cardinal are of the same mind. But really I cannot imagine that there can be any such hurry about it, as to prevent us from waiting till we shall have discussed the matter together; for I intend, if it please God, to come to Chaillot on the 23^d till the 27th, and then, perhaps, my reasons will convert you to my opinion, or yours may make me change it, for it seems to me in general that we are much of the same mind.

"I thank our mother and all our sisters with my whole heart, and you especially, my beloved mother, for what you did at the anniversary of my sainted king. All those who were present considered that everything was admirably performed, and with much solemnity, which gave me great pleasure; for if there remain in me any sensibility for that, it is only in those things connected with the memory of the dear king. I have read with pleasure, although not without tears, his funeral oration, which I consider very fine, and I have begged the abbé Roguette to have it printed. I entreat our mother to send the bills of all the expenses, without forgetting the smallest, any more than the largest. I will endeavour to pay them immediately, or at least a good part of them: and after that is done, I shall still owe you much; for the heartfelt affection with which you have done all, is beyond payment, and will hold me indebted to you for the rest of my life. Madame de Maintenon has been very ill since she came to Fontainebleau. Last Thursday the fever left her, and for four days she was much better. She went out last Sunday, was at mass, and they considered her recovered, but on Monday the fever attacked her again. I await tidings of her to-day, with impatience, having sent an express yesterday to make inquiries. M. d'Autun was charged to request père Masillon from me for his sermon on S. Francis de Sales. I hope he will not have forgotten it.

"On reading over my letter, I find it so ill written in all respects, that I know not whether you will be able to comprehend anything. Did I not force myself to write, I believe I should forget how to do it entirely. I am ashamed; but with you, my dear mother, who know my heart, there is less need of words."¹

¹ Autograph letter of the widowed queen of James II. in the Archives du Royaume de France. Chaillot MSS.

The royal widow was roused from her dreams of spiritual communion with her departed lord, by the turmoils and perplexities which awaited her in the affairs of her nominal regency. In the autumn of 1702, the subtle adventurer, Simon, lord Lovat, presented himself once more at St. Germain's, bringing with him letters from two faithful adherents of the house of Stuart, the earl of Errol and the earl mareschal of Scotland lord Keith. Aware that he had been an object of distrust to Mary Beatrice, he sought to win her confidence and favour, by professing to have become a convert to the doctrines of the church of Rome. He had succeeded in persuading not only the duke of Perth, but the pope's nuncio, of his sincerity, and he was presented by that ecclesiastic to her majesty as a perfectly regenerate character, who was willing to atone for all past errors by his efforts for the establishment of her son as king of Scotland, as the preparatory step for placing him on the throne of Great Britain.

Simple and truthful as infancy herself, Mary Beatrice suspected not that motives of a base and treacherous nature could have led him to a change of creed so greatly opposed at that time to all worldly interests. She was willing to believe that all his professions of zeal for the church, and devotion to the cause of her son were sincere. His specious eloquence was employed to persuade her that Scotland was ready to declare her son king, and to maintain him as such against the power of his sister Anne, but they wanted money, and for the present secrecy.¹ The latter was a quality in which the regency court of St. Germain's was notoriously deficient, as the devoted partisans of the Stuart cause had found too often to their cost. The fact that no secret could be kept at St. Germain's, had passed into a warning proverb with the great nobles of Scotland, and served to deter several of those who were desirous of the restoration of the old royal line from taking steps for compassing this object.²

Although Mary Beatrice was in the habit of disclosing her cares, whether spiritual, personal, or political, to her friends at Chaillot, she relied so implicitly on the supposed impossibility of confidence that was reposed in such a quarter ever finding its way to the rival court at St. James's, that she suffered her mind to be imbued with suspicions that the earl of Middleton was not trust-worthy. Lovat assured her that the success of the confederacy of his friends in the highlands, depended entirely on her keeping it secret from him. Thus she was cajoled into the folly of deceiving her ostensible adviser, the man who stood responsible for her political conduct, and she stripped herself of the last poor remnant of property she possessed in the world, by sending the residue of her jewels to Paris, to be sold for 20,000 crowns, the sum demanded by Lovat for the equipment of the highlanders, whom he had engaged to raise for the restoration of her son. Lovat also insinuated suspicions that the most powerful partisan of her family in Scotland, the earl of Arran, afterwards duke of Hamilton, intended to revive the ancient claims of his family to the crown of that realm, and thus probably tra-

¹ Macpherson's State Papers.

² Ibid., from Nairne's MSS.

versed the secret overtures for a future marriage between the heir of that house and the young princess Louisa: nothing alarmed the widowed queen so much as the possibility of her daughter ever being set up by any party, whatsoever, as a rival of her son.

The ruin that might have ensued to the Jacobite nobles and gentry from the rash confidence placed by Mary Beatrice in Lovat, was averted by the sagacity of Louis XIV.'s minister, Torcy, who gave the earl of Middleton timely warning of the intrigue. Middleton, though deeply piqued at the want of confidence shown by his royal mistress, was too faithful a servant to allow her to fall into the snares of the unprincipled adventurer. He gravely discussed the matter with her, complained of being a useless tool himself, but besought her not to send Lovat to Scotland without being accompanied by some person of known and tried integrity, to keep watch on him, and report his proceedings to her and her council of regency. Torcy made the same demand in the name of the king his master. Captain John Murray, brother to sir David Murray of Stanhope, was entrusted with this office, and arrived with Lovat, in the north of England, early in the summer of 1703.¹

The exiled queen, in the midst of the cares and perplexities with which she found herself beset, as the guardian of a prince so unfortunately situated as her son, was struggling with the pangs and apprehensions excited by the progress of her terrible malady. In one of her letters to the abbess of Chaillot, dated St. Germain, this 2d of September, she gives the following account of herself:

"I continued in the same languishing state in which I was at Chaillot, three or four days after I left you; and since that, on my return here, I had my breast lanced many times for several days; after this was over, the pain ceased, as well as the languor, and I am much better. I took, the day before yesterday, a little bath, which I shall repeat more or less, for I have already bathed fifteen times.

"Beaulieu will see you to-morrow or Tuesday, and he will give you an account of what Mareschal said after he had seen me. He goes to Paris to see that woman of whom you know, and those who are in her hands, who are better. They will bring her others on whom to try this remedy. Mareschal has assured me that there are not any of them whose case is near so bad as mine. In the meantime, I avow to you that I am not without apprehension, and that I have great need of prayer; for we must begin and finish with that. I request of our dear mother and sisters to unite with me in this, having no necessity to explain to them my wants, which they know of old. I must ask you to send the money to the Benedictine fathers for the masses, in order that they may not know that it is for me."

Mary Beatrice goes on to explain the object which she hoped to obtain by means far less likely to be pleasing to the Almighty, than the holy and humble spirit of pious resignation which she expresses.

Her "sainted king," as she fondly calls her departed lord, "is to be invoked to the end," continues she, "that he may entreat for me, of God, an entire resignation to his holy will, like what he had himself when on earth, and that I may feel a holy indifference as to the cure or augmentation of my malady, and that the Lord would inspire the physicians and surgeons, in their treatment of me, to do whatever may con-

¹ *Stuart Papers. Macpherson's History of England. Life of Lord Lovat*

duce most to his glory, and the good of my soul, in healing me if by that means, I am still able to serve him better, and to be useful to my children, or else to give me the patience and fortitude necessary to suffer the greatest orments, if it should be more agreeable to him."¹

"It is two years to-day," continues the royal widow, and this remark proves that her letter was written in the year 1703, "since the king (James) fell ill on the day of St. Stephen, king of Hungary." After a few more explanations about the course of religious exercises she wished to have performed in her behalf, she sends her kind messages to several of the ladies of Chaillot, and especially to sister M. Gabrielle, "in whose grief," she says, "I sympathize with all my heart, for I know what it is to have lost a good mother, but her virtue will sustain her under it, and God will be to her in the place of all she has lost. It is that consolation I desire for her."

Notwithstanding the earnest wish of Mary Beatrice to submit herself to the will of her Heavenly Father, feeble nature could not contemplate the dreadful nature of the death that awaited her without shrinking; the regular medical practitioners could only palliate the anguish of the burning pangs which tormented her. The nuns of Chaillot, though to this day the remnant of that community profess to be possessed of a specific for cancers, had failed to arrest the progress of the disease in its earlier stages, and now she was tempted to put herself under the care of a female who boasted of having performed great cures in cases of the kind. Madame de Maintenon, knowing how desperate were the remedies often employed by empirics, was alarmed lest the sufferings of her unfortunate friend should be aggravated, and her death hastened, by allowing any unqualified person to tamper with her disease. This lady appears to have behaved in a tenderly, sympathizing manner to the royal sufferer, whose account of the interview must be given in her own words.

"We wept much together at St. Cyr, at the sad state in which I found myself. She does not much advise me to put myself into the hands of this woman. She said that if I began to give ear to those sort of people, I should have *charlatans* besetting me every day with offers of remedies, which would keep me in a perpetual state of uncertainty and embarrassment. However, she agreed that they ought to give a fair trial of her (the doctress's) remedy. This we will do; and, in the meantime, I will try to tranquillize my mind, and resign myself entirely into the hands of God, and I can do no more."²

The progress of her direful malady appears to have been arrested for a time by the operations to which she had submitted; she describes herself, in her next letter, as better, though very weak. She says "she hopes to have the pleasure of coming to spend a week at Chaillot, if her health continues to improve, and to go one day to Paris while there, if strong enough; but if not," continues she, "I shall repose myself with my dear good mother, I shall hope to find myself in excellent

¹ Autograph Letters of Mary Beatrice, in the Chaillot Collection, Hotel de Soubise

² Autograph letter of the queen of James II. to the abbess of Chaillot, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

health after your broth." ¹ Her majesty appears to have derived benefit both in health and spirits from this little journey.

Mademoiselle de la Motte, a lady of noble family, who boaded in the convent, was suffering from the same complaint as the poor queen, and was disposed to try the cancer doctress at Paris. The queen's French surgeon, Beaulieu, had placed a poor woman who was thus afflicted under the care of the doctress, in order to give her remedies a fair trial, and he was disposed to think favourably of the result. ² After her return to St. Germain's, the queen writes the following letter to calm the apprehensions of her friend Angelique Priolo, who had heard that she was alarmingly ill :

"St. Germain's, 9th November.

"In the name of Heaven, my dear mother, be at rest with regard to me. I can assure you with truth that my health is good, my strength entirely renewed. I eat well. I sleep, not always well, but never very ill. As for my breast, if there be any change since I quitted you, it is for the better. I think so myself, and I am not accustomed to flatter myself.

"Beaulieu went yesterday to Paris, and assures me that he found the sick woman considerably better since the fortnight that he has placed her in the house of the woman, where she has been well looked to and attended, and eaten nothing injurious. I know not if mademoiselle de la Motte has done what we resolved on, but there is yet time, for I believe it is nothing so much advanced as my malady. I have had no pain myself for some days, and I find myself at present sufficiently at rest. Be so yourself, my dear and too good mother, and begin your retreat without disquiet. I suppose you will enter upon it to-morrow, for it will not be more than ten days before we shall see each other. Send me, this evening, tidings of your health, and take care of it for the love of me, who have such need of your care and of your advice. Adieu, my dear mother. Let us come to God; let us live but for him, and let us love only him.

"Since writing my letter, they have resolved to give the holy viaticum to lady Almond.

"I send to you six books to distribute thus — to our mother, yourself, mademoiselle de la Motte, M. d'Autun, M. de Brienne, l'abbé de Roguette, but do not send this till the last, as I have not yet given to M. le cardinal de Noailles, or to M. le Nuncio; which I shall do in two or three days, after having sent to the princes of the blood, having, as yet, given but to the king and to madame de Maintenon." ³

The books mentioned by Mary Beatrice, were copies of a brief memoir of James II., which had been prepared and printed at her expense. It is written in French, in a feeble inflated style, having many words and few facts, and those by no means interesting to historians, being chiefly descriptive of his devotional exercises. The royal widow, however, frequently alludes to this work in the course of her correspondence with the holy ladies of Chaillot, who were of course highly edified with it. In a subsequent letter to the abbess of that house, she says, "I send you this letter by father Bouchet, and a book of the life of the king for him to give you, to replace that which you have given to him

¹ Autograph letter of the queen of James II. to the abbess of Chaillot, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² Ibid.

³ Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France

We are all very well," continues her majesty, "and my son does not nount his horse with such impetuosity as to incur any danger."¹

Other letters of the widowed queen, at this period, are of a less cheerful character; sickness was in her household and her family. Her son was dangerously ill, and the friend of her childhood, the countess of Almond, struggling with a mortal malady. Death had already entered her palace, and begun to desolate her little world, by thinning the train of faithful servants who had followed her and her deceased consort into exile. On the 6th of December, 1703, she writes to her friend Angelique Priolo:—

"We have lost, this morning, a good old man, named Dupuy; he had been with our sainted king more than forty years, and was himself turned of eighty. He was a very good man, and I doubt not that God has taken him to his mercy.² Our poor lady Almond has begun to amend a little since yesterday. I hope that we shall accomplish her business, if it pleases God. I thank our mother and sisters for the prayers they have made for her, and request their continuation, for she is a person very dear to me, and has been useful to me for nearly forty years. But we have another want for your prayers, for the king, my son, was attacked with fever yesterday afternoon. I hope, however, nothing will come of it, for he is not worse this morning. The shivering began at seven o'clock. He did not go to bed till near nine, and the perspiration lasted till near five. They have given him a remedy this morning, which has greatly relieved him, and I hope the worst is over. We cannot, however, be sure till to-morrow is past; so, if you have no tidings from me after to-morrow, you are to conclude that he is better. My own health appears to me better than it has ever been. God grant that I may serve him the better for it."

The countess of Almond, for whom Mary Beatrice expresses so much solicitude in the above letter, was the Anna Vittoria Montecuculi of the early pages of her biography, the same who accompanied her to England when she left her own country as the virgin bride of the duke of York. Lady Almond was, with the exception of Madame Molza, the last surviving of the companions of her childhood by whom Mary Beatrice was attended on that occasion. One of the few who could sympathize with her feelings towards the land of her birth, or enter into her reminiscences of the old familiar palace where they were both brought up. Her majesty mentions her again with tender concern, in the following letter to Angelique Priolo:—

"St. Germain, 26th of March.

"The abbé de Roguette will charge himself with this letter, and save me from sending my courier to-day, as I had intended. The letter of milady Strickland was already written. You will see that I greatly approve of your thought of putting mademoiselle de Dempsey at Amiens. I wish they would take her for three months, and I would pay her pension. She will give you an account also

¹ Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² Monsieur Dupuy was one of those who were present when Anne Hyde, duchess of York, the first wife of James II., received the last sacraments of the church of Rome. Mrs. Dupuy, the accomplished author of that very elegant work, "Illustrations of British Costume," is possessed of several interesting family heir-looms, gifts of the royal Stuarts, traditionally derived from the old and faithful servant of James II., whose loss Mary Beatrice laments in this letter.

of lady Almond, who has had a bad night. However, I don't think she is so near death as I believed, the other day. They decide absolutely that she goes to Forge; I greatly fear she will never return, but they must do all they can, then leave the event to God. Milady Strickland gives you the account of my death, which is good—better, indeed, than usual. I hope that nothing will prevent me from embracing you, my dear mother, on Monday next, before Compiègne. It must not, however, wait for me, for I am not very sure of my time. I believe that I shall go to Marli one day this week."

On the 19th of April, her majesty thanks Angélique Priolo for the sympathy she had expressed for the great loss, "Which," says she,—

"I have had of our dear lady Almond." You know better than any other the cause I have to regret her; and you give so true a description of my feelings, that I have nothing to add to it. Yet I must own to you that my heart is so full of grief in its desolation since my great loss, that all others appear of less account to me than they would have done before that time." * * * * *

"I have been so often interrupted, since I have been writing to you, that I know not what I have said, and I am too much pressed for time to write to our mother. * * * The king, Louis XIV., came to-day; madame de Maintenon may, perhaps, to-morrow. Lady Bulkeley gives you an account of the sickness of the king, my son. It will be of no consequence, please God, but I was alarmed the day before yesterday, in the evening.

"I am grieved for the indisposition of mademoiselle de la Motte. Assure her of my regard, and the beloved *ecumène*. I see well how much the good heart of the dear portress has felt the death of lady Almond. I thank you and our mother for all the prayers you make and have made for that dear departed one. They cannot doubt of her happiness from the history of her life, and of her death, which had all the marks of a death precious in the sight of God. Alas! I did not believe it had been so near! It is impossible to tell you more, for I have not a moment of time."¹

The occupations of Mary Beatrice were anything but agreeable at this period, when the treachery of a plausible villain made the loss of the tried friends of early life appear irreparable calamities. Lord Lovat had returned to St. Germain, in the preceding January, 1704, and delivered a false account of the proceedings in Scotland and the north of England. "At Durham," he said, "in particular, the catholics received him with open arms, and when he showed them the picture of the young king, knelt down and kissed it, and prayed for him; that there was a general meeting of all the gentlemen of that persuasion soon after, and that they sent four of their number to entreat him to inform the queen, that all the catholics in the north of England were ready to venture their lives and fortunes for the king, whenever his banner should be displayed in that country; also, that an Irish nobleman declared, that if the king of France would send them arms, he would engage 5000 men to rise in Ireland. That the earl of Leven, on his representations, begged him to make his peace with the young king, and even the earl of Argyle had said, that rather than the duke of Hamilton should get the crown, he and his kindred and clan would be the first to draw his

¹Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

²Ibid.

sword for that prince.”¹ Mary Beatrice listened at first with eager credulity, to tales so flattering to her maternal hopes, and returned a gracious answer, without consulting lord Middleton. She had not seen, though her biographer has the irrefragable evidences of Lovat’s treachery in the letters addressed by him to the earl of Nottingham,² commencing with the date of his first appearance at St. Germain’s in 1699, proving that he came there as the accredited spy of king William’s cabinet, to earn, not only pardon for his past offences, but rewards for betraying the secrets of the exiled court. Mary Beatrice had misdoubted him then, and regarding his private character with disgust, induced her royal husband to forbid him their presence; but his pretended conversion and zeal for the church of Rome, made her fancy that he was a regenerate person. Her cooler minister, lord Middleton, detected at a glance discrepancies in Lovat’s statements; he waited on the queen and showed her a duplicate memorial which Lovat had sent to him. Her majesty replied, “that she had received one of the same date, and to the same purpose, to which she had given her answer already.” Middleton, surprised and mortified, replied, drily, “that was enough,” and withdrew, observing in the bitterness of his heart, that “he was but an useless tool.” He determined, however, not to indulge his resentful feelings so far as to leave the game in the hands of Lovat, by resigning his post, after the diplomatic affront he had received from her majesty. He laid the matter dispassionately before the French minister, de Torcy and the nuncio, and got the latter to disabuse the queen. He also induced him to propound a list of questions to Lovat, in the name of her majesty; especially demanding who the Irish nobleman, and the gentlemen in the north were, who had, as he pretended, made such large promises of assistance to the cause. Lovat declared, “that one and all had engaged him to promise not to tell their names to any one but the queen, to whom,” he said, “he was ready to declare them in private audience; and then only on her majesty giving her royal word not to reveal them to the members of her council, because they had experienced how little they regarded secrecy.”³ When captain John Murray, the companion of Lovat’s journey, whom he had contrived to leave in the lurch, arrived at St. Germain’s, he produced many proofs that the latter was the bribed instrument of queen Anne’s cabinet. Lovat took up the tone of an injured person, and wrote to the earl of Middleton:

“I am daily informed that the queen has but a scurvy opinion of me, and that I rather did her majesty bad than good service by my journey. My lord, I find by that that my enemies have greater power with the queen than I have; and to please them and ease her majesty, I am resolved to have no more to do with them till the king is of age.”

In conclusion, he tells Middleton, “that he relies on the promises the lady,” meaning Mary Beatrice, “had made in his behalf.”⁴

A letter from the earl of Aylesbury to the young prince’s almoner

¹ Stuart Papers, in Macpherson.

² Inedited MSS. in the Bibliothèque du Roi.

³ Stuart Papers. Macpherson.

⁴ Ibid.

Saunders, soon after arrived, stating that the expenses of Lovatt's journey to St. Germain's, had been defrayed by the cabinet of St. James's.

The duke of Berwick wrote also to Mary Beatrice, warning her against Lovat, and enclosed a letter from an Irish priest, called father Farrell, exposing the base treachery he had practised against a faithful adherent of her son's cause in London :

"Your majesty," says Berwick, "will see here a new confirmation of Lovat's knavery; and I believe it is absolutely necessary that your majesty send a French translation of this paper to the marquis de Torcy. The affair is of great consequence, and your majesty may depend that the king's affairs are ruined unless lord Lovat is apprehended."¹

In consequence of Berwick's advice, Lovat was arrested by the French government, and sent to the castle of Angoulême: abundant reason appeared for detaining him a close prisoner for several years. One of his objects in cajoling the widowed queen of James II., was to obtain credentials to the adherents of the Jacobite cause. Mary Beatrice had entrusted him with a letter to the duke of Gordon; this he used as a weapon in a quarrel of his own, by transferring it to an envelope addressed to his great enemy, the duke of Athol, and then placing it in the hands of Queensberry, as an evidence that Athol was in correspondence with the mother of the disinherited representative of the house of Stuart. There can be no doubt but the employment of so unprincipled a person as Lovat did an infinity of mischief to the Jacobite cause in Scotland, especially as the cabinet of queen Anne made use of his information as a pretence for pursuing arbitrary measures to overawe the opposers of the union. The intrigues and counter intrigues, the double treasons, the bribery and corruption, the agitation and the follies, that were perpetrated at that momentous crisis, belong to general history, and can only be occasionally alluded to in these pages, in illustration of the letters and personal conduct of the unfortunate widow of the last of our Stuart kings, in fulfilment of the duties which her titular office of regent, or guardian to the young prince, their son, imposed on her. Alas, for any woman who is placed in circumstances like those, with which Mary Beatrice had to struggle, while carrying the fire in her bosom, that was slowly consuming her living frame, denied the repose for which her suffering body and weary spirit sighed, conscious of her own helplessness, and tossed like a feather on a strong stream, by the adverse currents of warring parties.

The duke of Marlborough, in his secret correspondence with the court of St. Germain's, lamented that his nephew, the duke of Berwick, should have been removed to Spain, instead of remaining on the spot, to be in readiness for action. He was, in fact, the proper person to have acted for the young prince, his half-brother, being the only man of talent and decision, at the exiled court. He enjoyed, moreover, the entire confidence of his royal father's widow, who entertained almost a maternal affection for him, and he always treated her with profound respect, and bears the highest testimony to her moral worth, in his me-

¹Stuart Papers. Macpherson.

moirs, where he speaks of her testimony, in a disputed matter, as decisive. "The queen told me so," says he, emphatically, "and she was a princess of great veracity." Berwick had good reason to think well of Mary Beatrice. She had stood his friend with his royal father twice, when he had displeased him by contracting love marriages; Berwick having, after the death of his first duchess, wedded one of her majesty's maids of honour, the daughter of colonel and lady Sophia Bulkeley, Mary Beatrice kindly appointed the young duchess of Berwick as lady of the bed-chamber, and treated her almost as if she had been a daughter of her own, retaining her about her person during the duke's absence in his campaigns.¹ After the death of king James, Berwick, wishing to be naturalized as a subject of France, her majesty exerted her utmost influence with Louis XIV. and madame de Maintenon, to promote his interests. She also wrote in his behalf so warmly to the princess des Ursins, whom she had formerly known in her early youth, and, indeed, claimed kindred with, through her mother, the late duchess of Modena, that she succeeded in obtaining for him the post of generalissimo of the French armies sent by Louis to support his grandson's pretensions to the crown of Spain, against the archduke Charles, queen Anne's protegé.² The brilliant exploits of the son of James II. in that campaign were certainly such as to do honour to the earnest recommendation of his royal step-mother, if that title may be bestowed on Mary Beatrice.

Those who are familiar with Marlborough's secret transactions, under the feigned name of Armsworth, with the court of St. Germain, and its agents in England and Holland, and, at the same time, trace the rise and progress of the deadly hatred between his imperious helpmate and queen Anne, will be at no loss to divine the nature of the project that was inadvertently traversed by the successful efforts of Mary Beatrice, for the employment of the brilliant talents of one so near and dear to her departed lord, in a more important sphere than her impoverished shadow of a court could offer. If she had possessed the selfish talents meet for the position she occupied, she would have prevented Berwick from divorcing his fortunes from those of her son, in order to secure those services in his cause, which were eventually the means of establishing the intrusive Bourbon dynasty on the throne of Spain. Berwick was, perhaps, the only man attached to the cause of her son, whom the cautious favourite of fortune, Marlborough, could rely on; and when he was removed from the scene, the game might be considered a losing one.

In August, 1704, Louis XIV. gave a grand fête and illuminations at Marli, to celebrate the birth of a great-grandson of France, the infant duke of Bretagne, the first-born of the duke and duchess of Burgundy. Mary Beatrice, with her son and daughter, were among the guests: out of compliment to the titular rank they held in that court, they were given the place of honour, taking precedence of every person but the king of France, who, according to his invariable custom, gave the hand

¹ St. Simon.

² Stuart Papers in Macpherson.

to the widowed queen.¹ Her feelings were little in unison with the pomp and pageantry of royalty, if we may judge from the strain in which she writes the next day to her friend at Chaillot, her faithful heart occupying itself neither on the splendid festivities of which she had been a joyless spectator at Marli, nor the anticipation of those in which she was about to join during her approaching visit to Fontainebleau, but in making arrangements to assist in the services of her church for the mournful anniversary of her beloved consort's death :—

“ St. Germain's, this Wednesday.

“ These three days have I sought for a moment to write to you, my dear mother, to let you know that I shall be, please God, at Chaillot, on Monday next, 15th, at five o'clock. I hope you will defer the vespers of the dead till that hour. I cannot come till the day when I am returning here from Fontainebleau, where I shall go on Monday: it will be two days' journey by land, not by water, as M. Fagon does not approve of the latter.

“ I went yesterday to Marli, and my daughter also, for the first time. We supped there. I found Madame de Maintenon not half-well. All have their afflictions. I had not seen her since your misfortune. I can feel with all my heart for desolate wives and mothers. The *religieuses* are happier, for they have nothing nearer than nephews to lose. I am, however, very sorry for that of my dear portress: for the love of her, I have sent to M. de Montespan and M. de Valmy to make my condolences to her sister-in-law, and to say that it was you who informed me of the death of her only son.”²

The rest of this letter consists of messages of congratulation or sympathy to various members of the sisterhood of Chaillot, and the royal writer adds, with some naïveté :—

“ Accommodate all these compliments, for good or ill, properly, my dear mother, for I am so pressed for time that I know not what I say.”

The health of her beloved son, that “ child of vows and prayers,” as his fond father had, with his last breath, called him, was very delicate; indeed, he appeared to hold his life on a tenure so precarious as to be an object of perpetual anxiety to his widowed mother. On the 15th of December, 1704, she writes to the abbess of Chaillot :—

“ I thank you for your prayers for the king, my son, and I entreat you to continue them, for certainly he is not better; he had the fever again on Saturday and Sunday. They bled him yesterday morning, and I did not find that his cold was at all relieved by it, but he has no fever to-day. God is the master, and he must do for him and me whatever it shall please him. My daughter is very well, and I am better than usual; but, my dear mother, it will be impossible to be at Chaillot till the Sunday after Christmas. I had reckoned that my sister Le Vayer would take the habit on the Friday, and I should return on the Saturday morning, but in the state in which I see my son, I cannot quit him for some days, and unless he should be better than he is now, I cannot hope to pass Christmas with you.”³

In the early part of the year 1705, all other cares and anxieties that oppressed Mary Beatrice appear to have been forgotten in her trembling solicitude for the health of her boy. On the 14th of February, she writes

¹ Memoirs of the duke de St. Simon.

² Autograph letter of Mary Beatrice, Archives au Royaume.

³ Autograph letters of Mary Beatrice, Archives au Royaume de France.

forms her friends at Chaillot, that he continues in a languishing condition, and recommends him to their prayers. Six days later, he was so seriously ill, that the fond mother, in the anguish of her heart, despairing of the power of medical skill to save him, wrote an agitated letter to the abbess of Chaillot, imploring the intercession of that friendly community with Heaven in his behalf; and also that they would endeavour, by earnest prayers, to obtain that of the deceased king, her husband, in whose canonization she was a devout believer, for the recovery of her son.¹

Her letter contains evidences of fervent but misdirected faith, a fond reliance on the prayers of others for that which should have been sought of God, through the intercession of a divine Mediator, alone. Due allowance ought, however, to be made for the effects of a conventual education on an ardent daughter of the South, and, above all, for the agony of maternal apprehension for the life of her only son, under which she wrote.

No one, but the most tenderly devoted of mothers, could have desired the life of a male claimant of the crown of England to be prolonged, whose existence, alone, prevented the amicable arrangement of all disputes and difficulties, by the recognition of her daughter, the princess Louisa, as the successor of queen Anne. No jealousies could have been entertained by that sovereign of rivalry from a younger sister, and all national fears for the interests of the church of England might have been obviated by a marriage with the hereditary prince of Hanover—a measure that could not even be proposed during the life of her brother. As regarded the succession to the throne of England, the princess Louisa lay under no disabilities: neither acts of attainder nor oaths of abjuration had passed against her; and if the personal existence of this youngest and most promising scion of the Stuart line had never been publicly noticed by contending parties, it was, perhaps, because her political importance was secretly felt by the subtle calculators, who were aware of the delicacy of her brother's constitution, and the yearning of the childless Anne towards a successor of her own name and blood. The death of the unfortunate son of James II., at that epoch, would have excited a general feeling of sympathy for his mother and sister; the stumbling-stone of offence would have been removed, and all fears of civil wars averted, by restoring the regal succession to the regular order. In that case, Mary Beatrice would, as a matter of course, have been recalled to England with her daughter. She would have been relieved from all her debts and pecuniary difficulties by the payment of her jointure and its arrears. She would have had one or more of her former royal abodes assigned for her residence, with a suitable establishment for the youthful heiress-presumptive of the realm, and the prospect of increased power and importance in the event of the princess succeeding to the crown during her minority.

The unexpected recovery of the prince, prevented the realization of this flattering perspective. He completed his seventeenth year, and his sister her thirteenth, in the following June. The princess Louisa, who

¹ Autograph letters of Mary Beatrice, Archives au Royaume de France.

nad inherited all her mother's beauty, was now regularly introduced at the French court, where, as the daughter of a king and queen of England, and sister to a prince whose title to the crown of that realm was supported by France, she was given precedency over every lady there, except her own mother, who always had the place of honour allowed her by Louis XIV. The following particulars of a grand ball at Marli, in July, 1705, at which the royal exiles of St. Germain were present, will show the respectful consideration with which they were treated. At the upper end of the long spacious saloon in which the ball took place, three fauteuils were placed for the king of France, the widowed queen of England, and her son. Mary Beatrice, as in the life-time of her royal consort, occupied the middle seat. Opposite to them were benches for the dancers; the other members of the royal family occupied plicants. Behind the royal dais were the refreshments. The titular king of England opened the ball with his sister, and the king of France stood all the time they were dancing. This he always would have done every time this young royal pair danced together, if Mary Beatrice had not entreated him to be seated; but it was not till he had paid them this mark of respect twice or thrice, that he would consent to sit down.¹ Mary Beatrice always sat between Louis and her son at supper, with her daughter and the immediate members of the royal family of France. There was a separate table for the officers of her household on these occasions, at which the duke of Perth presided. The attention which had been paid to herself and her children, must have been cheering to the royal widow, for she writes in better spirits than usual to her friend, the abbess of Chaillot, immediately after.

St. Germain, 27th July, 1705.

"I believe, my dear mother, that you are almost ready to be in a pet with lady Bulkely and me, because we have been so long without sending you any news. It is true that we are to blame, but you would be much more so if you could think that it was from forgetfulness; for I should as soon forget my children and myself as forget Chaillot and my dear and good mother, Priolo. But since Thursday we have had journeys and fêtes, besides which, my little malady often prevents me from writing, and lady Bulkely likes better to wait till she can send you one of my letters, believing that it will give you more pleasure."

"We are all well here, thank God, and my son much better than usual, and more lively. The last news from Flanders is not good, but he must not be discouraged, nor cease to pray."²

From the same letter we learn that Mary Beatrice had spent some days at Chaillot in the beginning of that month, and that she purposed paying another visit to the community there, in the course of a fortnight. She was, however, attacked with a severe relapse of her alarming malady, and she announces her disappointment to the abbess and La Deposée in these words:—

"At St. Germain, this 12th August, 1705.

"After all my dear mother, there is no more hope of your seeing me for this next holy festival. God wills it not, since he permits my illness to continue

¹ Memoirs de St. Simon, vol. iv., pp. 395-6.

² Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice, in Archives au Royaume de France

and it is for us to take patience, and submit ourselves to His holy will. I entreat you and my dear mother Priolo, for this letter is written for you both, not to be disquieted on my account, but to recommend me fervently to God, and leaving me in the arms of His providence, be yourselves at rest, for although it is fifteen days that I have suffered from pangs in my bosom almost perpetually, and I have few good nights, yet the pains are not violent, but I cannot bear the motion of a coach. I will send Beaulieu in two or three days, who will render you an exact account of my state, and in the meantime I am very sure that my dear mothers and all our sisters will pray for me to the end that God will grant me either a diminution of my malady, or an augmentation of my patience, for I confess to you that it fails me sometimes.

“I fear that my dear mother, Priolo, and my poor little postress will make themselves ill again by afflicting themselves too much about my malady. Try to console them my dear mother, and they will console you with God, who does all for our good.

“There is no opening in my breast, neither does it appear worse than when the mother Priolo saw it the last time.

“I have the three thousand francs already, but I counted on bringing them to you to-morrow. You see what I would have done, and if you can wait till my other journey, which I hope God will not prevent me from making in September, I will bring them then.” “M. R.”

Endorsed, “For our mother.”¹

The poor queen continued under surgical treatment for several weeks. In a letter to the abbess of Chaillot, dated September 14th, expressive of her disappointment at being unable to attend the commemorative service at the conventual church, for the anniversary of king James's death, as the physicians had ordered her to keep her chamber, after making some touching allusions to her sufferings, she says,—“But God is the master, and it is for me to obey and to submit myself with patience, when I cannot with joy, to that which he is pleased to ordain for me, and he has renewed the anguish in my breast for the last four days. * * If after four days,” continues her majesty, “I return to my usual state, I think of endeavouring to go to Fontainebleau by water; nothing would draw me there but the love of my daughter, and it will be for the last time in my life, even if that life should be prolonged.”² Mary Beatrice did not adhere to this resolution, made in the sadness of her heart, at a time when, she declares, that the motion of a coach was insupportable to her, and all the pageantry of a court, full of fatiguing ceremonies and frivolous etiquettes, appeared in the light of vanity and vexation of spirit to her overburdened mind and suffering frame.

In another of her letters to the abbess of Chaillot, evidently written at this period, she says—

“I sent my daughter to you, the other day, my dear mother, and with her my heart and soul, not having power at that time to drag my body thither, but now I hope to have the pleasure of embracing you myself next Thursday. I have been dying to go to Chaillot for the last three months, and at last I cherish the hope that God will permit me that pleasure in three days.”³

The fallen queen adds, with impressive earnestness—

¹ Autograph Letters of Mary Beatrice: Archives au Royaume de France.

² *Ibid.*

³ Inedited Chaillot Correspondence preserved in the Hotel de Soubise.

"But we must strive, above all, to profit our souls by it, and for this purpose we must excite and encourage each other reciprocally to adore and to love the very holy decrees of God in everything that he is pleased to do with us, that we may submit to it with meekness and patience, if we cannot with joy, to which I confess I have not yet attained; but God will assist us in his mercy, and will give us strength proportioned to our difficulties. •

"I supplicate this of him with all my heart, and am in Him my dear mother entirely yours,

"M. R."

Endorsed, "For my dear mother Priolo."¹

It is certain that the queen's surgeon, Beaulieu, must have possessed great skill in the treatment of cancer, for the fatal progress of this dreadful malady was once more arrested, and the royal patient, to her own surprise, and that of all the world, became convalescent.

A cheering account of the improved health of both mother and son, in the autumn of the same year, appears in the private correspondence of the prince's confessor, father Saunders,² dated November 28th, 1705. "The king is very well, and grows tall and strong. The queen, also, is much better than she was, and it is hoped that the lump in her breast is not so dangerous as was once thought. The princess is one of the most complete young ladies of her age, very witty and handsome, and of a most excellent good humour, which gains the hearts of all who know her."

The secret correspondence of the court of St. Germain's with the Jacobite agents in England and Scotland, meanwhile, is rather curious than important. Marlborough under the *nom de guerre* of Armsworth, and Godolphin, under the name of Gilburn, or Goulston, are frequently mentioned in Caryl and Middleton's letters as making professions to the exiled family. The following observation is in one of Caryl's, dated June 30th, 1705:—

"I must also own the receipt of yours of the 3d of May, wherein you relate what passed between you and Mr. Goulston, which merchant is not so prodigal of his words as his partner Armsworth, and therefore they are somewhat more to be relied on, and unless they both join to deceive, much may be hoped from their agreeing in the same story."³

Those double-minded statesmen had assured the widow of James II., that the bill for the protestant succession should be rejected in the Scottish parliament, and that everything that honour and justice could require should be done for "the prince of Wales," as they still termed the son of their late master.⁴ Mary Beatrice was only too willing to be deceived; and when the bill for extinguishing the hopes of her son was actually thrown out by that senate, she was persuaded by her cabinet to impute it rather to the friendly policy of lord Godolphin, in refraining from attempting to carry the measure by bribery, than to the unalienable attachment of the northern aristocracy to the representatives

¹ Inedited Chaillot Correspondence preserved in the Hotel de Soubise.

² Letters of F. Saunders to Meredith, a priest at the English seminary at Rome Rawlinson's Miscellaneous MSS., Nc. 21. Bodleian Library Oxford. Communicated by Mrs. Green.

³ Stuart Papers in Macpherson, from Nairne.

⁴ *Ibid.*

of their ancient monarchs. Godolphin's lingering regard for the exiled queen rendered him really desirous of arranging matters with queen Anne and her cabinet, for the payment of her dowry and its arrears and if he had possessed the moral courage to come forward openly in parliament, with a manly appeal to the compassion and justice of a generous and chivalric nation, in behalf of the royal widow, (whose destitution was a reproach to those who had been proud to bend the knee before her in the short-lived days of her greatness,) there can be little doubt but her claims would have been allowed. She had an act of parliament in her favour, which even those who had disgraced the name of English peers, by their unconstitutional attempt to attain her, had not so much as endeavoured to get repealed, because the sense of the house of commons had been clearly shown, by furnishing king William with supplies for the express purpose of fulfilling that obligation, though he had, as before explained, applied it to his own use. Godolphin was aware of all this, but his own crooked paths rendered him timid and irresolute. His correspondence with the exiled queen and her agents was more than suspected by the whigs. Lord Wharton boldly declared in the upper house, "that he had my lord treasurer's head in a bag." This menace paralyzed the vacillating minister; he crouched like a beaten hound, and submitted to do all and everything that was demanded by his political antagonists, even to the outlay of an enormous sum, in purchasing a majority in the Scotch parliament, to carry measures perfectly opposed to his own inclinations; and it was supposed no less so to the secret feelings of his sovereign lady, queen Anne.¹

It was in vain that the Scotch Jacobites urged Mary Beatrice and her minister for money and arms, or that they represented to the arbiter of her son's destiny, Louis XIV., how serviceable even the small sum of thirty thousand livres would be, to enable their friends to put arms in the hands of those who burned to decide the question of the union, not in the senate, but in the field. Louis had already paid too dearly for yielding to the dictates of his lively sympathy for the widow and orphans of his unfortunate cousin James, to venture to act independently of his cabinet at this crisis. The expensive wars in which that political blunder had involved France, had crippled his resources. The victories of Marlborough taught him that he had work to do to guard his own frontier, and although he might perhaps have made the best diversion in his own favour, by sending troops and arms to assist in raising an insurrection against queen Anne's government in Scotland, his ministers could not be induced to hazard the experiment.

On the 20th of March, 1706, Saunders again notices the improved health of the queen, and that the painful tumour in her bosom was decreasing. He adds the following particulars of her son and daughter:—"The king is very well, and grows strong and tall. He has begun to ride the great horse, and does it very gracefully, and all say he will make a very good horseman. He has a great desire to make a campaign, and the queen has asked it of the king of France, who has not as yet consented

¹ Stuart Papers in Macpherson.

to it. In all appearance it would do our king a great deal of good, and be much to his honour and reputation, but the king of France will be loth to let him go till he can send him like a king. 'The princess is very tall of her age, and by her wit and gracious behaviour charms all that come near her.'¹

The son of Mary Beatrice and James II. obtained his political majority on the 10th of June, 1706, when he completed his 18th year. The regency of the queen-mother was then supposed to terminate, but she continued virtually the leading power at St. Germain's as long as she lived, though her son was treated by herself, and every one in the exiled court, as their sovereign and master. He began now to take some share in affairs of state. Lord Middleton commends the industry and application of this prince to business, and extols his abilities;² but these were only shown in the easy, pleasant style of his epistolary correspondence, whether diplomatic or personal, in which he excelled most of his contemporaries. The following affectionate congratulation to his friend the marquis of Drummond, on the approaching marriage of that nobleman, is one of the earliest specimens of his familiar letters, and is, through the courteous indulgence of the baroness Willoughby de Eresby, presented for the first time to the public, being an inedited document from the family archives of that noble lady :

" St. Germain's, June 29, 1706.

" Having found a safe opportunity of writing into Scotland, I take that occasion of writing this note to you. I will say nothing to you of my own affairs, referring to what I write to you, and my other friends, which will be communicated to you by the countess of Errol, your aunt, and so will only add here, how pleased I was to hear that your marriage with the duke of Gordon's daughter is like to be soon concluded. The kindness I have for you and your father, makes anything agreeable to me that I think so much for your interest, as I think this is. I am very sensible of your own and family's services, as I hope one day to be in a condition of showing you, and of giving you proofs of my kindness for you.

" JAMES R.³

" Pray remember me very kindly to lord John Drummond; do the same to lord Stormont, and assure him I shall not forget the zeal he has for my service, nor the care he took of me when a child."

All that personal kindness and courtesy could do to render the widowed queen and her son easy under the tantalizing fever of hope deferred, was done by Louis XIV. He treated them, in all respects, as his equals, and caused the same honours to be paid to them. A fortnight never passed without his making them a visit in state at St. Germain's, besides coming much oftener in private with Madame de Maintenon. He invited them and his young god-daughter, the princess Louisa, to all

¹ Correspondence with Meredith. Rawlinson's MSS. Bodleian Library, Oxford.

² Macpherson's Stuart Papers.

³ Royal autograph letters in the archives of the noble house of Drummond at Perth, No. 14, inedited. Courteously communicated by the representative of that ancient historical family, the baroness Willoughby de Eresby, to whom my best acknowledgments are gratefully offered.

his fêtes at Marli, Versailles, and Trianon, where he invariably treated them as the dearest of relatives, and most honoured of guests.¹ If the queen came in state, he received her as he had done in the life-time of king James, at the entrance of the first ante-room, and leading her into the presence chamber, stood conversing with her, and her son and daughter, for some minutes, before he conducted them into his private saloon, where madame de Maintenon was waiting to receive them. Mary Beatrice, in fact, was paid the same deference in that court, as if she had been a queen of France, and took precedence of every lady there.² The near relationship of Adelaide of Savoy, duchess of Burgundy, to James II. and his children, on the one hand, and to Mary Beatrice on the other, precluded jealousy on her part. She had grown up from infancy in habits of intimacy and affection with the royal exiles. Mary Beatrice was always invited to be present at her accouchements. The affectionate interest with which her majesty alludes to one of these events, in a letter to the abbess of Chaillot, January, 1707, is very pleasing. She says—

“God has accorded a great mercy to us in granting us another prince; he must be entreated for him. I could not possibly arrive at Versailles before the birth of the child, since the king himself did not enter the chamber till after it was over. Madame the duchess of Burgundy, was only ill three quarters of an hour. She is wonderfully well. I saw her after dinner, and the infant. He is not so beautiful as the other, but he has a smaller head, and is better proportioned, and looks as if he would live long, as I hope he may, through the grace of God.”³

Sometimes Louis XIV. would invite Mary Beatrice to come with her son and daughter, and ladies, on fine summer afternoons, and walk with him and his court in the royal gardens of Marli; and it was on these occasions that the widowed queen used to take the opportunity of preferring any little request, either for herself or others, to her royal friend.

The public promenade was always one of the recreations of the court of St. Germain, even in the sorrowful days of king James II.; but it became much more attractive after the decease of that unfortunate king, when his son and daughter, and their youthful attendants, the children of the Jacobite aristocracy, English, Scotch, and Irish, who had followed their majesties into exile, grew up, and the vivacity of French habits and associations in some degree counterbalanced the depression caused by penury and ruined prospects. The lively letters, and doggerel lyrics of count Anthony Hamilton, the self-appointed poet laureate of the court of the exiled Stuarts, prove that after time had a little assuaged the grief of the queen and her children, a good deal of fun and frolic occasionally went on in the old palace and its purlieus.

In one of Hamilton's letters to his friend the duke of Berwick, he says—“The king our young lord increases every day in wit, and the princess, his sister, becomes more and more charming. Heaven pre-

¹ Mémoires de St. Simon. Dangeau.

² Ibid.

³ Autograph Letter to the Abbess of Chaillot, dated January 12th, 1707 Archives du Royaume.

serve her from being stolen from us, for her lady governess seems to have no other fear than that! These two are always near their august mother, to whom they pay the most tender and dutiful attention. To these precious ones of hers, who are adorned with the virtues of their father, it is her care to inculcate sentiments of gratitude towards the illustrious protector, who in a foreign land, by a thousand friendly cares, mitigates the hardships of their adverse destiny. We will now,"¹ continues the sprightly old wit, "speak of our beauties, those stars of St. Germain, who are always cruel and disdainful. Winter is drawing to an end; and they are beginning to prepare their nets against the spring. They have repaired, washed, and spread out all the delicate laces of which their cornettes are composed, to bleach in your garden—all the bushes there are covered with them, like so many spiders' webs. They are putting all their *falbalas* into order, and, in the meantime, plunged in sweet reveries, they permit the designs to sleep on their tapestry frames." Hamilton describes the son and daughter of Mary Beatrice as possessing great personal attractions. "The figure of our young king," says he, "might be chosen by a painter, for the model of the god of love, if such a deity dared be represented in this saintly court of St. Germain. As for the princess, her hair is very beautiful, and of the loveliest tint of brown; her complexion reminds us of the most brilliant yet delicate tints of the fairest flowers of spring; she has her brother's features in a softer mould, and her mother's eyes." In another description of her he says, "She has the plumpness one adores in a divinity of sixteen, with the freshness of an Aurora, and if anything more can be said, it must be in praise of the roundness and whiteness of her arms." The portrait of a beautiful nameless princess, in the costume of the beginning of the 18th century, in the guard-chamber at Hampton Court, will readily be identified by this glowing description of the honorary laureate of St. Germain, as that of the youngest daughter of James II., even by those who are not familiar with her other portraits. How it came there is the question, but there can be little doubt of its having been sent to her sister, queen Anne, by the proud mother of this exquisite creature, who was good as she was fair.

Notwithstanding all the cares and pecuniary disappointments that at times oppressed the exiled queen, her family, and faithful followers, they led a pleasant life in summer time—a life, which, as described by Hamilton, appears to have been a complete realization of the classic Arcadia. Sometimes the prince and his sister led their young court into the depths of the adjacent forest, in quest of sylvan sports, or to gather flowers and wild strawberries; sometimes they are described as embarking on the calm waters of the Seine in their barge, which if not very splendidly decorated, or of the most approved fashion, was large enough to accommodate a joyous party. Pontalie, the haven to which the voyagers were usually bound, was a rural chateau on the Seine, within less than a league from the palace of our exiled queen: it was the residence of the countess de Grammont, formerly one of the most cele-

¹ Œuvres du count Hamilton.

brated of the beauties of Charles II.'s court. She was now a rich and prosperous lady, able and willing to contribute to the happiness of the royal Stuarts in many ways, and anxious to prove that her affection for that family had augmented, instead of diminished, with the adversity which had distanced many of the creatures of the late king's bounty. It was her delight to provide banquets and entertainments of all descriptions for the royal brother and sister, whom she had seen grow up from infants. She had obtained a lease or grant of the old mill-house of St. Germain, and its adjacent meadows, and, for the sake, perhaps, of being near the English colony, she had exerted her taste and expended some of her wealth in turning it into a Grecian villa; her brother, Anthony Hamilton, had changed its homely name, Molin-eau, into the euphonious appellation of Pontalie, and there she frequently had the honour of receiving the exiles of St. Germain, in the course of the summer.¹

The royal brother and sister, who, perhaps, were much happier in their free and natural way of life, amidst the poverty and mockery of royalty at St. Germain, than if established in regal splendour at Windsor or Versailles, delighted in performing minor pilgrimages, with their followers, to any of the churches or chapels, within a walk of the palace. On these occasions they carried a light repfection of fruit, cakes, and wine, with them, and made their repast in some pleasant forest bower, on their return.² Count Hamilton writes to his friend, Berwick, partly in prose, and partly in untranslatable doggerel rhyme, a piquant description of one of these devotional pic-nic excursions, which was undertaken by the princess Louisa and her ladies of honour, matronized by the duchess of Berwick.

"Towards the centre of the forest," he says, "there is a little chapel, dedicated to St. Thibaut, and this St. Thibaut cures the ague; now, there is a worthy man at St. Germain, named *Dikesson*, who had several fits of it. You know our ladies are always charitable to their neighbours, so they all set off in company to recommend the invalid to monsieur St. Thibaut. The fair Nannette, [*the duchess of Berwick*,] as she knew the least about him, chose to beguile her pilgrimage by looking for strawberries by the way. I will tell you the names of some of these fair pilgrims, who went with her royal highness to make intercessions for the lord *Dikesson*."³

This gentleman's name, which Mary Beatrice herself does not always spell right, though he was one of her private secretaries, and the comptroller of the household, was Dicconson. Hamilton tells his friend "that the charming Miss Plowden was there, and those two divinities, the ladies Dillon and Marischal, but none were more agreeable than the duchess of Berwick, unless it were the princess, and that they all went in procession, singing and saying every office in the ritual, from early mauns, for the sake of their amiable friend *Dikesson*. When they had performed all these charitable devotions, they sat down to take a sylvan repast, making the green grass their table; but a French gentleman of

¹ Œuvres du comte Antoine Hamilton.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

the household, the chevalier de Salle, who had attended them, not out of devotion, but gallantry, was forbidden by the princess to join the circle, because he had not conducted himself with becoming piety on the occasion. Instead of allowing him to have anything to eat, she ordered him, by way of penance, to go and kneel at the chapel door, and offer up prayers for the recovery of Mr. Dicconson, while they dined. The chevalier very humbly recommended himself to mercy, alleging in excuse, that he had forgotten his breviary, and did not know a single prayer by heart, so the princess, in consideration of his penitence, gave him something to eat, but made him sit at the foot of a tree at a respectful distance from her and the rest of the pilgrims, and rinse all their glasses for them, while the forest glades rang with their laughter, for our fair devotees could laugh as heartily as pray on those occasions. In the midst of their mirth the invalid, in whose behalf the pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thibaut had been undertaken, and whom they had all forgotten, made his appearance unexpectedly before the festive circle. They greeted him with shouts of "A miracle! a miracle!" and demanded of him the precise hour and minute when the fever left him; and according to his account, it was as they all agreed, just as they had addressed the last prayer to St. Thibaut in his behalf. The repast did not conclude the more gravely on this account, nor was the homeward walk the less agreeable. The shepherds, shepherdesses, and woodcutters came to have a look at the courtly pilgrims, and admired their hilarity and good humour.¹

Sometimes the royal brother and sister, and their noble attendants, enacted the characters of shepherds and shepherdesses, themselves, and never allowed the merry month of June to pass without having one day's fête among the haymakers on the banks of the Seine; the princess and her stately governess, lady Middleton, always boasting that the haycock, which they constructed, was neater and more worthy of admiration than those raised by the duchess of Berwick and her compeers. Winter had its pleasures for the British exiles as well as summer. Mary Beatrice gave then her balls and receptions in the château, and the members of her court were always bidden to the Christmas and new-year festivities at Versailles.

Count Hamilton gives a lively description of the Shrove-Tuesday masquerade at St. Germain's, to which the whole town was admitted, the barriers being thrown open for that purpose by the orders of the widowed queen, in order that high and low, young and old, English and French, might join in the carnival. Etiquette forbade the prince and princess from wearing masks, or assuming any particular characters, on these occasions; yet they are described as dancing merrily in the midst of the motley throng, the princess with peculiar grace and lightness, but both excelled in this accomplishment.² Mary Beatrice forgot her calamities and her grief on these occasions, and smiled to see her children happy in spite of adverse fortune.

¹ Œuvres du count Antoine Hamilton.

² Ibid

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN CONSORT OF JAMES II. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER X.

Change of cheer at St. Germain's—Her son leaves the queen, to embark for Scotland—He is attacked with measles—Delay fatal to his cause—Queen falls sick from anxiety—Her letter about her son—She goes to Chaillot with her daughter—Her dream—Ill success of the prince's expedition—Queen's letter on his return—Her son, first called the Pretender, assumes the title of chevalier de St. George—Serves in the French army as a volunteer—Queen's letters about him—Pecuniary difficulties of the queen—Unpunctual payment of her pension—Mortification about her apartments at Chaillot—Gallant conduct of her son—Sickness of her vice-chamberlain, Robert Strickland—His faithful services—Marlborough's secret correspondence with queen Mary Beatrice—Her letter to him—She goes to Chaillot with her daughter—Her way of life there—Habits of self-denial—Jacobite poachers at St. Germain's—Complaints made to the queen—Her vexation—Return of her son—Letters of her daughter, princess Louisa—Queen returns to St. Germain's—Her visit of condolence to Louis XIV., and the royal family—Etiquette of her receptions—Her son leaves St. Germain's to travel—She goes to Chaillot with the princess—Letters from her son—Her conversations with her daughter—Reminiscences of her past life—Improvement in health—Kindness to her attendants—Amiable traits of character—Visit of the dauphiness—Princess Louisa invited to the chase—Difficulties about it—Dauphiness writes to Mary Beatrice—Her affectionate reply—Queen and Louisa go to Versailles—Anecdotes of both—Tender affection between them—They visit the hearse of king James incognito—Blunt remark of the coachman—Queen informed of overtures for peace—Her behaviour thereupon—Annoyed at a present made to her daughter—Instance of her pride—Distress about her debts—Her son joins her at Chaillot—Reluctance of the queen and princess to return to St. Germain's—Her letter to madame Priolo—Marlborough's offers of service to her majesty—Her grief for the death of the dauphin and dauphiness—Adds codicils to her will—Melancholy forebodings—Her son and daughter both attacked with small-pox—Anxiety of the queen—Touching scene between her and princess Louisa—Death of the princess—General regrets and sympathy for the queen—Her grief and dangerous illness—Her pathetic letter on her daughter's death—Recovery of her son—He is warned to leave France—Desolation of the queen—She visits Louis XIV. at Marli—Their mutual grief—Her melancholy visit to Chaillot—Visits her daughter's heart—Her anguish—Returns to St. Germain's—Sends lady Strickland with a present to the convent.

THE frolic and the fun that, in spite of care and penury, enlivened the exiled court of St. Germain's, were suddenly sobered by a change in the politics of Versailles. After trifling with the exiled queen and her council, and above all with their faithful adherents in Scotland, during the momentous crisis of the union, when even the semblance of support from France would have been followed by a general rising in favour of the son of James II., Louis XIV. determined, in the spring of 1708, to

fit out a fleet and armament, for the purpose of effecting a descent on the coast of Scotland, headed by that prince in person. This expedition had been kept so secret, that neither Mary Beatrice nor her son were aware of what was intended, till the latter received a hasty summons to join the armament. The young prince tarried not for preparations, but bidding his mother and sister a hasty farewell, he set off to Dunkirk, the place of embarkation, attended only by two or three of the officers of his suite, leaving his baggage to follow. Unfortunate in everything, he had scarcely reached the coast, when he was attacked with the measles. Every one knows the nature of that malady, which requires the patient to be kept in an equal temperature till after the third day. The prince was of a consumptive constitution, and the weather very cold, for it was in March, nevertheless he would have embarked at all hazards, if his attendants would have allowed it. His impatience of the delay was almost as injurious to him as the risk of striking in the irruption by exposure to cold would have been. Aware of the necessity of acting with energy and promptitude, he caused himself to be carried on board the French fleet, before prudence warranted him in quitting his chamber. The wind had, meantime, changed; foul weather ensued, and it was not till after several ominous mischances, and some personal peril to the royal adventurer, that the armament succeeded in getting out to sea; and by that time, the English fleet, under the command of sir George Byng, had sailed, and was on the look out.¹

The feelings of the royal mother, during that anxious period of suspense, will be best described by herself in one of her confidential letters to her friend, Angélique Priolo. After detailing the symptoms of a fit of illness, brought on by her distress at parting with her son, she says, "I must take patience in this as in many other things, which disquiet me at present, and keep me in a state of great agitation: for I know nothing certain of my son, as you will see by the copy of the newspaper they shall send you. My only consolation is the thought that he is in the hands of God, and in the place where he ought to be, and I hope God, in his mercy, will have a care of him. Cease not to pray, my dear mother, for him and for me, for our wants are extreme, and there is no one but God who can or will support us. I am, in spirit, with you all, although my mind is in such agitation that I cannot remain long in a place; but my heart will be always with you and my dear mother Priolo, who, I am sure, suffer with me and for me."²

The princess Louisa, who was passionately attached to her brother, and earnestly desired to see him established in the regal dignity, which she regarded as his right, fully shared her mother's anxiety on this occasion. As soon as the queen was able to bear the journey, they both proceeded to Chaillot, fondly imagining that the prayers which they and their ladies were incessantly preferring to God, for his personal safety and success, would be more efficacious if offered up in the tribune of the conventual church there, where the hearts of queen Henrietta Maria, and her son, king James, were enshrined. The all-powerful

¹ St. Simon. Continuator of Mackintosh. Calamy.

² Autograph letters of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

affection of Mary Beatrice for her deceased husband persuaded her that his spirit, which she firmly believed to be in a state of beatitude, alway united with her in prayers to God for the attainment of any object of peculiar interest to both, such as the recovery from sickness, the spiritual enlightenment, or personal safety, of their children. The day the queen and her daughter arrived at Chaillot, it was confidently reported in Paris, that the prince had succeeded in effecting a descent on the coast of Scotland, and had been well received. The next morning, Mary Beatrice told the nuns, that she had dreamed a little old woman came and said to her, "No; he will not land this time."¹ Now, although it was evident that the queen's nerves were unbraced by sickness, anxiety, fasting, and prayer, the vision of the oracular little old woman made a great impression, both on the community and her ladies, and they all began to relate stories of signs and omens. "I can remember well," said the princess Louisa, "though I was not quite four years old at the time, that when the late king, my father, left St. Germain's to join the armament at Calais, expecting to embark for England, I dreamed that I saw him return in a blue cloak, instead of the scarlet coat he wore when he went away, and that he said to me, 'This place must be my England.'"² It was not the first time that the dream of the youngest daughter of James II. had been related in that circle: for even in her infancy, it had been recorded as a solemn revelation, that the exiled king was to behold his native land no more, but to end his days at St. Germain's. To imagine anything of the kind into an augury, is almost to ensure its fulfilment. James II. allowed more than one good opportunity for effecting a landing in England, in the absence of the rival sovereign, to slip, from the idea that a decree had gone forth against his restoration.

The dream of Mary Beatrice had, in a manner, prepared the ladies of her court for the news of the failure of the expedition. The cause of its failure remains to this day among the unexplained mysteries of history. It is true, that in consequence of the fatal three days' detention of the prince, before the turn of his malady permitted him to embark, the wind, which had been previously fair, changed; that Fourbin, the French admiral, was out of temper, and could not be persuaded to leave the port till the 6th of March, and then encountered a heavy storm. Meantime, the English fleet, under sir George Byng, got out to sea, gave chase, and took the Salisbury man-of-war, an English vessel, belonging to Fourbin's fleet. Byng was greatly superior in force.³ Fourbin entered the Frith of Forth just below Edinburgh: it has been affirmed by some that the prince vainly implored to be permitted to land with the troops provided for that purpose by the king of France, or even accompanied only by the gentlemen of his suite, so sure did he feel that he should receive an honourable reception; but nothing could prevail on Fourbin to permit it.⁴ Others have said, that the prince was actually captured in the Salisbury, and that Byng preserved his royal

¹ Inedited Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Esté, Archives au Royaume de France.

² Ibid.

³ Macpherson French State Papers.

⁴ Macpherson.

mistress, queen Anne, from a most painful and perplexing dilemma, by sending him privately on board Fourbin's ship, having taken his word of honour that he would return to France without attempting to land.¹ If this romantic tale be founded on fact, Byng acted with consummate wisdom in ridding the queen of an invasion, at the easy rate of releasing a prisoner, whom she could scarcely have ventured to proceed against according to the severity of the law. There was a prodigious run on the bank of England at this crisis, and some danger of cash payments being suspended, national credit being at a low ebb. The squadron, however, which had created such great alarm, returned to Dunkirk without having attempted, much less effected, a single stroke.²

A letter from Mary Beatrice to her friend the abbess of Chaillot, apparently written the day after the arrival of her son at St. Germain, betrays the harassing state of affairs in her little court, where every one was charging the disappointment on some inimical person or other. "The desolation of my soul," she says, "would excite your pity, if you could look into its depths; my heart is also much broken, and I have had for these ten days past, business and domestic quarrels that have disquieted and vexed me to a degree of which I am ashamed; and I declare to you, that coming so immediately on the rest of my troubles, I have been completely overwhelmed with it all. Pray God, my dearest mother, to succour and support me, and to increase my strength, for never have I had greater need, and never have I appeared so feeble. I dare not tell you that I have not yet been with my son. I know it is

¹ Calamy's Life and Notes.

² The landing of the son of James II., at this juncture, was eagerly expected by the Jacobite aristocracy on the banks of the Forth. James Stirling, esq., laird of Kier, Archibald Seton, esq., laird of Touch, and other territorial chiefs in that neighbourhood, had armed themselves, their tenants and servants, and marched in a body from Kier to the bridge of Turk, where they had a rendezvous with their Highland friends, and laid their plans for the general rising that was to take place the moment it should be proclaimed that the royal Stuart had set foot on Scottish ground. The laird of Kier and his neighbours, determined to set an example of fearless devotion to the cause, by being the first to join him, they marched up and down in the counties of Stirling-shire and Perthshire, in expectation of the descent, till the news reached them that Sir George Byng had driven the French fleet off the coast. Kier and the ringleaders of this levy were afterwards arrested, and thrown into the Tolbooth. They were indicted at Edinburgh, on the 28th of the following November, "on the charges of having convoked themselves, and appeared in arms to levy war against his majesty, at the time when an invasion of Scotland was threatened; and in addition to this offence, they had also publicly drunk the good health of 'their master,' as they called him, who could be no other than the Pretender."

The laird of Kier defended himself and his friends, with great courage and ability. He said "that the gentlemen and himself were friends and kinsmen, and had met peaceably to enjoy their own diversions; that they had neither hired nor paid men for seditious purposes; and as for drinking to their master's good health, he defied them to make that out to be an act of high treason; first, because there was no law against drinking any person's good health; and secondly, no name had been mentioned; therefore, that the Pretender was meant could only be a conjecture."—State Trials, vol. vi. They were unanimously acquitted by the jury.

a great fault; but these last affairs have scarcely left me time for my prayers; and although during the octave of the holy sacrament, I have tried to go oftener to church, God knows with what distraction of mind! I have missed the first procession and the journey to Versailles. I shall go to Marli, to-morrow. I was, on Friday, at the review; my son was there, and many of the English, who were, as it was said, well pleased with him. My God, what a world this is, and who can understand it: for my part, the more I know of it, the less I comprehend it; unhappy are they who have much to do with it! My son had arrived before me on my return from Chaillot."¹ This appears to have been the reason she had missed seeing him, as he had been compelled to show himself at the review, where it should seem he had been very well received, notwithstanding the failure of the late expedition, in which he had been evidently the victim of state policy, as absurd as it was incomprehensible.

The queen concludes her letter in these words: "Madame de Maintenon was here nearly two hours yesterday. Lady Bulkeley makés me pity her, although she does not know the unhappy manner of her husband's death." This sentence implies some tragedy connected with the fate of the gallant colonel Bulkeley, which the queen had learned, but had not courage to communicate to her faithful attendant, lady Sophia Bulkeley.²

Several persons of high rank in the British emigration had been captured in the "Salisbury;" among the rest the two sons of the earl of Middleton, lord Clermont, and Mr. Middleton, and the old attached servant of king James, lord Griffin. Mary Beatrice was greatly afflicted when she learned that they were all committed close prisoners to the Tower, to take their trials for high treason. She wrote, with her own hand, an earnest letter to the French minister, Chamillard, begging him to claim them as officers in the service of his royal master, and exerted her influence in every possible way for their preservation.³ Simultaneously with these events, queen Anne's cabinet proceeded to set a price on her brother's head.⁴ Anne, herself, who had hitherto styled him "the pretended prince of Wales," now gave him a new name, in her address to parliament, calling him, for the first time, "the Pretender"—a cunningly-devised sobriquet, which, perhaps, did more to exclude him from the throne than even his unpopular religion. The young prince served in the French army in the Low Countries the same spring, as a volunteer, under the appropriate title of the chevalier de St. George; for, being destitute of the means of providing a camp equipage, and maintaining the state consistent with royalty, he claimed no higher distinction than the companionship of the national order, with which he had been invested in his fourth year by the late sovereign, his father. He conducted himself during the campaign so as to win the affection and esteem of his comrades, and especially of his commander, the duke de Vendôme.⁵

¹ Autograph letter of Mary Beatrice in the Archive au Royaume de France
² Ibid.

³ Stuart Papers

⁴ Burr et.

⁵ St. Simon

While her son was in the army, Mary Beatrice was, of course, deeply interested in all the military operations, of which he sent her a regular account. In one of her letters to a friend, the abbess of Chaillot, she says :—

"We have been in expectation of great news for several days past. I will tell you in confidence, that they have missed in Flanders the opportunity of a grand stroke, and I fear that a similar one will not present itself any more this campaign. God must be praised for all, and we ought to try to be satisfied with all that happens. * * * * *

"I have just learned that the thunder has fallen this night on the abbey of Poissy, and burned part of the monastery, and, what is worse, three or four of the *religieuses*. I have sent to the abbess to make inquiries; in truth, it makes me tremble."¹

Well indeed it might, since the scene where this awful tragedy had occurred was only six miles from St. Germain, in the valley below, much less likely to have attracted the lightning, than the loftily-seated royal chateau, where the widowed consort and orphan daughter of James II. were domiciled.

In another letter of the same period, dated at St. Germain, the 23d of June, Mary Beatrice says—

"My chevalier is in perfect health, thank God! and I am better than I have been for a long time. * * * * *

"We have some hopes of obtaining the liberty of the two Middletons, and of the other Irish prisoners; but for my lord Griffin, they have condemned him to die on the 27th of this month, which causes me great pain. I recommend him to your prayers and to those of our dear sisters."²

The chevalier St. George had the ill luck to be present with his French cousins Burgundy and Berry, at the battle of Oudenarde, a witness of the superior military genius of his secret correspondent, the duke of Marlborough. His more fortunate rival, the electoral prince of Hanover, afterwards George II., distinguished himself on the winning side. The chevalier caught the malignant intermittent fever of the country at Mons, and returned, greatly enfeebled, for change of air to St. Germain, towards the close of the summer. It was a wet, cold autumn, severe winter, and ungenial spring; the queen was ill, anxious, and unhappy, on account of her son, for the intermittent hung upon him for many months; yet he was firm in his determination to try his fortunes in another campaign. On the 11th of April, 1709, Mary Beatrice writes to the abbess of Chaillot to excuse herself from passing the holy week with her friends there, the physicians having forbidden her to change her abode that month, unless the weather altered very much for the better; she adds—

"If the war continues, as is supposed, the king my son will be very shortly on the point of leaving me for the army; it is not right, therefore, that I should quit him, more especially as he is not yet wholly recovered from his fever, for he had a little touch of it again yesterday, though he perseveres in taking the

¹ Autograph Letter of the queen of James II. in the Archives au Royaume de France

² Ibid

bark five times a day. This is sufficient to show us that the will of God declares against my journey to Chaillot for this time, but when my son is gone, I hope that God will permit me to come and remain among you for a long time; meanwhile I shall often be there in spirit, and I doubt not but my dear mother and our beloved sisters will remember me also when before God, to the end that I may obtain from him the graces and the assistance that be needful for the work of my salvation, in that place and state where he wills me to be, which I ought always to believe, and consider the best for me."¹

The late defeat at Oudenarde, the loss of Lisle, the distress caused by the visitation of a famine, and above all, the deficiency in the revenues of that kingdom, rendered Louis XIV. not only willing but anxious to listen to overtures of peace.² Instead of the armies taking the field, plenipotentiaries were despatched to meet the victorious Marlborough and Eugene at the Hague, to settle preliminaries for an amicable treaty. Mary Beatrice was well aware that no peace would or could be concluded, unless Louis XIV. withdrew his protection from her son. The prince was eager to prevent the mortification of a dismissal from the French dominions, by trying his fortunes in Scotland.³ He had received fresh invitations, and assurances of support from the highland chiefs; the representations of his secret agents, as to his prospects, were encouraging enough to induce him to declare that he would come, if he were reduced to the necessity of performing the voyage in a hired vessel. When he threw himself at the feet of Louis XIV. and implored his aid, that monarch told him plainly, "that situated as he then was, he had enough to do to defend his own dominions, without thinking of anything so chimerical as invading those of the victorious queen of Great Britain." The ardour of the youthful adventurer was moreover checked by a significant hint, that if he attempted to embroil his present protector farther with queen Anne, by stealing over to Scotland and exciting an insurrection there, his royal mother would instantly be deprived of her present shelter, and her pension, which formed the sole provision for the support of herself, her daughter, and the faithful followers who had sacrificed everything to their adherence to the ruined cause of the house of Stuart, would be stopped.

It is a remarkable fact, that when Torcy mentioned the son of James II. to Marlborough, the latter evinced a warmth of feeling towards the exiled prince, scarcely consistent with his professions to the electoral house of Hanover. He called him "the prince of Wales," and expressed an ardent desire of serving him, and that a suitable income should be secured to him. Nor was he unmindful of the claims of Mary Beatrice; he recommended Torcy to renew the demand of her dower. "Insist strenuously on that article to the viscount Townshend," said he; "that Lord is a sort of an inspector over my conduct. He is an honest man, but a whig. I must speak like an obstinate Englishman in his presence."⁴ Marlborough was still more explicit in his conferences with his nephew

¹ Autograph Letter of the queen of James II. in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² Macpherson. Torcy's Memoirs.

³ Macpherson.

⁴ Memoirs de Torcy. Macpherson's Stuart Papers. Continuator of Mackintosh

Berwick, who, being the illegitimate brother of the prince, formed a curious link of connexion between the great captain of the age and the rejected heir of England. Undoubtedly Marlborough gave wise counsel, when he bade the duke of Berwick entreat the prince to emancipate himself from the political thralldom of France by offering to disembarrass Louis XIV. of his presence, as a preliminary to the negotiations for peace. He clearly demonstrated that no good could ever result from a connexion so offensive to the national pride of England; for the people over whom he desired to rule, would never submit to the imposition of a sovereign from France. "He hoped," he said, "by extricating the prince in the first place from the influence of France, and by prudent arrangement, to see all parties uniting to recognise him as the successor to his sister's throne."¹ Neither the prince nor Berwick felt sufficient confidence in the integrity of Marlborough, to take his advice. Men can only judge of intentions by past deeds, they called to mind his treachery to their royal father, and suspected, that the zeal with which he urged pressing for the payment of the queen-mother's dower was for the purpose of beguiling the prince into bartering his pretensions to a diadem for a pension, and at the same time depriving him of the support of his only friend and protector, Louis XIV.

The pacific negotiations at the Hague proving unavailing, the conferences were broken up, and hostilities were renewed. The chevalier having recovered his health, set out for the French head-quarters, leaving his royal mother to struggle with pecuniary difficulties which neither wisdom could foresee nor prudence prevent.² All hope of receiving her income as queen-dowager of England, was of course suspended, and the pittance she received from the French government was now unpunctually paid, and subjected to curtailment, on various pretences. The first attempt, on the part of the officers of the French exchequer, to extort a per centage from her treasurer, Mr. Dicconson, for paying her pension in ready money, was resisted by Mary Beatrice with some spirit, as an imposition and abuse of office, "which," she said, "she was sure would be displeasing to the king of France." They kept her then in arrear, and offered to pay in bills, on which she was compelled to pay as much for discount as the official thieves had demanded of her in the first instance.³ She mentioned the circumstance to madame de Maintenon, but that lady, who had herself been an underling at court, and accustomed to perquisites and privileges, made light of it, and advised her majesty not to incur the ill-will of the financial corps by complaining to the king, who was greatly inconvenienced himself by the deficiency in his revenue. Bitterly did the royal dependant feel the humiliations and privations to which the wrongs of fortune had subjected her and her children, and vainly did she endeavour, by increasing self-denial and the most rigid economy in her personal expenditure, to spare more for the destitute families who had abandoned houses and broad lands in England, for her husband's sake.

¹ Macpherson's Stuart Papers. Correspondence quoted by the co-ordinator of Mackintosh's Reign of Queen Anne.

² Memorials of Mary Beatrice of Modena, in the Hotel de Soubise. ³ *Ibid.*

The pecuniary difficulties of the fallen queen were embittered, about this period, by a mortification from a quarter where she least expected it. When at Chaillot, her daughter was accustomed to sleep in a chamber that opened into her own, an arrangement which their near relationship and tender affection rendered agreeable to both; but the queen being deeply in arrears to the convent, for the rent of the suite of rooms she occupied, the abbess feeling more disposed to consider the benefit of the community than the comfort of their royal friends, hinted, "that having a tenant for the apartment adjoining her majesty's bed-room, it would be desirable to remove her royal highness, the princess of England, to an upper story." Mary Beatrice did not attempt to dissemble the fact that the change would be both unpleasant and inconvenient to her, and was greatly hurt, a few months later, on finding that the room was actually let to madame de L'Orge, a lady of high rank, and her daughter, and that they had made sundry alterations, furnished, and taken possession of it. When, however, those ladies learned from a letter written by lady Sophia Bulkeley to the abbess, how greatly the queen and princess would be inconvenienced by their occupation of this apartment, they said "her majesty should be welcome to the use of it when she came to Chaillot with the princess."¹

The high spirit of Mary Beatrice revolted at this proposal, yet she wrote, with great mildness and temper, to the abbess on the subject:

"After having desired lady Bulkeley to write to you, my dear mother, touching the chamber where my daughter lodges at Chaillot, I have remembered me, that when last year you proposed to me to change my daughter's apartment and to put her higher, I found that it would be very difficult to arrange it, as my ladies would have much trouble to accommodate themselves in places which are now occupied by their waiting-maids, especially for any length of time, and that my daughter herself would not be so well above, nor would it be so convenient for me, as at present I have no other chamber below, besides that in which she lodges. However, if you, my dear mother, or madame and mademoiselle de L'Orge, have any trouble about taking this apartment, I pray you tell me so plainly, with your usual sincerity, and I will endeavour to make some other arrangement, at least if it be in our power. You can, if you please, consult my dear sisters Catharine Angelique, and M. Gabrielle, about it, and they take your resolution, and send me word. For in case my daughter can continue where she is, I should wish them to take away the furniture of madame and mademoiselle de L'Orge, and I would send mine. I also beg you to have the window put to rights, and the other things that are required in the little lodging, and send me the bill of what they come to, as that is only just. I cannot accept the offer, madame de L'Orge makes me of the loan of her chamber; I say this, in case she wishes to take it away from me."²

The apartment was, of course, relinquished by the intruding tenant; it was, indeed, the dressing-room to her majesty's chamber, which no stranger could with any propriety have wished to occupy, and the attempt to deprive her of it, served very painfully to remind the royal exiles of their adverse fortunes. The princess Louisa felt every slight

¹ Memorials of Mary Beatrice of Modena, Hotel de Soubise.

² Inedited Letters of queen Mary Beatrice in the Hotel de Soubise. Chaillot Collection. This letter is only dated May 1st.

that was offered to her mother, or brother, far more keenly than they did; sometimes she said, "We are reduced to such pitiable straits, and live in so humble a way that even if it were the will of Heaven to restore us to our natural rank, we should not know how to play our parts with becoming dignity."

The defeat of the French army at Malplaquet, on the 11th of September, 1709, increased the general gloom which pervaded all ranks in that nation, while it rendered the position of the court of St. Germain's more painful and precarious. Yet the desolate heart of Mary Beatrice swelled with maternal pride in the midst of her solicitude, for her son had distinguished himself by a brilliant personal action in that fiercely contested fight, which had nearly turned the fortunes of the day. After mareschal Villars was carried dangerously wounded out of the field, Boufflers sustained the conflict, and when the cavalry of the allies broke into his lines, he ordered the chevalier de St. George to advance at the head of 1200 of the horse guards. The princely volunteer performed this duty so gallantly, that in one desperate charge the German horse were broken and repulsed, and nothing but the steady valour of the English troops, and the consummate skill of their commanders, prevented the rout from becoming general.¹ The rejected claimant of the British crown did not disgrace his lineage on that occasion, though unhappily serving beneath the banner of the *fleur de lys*, and opposed to his own countrymen. He charged twelve times at the head of the household troops of France, and though wounded in the right arm by a sabre cut, he kept the ground manfully under a continuous fire of six hours from the British infantry.² Boufflers, in his despatch to his own sovereign, detailing the loss of the battle, renders the following brief testimony to the gallantry of the royal volunteer. "The chevalier de St. George behaved himself during the whole action with the utmost valour and vivacity." The queen, who had been residing for many weeks in complete retirement with her daughter at Chaillot, came to welcome her son on his return to St. Germain's, where they kept their united court, if such it might be called, that winter.

The following melancholy letter without date, was probably written by Mary Beatrice towards the spring, when depressed by sickness and care, and harassed with business which, as she pathetically observes, was never of an agreeable kind:

"At last I find a moment to write to you, my dear mother, and to ask tidings of your health, for which I am in pain, for M. Gaillard told me that it was not too good. Be careful of it, for the love of Heaven, my dear mother, for I have need of you, as you know. Alas, there are none left to me now but you and father Ruga on earth, in whom I can have an entire confidence.

"I have read the homily on Providence, which is consolatory. I cannot say, however, that I have found consolation in that or anything else. God is the master, and his holy will be done. I am not ill, but I sleep badly since I quit ted you, and I am worse after the bath, which I cannot understand; but I have omitted it for the last fortnight, and take the powders and the waters of St. Remi.

¹ Macpherson. Jesse. Liddiard's *Life of the duke of Marlborough*. See patches of mareschal Boufflers.

² *Ibid.*

"The king my son has had a cold, but I hope it will not increase; he does not keep his room. My daughter bathes twice a week. She is, however, very well; it has refreshed her. I cannot tell you more for want of time, save to charge you with my regards."¹

After various kind messages to the sisters of Chaillot, she mentions, with great concern, the sudden illness which had seized one of the most faithful and valued members of her household:

"Mr. Strickland has been attacked with paralysis; he has great trouble to speak. His wife is in despair. They will send him to Bourbon. I am grieved about it, and shall be very sorry to lose him, for he is an ancient servant, and very affectionate. I recommend him to your prayers."

Endorsed, "To the mother Priolo."²

Reminiscences of her former greatness must have been associated in the mind of the fallen queen with her recollection of the services of the faithful adherent whose illness she mentions with such compassionate feeling and regret. Robert Strickland was her vice-chamberlain; he was appointed to that office on the accession of the late king her husband to the throne of Great Britain, and he had walked at the head of her procession at the splendid ceremonial of her coronation.³ What melancholy reverses had since then clouded the horizon of her who was the leading star of that glorious pageant!

Alas, for the instability of human pomp and power, and worse, far worse, the deceitfulness of fair-day friends! Of all the courtly train who had contended for the honour of performing services for their young and beautiful queen that day—the gay and gallant Dorset, the magnificent Devonshire, the specious Halifax, the astute Manchester, and the enamoured Godolphin, the bearers of her regalia!—who of all these had been willing to follow her in exile and in sorrow? Were not those men the first to betray their too confiding sovereign, and to transfer their worthless homage to the adversary? Well might the luckless queen prize the manly and true-hearted northern squire, who had adhered to her fallen fortunes with unswerving loyalty, and having served her as reverently in her poverty and affliction, as when he waited upon her in the regal palace of Whitehall, was now dying in a land of strangers, far from his home—who can wonder at her lamenting the loss of such a servant?

Another of the queen's letters, apparently written in the spring of 1710, when her beloved friend, Françoise Angelique, and several of the sisters of Chaillot were dangerously ill of an infectious fever, is, in reply to a request from the abbess that she would defer her visit to the convent, for fear of exposing herself to the contagion, and bespeaks a generous warmth of feeling and freedom from all selfish fears, only to be found in persons of piety and moral worth. It is altogether a unique royal letter, and the reader cannot fail of being amused as well as interested:—

"St. Germain's, the 14th of May

"Your last letter, my dear mother, has caused me great pain, by the sad account that you give me of the state of several of our dear sisters, but above all

¹ Autograph letter of Mary Beatrice in the Archives au Royaume de France

² *Ibid.*

³ Sandford's book of the Coronation of James II.

that of my dear mother Priolo, of which I could much wish to inform myself; and if I had not intended to go to Chaillot for the rogation, I should have been there yesterday or to-day, expressly for that purpose. I should be glad also to see my poor little portress; and I cannot see any reason, among all you have mentioned, why I should not come. You know that I have no fear but of colds, and I cannot perceive any cause to apprehend infection with you. So, then, with your permission, my dear mother, I shall reckon to be with you on Monday evening about seven o'clock, and I intreat you to send me tidings of our invalids this evening.

"The drowsiness of my sister F. A. [Francoise Angelique] does not please me. I am very glad you have made her leave off the *viper broth*, which is too heating for her.

"I hope the sickness of my sister Louise Henriette will not be unto death. I have prayed much for you all.

"As for your temporal business, I saw M. de M. [Maintenon] this day week, and she said nothing to me about it, nor has she written of it since. I fear this is not a good sign. I send her letter. I know not whether you have read those of M. d'Autun to me, which you might have done, as they had only a flying seal. If you have, you will be convinced that our good mother of Annessey has engaged me very unluckily in the affair of that priest whom she called a saint, and who, it appears, was very far from meriting that name. I have made my excuses to M. d'Autun, and will write to him between this and Monday.

"We are all well here, thank God!—I could wish to find all well, or at least better, with you. My daughter must not come, but for me there is nothing to fear.

"Adieu, my dear mother, am yours with all my heart; and I embrace my dear mother Priolo."¹

On the 16th of May, her son, the chevalier de St. George, left her to serve his third campaign in the Low Countries, under marshal Villars, with whom he formed an intimate friendship. The duke of Berwick was one of the commanders in the French army, and was the medium of a close political correspondence between his uncle Marlborough and Mary Beatrice. The victorious general of the British army was in disgrace with his sovereign, queen Anne; his son-in-law, Sunderland, had lost his place in her cabinet; his colleague, Godolphin, had been compelled to resign,² and nothing but the influence of the allies kept himself in his command of the forces. While the hostile armies were encamped on the banks of the Scarpe, there was a great deal of political coquetry going on between some of the English officers of Marlborough's staff and the personal retinue of the chevalier St. George, who, at the request of the former, showed himself on horseback, on the opposite side of the narrow stream, to a party who had expressed an ardent

¹ Autograph letter of the queen of James II. to the abbess of Chaillot, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² One of Godolphin's letters to the exiled queen or her minister, had, some time previously, fallen into the hands of his great enemy, lord Wharton, who had used the power it gave him to obtain many things very much opposed to the interest of that party. As a measure of self-preservation, Godolphin and Marlborough had obtained from Queen Anne the publication of a general pardon, in which an indemnity for all persons, who had been guilty of a treasonable correspondence with the court of St. Germain's, was particularly specified. Marlborough's Journals of the Lords. Dartmouth's Notes on Burnet.

desire to see him. Medals, bearing the impression of his bust and superscription, were eagerly accepted by many of those, who, though they had taken the oath of abjuration, could not refrain from regarding the rejected representative of their ancient sovereigns with feelings inconsistent with their duty to the constitutional sovereign. Marlborough's master of the horse, Mr. Pitt, was the recipient of several of these medals, which Charles Booth, one of the chevalier's grooms of the bed-chamber, had the boldness to send by the trumpet. Medals were also addressed to several of the general officers, each being enclosed in a paper, on which was written: "The medal is good; for it bore six hours' fire; you know it was hot, for yourselves blew the coals." This observation was in allusion to the gallant conduct of the exiled prince at Malplaquet, which was rendered more intelligible by the following postscript: "You know it was well tried on the 11th of September, 1709."¹

Marlborough winked at all these petty treasons, apparently not displeased at seeing the son of his old master making the most of his proximity to the British army. Mary Beatrice, in reply to a communication which Marlborough made to her through his nephew, Berwick, confiding to her his intention of resigning his places under queen Anne, wrote a very remarkable letter to him, which marshal Villars himself enclosed in one of his own military notes to the British commander, written, in all probability, merely to furnish an excuse for sending a trumpet to the hostile camp, for the purpose of delivering it to his double-dealing grace, to whom it was addressed under the name of Gurney, one of the numerous aliases by which he is designated in the Jacobite correspondence. Her majesty speaks of her son also by the sobriquet of Mr. Mathews; she informs Marlborough, that what he wrote to his nephew on the 13th of the last month, June, 1710, was of such great importance to her son, as well as to himself, that she thinks herself obliged to answer it with her own hand, and then continues in these words:

"I shall tell you, in the first place, that as I was glad to find you still continue in your good resolutions towards Mr. Mathews [her son], I was surprised on the other hand, to see you had a design of quitting everything as soon as the peace was concluded; for I find that to be the only means of rendering you useless to your friends, and your retreat may prove dangerous to yourself. You are too large a mark, and too much exposed for malice to miss; and your enemies will never believe themselves in safety till they have ruined you."²

There is something very amusing in the pointed manner in which the widow of James II. endeavours to persuade her correspondent, that not only his revenge, but his self-interest, ought to bind him to the cause of her son. She lets him see plainly, that she understands his game is a difficult one. No barrister could have argued the case with greater ingenuity than she does in her quiet lady-like logic. She says:—

¹ Stuart Papers in Macpherson.

² Letter of Mary Beatrice to the duke of Marlborough, in Macpherson's transcript from Nairne's Stuart Papers.

"But as you are lost if you quit your employments, I see likewise, on the other hand, that it will be difficult for you to keep yourself in office as things are now situated, so that your interest itself now declares for your honour. You can not be in safety without discharging your duty, and the time is precious to you as well as to us."

In the next paragraph, the royal writer replies, with equal dignity and diplomacy, to some clause in Marlborough's letter relating to Mrs. Masham, the successful rival who had supplanted his duchess in his sovereign's regard :

"The advice you give us in sending us to the new favourite is very obliging; but what can we hope from a stranger, who has no obligation to us? Whereas we have all the reasons in the world to depend upon you, since we have now but the same interest to manage, and you have the power to put Mr. Matthews [*her son*] in a condition to protect you. Lay aside, then, I beseech you, your resolution of retiring. Take courage, and, without losing more time, send us a person in whom you can have an entire confidence; or if you have not such a man with you, allow us to send you one whom we may trust, in order to concert matters for our common interest, which can never be properly done by letters. We shall know by your speedy and positive answer to this letter what judgment we can form of our affairs."¹

Matters hung on a perilous balance for the protestant succession when a correspondence, of which this letter is a sample, was going on between the mother of the chevalier de St. George and the commander of the British army, of which the said chevalier himself was within a morning's ride. Perhaps if the duchess of Marlborough, with her vindictive passions and governing energies, had been in the camp of the allies, the game that was played by Marlborough in 1688, at Salisbury, might have been counteracted by a more astounding change of colours on the banks of the Scarpe, in 1710. Ninety thousand a year was, however, too much to be hazarded by a man whose great object in life was to acquire wealth, and having acquired, to keep it. He took the wiser part, that of trimming, in readiness to sail with any wind that might spring up, but waited to see in which direction the tide of fortune would flow. It is to be observed, withal, that Mary Beatrice neither makes professions in her letter, nor holds out any prospect of reward. "I must not finish my letter," she says, in conclusion, "without thanking you for promising to assist me in my suit at the treaty of peace," meaning the payment of her jointure and arrears, for which Marlborough had always been an advocate under the rose, for he took good care not to commit himself by a public avowal of his sentiments on that head. "My cause," continues the royal widow, meekly, "is so just, that I have all reason to hope I shall gain it; at least, I flatter myself that Mr. Matthew's sister [*her step-daughter, queen Anne*] is of too good a disposition to oppose it"²

The pretence made by Anne, or her ministers, for withholding the provision guaranteed by parliament for her father's widow, that the fund

¹ Letter of Mary Beatrice to the duke of Marlborough, printed in Macpherson's documents from Nairne's Collection in the Scotch College.

² *Ibid.*

voted to king William for that purpose had been applied, since his death, to other uses, could scarcely be regarded as a legal excuse, especially since the death of the other queen-dowager, Catherine of Braganza, had placed her appanage and income at the disposal of the crown; and this Mary Beatrice, in her bitter penury, would gladly have accepted in lieu of her own.

Marlborough's correspondence is thus alluded to by the chevalier de St. George, in one of his droll letters to the earl of Middleton, dated Arras, July 25th, 1710—

"I shall not write to the queen, to-day, having nothing to say to her more than what is done. Present my duty to her. * * * I have at last . . . done with physic, and I hope with my ague, and that with only ten doses of quinquina; but I shall still keep possession of my gatehouse till the army removes, which must be soon. Our Hector [*Villars*] doth talk of fighting in his chariot, but I don't believe him, especially now that the conferences of peace are certainly renewed. * * * You will have seen before this, Gurney's [*Marlborough's*] letter to Daniel [*Berwick*], and another to Hector, in which Follette's [*queen Mary Beatrice's*] children [himself and the princess his sister] are mentioned. I find Hector very willing to do anything in his power for them."¹

The rest of the letter is very lively and amusing, but chiefly relating to a masked ball, at which he had been present. In his next he says, "I was surprised to find by my sister's letter of the 30th, that the queen had been ill at Marli, but am mighty glad it is so well over. Present her my duty."

Mary Beatrice and her daughter wrote very frequently to the chevalier de St. George, during his absence with the army. Their letters, if preserved, would be of no common interest, endearing and confidential as the style of both these royal ladies was, considering too the romantic position occupied by the prince. As for him, he was just two-and-twenty, and writes with all the gaiety of his uncle, Charles II., at the same age.²

"I gave the mareschal," he says, "this day the queen's packet, [containing her letter to Marlborough,] which I reckon gone by this time. Though Follette has said nothing of her children, yet Hector has again writ about them. I could not put off his writing about them till I heard from you, because he had now no other pretence, as I thought he had. Pray send me back Gurney's [*Marlborough's*] letter to him [*Villars*], for he wants the name of the colonel that is in it."

Mary Beatrice, meantime, to spare herself the painful attempt at keeping up the shadowy imitation of a royal court, had withdrawn with her daughter, the princess Louisa, to her apartments in the convent of Chaillot, where they lived in the deepest retirement. Her majesty occasionally paid flying visits to St. Germain, for the purpose of holding councils, and transacting business; but her ministers generally came to wait on her at the convent.

The manner in which the royal widow passed her time when on a

¹ Macpherson's Stuart Papers, from Nairne's Original Papers in the Scotch College

² See his playful letter to the earl of Middleton, from the camp at Arlien, dated June 2d, in Macpherson's Stuart Papers, vol. ii., p. 152, octavo edition.

visit to the convent of Chaillot, is thus detailed by one of the ecclesiastics attached to that foundation. "At eight o'clock she rises, having previously read the epistle and gospel for the day after the morrow, with great attention, and after that some of the circular letters of the convent, containing the records of departed sisters of the order, of distinguished piety. She possesses," continues our author, "a perfect knowledge of the blessed Scriptures, as well as the writings of our holy founder, so that she is able to cite the finest passages on occasion, which she always does so much to the purpose, that one knows not which to admire most, the eloquence of her words, or the aptness of her wit. She knows Latin, French, Italian, and English, and will talk consecutively in each of these languages, without mixing them, or making the slightest mistake. But that which is the most worthy of observation in this princess, is, the admirable charity and moderation with which she speaks of every one: of her enemies she would rather not speak—following the precept of our holy founder, "that when nothing good can be said, it is best to say nothing." She has never used one word of complaint or invective of any of them, neither has she betrayed impatience of their prosperity, or joy at their sufferings. She said little of them, and recommended those about her to imitate her example; yet she assured us that she had no difficulty in forgiving them, but rather pleasure. If she heard either good or evil news, she recognised the hand of God in both alike, often repeating the words of the holy Psalmist, "I was silent, and opened not my mouth, for it is thou, Lord, that hast done it."¹

From the same authority we learn, that on leaving her chamber the queen always entered her oratory, where she spent an hour in her private devotions; she afterwards attended the public services of the church, then returned to dress for the day. She either dined in her own chamber, or in the refectory with the community, where she seated herself in the midst of the sisters near the abbess. Her ladies occupied a table by themselves; she was always served by two of the nuns. At ten o'clock one of the sisters read to her for half an hour, from the Imitation of Jesus Christ, by Thomas à Kempis, or some good book on the love of God.

She observed all the regulations of the convent, when with the community; and read, listened, meditated, or worked with them, as if she had belonged to the order.

If there were any sick persons in the infirmary, she always visited them in the course of the day. During her retreats to Chaillot, she received visits from the dauphin, dauphiness, and almost all the princesses of the blood. She once assisted at the profession of a novice, whom she led by the hand to the altar, to receive the veil, and bestowed upon her her own name Marie Beatrice.²

The reverence, modesty, and profound silence which she observed at church were very edifying. If they brought to her letters from her son, she never opened them in that holy place, or withdrew till the service

¹ Records of Chaillot, in the Hotel de Soubise, Par. 4.

² *Ibid.*

was concluded, when she retired into the sacristy, and read them there, as she had formerly done with regard to those from the king, her late royal husband.¹

Motives of economy had doubtless as much to do with these retreats of the exiled queen, to the convent of Chaillot, as devotion. She could live with the prince's her daughter and their ladies at a very trifling expense, in a place where simplicity of dress and abstemiousness of diet, instead of incurring sarcastic observations, were regarded as virtues. The self-denying habits practised by Mary Beatrice, while an inmate of this convent, neither resulted from superstition nor parsimony, but from a conscientious reluctance to expend more than was absolutely necessary upon herself, in a time of general suffering and scarcity. One day, when she was indisposed, and dining in her own apartment at Chaillot, the two nuns who waited upon her observed that she was vexed at something, and spoke angrily to lady Strickland, the keeper of her privy purse, whose office it was to superintend the purveyances for the queen's private table. As her majesty spoke in English, the nuns did not understand what it was that had displeased her, but in the evening she said "that she was sorry that she had spoken so sharply to lady Strickland, who had served her faithfully for nearly thirty years." They then took the liberty of inquiring what that lady had done to annoy her majesty. "She thought," said the queen, "that as I was not well, I should like some young partridges for my dinner, but they are very dear at this time, and I confess I was angry that such costly dainties should be procured for me, when so many faithful followers are in want of bread at St. Germain's.² It is true," continued her majesty, "that all the emigrants are not persons who have lost their fortunes for our sakes. Too many who apply to me for relief are ruined spendthrifts, gamblers, and people of dissipated lives, who have never cared for the king or me, but came over to be maintained in idleness out of our pittance, to the loss and discredit of more honourable men. Those sort of people," she said, "were more importunate for relief than any other, and had caused her great annoyance by their irregularities, for she was somehow considered responsible for the misdemeanors of every member of the British emigration."

The keepers of the royal forest and preserves of St. Germain's-en-laye once made a formal complaint to our unfortunate queen, that her purveyors had purchased poached game belonging to his most Christian Majesty for her table. Mary Beatrice was indignant at the charge, and protested "that it was incredible." They assured her, in reply, "that they could bring ample proofs of the allegation, having traced the game into the château."

"Then," retorted her majesty, with some warmth, "it must have been poached by Frenchmen, for I am sure the English are too honourable and honest to do anything of the kind;" and turning to the vicar of St. Germain's, who was present, she asked him "if he thought they were capable of such malpractices as poaching?" "Alas, madam!"

¹ Records of the Convent of Chaillot.

² Diary of Chaillot. MSS. in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.

exclaimed the old ecclesiastic, "it is the besetting sin of your people; I verily believe, that if I were dressed in hare-skin, they would poach me."¹

The queen then gave orders that, for the time to come, no game should be purchased for her table, or even brought into the château, unless accompanied by a satisfactory account of whence it came, lest she should be in any way implicated in the evil deeds of her followers. Doubtless the well-stocked preserves of his French majesty were somewhat the worse for the vicinity of fox-hunting Jacobite squire, and other starving members of the British colony at St. Germain, who had been accustomed to sylvan sports, and had no other means of subsistence than practising their wood-craft illegally on their royal neighbour's hares and pheasants. Mary Beatrice was the more annoyed at these trespasses, because it appeared an ungrateful return for the kindness and hospitality that had been accorded to herself, her family, and followers, by Louis XIV., who had allowed the use of his dogs, and the privilege of the chase, to her late consort and their son.

While at Chaillot, the queen and her daughter were invited to the marriage of the dauphin's third son, the duke de Berri, with mademoiselle d'Orleans, but they were both at that time so depressed in spirits by the sufferings of their faithful friends at St. Germain, and the failure of all present hope for the restoration of the house of Stuart, that they were reluctant to sadden the nuptial rite by their appearance. The king of France, knowing how unhappy they were, excused them from assisting at the ceremonial; but the court ladies were ordered to be in grand costume for their state visit of congratulation at Marli, the following evening. When they arrived, the princes and princesses, and great nobles, were disposed at different card-tables, and, according to the etiquette of that time, the queen and princess made their visits of congratulation at each of them. They then returned to their calm abode at Chaillot, without participation in the diversions of the court.²

The chevalier de St. George returned from the army at the end of the campaign, ill and out of spirits. He came to see his mother and sister at Chaillot, by whom he was tenderly welcomed; all three assisted at the commemorative service of their church, on the 16th of September, the anniversary of James II.'s death. The next day the chevalier escorted his sister, the princess Louisa, back to St. Germain; but Mary Beatrice, who always passed several days at that mournful season, in fasting, prayer, and absolute retirement, remained at the convent for that purpose; she was also suffering from indisposition, it appears, from an observation in the following affectionate little billet, which the princess Louisa wrote to her beloved parent before she went to bed:

"Madame. — I cannot refrain from writing to your majesty this evening, not being able to wait till to-morrow, as the groom does not go till after dinner. I am here only in person, for my heart and soul are still at Chaillot at your feet. How happy if I could flatter myself that your majesty has thought one moment this evening on your poor daughter, who can think of nothing but you. We

¹ Diary of Chaillot. MSS. in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.

² Memoires de St. Simon, vol. viii., p. 366.

arrived here just as it was striking nine. The king, thank God! is very little fatigued, and has eaten a good supper. You will have the goodness to pardon this sad scrawl, but having only just arrived, my writing-table is in great disorder. I hope this will find your majesty much better than we left you, after a good night's rest.

"I am, with more respect than ever, your majesty's most humble and obedient daughter and servant,

LOUISE MARIE.

"At St. Germain's, this 17th Sept., in the evening."¹

Most precious, of course, must this unaffected tribute of filial devotion have been to her to whom it was addressed. The faded ink and half obliterated characters of the crumpled and almost illegibly-scribbled letter, which was too soon to become a relic of the young warm-hearted writer, testify how often it has been bathed in a mother's tears.

Mary Beatrice made her daughter very happy, by writing to her by her son's physician, Dr. Wood; and her royal highness responds, with all the ardour of a devoted lover, in the following pleasant letter:—

"Madam,—Mr. Wood gave me yesterday the letter your majesty has done me the honour of writing to me. I received it with inexpressible joy; for nothing can equal the pleasure I feel in hearing from you, when I have the misfortune to be absent from you. I am delighted that you are improved in health, and I hope you will be sufficiently recovered to-morrow to undertake the journey with safety. I cannot tell you how impatient I am to kiss your majesty's hand, and to tell you, by word of mouth, that I can see nothing, nor attend to anything, when I am away from you. The last few days I have passed here have been weary, for I care for nothing, without you.

"Yesterday and to-day have seemed to me like two ages. Yesterday I had not even the king, my brother, for you know he was the whole day at Versailles. I could do nothing but pace up and down the balcony, and, I am sorry to say, only went to the *recollets*."

Meaning that she attended one of the short services in the Franciscan convent. Her royal highness, however, goes on to confess to her absent mamma, that she provided herself with better amusement in the sequel; for she says—

"In the evening, finding a good many of the young people had assembled themselves together below, I sent in quest of a violin, and we danced country dances till the king returned, which was not till supper-time. I could write till to-morrow without being able to express half the veneration and respect that I owe to your majesty, and, if I might presume to add, the tenderness I cherish for you, if you will permit that term to the daughter of the best of mothers, and who will venture to add, that her inclination—even more than her duty—compels her to respect and honour your majesty more than it is possible either to imagine or express, and which her heart alone can feel."²

Mary Beatrice returned to St. Germain's towards the end of September, and spent the winter there with her children. She and her son held their separate little courts under the same roof: he as king, and she as queen-mother of England, with all the ceremonials of royalty. Their poverty would have exposed them to the sarcasms of the French courtiers and wits, if compassion for their misfortunes, and admiration for the dignity

¹Chaillot MSS., Archives au Royaume de France.

²From the original French Autograph Letter, preserved among the Chaillot Collection, in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.

with which the fallen queen had supported all her trials, had not invested her with a romantic interest in the eyes of a chivalric nation. From the monarch on the throne to the humblest of his subjects, all regarded her as an object of reverential sympathy.

On the death of the dauphin, in April 1711, Louis XIV. sent his grand chamberlain the duc de Bouillon, to announce his loss to Mary Beatrice and her son; this was done with the same ceremony, as if they had been in reality, what he thought it proper to style them, the king and queen-mother of Great Britain. Mary Beatrice paid Louis a private visit of sympathy at Marli, the day his son was interred. Her daughter, the princess Louisa, accompanied her, but it was observed that her majesty left her in the coach, for the dauphin had died of the small-pox, and she feared to expose her darling to the risk of the infection, by allowing her to enter the palace. She excused the absence of her son for the same reason. State visits of condolence were afterwards paid by her and her son in due form to every member of the royal family. These were returned, on the 21st of April, by the French princes and princesses in a body, greatly resembling a funeral procession, for the ladies wore mourning hoods, and the gentlemen muffling cloaks. Their first visit was paid to the chevalier de St. George, where the respect demanded by him as titular king of England, forbade the mourners to be seated; therefore, after a few solemn compliments had been exchanged, they were ushered into the presence chamber of queen Mary Beatrice, who was, with all her ladies, in deep mourning, to receive them. Six fauteuils were placed for the accommodation of the privileged—namely, herself, her son, the new dauphin and dauphiness, and the duke and duchess of Berri—the latter, as the wife of a grandson of France, took precedence of her parents, the duke and duchess of Orleans, who were only allowed folding chairs.¹

When the party were seated, Mary Beatrice apologized for not being herself, *en mante*—that is to say, dressed in a mourning hood to receive them, but this, as she always wore the veil and garb of a widow, was incompatible with her own costume, in which she could not make any alteration, even out of respect to the late dauphin. When this was repeated to Louis XIV., he expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the excuse made by the widowed queen, and kindly said, “he would not have wished her to do violence to her feelings by altering her costume, to assume a mourning hood, even if it had been for himself instead of his son, the dauphin.”²

After the princes and princesses had conversed with Mary Beatrice a few minutes, they all rose, and signified their wish “of returning the visits of her royal highness, the princess of England,” as the youngest daughter of James II. was always styled in France, but the queen prevented them, by sending for her. She was satisfied that they were prepared to pay her daughter that punctilious mark of respect. The princess had absented herself because it was proper that her visits of condolence should be separately acknowledged, and also because

¹ St. Simon.

² Ib' a

etiquette forbade her to sit in her mother's presence on this occasion, and if she stood the French princesses must also; for, as a king's daughter she took precedence of them all.

A protestant consort, a crowned head, withal, and one who possessed this powerful recommendation to her favour, that he had expressed a romantic inclination to espouse her brother's cause, was about this time proposed for the princess Louisa; no other than that erratic northern luminary, Charles XII. of Sweden.¹ The maternal tenderness of Mary Beatrice, in all probability, revolted from sacrificing her lovely and accomplished daughter to so formidable a spouse.

“ In the summer of 1711, the chevalier de St. George made an incognito tour through many of the provinces of France; and Mary Beatrice, to avoid the expense of keeping up her melancholy imitation of queenly state at St. Germain's in his absence, withdrew with the princess her daughter to her favourite retreat at Chaillot. It was within the walls of that convent, alone, that the hapless widow of James II. enjoyed a temporary repose from the cares and quarrels that harassed her in her exiled court—a court made up of persons of ruined fortunes, with breaking hearts and tempers soured by disappointment, who, instead of being united in that powerful bond of friendship, which a fellowship in suffering for the same cause should have knit, were engaged in constant altercations and struggles for pre-eminence. Who can wonder that the fallen queen preferred the peaceful cell of a recluse from the world and its turmoils, to the empty parade of royalty, which she was condemned to support in her borrowed palace at St. Germain's, where every chamber had its separate intrigues, and whenever she went abroad for air and exercise, or, for the purpose of attending the service of her church, she was beset with the importunities of starving petitioners, who, with cries and moving words, or the more touching appeal of pale cheeks and tearful eyes, besought her for that relief which she had no means of bestowing? Even her youthful daughter, who by nature was inclined to enjoy the amusements of the court, and the sylvan pastimes of the forest, or the pleasant banks of the Seine, with her beloved companions, and to look on Chaillot as a very lugubrious place, now regarded it as a refuge from the varied miseries with which she saw her royal mother oppressed at St. Germain's. They arrived at the convent on the 20th of July, and were received by the abbess and the nuns with the usual marks of respect. The following day the queen had the satisfaction of reading a letter written by the bishop of Strasburg to the abbé Roguette, full of commendations of her son, whom he had seen during his travels. Mary Beatrice was so much delighted with the tenour of this letter, and the quaint simplicity of the style, that she requested it might be put in the drawer of the archives of James II., to be kept with other contemporary records, which she carefully preserved of her royal consort and their son. The next day she received a letter from the chevalier himself, giving an account of some of the most interesting objects he had noticed during his travels. Among other things, he mentioned “ having

¹ Stuart Papers.

visited the hospital and the silk factories of Lyons; in the latter, he had been struck with surprise, at seeing 2000 reels worked by one wheel."¹ An observation from which we learn that France was much in advance of England, in machinery, in the beginning of the last century, and that looms, worked by water instead of hands, performed, on a small scale, at Lyons, some of the wonders which we see achieved by the power of steam at Manchester and Glasgow in the present age. Like all the royal Stuarts, the son of James II. took a lively interest in the arts of peaceful life, and the progress of domestic civilization. His letters to his mother, during this tour, abounded with remarks on these subjects. Mary Beatrice expressed great satisfaction to her friends at Chaillot, at the good sense which led him to acquaint himself with matters likely to conduce to the happiness of his people, in case it should be the will of God to call him to the throne of England. The nuns were much more charmed at the prince telling his royal mother, "that he had been desirous of purchasing for the princess, his sister, one of the most beautiful specimens of the silks made at Lyons, for a petticoat, but they had not shown him any that he thought good enough for her use; he had, however, wisely summoned female taste to his aid, by begging Madame L'Intendante to undertake the choice for him, and she had written to him, 'that she believed that she had succeeded better than his majesty, so he hoped his sister would have a petticoat of the most rich and splendid brocade that could be procured, to wear in the winter, when she left off her mourning.'"² The genuine affection for his sister, which is indicated by this little trait, may well atone for its simplicity. Mary Beatrice, having no allowance of any kind for her daughter, was precluded by her poverty from indulging her maternal pride, by decking her in rich array. The chevalier de St. George, who had enough of the Frenchman in him to attach some importance to the subject of dress, was perhaps aware of deficiencies in the wardrobe of his fair sister, when he took so much pains to procure for her a dress, calculated to give her, on her re-appearance at the French court, the eclat of a splendid toilette to set off her natural charms.

The pure, unselfish affection which united the disinherited son and daughter of James II. and his queen, in exile and poverty, affords a remarkable contrast to the political jealousies and angry passions which inflamed the hearts of their triumphant sisters, Mary and Anne, against each other, when they had succeeded in driving their father from his throne and supplanting their brother in the regal succession. Mary Beatrice always trembled lest her daughter, the princess Louisa, should be induced to listen to the flattering insinuations of persons in her court, who scrupled not to say that nature had fitted her better for a throne than her brother. The duke of Perth, when governor to the prince, always intreated him to imitate the gracious and popular manners of his sister, telling him "that he ought to make it his study to acquire that which was with her free and spontaneous."³

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

The princess received a very amusing letter from her brother, on the 3d of August, informing her that he had been to Valence, and afterwards paid an incognito visit to the army under the command of the duke of Berwick, in Dauphiny. The queen permitted her daughter to gratify the sisters of Chaillot, by reading this letter aloud to them at the evening recreation, at which they were delighted; the fond mother herself, although she had read it previously, could not refrain from commending the witty and agreeable style in which it was written. She told the nuns "that her son would certainly render himself greatly loved and esteemed, wherever he went," adding, "that she had been surprised at what he had written to lord Middleton, about two deserters from the regiment of Berwick, who had gone over to the enemy's army, and surrendered themselves to general Raon, a German, who commanded the army of the duke of Savoy. When they arrived, general Raon was with the bailey of a French village, who had come to treat about a contribution; being informed of the circumstance, he ordered them to be brought before him, but, instead of giving them the flattering reception they, doubtless, anticipated, and asking for intelligence of their camp, he said to them very sternly, "You are very base to desert your army, and what renders your conduct still more infamous, is your doing so at the time the king of England, your master, is there." "I was surprised," continued the queen, "to learn that a German had so much politeness as to venture to give my son the name of king." "It seems, madam," replied the nuns, "as if he had a secret presentiment that the time decreed by Providence is approaching for a happy revolution. The boldness of Mr. Dundas makes us think so, for otherwise, according to the justice, or rather, we ought to say, the injustice of England, he would have been punished for his speech." "No," replied the queen, "they cannot do him any harm, and his speech has been printed in England, and dispersed throughout Scotland, and everywhere else."²

It is amusing to find the cloistered sisters of Chaillot talking of the speech of an Edinburgh advocate, but not surprising, since the widowed queen of James II., who still continued to be the central point to which all the Jacobite correspondence tended, held her privy councils at this time within their grate, and constantly discussed with her ladies, before the favourite members of the community who had the honour of waiting on her, the signs of the times, and the hopes or fears which agitated her, for the cause of her son. If one of the state ministers of France visited Mary Beatrice, and made any particular communication to her, and she prudently kept silence on the subject, its nature was divined by her looks, or the effect it produced on her spirits, and in due time the mystery unravelled itself. In regard, however, to the speech of Mr. Dundas, of Arniston, there was no necessity for secrecy, for the sturdy Scot had fearlessly perilled life and limb, to give publicity to his treasonable affection for the representative of the exiled house of Stuart, and his audacity was regarded as a favourable indication of public feeling

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France. See also, Macpherson's History of England, and Lockhart Papers.

towards the cause of that unfortunate prince. Mary Beatrice had sent some silver medals of her son to several of her old friends in England. Among the rest, to that errant Jacobite lady, the duchess of Gordon, these medals bore the profile of the chevalier de St. George, with a superscription, endowing him with the title of James III., king of Great Britain, Ireland, and France. On the reverse was the map of the Britannic empire, with a legend, implying that these dominions would be restored to him, as their rightful king.

The duchess of Gordon, to try how the lawyers of Scotland stood affected towards a counter-revolution, sent one of these medals as a present to the dean of the faculty of advocates. It was received by that learned body with enthusiasm, and Robert Dundas, of Arniston, being deputed to convey their acknowledgments to her grace, told her, "that the faculty of advocates thanked her for presenting them with the medal of their sovereign lord the king, and hoped her grace would soon have the opportunity of sending them a medal to commemorate the restoration of the king and royal family, and the finishing of rebellion, usurpation, treason, and whiggery."¹

Such was the weakness of queen Anne's regnal power in Scotland at that time, that no notice was taken of this seditious declaration till the Hanoverian envoy complained of it to the queen. In consequence of his representation, orders were given to sir David Dalrymple, the lord-advocate, to proceed against Dundas; but the prosecution was presently dropped, and Dundas not only printed his speech, but defended it, in a still more treasonable pamphlet, which, in due time, found its way, not only to St. Germain's, but to the convent of Chaillot, and was highly relished by the nuns.

Once, when the prospects of the restoration of the exiled Stuarts to the throne of Britain were discussed, the princess Louisa said, "For my part, I am best pleased to remain in ignorance of the future." "It is one of the greatest mercies of God, that it is hidden from our sight," observed the queen. "When I first passed over to France, if any one had told me I should have to remain there two years, I should have been in despair; and I have now been here upwards of two-and-twenty—God, who is the ruler of our destinies, having so decreed."²

"It seems to me, madam," said the princess, "that persons who, like myself, have been born in adversity, are less to be pitied than those who have suffered a reverse; never having tasted good fortune, they are not so sensible of their calamities; besides, they always have hope to encourage them. Were it not," continued she, "for that, it would be very melancholy to pass the fair season of youth in a life so full of sadness."

Sister Catharine Angelique told her royal highness, that her grandmother, queen Henrietta Maria, was accustomed to thank God that he had made her a queen, and an unfortunate queen. "Thus, madam," continued the old religieuse, "it is, in reality, a great blessing that you

¹ Macpherson's History of England.

² MS. Diary of a Nun of Chaillot.

royal highness has not found yourself in a position to enjoy the pleasures and distinctions pertaining to your rank and age."

"Truly," said the queen, turning to her daughter, "I regard it in the same light, and have often been thankful, both on your account and that of my son, that you are, at present, even as you are. The inclination you both have for pleasure might otherwise have carried you beyond due bounds." Such were the lessons of Christian philosophy with which the royal mother endeavoured to reconcile her children to the dispensations of Divine Providence, which had placed them in a situation so humiliating to their pride, and that ambition which is generally a propensity inseparable from royal blood.

Catharine Angelique told the queen and princess, "that their royal foundress," as she called queen Henrietta Maria, "in the midst of her misfortunes, was glad to be a queen, and that she would sometimes say, 'It is always a fine title, and I should not like to relinquish it.'"

"For my part," observed Mary Beatrice, "I can truly say, that I never found any happiness in that envied title. I never wished to be queen of England: for I loved king Charles very sincerely, and was so greatly afflicted at his death, that I dared not show how much I grieved for his loss, lest I should have been accused of grinnace."²

It was during one of those conversations that the name of the late queen dowager, Catharine of Braganza, being brought up, the princess Louisa asked her mother, if there were any grounds for the reported partiality of that queen for the earl of Feversham? "No!" replied Mary Beatrice; "not the slightest." "It is very strange," observed the princess, thoughtfully, "how such invidious rumours get into circulation; but," continued she, "the prudence of your majesty's conduct has been such as to defy scandal itself, which has never dared to attack your name." "You are too young to know anything about such matters, my child," replied the queen, gravely. "Pardon me, madam," rejoined the princess, "these things are always known: for, as one of the ancient poets has said of princes, 'Their faults write themselves in the public records of their times.'"³

Mary Beatrice enjoyed unwonted repose of mind and body at this season. She had cast all her cares on a higher power, and passed her time quietly in the cloister, in the society of her lovely and beloved daughter, in whose tender affection she tasted as much happiness as her widowed heart was capable of experiencing. The lively letters of her son, who was an excellent correspondent, cheered the royal recluse, and furnished conversation for the evening hours of recreation, when the nuns were permitted to relax their thoughts from devotional subjects, and join in conversation, or listen to that of their illustrious inmates. It was then that Mary Beatrice would occasionally relieve her overburdened mind, by talking of the events of her past life; and deeply is it to be regretted that only disjointed fragments remain of the diary kept by the nun who employed herself in recording the reminiscences of the fallen queen.

¹ MS. Diary of a Nun of Chaillot.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

Occasionally the holy sister enters into particulars more minute than interesting to the general reader, such as the days on which her majesty took medicine, and very often the drugs of which it was compounded are enumerated. Successive doses of quinquina, with white powder of whalebone, and the waters of St. Remi, appear to have been a standing prescription with her. By the skill of her French surgeon, Beaulieu, the progress of the cancer had been arrested so completely, that it was regarded at this period as almost cured; whether this were attributable to her perseverance in the above prescription, or to the diversion caused in her favour by a painful abscess, which fixed on one of her fingers at this time, may be a question, perhaps, among persons skilled in the healing art. Mary Beatrice suffered severely with her finger, and her sufferings were aggravated by the tedious proceedings of Beaulieu, who had become paralytic in her service, and though his right hand had lost its cunning, was so tenacious of his office, that he would not suffer any one to touch his royal mistress but himself. Her ladies, and even the nuns, were annoyed at seeing his ineffectual attempts at performing operations with a trembling uncertain hand, and said he ought not to be allowed to put the queen to so much unnecessary pain; but Mary Beatrice, who valued the infirm old man for his faithful services in past years, bore everything with unruffled patience.¹ It was a principle of conscience with her, never to wound the feelings of those about her, if she could avoid it. She was very careful not to distinguish one of her ladies more than another, by any particular mark of attention, for all were faithfully attached to her. How much milder her temper was considered by persons of low degree than that of one of her ladies, may be inferred from the following whimsical incident: One day, at dinner, she complained "that the glass they had brought her was too large and heavy for her hand," and asked for that out of which she was accustomed to drink, which she said "was both lighter and prettier." The young domestic probationer, who washed the glass and china belonging to her majesty's table, hearing this, ran in a great fright to the *ecomme*, and confessed that she had had the misfortune to break the queen of England's drinking glass. "I don't mind the queen knowing that it was I who did it," said she; "but I hope she will not tell lady Strickland." Mary Beatrice was much amused when this was repeated to her, and laughed heartily at the simplicity of the poor girl.² The same damsel, whose name was Claire Antoinette Constantin, being about to take the veil, as a humble sister of that convent, expressed an earnest desire, the night before her profession, to make a personal confession to the queen of England, of an injury she had been the cause of her suffering, for that she could not be happy to enter upon her new vocation till she had received her pardon.

The unfortunate widow of James II., having had painful experience of the deceitfulness and ingratitude of human nature, doubtless, expected to listen to an acknowledgment of treacherous practices, with regard to her private papers or letters, that had been productive of mischief to her

¹ MS. Diary of a Nun of Chaillot.

² *Ibid.*

interests and the cause of her son, when she consented to see the penitent offender, who, throwing herself at her feet, with great solemnity confessed a peccarillo that inclined her majesty to smile. She spake the girl kindly; and having talked with her about her profession, sent her away with a light heart. Mary Beatrice met one of the nuns in the gallery, presently after, to whom she said, laughing at the same time, "Do you know that sister Clare Antoinette has just been asking my pardon for causing me the afflicting loss of a little silver cup and two coffee spoons." "It was derogatory to your majesty, for her to say that you could feel any trouble for such a loss," replied the nun, "but she hardly knew what she said when she found herself in the presence of royalty." The queen condescended to assist in the profession of the humble Claire Antoinette.¹

The 19th of September being a very rainy day, the queen did not expect any visitors, and was surprised at seeing one of the dauphiness's pages ride into the court, who came to announce that her royal highness intended to pay her majesty and the princess of England a visit after dinner. She arrived with her retinue at four o'clock, accompanied by her sister-in-law, the duchess de Berri. Adelaide of Savoy, duchess of Burgundy, was then dauphiness. The abess received them at the grate, and the princess Louisa came to meet them in the cloister leading to the queen's suite of apartments. As soon as the dauphiness saw her, she signified to her train-bearer that she did not require him to attend her farther; and it seems she disencumbered herself of her train at the same time, for our circumstantial chronicler says, "she went to the princess of England *en corpo*," which means in her boddice and petticoat, without the royal mantle of state, which was made so as to be thrown off or assumed at pleasure. The princess Louisa conducted the royal guests into the presence of the queen, who being indisposed was on her bed. She greeted the kind Adelaide in these words, "What has induced you, my dear dauphiness, to come and dig out the poor old woman in her cell?" The dauphiness, made an affectionate reply. "I don't know exactly what she said," continues our Chaillot chronicler, "but the queen told me that she conversed with her apart very tenderly, while the princess entertained the duchess de Berri." After some time her majesty told her daughter to show the duchess de Berri the house, and the dauphiness remained alone with her. When the princess and the duchess returned, the dauphiness begged the queen to allow the princess to take a walk with her, to which a willing assent being given, they went out together.

The heavy rain having rendered the gardens unfit for the promenade, the royal friends returned into the house, and the princess took the dauphiness to see the work, with which she seemed much pleased; they afterwards rejoined Mary Beatrice in her apartment. "As it was Saturday afternoon, and past four o'clock," continues our authority, "her majesty did not offer a collation to the dauphiness, but only fish and bread, with a flask of Muscat."²

¹ Diary of the Nun of Chaillot. Inedited MSS. in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris

² *Ibid*

The dauphiness, the same day, gave orders to the duchess de Lauzun that there should be a party made for the chase in the Bois de Boulogne, on purpose for the princess of England, and a supper prepared for her at the house of the duchess at Passy. There were two great obstacles in the way of the princess enjoying this pleasure, which the poverty of her royal mother, apparently, rendered insurmountable: she had neither a horse that she could safely mount, nor a riding dress fit for her to appear in before the gay and gallant court of France. Bitter mortifications those for a youthful beauty, and she the daughter of a king. The amiable dauphiness, however, who had either been informed of these deficiencies, or guessed the state of her unfortunate cousin's stud and wardrobe appointments, sent one of her equerries on the morning of the important day, with a beautiful well-trained palfrey, from her own stable, for the princess's use, together with a splendid riding dress. She wrote, at the same time, to the queen, "entreating her to permit the princess to join the hunting party on horseback, for she had sent one of the horses she had been herself accustomed to ride," adding, "that she hoped her majesty would excuse the liberty she had ventured to take in presenting, also, one of her own hunting dresses to her royal highness, the princess of England, the time being too short to allow of having a new one made on purpose."

The pride of a vulgar mind might have been offended at this little circumstance, but Mary Beatrice, though her naturally lofty spirit had been rendered more painfully sensitive by her great reverse of fortune, fully appreciated the affectionate freedom of her royal kinswoman, and wrote to her with her own hand, in reply, "that it would be very unkind to refuse what was so kindly meant and courteously offered, that she thanked her very sincerely, and assured her that she should have much joy in the pleasure that had been provided for her child."

Meantime, the equerry having brought the horse into the garden, the princess Louisa mounted there, and took a few turns to try his paces, and although she had not been in the saddle for upwards of two years, she felt perfectly self-possessed and assured. The temptation of wending with the royal beauty to the gay greenwood, and describing her dress and deportment on that one day, of princely disport with the dauphiness and the gallant court of France, must be resisted, since it is not the life of Louisa Stuart, but of Mary Beatrice d'Esté which at present claims the attention of the reader.¹

The princess and her governess, lady Middleton, who accompanied her to the chase, returned to Chaillot at a quarter after nine the same evening. On the Tuesday following, Mary Beatrice considered it proper to pay a visit to the king of France at Versailles, and to thank the dauphiness for her attention to her daughter. It cost her a struggle to emerge from her present quiet abode, to present herself at court again, after so long an absence. She said several times, "I am getting such au

¹ Diary of the Nun of Chaillot. Inedited MSS. in the Hotel de Soubise. Paris

² This having already far exceeded the usual limits allotted to the royal biographies, in this series, it becomes expedient to embody the inedited memoirs of her children in a separate publication.

old woman, that I feel embarrassed myself on such occasions, and shall only be a restraint on others." She took her young bright Louisa with her to Versailles, to make all the round of state visits to the members of the royal family. Her majesty wore a black mantle and cap, but the princess was in full court costume; they returned to the convent at eight in the evening.

Mary Beatrice wished to make a round of visits to the religious houses of Paris, and especially to the sisters of St. Antoine, but as the pestilence was raging in that city, she was deterred, from the fear of exposing her daughter to the infection. She had promised the princess the pleasure of going to the Italian comedy at this time, and a day was fixed, but the evening before, lady Middleton represented to the queen that it might be attended with danger to the princess, as Paris was so full of bad air, on which her majesty told her daughter, "that although it gave her some pain to deprive her of so small a pleasure, she could not allow her to go." The princess had reckoned very much upon it, but said her majesty's kindness quite consoled her for her disappointment.¹ Never was a mother more devotedly loved and honoured than was Mary Beatrice by her sweet daughter, who had now become her companion and friend. One day, when she had allowed the princess to go incognito to Paris with lady Middleton, to dine with madame Rothes, the married daughter of that lady, she could not help repeating many times during dinner, "It must be owned that we miss my daughter very much." Mary Beatrice, notwithstanding her fears of exposing that precious one to the danger of entering the infected city, was persuaded to take her with her to the church of the English Benedictines, when she went to pay her annual visit of sorrowful remembrance to the remains of her lamented lord, king James, which still remained unburied under a sable canopy, surmounted with the crown of England, in the aisle of St. Jacques, though ten years had passed away since his death. To avoid attracting attention or the appearance of display, the royal widow and orphan daughter of that unfortunate prince, went in a hired coach, attended by only two ladies, the duchess of Perth, and the countess of Middleton, to pay this mournful duty, and to offer up their prayers in the holy privacy of a grief too deep to brook the scrutiny of public curiosity. On one or two previous occasions, the coach of the exiled queen had been recognised, and followed by crowds of persons of all degrees, who, in their eagerness to gaze on the royal heroine of this mournful romance of history, had greatly distressed and agitated her, even by the vehemence of their sympathy—the French being then not only an excitable but a venerative people, full of compassion for the calamities of royalty. Popular superstition had invested the deceased king with the name of a saint, and attributed to his perishable mortal remains the miraculous power of curing diseases. His bier was visited by pilgrims from all parts of France, and on this occasion his faithful widow and daughter, shrouded in their mourning cloaks and veils,

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

passed unnoticed among the less interesting enthusiasts who came to offer up their vows and prayers in the aisle of St. Jacques. Some persons outside the church asked the coachman whom he had driven there. The man, not being at all aware of the quality of the party, replied, 'that he had brought two old gentlewomen, one middle aged, and a young lady.'¹

This unceremonious description beguiled the fallen queen of England of a smile, perhaps from the very revulsion of feeling caused by its contrast to the reverential and elaborate titles with which royal personages are accustomed to hear themselves named. Queen now only by courtesy, deprived of pomp, power, and royal attributes, Mary Beatrice had gained, by her adversity, better things than she had lost—patience, resignation, and sufficient philosophy to regard the distinctions of this world and its vanities in their true light; yet, like all human creatures, she had her imperfections. That quaintly minute chronicler, the nun of Chaillot, records, "that she once saw her royal friend visibly discomposed for a very slight matter, and that, strange to say, caused by an unwonted act of awkwardness on the part of her daughter, the princess Louisa, who, in drawing the soup to her at dinner, spilt it on the table-cloth, and all over the queen's napkin. Her majesty's colour rose, she looked angry, but said nothing. In the evening, she said, "she felt so much irritated at the moment, that she had with great difficulty restrained herself from giving vent to her annoyance in words;" she severely censured herself, at the same time, for allowing her temper to be ruffled by such a trifle. Mary Beatrice bore a serious trial, soon after, with the equanimity of a heroine, and the dignity of a queen. On the day of St. Ursula, as she was about to enter the choir of the conventual church, with her daughter, to perform her devotions, a letter was delivered to her from the duke de Lauzun, informing her that the negotiations for a peace between England and France had commenced, which must involve the repudiation of her son's title and cause, by Louis XIV. Mary Beatrice read the letter attentively through, without betraying the slightest emotion, then showed it to her daughter, who wept passionately. The queen turned into the aisle of St. Joseph, where, finding one of the nuns whom she sometimes employed as her private secretary, she requested her to write, in her name, to the duke de Lauzun, "thanking him for the kind attention he had shown in apprising her of what she had not before heard, and begging him to give her information of any further particulars that might come to his knowledge;" she then entered the church, and attended the service, without allowing any one to read in her countenance any confirmation of the ill news, which the tearful eyes of the princess showed, that ominous letter had communicated.² An anxious interest was excited on the subject among the sisters of Chaillot, who certainly were by no means devoid

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice D'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France. The ladies Perth and Middleton, being the elders of the party, came under the description of the two old gentlewomen, the queen of the middle aged, and the princess of the young lady.

² MS. Memorials in Archives au Royaume de France

of the feminine attribute of curiosity. At dinner, Mary Beatrice showed no appearance of dejection, and no one ventured to ask a question. The next morning, at the hour of relaxation, seeing all the nuns near her, she said "she would impart to them something that was in the duke de Lauzun's letter—namely, that their king had said at his levee—"The English have offered me reasonable terms of peace, and the choice of three cities for the treaty." She said no more, and the abbess of Chaillot taking up the word, rejoined—"But, madam, what advantage will your majesty and the king, your son, find in this peace?" The queen, instead of making a direct reply, said, "Peace is so great a blessing, that it ought to be rejoiced at; and we have such signal obligations to France, that we cannot but wish for anything that is beneficial to it."¹

At supper, she told the community the names of the plenipotentiaries on both sides. She said, "that she had, as soon as she was informed of these particulars, written to her son, to hasten his return, because it would be desirable for her to see and consult with him, on the steps proper to be taken for supporting his interests." The chevalier de St. George was then at Genoble, from whence he wrote a long amusing letter to his sister, descriptive of the place and its history, and of the principal towns and ports he had visited. The princess read the letter aloud to the nuns, in the presence of her royal mother, who, though she had read it before, listened with lively interest to all the details.

Mary Beatrice gave a medal of her son to the abbess of Chaillot, "which," says the recording sister of that community, "will be found among our archives, together with a copy of the speech made by the sieur Dundas, in Scotland."

The princess Louisa had given the duke de Lauzun one of these medals in the summer, and he, in return, presented to her, through one of his wife's relations, sister Louise de l'Orge, a nun in that convent, a miniature of the queen magnificently set with diamonds, in a very pretty shagreen box. The princess testified great joy at this present, but the queen appeared thoughtful and sad; at last she said, "I have been several times tempted to send it back. I see I am still very proud, for I cannot bear that any one should make presents to my daughter, when she is not able to make a suitable return. It is from the same principle of pride," continued her majesty, "that I cannot consent to allow my portrait to be painted now. One should not suffer oneself to be seen as old and ugly by those who might remember what one has been when young."² She was, however, induced to allow the princess to retain the gift which had been so kindly presented by her old and faithful friend, de Lauzun.³

At supper, on the 3d of November, some one told the queen, "that the marshal Tallard had facetiously proposed to the ministers of queen Anne, that the prince, whom they called the Pretender, should espouse their queen, as the best method of reconciling their differences." "You are mistaken," said Mary Beatrice. "It was a priest who made that proposal, and I will tell you what he said at the recreation to-night."

¹ MS. Memorials in Archives au Royaume de France.

² Ibid.

All were impatient to hear the right version of the story, and at the time appointed Mary Beatrice told them, with some humour, "that a witty Irish priest having been summoned before a bench of magistrates, for not taking the oath of abjuration, said to their worships, 'Would it not be best, in order to end these disputes, that your queen should marry the Pretender?' To which all present exclaimed, in a tone of horror 'Why, he is her brother!' 'If so,' rejoined the priest, 'why am I required to take an oath against him?'"¹

The abbess of Chaillot asked the queen in confidence, "if the reports about a peace were correct, and if so, whether anything for the relief of her majesty were likely to be stipulated in the treaty?" Mary Beatrice replied, "that the peace was certain to take place, and that she had some prospect of receiving her dower, but it must be kept a profound secret, because of the Irish, who would all be about her."² Her great anxiety was to pay her debts, of which by far the largest was what she owed to the convent of Chaillot; it gave her much pain, she said, that she had not been in a condition to pay the annual rent—namely, 3000 livres, for the apartments she hired there, the arrears of which now amounted to a very large sum. The abbess took the opportunity of reminding her indigent royal tenant of the state of outstanding accounts between her majesty and that house. She said, "that in addition to the 18,000 livres, her majesty had had the goodness to pay them, she had given them a promissory note for 42,000 more, for the last fourteen years. Mary Beatrice was so bewildered at the formidable sound, in French figures, of a sum, which did not amount to two thousand pounds of English money, that she could not remember having given such an engagement, and begged the abbess to let her see it. The abbess produced the paper out of the strong box, and her majesty, presently recollecting herself, freely acknowledged and confirmed it. The abbess in the evening called a council of the elders of the community on the subject, and they agreed that they ought to thank her majesty for what she had done. The very politeness of her creditors was painful to the sensitive feelings of the unfortunate queen. She interrupted them with great emotion, by saying, "that one of the greatest mortifications of her life, was to have seen how many years she had been lodging with them for nothing, and that they must attribute it to the unhappy state of her affairs, and to the extremity of that necessity which has no law."³ Among all the sad records of the calamities of royalty, there are few pictures more heart-rending than that of the widow of a king of Great Britain reduced to the humiliation of making such an avowal. The money that should have been devoted to the payment of her rent at Chaillot had been extorted from her compassion, by the miseries of the starving thousands by whom she was daily importuned for bread, when at St. Germain's. As long as the royal widow had a livre in her purse, she could not resist the agonizing petitions of these unfortunates; and when all was gone, she fled to Chaillot, literally for refuge. She told

¹ MS. Memorials in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² *Ibid*

³ Diary of the Nun of Chaillot, in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.

the community, "that they might reckon on her good offices whenever they thought it might be in her power to be of service to them."

One of the nuns who waited on Mary Beatrice took the liberty of approaching her when they were alone, and endeavoured to soothe her wounded spirit, by assuring her, "that the abbess and sisters could never sufficiently acknowledge her goodness and her charity to their house; and that the whole community were truly grateful for the blessing of having her among them, for her example had inspired them with a new zeal for the performance of the duties of their religion." Adding, "that it gave their community great pain, when the poverty of their house compelled them to mention anything that was due to them; but they should all be most willing to wait her majesty's convenience." Mary Beatrice talked of changing her apartments for those lately occupied by mademoiselle de la Motte, which were only half the rent of hers, but it was begged that she would retain her own.¹

The next day, Mary Beatrice had the consolation of embracing her son, who arrived at Chaillot on the 4th of November, at nine in the morning, having slept at Chartres the preceding night. He entered alone, having hastened on before his retinue to greet his royal mother and sister. They both manifested excessive joy at seeing him; he dined with them in her majesty's apartment, and the abbess waited on them at dinner. The queen and princess both said, several times, that he greatly resembled his late uncle, king Charles II. "This prince," says the recording sister of Chaillot, "is very tall and well formed, and very graceful. He has a pleasant manner, is very courteous and obliging, and speaks French well."

After dinner, permission was asked of the queen, for the community to have the honour of coming in to see the king, as they called her son. Her majesty assenting, they entered, and seated themselves on the ground and listened with great interest to the chevalier's conversation, which consisted chiefly of his remarks on the various places he had visited during his late tour, on which, like other travellers, he delighted to discourse to reverential listeners. Mary Beatrice kindly sent for sister Louise de l'Orge, one of the nuns, who, although she was then in her retreat, was well pleased at being indulged with a peep at the royal visitor. Mary Beatrice announced her intention of returning to St. Germain, with her son, that evening, and said she would not make any adieux. She paid, however, a farewell visit after vespers to the tribune, where the heart of her beloved consort was enshrined, and then returned to her own apartment, and waited there while the princess took leave of the abbess and the community. Notwithstanding the joy of the princess at this reunion with her much-beloved brother, she was greatly moved at parting from the kind nuns; and when she made her adieu to her particular friend, sister Marguerite Henriette, she burst into tears. The queen herself was agitated: she said several times, "that she could not understand two conflicting inclinations in her mind—her desire to return with her son, and her fear of quitting her home at Chaillot, for the tur-

¹Diary of the Nun of Chaillot, in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.

"moils and difficulties that would beset her at St. Germain's."¹ At her departure, she said a few gracious words of acknowledgment as she passed them, to those nuns who had had the honour of waiting upon her. Her beloved friend, Françoise Angelique Priolo, was *à la* health; and the following playful letter, without date, was probably written to her by Mary Beatrice soon after her return to St. Germain's:—

"Although you have preferred my daughter to me, in writing to her rather than to me, about which I will not quarrel with you, I must needs write two words to you to explain about the money that Demster brings you. There are 22 Louis, of which 200 livres must be taken for the half year of the perpetual mass; 29, for the two bills that you have given to Molza, and the rest to purchase a goat, whose milk will preserve and improve the health of my dear good mother. They assure me that they have sent the money for the wood."

Endorsed "To the mother Priolo."²

Mary Beatrice came to see her sick friend, at the convent of Chaillot, on the 9th of December, accompanied by the princess, her daughter, and returned the next day to St. Germain's.

The preliminary negotiations for the peace of Utrecht filled the exiled court with anxiety and stirring excitement. The duke of Marlborough renewed his secret correspondence with Mary Beatrice and her son, through the medium of his nephew, Berwick, and even committed himself so far as to confer personally with Tunstal, one of the emissaries of the earl of Middleton. In the curiously mystified official report of these conferences, written by the latter to Middleton, Mary Beatrice is, as usual, mentioned under two different feigned names, her dowry is called her law-suit, and Marlborough is styled the lawyer.

"I had two long conferences with him," writes Tunstal, "about *Mr. Bernard's* law-suit, and *Mr. Kelly's* [*the Pretender's*] affairs. As to both which he shows a good will, and gives, in appearance, sincere wishes; but how far he will be able to work effectually in the matter, I leave you to judge. First as to *Mr. Bernard's* [*the queen's*] deed, he says, it must be insisted upon in time, for he looks upon it as certain that an accommodation [*peace*] will be made, and if he shall be found capable of helping or signing this deed, he assures *Mr. Bernard* [*the queen*] of his best services. But he believes measures are taken in such a manner that he shall be excluded from having any hand in concluding matters at Poncy (the peace)."³

Tunstal goes on to state Marlborough's opinion, that the payment of the jointure of the widowed queen ought to be strenuously insisted upon; "and the gaining that point of the deed," continues he, "to be of great consequence, not only as to the making my lady Betty [queen Mary Beatrice] easy as to her own circumstances, but very much conducing to the advancing *Mr. Anthony's* [*the chevalier St. George's*], interest, and this not so much, again, as to the money itself, as to the grant of it, which cannot be refused, it being formerly conceded at Poncy [*the peace of Ryswick*], and only diverted by the unworthiness of him who then ruled the roast,"⁴ meaning William III. On the subject of

¹ MS. Memorials in Archives au Royaume de France.

² From the original French of an inedited letter of Mary Beatrice in the *Secr. Archives au Royaume de France*.

³ Stuart Papers in Macpherson

the jointure, Marlborough begged Tunstal to assure Mary Beatrice, "that if the payment were put to the vote of parliament, it would find many supporters, who would be glad of the opportunity of making their compliments to her *à bon grace*, and giving some testimony of their goodwill; and if she thought that he were himself in a capacity to serve her in that matter, he would be glad of showing himself her humble servant." In the same conference, Marlborough begged that the prince would not listen to any proposal of taking refuge in the papal dominions; for if the queen consented to his doing that, it would be no better than ruining the cause of her son, and murdering him outright. He recommended some protestant state as a more popular asylum, and declared—nay, solemnly swore—that the recall of the prince appeared to him as certain to take place.¹ Neither oaths nor professions from that quarter appear to have had much weight at the court of St. Germain, if we may judge from the dry comments made by the earl of Middleton to his political agent on this communication:

"As for your *lawyer*, he is gone, and before you meet again, we shall see clearer. * * * He might have been great and good, but God hardened Pharaoh's heart, and he can now only pretend to the humble merit of a post-boy who brings good news, to which he has not contributed."²

The affairs of the widow and son of James II. were far enough from being in the favourable position which the flattering courtship of the disgraced favourite of queen Anne led their shallow minister to imagine. Middleton was not, however, the only person deceived in this matter; for the dauphin paid a visit to Mary Beatrice and the chevalier at St. Germain at this crisis, expressly to congratulate them on their prospects.³

Mary Beatrice placed great reliance on the friendship always testified by that amiable prince and his consort, for her and her children, but the arm of flesh was not to profit them. The dauphiness was attacked with malignant purple fever, on the 6th of February; fatal symptoms appeared on the 9th. On the 11th, her life was despaired of, and they forced her distracted husband from her bedside, to breathe the fresh air in the gardens at Versailles. Mary Beatrice, ever fearless of infection for herself, hastened to Versailles, but was not permitted to enter the chamber of her dying friend. She sat with the king and madame de Maintenon, in the room adjoining to the chamber of death, while the last sacraments of the church of Rome were administered, and remained there during all that sad night.⁴ She was also present at the consultation of the physicians, when they decided on bleeding the royal patient in the foot. She saw, as she afterwards emphatically observed, "that physicians understood nothing, comparatively speaking, of the life of man, the issues of which depend on God." The dauphiness expired on the 11th of February; the afflicted widower only survived her six days. The inscrutable fiat which, at one blow, desolated the royal house of France, and deprived a mighty empire a second time of its heir, involved also the ultimate destruction of the hopes of the kindred

¹ Stuart Papers, in Macpherson.

² St. Simon MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Ibid.

family of Stuart. The fast waning sands of Louis XIV., now sinking under the weight of years and afflictions, were rudely shaken by this domestic calamity, which was immediately followed by the death of the eldest son of the young pair, leaving the majesty of France to be represented, in less than three years, by a feeble infant, and its power to be exercised by the profligate and selfish regent, Orleans.

"I have been deeply grieved," writes Mary Beatrice, "for the deaths of the dauphin and our dear dauphiness. After the king, there are no other persons in France whose loss could have affected us in every way like this. The death of the young dauphin has not failed to touch me also. We must adore the judgments of God, which are always just, although inscrutable, and submit ourselves to His will."¹

The portentous shadows with which these tragic events had darkened the political horizon of her son, affected Mary Beatrice less than the awful lesson on the uncertainty of life, and the vanity of earthly expectation, which the sudden death of these illustrious persons, snatched away in the flower of youth, and high and glorious anticipation, was calculated to impress. The royal widow regarded their deaths as a warning to put her own house in order; and in the self-same letter, in which she mentions the three-fold tragedy to her friend, the abbess of Chaillot, she says:—

"I pray you, my dear mother, to send me by the courier, the packet that I left with you of my will, and also the copies of all the papers written in my hand, for moneys paid or to pay, and likewise what I have promised for my sister M. Paule de Douglas. I would wish to put them all in order before the approach of Death, whom, we see, comes always when we think of him the least."

"M."

Endorsed the 15th March, 1712:

"We have not sent the queen her will according to what she has ordained us in this letter, but the copies of the papers written by her hand, which remain in the box, her majesty having done us the honour to consign them to us, but not her will."

These papers were the vouchers which the queen had given to the abbess and community of Chaillot, for the sums of money in which she stood indebted to them, as before mentioned, for the hire of the apartments she and the young princess her daughter, and their ladies, had occupied, during their occasional residence in that convent for many years. Whether she came there much or little, the apartments were always reserved for her use, at an annual rent of three thousand francs. This sum, less than one hundred and thirty pounds a year, the destitute widow of king James II., who had been a crowned and anointed queen-consort of Great Britain, had never been able to pay, but had been reduced to the mortifying necessity of begging the community of Chaillot to accept such instalments as her narrowed finances, and the uncertain payments of her French pension, enabled her to offer, with a written engagement to liquidate the debt, either when she should receive the

¹ MS. Letters of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives of France.

² Autograph Letter of the Queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France.

payment of her dower as queen of England, or at the restoration of the house of Stuart. Under these conditions, the compassionate sisterhood of Chaillot had allowed their royal friend's debt to accumulate to fifty thousand francs, up to the year 1712, as specified in the following document:—

"Having always intended to make arrangements for the good of the monastery of the Visitation of St. Marie de Chaillot, because of the affection which I have to their holy order in general, and to this house in particular, in which I have been so many times received and well lodged, for nearly the four and twenty years that I have been in France, and wishing at present to execute this design better than it is possible for me to do in the circumstances under which I find myself at present: I declare that my intention on my retiring into this monastery, has always been to give three thousand livres a year for the hire of the apartments I have occupied here since the year 1689, till this present year 1712, in all which time I have never paid them but nineteen thousand livres; it still remains for me to pay fifty thousand, which fifty thousand I engage and promise to give to the said monastery of the Visitation of St. Marie de Chaillot, on the establishment of the king my son in England."

It is remarkable, that the agitated hand of the poor exile, who had been queen of the realm, has written that once familiar word, *Engeller*, in this record of her poverty, and honest desire to provide for the liquidation of her long arrears of rent to the convent of Chaillot; she continues in these words:—

"And not having the power to do this while living, I have charged the king my son in my testament, and engaged him to execute all these promises, which he will find written by my own hand, and that before one year be passed after his restoration."

Alas, poor queen—poor prince! and luckless nuns! on what a shadowy foundation did these engagements rest! Yet at that time, when it was the general opinion of all Europe, that the childless sovereign of England, Anne, designed to make, as far as she could, reparation for the wrongs she had done her brother, by making arrangements for him to succeed, at her demise, to the royal inheritance, in which she had supplanted him, few people would have despised a bond for a sum of money, however large, payable at such a day.

"I have left also," continues the queen, "in my will, wherewithal to make a most beautiful restoration for the great altar of the church of the said monastery of Chaillot, dedicated to the Holy Virgin, or a fine tabernacle, if they should like it better; and also I have left for a mausoleum to be made for the heart of the king, my lord and husband.

"And I engage and promise in the meantime, to pay to the said monastery, the sum of three thousand livres a year for the time to come, counting from the 1st of April, 1712; but if through the bad state of my affairs I should not be able to pay the said annual sum for the future, or only to pay in part, I will reckon all that I fail in as a debt, which shall augment and add to the fifty thousand francs which I owe already, to be paid at the same time, which he [*her son*] will understand, for all the years that I may remain in France."

"MARIE R."¹

The presentiment that death was about to visit her own melancholy

¹ Chaillot MSS. in the Archives au Royaume de France.

palace, which had haunted Mary Beatrice ever since she had wept with Louis XIV., thrice, in a few brief days, over the stricken hopes of gay Versailles, was doomed to be too sadly realized; but not, as she had imagined, on herself. She, the weary pilgrim, who had travelled over nearly half a century of woe, and had carried in her mortal frame for the last twelve years the seeds of death, was spared to weep over the early grave of the youngest born and most precious of her children, her bright and beautiful Louisa.

On Easter Wednesday, March 29th, Mary Beatrice visited Chaillot with her daughter, who was then in blooming health. The nuns told their royal visitors a piteous tale of the damage their house had sustained by the dreadful storm of December 11th, two days after their last visit. Her majesty listened with great concern, regretted her inability to aid them as she could wish, but promised to do her best in representing their case to others.

"At four o'clock the following day, the chevalier de St. George, who had been hunting in the Bois de Boulogne, came here," says our Chaillot chronicler, "in quest of the queen. He behaved with much courtesy to our mother, thanking her for the prayers she had made for him at all times, and for the care she had taken of the queen, his mother, and the consolation she had been to her. He appeared a little indisposed that day, but returned to St. Germain's in the evening with the queen and the princess."

Two days afterwards, he was attacked with the small-pox,¹ to the inexpressible dismay of Mary Beatrice, who knew how fatal that dreadful malady had, in many instances, proved to the royal house of Stuart. The princess Louisa was inconsolable at the idea of her brother's danger but felt not the slightest apprehension of infection for herself. On the 10th of April, the malady appeared visible on her, while she was at her toilette. The distress of the queen may be imagined. The symptoms of the princess were at first favourable, so that hopes were entertained that not only her life, but even her beauty, would be spared. Unfortunately the practice of bleeding in the foot was resorted to in her case, and the effects were fatal.

The last and most interesting communication that ever took place between Mary Beatrice and her beloved daughter, was recorded verbatim from the lips of the disconsolate mother, by one of the nuns of Chaillot, who has thus indorsed the paper containing the particulars:

"The queen of England, this 12th of October, was pleased herself to repeat to us the words which the princess, her daughter, said to her, and they were written down in her majesty's chamber, this evening, at six o'clock."²

Thus we see, that six months elapsed, ere Mary Beatrice could bring

¹ Inedited Memorials by the sister of Chaillot, in the archives au Royaume de France.

² Translated from the original French of the autograph document in the private Archives of the kingdom of France, in the Hotel de Soubise, where it was transferred, with other curious contemporary records, at the dissolution of the royal foundation of the convent of the Visitation of St. Mary at Chaillot.

herself to speak of what passed in the holy privacy of that solemn hour when, after the duties enjoined by their church for the sick had been performed, she came to her dying child, and asked her how she felt.

"Madame," replied the princess, "you see before you the happiest person in the world. I have just made my general confession; and I have done my best to do it, so that if they were to tell me that I should die now, I should have nothing more to do. I resign myself into the hands of God; I ask not of Him life, but that His will may be accomplished on me."

"My daughter," replied the queen, "I do not think I can say as much. I declare that I entreat of God to prolong your life, that you may be able to serve Him, and to love Him better than you have yet done." "If I desire to live, it is for that alone," responded the princess, fervently; but the tenderness of earthly affections came over the heavenward spirit, and she added, "and because I think I might be of some comfort to you."

At five o'clock the next morning, Monday, April 18th, they told the queen that the princess was in her agony. She would have risen to go to her, but they prevented her by force. The princess expired at nine. At ten, the heavy tidings were announced to her majesty by Père Gaillar, her departed daughter's spiritual director, and Père Buga, her own.¹ Bitter as the trial was, Mary Beatrice bore it with the resignation of a Christian mother who believes that the child of her hopes and prayers has been summoned to a brighter and better world. The prince, her son, was still dangerously ill. Grief for the departed, and trembling apprehension for the last surviving object of maternal love and care, brought on an attack of fever which confined her to her bed for several days. Meantime, it was generally reported that the prince was either dying or dead. Much anxiety was expressed on his account in some of the mysterious jacobite letters of the period; deep regret for the loss of the princess, and general sympathy for the afflicted mother, touched every heart in which the leaven of political animosity or polemic bitterness had not quenched the sweet spirit of Christian charity and pity.

In one of the letters of condolence from some person in the court of queen Anne, apparently to the countess of Middleton, on the death of the princess Louisa, the writer says:—

"You cannot imagine how generally she is lamented, even by those who have ever been enemies to her family. I and mine have so shared in your loss, that we thought our sorrows could have no addition, when we heard your chevalier was recovered, but now we find our mistake, for since we had your daughter Jenny, 'tis said at court he is despaired of, and on the Exchange, that he is dead, that he ate too much meat, and got a cold with going out too soon. If this be true, all honest people will think no more of the world, for sure never were mortals so unfortunate as we. * * * I beg you will make our condoling compliments, for to write it myself to your only mistress, is tormenting her now, but pray assure her, I grieve for her loss, and the sense I am sure she has of it, to a degree not to be expressed, but felt with true affection and duty. * * * I do not question but you must guess at the concern my sisters were in when we

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice by a sister of Chaillot, in the Archives du Royaume de France.

received the news of your loss, upon my word I was stupified at it, and cannot help being still anxious for the brother's health, notwithstanding your assurances of his recovery, for we have so many cruel reports about him, that it is enough to make us distracted. Pray assure his afflicted mother of my most humble duty. God in heaven send her comfort, for she wants it; nothing but Her goodness could resist such a stroke."¹

Among the letters to the court of St. Germain's in which real names are as usual veiled under quaint and fictitious aliases—a flimsy precaution at that time, when the real persons intended must have been obvious to every official of the British government into whose hands these treasonable missives might chance to fall—there is one really curious from Sheffield, duke of Buckingham,² which is supposed to convey the expression of queen Anne's sympathy for the illness of her unfortunate brother, and her regret for the death of her young lovely sister. Another, from some warm friend of the exiled family, well known of course to the party to whom it was addressed, in reply to a communication that the chevalier was out of danger, runs as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—Hannah [Mr. Lilly] says, yours of the 29th, was the joyfulest her eyes ever saw, for it restored her to life after being dead about a week, but not to perfect health, for her dear Lowder [the princess], and her heart bleeds for poor Quaille [the queen]."³

The heart of the princess Louisa Stuart was enshrined in a silver urn, and conveyed to the convent of Chaillot, where it was presented, with an elegant Latin oration, to the abbess and community of the Visitation of St. Marie of Chaillot. They received it with great solemnity, and many tears, and placed it, according to the desire of the deceased princess, in the tribune, beside those of her royal father, king James II., and her grandmother, queen Henrietta Maria. Her body was also deposited, by that of her father, in the church of the English Benedictines, in the rue de St. Jacques, Paris, there to remain, like his, unburied, till the restoration of the royal Stuarts to the throne of Great Britain, when it was intended to inter them in Westminster Abbey.

The remains of the princess were attended to their temporary resting place by her governess, Catharine, countess of Middleton, and a l her ladies in waiting and maids of honour. The duke of Berwick acted as chief mourner, assisted by his son, the earl of Tynemouth, the earl of Middleton, lord chamberlain, all the officers of the exiled queen's household, and the English residents at St. Germain's.⁴ The funeral procession was also attended by the French officers of state belonging to the royal chateau and town of St. Germain.

¹ In Macpherson's Stuart Papers, from Nairne.

² The husband of the daughter of James II. by the countess of Dorchester. He was queen Anne's chamberlain. The political alias under which he figures in the secret Jacobite correspondence is "Matthew."

³ In Macpherson's Stuart Papers, from Nairne.

⁴ Official attestation of the delivery of the heart of the princess Louisa Maria of England, to the abbess of Chaillot, by the abbé Ingleton, confessor to the queen, and of her corpse to the Benedictine monks. Archives of the kingdom of France, in the Hotel Soubise.

The death of the princess Louisa was the greatest misfortune that could have befallen the cause of the house of Stuart, of which she was considered the brightest ornament, and it also deprived her brother of an heiress presumptive to his title, for whose sake much more would have been ventured than for himself, while her ardent devotion to his interest precluded any apprehension of attempts at rivalry on her part.

There is a very fine three-quarter length original portrait of this princess in the possession of Walter Strickland, esq., of Sizergh Castle, the gift of queen Mary Beatrice to lady Strickland. She is there represented in the full perfection of her charms, apparently about eighteen or nineteen years of age. Nothing can be more noble than her figure, or more graceful than her attitude: she is gathering orange blossoms in the gardens of St. Germain's. This occupation, and the royal mantle of scarlet velvet, furred with ermine, which she wears over a white satin dress, trimmed with gold, has caused her to be mistaken for the bride of the chevalier de St. George; but she is easily identified as his sister, by her likeness to him, and to her other portraits and her medals. In fact, the painting may be known at a glance for a royal Stuart and a daughter of Mary Beatrice d'Esté, although her complexion is much fairer and brighter, and her eyes and hair are of a lively nut-brown tint, instead of black, which gives her more of the English, and less of the Italian character of beauty. She bears a slight family likeness, only with a much greater degree of elegance and delicacy of outline, to some of the early portraits of her eldest sister, queen Mary II.

Mary Beatrice received visits of sympathy and condolence on her sad loss from Louis XIV., and Madame de Maintenon. The latter says, in one of her letters — "I had the honour of passing two hours with the queen of England: she looks the very image of desolation. Her daughter had become her friend and chief comfort. The French at St. Germain's are as disconsolate for her loss as the English; and, indeed, all who knew her loved her most sincerely. She was truly cheerful, affable, and anxious to please, attached to her duties, and fulfilling them all without a murmur."

The first confidential letter written by Mary Beatrice, after the afflictive dispensation which had deprived her of the last sunshine of her wintry days, is dated May 19, 1712: it is addressed to her friend Angelica Priolo: it commences with a congratulatory compliment to that religieuse, on her re-election to her third triennial, as superior of the convent of Chaillot; but the royal writer quickly passes to a subject of deeper, sadder interest to herself, the death of her child.

It is not always in the power of an historian to raise the veil that has hidden the treasured grief of a royal mother's heart from the world, and after nearly a century and a half have passed away, since the agonizing pulses of that afflicted heart have been at rest, and its pangs forgotten, to place the simple record of her feelings before succeeding generations in her own pathetic words.

The holy resignation of the Christian renders the maternal anguish

of the fallen queen more deeply interesting; she shall speak for herself:'

"But what shall I say to you, my dear mother, of that beloved daughter whom God gave to me, and hath now taken away? Nothing beyond this, that, since it is he who hath done it, it becomes me to be silent, and not to open my mouth unless to bless his holy name. He is the Master both of the mother and the children; he has taken the one and left the other, and I ought not to doubt but that he has done the best for both and for me also, if I knew how to profit by it. Behold the point, for, alas, I neither do as I say, nor as God requires of me, in regard to his dealings with me. Entreat of him, my dear mother, to give me grace to enable me to begin to do it. I cannot thank you sufficiently for your prayers, both for the living and the dead. I believe the latter are in a state to acknowledge them before God, for in the disposition he put into my dear girl, at the commencement of her malady, to prepare herself for death, I have every reason to hope that she enjoys, or soon will enjoy, his blessedness with our sainted king, and that they will obtain for me his grace, that so I may prepare to join them, when, and where, and how, it shall please the Master of all things in his love to appoint."

The poor queen goes on to send messages of affectionate remembrance to the sisters of Chaillot, whose kind hearts had sorrowed for her, and with her, in all her afflictions, during her four-and-twenty years of exile and calamity; but more especially in this last and most bitter grief, in which, indeed, they had all participated, since the princess Louisa had been almost a daughter of their house.

The queen names two of the nuns, Marie Gabrielle, and Marie Henriette, and says:—

"I shall never forget, in all my life, the services which the last has rendered to my dear daughter, nor the good that she has done her soul, although the whole of our dear community have contributed to that which would oblige me, if it were possible, to redouble my friendship for them all."

The hapless widow of James II. adverts, in the next place, to another bitter trial, which she knew was in store for her—that of parting with her son, now her only surviving child. Ever since the commencement of the negotiations for the peace between England and France, it had been intimated to the chevalier de St. George, that it was necessary he should withdraw from St. Germain, in the first instance, and finally from the French dominions. In consequence of his dangerous illness and present debility, and the indulgence due to the feelings of poor Mary Beatrice, on account of her recent bereavement, a temporary delay had been permitted. He now began to take the air and gentle exercise on horseback daily, and it was considered that he would soon be strong enough to travel:

"I know not," continues her majesty, "when the king my son will set out, nor whither I shall go, but his departure will not be before the first week in the next month. When I learn more about it I will let you know, for I intend to come to Chaillot the same day that he goes from here, since if I am to find any consolation during the few days which remain to me, I can only hope for it in your house."
"M R."

'The original, written in French, is preserved among the Chaillot Collection in the Archives au Royaume de France.

When Mary Beatrice visited Louis XIV. at Marli, for the first time after the death of her daughter, the heartless ceremonials of state etiquette were alike forgotten by each, and they wept together in the fellowship of mutual grief, "because," as the disconsolate mother afterwards said, when speaking of the tears they shed at this mournful interview, "we saw that the aged were left, and death had swept away the young."¹ All the pleasure, and all the happiness, of the court of Versailles, expired with the amiable dauphin and dauphiness, and the death of the princess Louisa completed the desolation of that of the exiled Stuarts. Mary Beatrice endeavoured to calm her grief, by visiting the monastery of La Trappe, with her son, but confessed that she had not derived any internal consolation² from passing two days in that lugubrious retreat: it would have been passing strange if she had. Such an expedition was, moreover, highly inexpedient as regarded the temporal interests of her son, since nothing could have been more distasteful to the English. On her return to St. Germain's, the royal widow added the following codicils to the paper containing her testamentary acknowledgments of her debts to the convent of Chaillot:—

"I declare also, that my intention and will is, that the thousand livres which I have left in my testament to lady Henrietta Douglas, who has been a nun professed in the monastery of the Visitation of St. Marie de Chaillot, and who bears there the name of sister Marie Paule, be paid to the said monastery, notwithstanding the decease of the said sister Marie Paule Douglas."

"MARIE R.

"Done at St. Germain's, this 7th of July, 1712.

"I have left also in my will, for the said monastery to found a perpetual mass for the repose of my soul, and those of the king my lord, and my dear daughter."

"MARIE R."

A rent which appears in the sheet of paper on which the poor queen has endeavoured to provide for the payment of her debt to the convent of Chaillot, is thus *naively* explained by herself in the following notification:

"It is I who by accident have torn this paper, but I will that it have effect throughout, notwithstanding."

"MARIE R."³

It was not till the 28th of July, that Mary Beatrice could summon up sufficient resolution to visit her friends at Chaillot, and when she arrived, the sight of the nuns who had been accustomed to wait on her and the princess Louisa, during their long sojourn in the convent in the preceding year, renewed her anguish. She uttered a bitter cry, and exclaimed, "Oh, but this visit is different from my last. Alas! who could have told it! But God is the master—it is He that hath done it, and his holy name be for ever blessed."⁴ When she entered, she sat down by the princess de Condé, who had come like herself to assist at the profession of a nun. The community retired, and she consented to see her friends, Françoise Angélique and Claire Angélique, for a few mo-

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, by a sister of Chaillot.

² Autograph Letters of Mary Beatrice to the Abbess of Chaillot.

³ MS. in Archives au Royaume de France.

⁴ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, by a Nun of Chaillot.

ments, but nothing seemed to give her consolation. The probationer, Marie Helena Vral, who was about to make her irrevocable vow, came to speak to her majesty, and said she would pray for her while she was under the black pall. "Pray only that God's holy will may be done!" said the afflicted mother.

When the profession was over, Mary Beatrice composed herself sufficiently to give audience to the Spanish ambassador, and some others who desired to pay their compliments to her. She afterwards insisted on visiting the tribune where the heart of her lost darling was now enshrined, beside that of her lamented lord, king James. The sight of those mournful relics thus united, renewed all her agonies, and it was with difficulty that the nuns could tear her from the spot after she had assisted in the prayers that were offered up for the departed. When she was at last induced to return to her apartment, the princess de Condé endeavoured to persuade her to take her tea, but her grief so entirely choked her that she could not swallow, and sickened at each attempt.

The same evening the duchess of Lauzun expressing a great desire to be permitted to see her majesty, Mary Beatrice consented to receive her, and requested her to be seated. The duchess refused the proffered tabouret; seeing that the abbess and several of the nuns, who were present, were sitting, according to custom, on the ground at the end of the room, she went and seated herself in the same lowly position among them. The conversation turned on the virtues and untimely deaths of the dauphin and the dauphiness. Mary Beatrice spoke with tender affection of them both, and discussed their funeral sermons and orations, some of which she praised. When she spoke of the grief of Louis XIV., and the tears she had shed with him for their loss, it renewed her anguish, for her own more recent bereavement; sobs choked her voice, and she gave way to a fresh paroxysm of suffocating agony.¹ After the departure of the duchess de Lauzun she became more composed, and drawing sister Margaret Henrietta, the favourite friend of her beloved daughter, on one side, she told her, "that the only consolation she was capable of feeling for the loss of that dear child, was in the remembrance of her virtues, and in retracing them; that at first she feared there was much of vanity in her desire of having a funeral oration made for her, the same as had been done for the late king her husband, and a circular letter containing a brief memoir; but she had consulted her spiritual directors, and they had assured her it was her duty to render to the memory of the princess the honours due to her birth, and great virtues." The royal mother, who certainly meant to have a share in the composition of the posthumous tribute to the merits of her departed child, said she wished the circular letter to appear in the name of the community of Chaillot, but that she would pay all the expenses of printing and paper. The abbess, who was present at the consultation, entirely approved of the idea, and told her majesty that the memorials which sister Henriette had kept of her royal highness would be very servicable in the design. The sister brought her notes and presented

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice.

them to her majesty, to whom they were, of course, inexpressibly precious; she received them with mournful satisfaction, and said, "they would be of great use in the circular letter or conventual obituary memoir of her daughter."¹

Mary Beatrice, feeling herself much the worse for the excitement of this agitating day, wished to return to St. Germain. She went away at six o'clock in the evening much fatigued, and was ill and feverish for several days after her return."²

"This day," continues the chronicler of Chaillot, "lady Strickland of Sizergh came here, bringing with her as a present from the queen of England, to our house, the beautiful petticoat which the king had had manufactured at Lyons, during his travels, for the princess his sister." It had never been worn by her, for whom it had been purchased, the mourning for the first dauphin not having expired when both courts were plunged into grief and gloom by the deaths of the young dauphin and dauphiness, and their eldest son, which was followed, only two months afterwards, by that of the young lovely flower of St. Germain. The "*belle jupe*," after the decease of the princess, became the perquisite of her governess, lady Middleton, but the royal mother regarding it as a memorial of the affection of her son for his departed sister, did not wish it to be worn by any other person than her for whom it had been intended, or that the costly materials should be put to other uses than the decoration of the church where her daughter's heart was deposited. On her return to St. Germain, she asked lady Middleton what she meant to do with it. Actuated by a similar delicacy of sentiment, her ladyship replied, "she wished to present it to the convent of Chaillot, out of respect to her royal pupil." The queen told her "that, having a wish to present it herself, she would buy it of her." Lady Middleton, to humour her royal mistress, consented to receive a small sum for it, that it might be called the queen of England's gift.³ Such little fond conceits served, in some measure, to divert grief which otherwise must have destroyed life and reason.

¹ The reader will remember that this religieuse was the lady Henrietta Douglas, the same to whom Mary Beatrice bequeathed the legacy of a thousand livres, in the codicil of her will, by her conventual name, Marie Paule.

² MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, by a sister of Chaillot, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

³ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France, Chaillot Collection.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN CONSORT OF JAMES II. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

CHAPTER XI.

Distress of Mary Beatrice at parting from her son—Her arrival at Chaillot—Renewed grief for her daughter—She takes to her bed—Denied a funeral oration for her daughter—Her vexation—Malicious rumours connected with her daughter's death—Queen's resentful remarks on father Petre—Attacked with gout—Visits of her son—She and her ladies dine with him—He comes to take leave of her—Mournful adieux—He quits France—Queen's dejection—Reluctance to return to St. Germain's—Falls ill again—Pines for her daughter—Hears of the death of the duke of Hamilton—Returns to St. Germain's—Her melancholy court—Her letter to lord Middleton—Maternal fondness for her son—Peace of Utrecht—Queen comes to Chaillot—Reads the treaty to a nun—Her observations—Her resignation to the will of God—Impertinence of French princesses—Her dignified reproof—Instances of self-denial—Her writing-table—Her demurs about the price of chair cover—Her shoes—Her ladies tired of the convent—Queen's poverty—Teazed for offerings to a shrine—Her mortification—Has sent her last diamond to her son, with her daughter's hair—Invited to nuptials at Versailles—Excuses herself on account of sickness and grief—Gives audience to a Jacobite quaker—His flattering predictions—Queen's favourable opinion of quakers—Visit from marquis de Torcy—Dejection caused by his communication—Her want of secrecy—English news brought her by duke of Berwick—Artist brings her son's portrait—Her son asks for hers—Her reluctance to sit—Royal English saints—Queen refuses her portrait to the nuns—Takes her first sitting—Her incognito walks with her ladies—Pecuniary straits—Vexatious cares of every day occurrence—Her visit to the Petit Luxembourg—Fatiguing day in Paris—Interest excited by her appearance—Inconvenient consequences—Her son's want of money—Famine at St. Germain's—Her charities—Urged to apply to the king of France for relief—Her reluctance—Her visit to Marli—Interviews with Louis XIV. and madame de Maintenon—Popularity of Mary Beatrice at French court—She raises money to relieve the starving emigrants—State visit of duke de Berri to the queen—Affront to his followers—Continued distress at St. Germain's—The abbess of Chaillot's fête—Queen's present—The queen, the cardinal, and the quaker—Mary Beatrice receives one quarter's payment of her jointure from England—Her dangerous illness—Recovery—Incognito visit of her son after queen Anne's demise—Respect paid her by the court of Spain—Her message to the little prince of Asturias—Louis XIV.'s remarks to Mary Beatrice about his will—She returns to St. Germain's—Popular movements in London for her son—Mary Beatrice goes to meet him at Plombières

THE next trial that awaited the fallen queen, was parting from her son. The chevalier de St George was compelled to quit St. Germain's on the 18th of August. He went to Livry in the first instance; where a sojourn of a few days was allowed previous to his taking his final departure from France. The same day Mary Beatrice came to indulge her grief at Chaillot. The following pathetic account of her depart-

ment is given by our Chaillot chronicler. "The queen of England arrived at half-past seven in the evening, bathed in tears, which made our flow to see them. 'It is the first time,' said the queen on entering, 'that I feel no joy in coming to Chaillot. But, my God,' added she, weeping, 'I ask not consolation, but the accomplishment of thy holy will!' She sat down to supper, but scarcely ate any thing. When she retired to her chamber with the three nuns who waited on her, she cried as soon as she entered, 'Oh, at last I may give liberty to my heart, and weep for my poor girl.' She burst into a passion of tears as she spoke; we wept with her. Alas, what could we say to her! She repeated to herself, 'My God, thy will be done,' and then mournfully added, 'Thou hast not waited for my death to despoil me, thou hast done it during my life, but thy will be done.'" The nuns were so inconsiderate as to mention to the afflicted mother some painful reports that were in circulation connected with the death of the princess Louisa, as if it had been caused rather by the maltreatment of her doctors than the disease. "Alas! the poor doctors did their best," replied her majesty, "but as your king said, they could not render mortals immortal!"¹

The day after her arrival at Chaillot, Mary Beatrice found herself very much indisposed, and her physicians were summoned from St. Germain to her aid; but their prescriptions did her no good; her malady was the reaction of severe mental suffering on an enfeebled frame, and the more physic she took, the worse she became. On the morrow, every one was alarmed at the state of debility into which she had sunk, and her ladies said, one to another, "She will die here." One of her physicians, more sagacious than the rest, ordered that the portrait of her daughter, which was on the beaufet with that of the chevalier de St. George, should be removed out of her sight, for the eyes of the bereaved mother were always riveted upon those sweet familiar features.²

At last, grief found words again; the sick queen sent for lady Henrietta Douglas to her bedside, and confided to her a vexation that had touched her sensibly. The funeral oration for the princess Louisa, on which she had set her heart, could not take place. The court of France had signified to her, that it would be incompatible with the negotiations, into which his most Christian majesty had entered with queen Anne, to permit any public allusion to be made to the exiled royal family of England; therefore, it would be impossible for her to enjoy the mournful satisfaction, of causing the honours and respect to be paid to her beloved daughter's memory, which were legitimately due to her high rank as a princess of England, sharing the blood royal of France.

The maternal pride of the fallen queen was deeply wounded by this denial, which was the more grievous to her, because she had naturally calculated on the powerful appeal that would be made, by the most elo-

¹ MS Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France Chaillot Collection.

² Ibid.

quent clerical orator in Paris, to the sympathies of a crowded congregation, in allusion to her own desolate state at this crisis, and the misfortunes of her son—an appeal which she fondly imagined would be echoed from Paris to London, and produce a strong revulsion of feeling in favour of the Stuart cause. It was for this very reason, the political use that would be made of this opportunity by the expatriated family of James II., that the French cabinet was compelled to deny the gratification to the afflicted queen, of having a funeral oration made for her departed child. "This mortification, then," said Mary Beatrice, "must be added to all the others which I have been doomed to suffer, and my only consolation, in submitting to it, must be, that such is the will of God."¹

A needless aggravation to her grief was inflicted on the poor queen at the same time, by the folly of the nuns, in continually repeating to her the various malicious reports that had been invented by some pitiless enemy, relating to the last illness and death of her beloved daughter. It was said, that her majesty had compelled the princess to make her last confession, contrary to her wish, to Père Gaillar, because he was a Jesuit; that she had caused her to be attended, against her inclination, by her brother's English physician, Dr. Wood, (who is styled, by our Chaillot authority, "*Monsieur Oude*,") and that the said *Oude* had either poisoned her royal highness, or allowed her to die for want of nourishment." Mary Beatrice said, "that it was strange how such unaccountable falsehoods could be spread; that she had allowed her children, full liberty in the choice, both of their physicians, and spiritual directors, from the time they arrived at years of discretion; that her daughter had earnestly desired to be attended by Dr. Wood, who had done the best for her, as regarded human power and skill; and as for allowing her to sink for want of nourishment, nothing could be more cruelly untrue, for they had fed her every two hours."² Her majesty having been a good deal excited by this painful discourse, went on to speak in praise of the Jesuits, more than would be worth the trouble of recording, and which came, as a matter of course, from the lips of a princess, educated under their influence. "Not," she said, "that she was blind to the faults of individuals belonging to the order," as an instance of which, she added, "that the late king, her lord, had caused her great vexation, by giving himself up to the guidance of father Petre, admitting him into his council, and trying to get him made a cardinal; that the man liked her not, and she had suffered much in consequence, but did not consider that the intemperance and bad conduct of one person ought to be visited on the whole company,"³ to which she certainly regarded him as a reproach. Such, then, was the opinion of the consort of James II. of father Petre—such the real terms on which, she

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice in the Archives au Royaume de France, Chaillot Collection.

² *Ibid.*

³ Inedited diary of a sister of Chaillot, in the Archives au Royaume de France (his avowal, recorded from the lips of the widow of James II., is confirmed by his own declaration, "that his queen was opposed to the councils of father Petre."—See Journal of James II. in Macpherson and Clark.

acknowledged to her confidential friends and *religieuses* of the same church, she stood with that mischievous ecclesiastic, with whom she has been unscrupulously represented as leagued in urging the king to the measures which led to his fall. Neither time nor Christian charity were able to subdue the bitterness of her feelings towards the evil counsellor, who had overborne, by his violence, her gentle conjugal influence, and provoked the crisis which ended in depriving her husband of a crown, and forfeiting a regal inheritance for their son. William, Mary, and Anne, and others, who had benefited by the revolution, she had forgiven, but father Petre she could not forgive; and this is the more remarkable, because of his placability of her disposition towards her enemies. While she was at Chaillot, some of her ladies, speaking of the duke of Marlborough in her presence, observed, that, "his being compelled to retire into Germany, was a very trifling punishment for one who had acted as he had done towards his late master, and that they could never think of his treachery without feeling disposed to invoke upon him the maledictions of the Psalmist on the wicked. "Never!" exclaimed the fallen queen, "have I used such prayers as those, nor will I ever use them."¹

Her majesty continued sick and sad for several days: she told the nuns, "she had a presentiment that she should die that year." Her illness, however, ended only in a fit of the gout; and we find that, at the end of a week, she was up and able to attend the services of her church at the profession of a young lady, to whom she had promised to give the cross. The ecclesiastic who preached the sermon on that occasion, discoursed much of death, the vanity of human greatness, and the calamities of princes, and created a great sensation in the church, by a personal allusion to Mary Beatrice, and her misfortunes. "The queen of England," he said, "had given the cross to the probationer, without wishing to lose her own: she had chosen that convent to be her tomb, and had said with the prophet, 'Here will I make my rest, and for ever; here will I live, here will I die, and here will I be buried also.'"²

Every one was alarmed at hearing the preacher go on in this strain, dreading the effect it would have on her majesty, in her present depressed state, combined with her presages of death; but to the surprise of every one, she came smiling out of the church, and told M. de Sulpice, "that she thought the preacher had been addressing his sermon to her, instead of the new sister, Agathe." The next day, when her son, who had been alarmed at the report of her illness, came over from Livry to see her, she repeated many parts of the discourse to him. The chevalier had been so much indisposed himself, since his departure from St. Germain, that he had been bled in the foot, and being still lame from that operation, he was obliged to lean on his cane for support when he went to salute his mother as she came out of church. The gout having attacked her in the foot, she, too, was lame, and walking with a

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice of Modena, in the Archives of France.

² *Ibid.*

stick also; they both laughed at this coincidence. Yet it was a season of mortification to both mother and son, for the truce with England was proclaimed in Paris on the preceding day; they held sad councils together in the queen's private apartment, on the gloomy prospect of affairs. The abess said to him, "Sire, we hope your majesty will do us the honour to dine with us, as your royal uncle, king Charles, breakfasted, when setting out for England." "That journey will not be yet," he replied, drily.¹

He dined alone with the queen, and returned in the evening to Livry. On the following Friday, he came to dine with her again at the convent, dressed in deep mourning for his sister, and went to the opera at Paris in the evening, on purpose to show himself, because the English ambassador-extraordinary for the peace, St. John lord Bolingbroke, was expected to appear there in state, with his suite, that night. Of this circumstance, one of the absent ministers of the council of St. Germain's, thus writes to an agent of the party in England:

"Among other news from France, we are told, that lord Bolingbroke happened to be at the opera with the chevalier de St. George, where they could not but see one another. I should like to know what my lord says of that knight, and whether he likes him, for they tell me he is a tall, proper, well-shaped, young gentleman; that he has an air of greatness mixed with mildness and good nature, and that his countenance is not spoiled with the small-pox, but on the contrary, that he looks more manly than he did, and is really healthier than he was before, and they say he goes to Chalons."²

It was a considerable mistake about the chevalier de St. George not being marked by the small-pox; that malady marred his countenance in no slight degree, and destroyed his fine complexion. The queen and nuns, it seems, amused themselves, after the departure of the chevalier, not in speculating on what impression his appearance was likely to make on the English nobles who might chance to see him, but how far it was consistent with a profession of Christian piety, to frequent such amusements as operas, comedies, and theatrical spectacles of any kind. Mary Beatrice said, "she was herself uncertain about it, for she had often asked spiritually-minded persons, to tell her whether it were a sin or not, and could get no positive answer; only the père Bourdaloue had said thus far, 'that he would not advise Christian princes to suffer their children to go often to such places; and when they did, to acquaint themselves first with the pieces that were to be represented, that they should not be of a nature to corrupt their morals.'"

On the Tuesday following, Mary Beatrice went to Livry to dine with her son: she was attended by the duchesses of Berwick and Perth, the countess of Middleton, and lady Talbot, lady Clare, and lady Sophia Bulkeley. The duke of Lauzun lent his coach for the accommodation of those ladies who could not go in that of their royal mistress. The once stately equipages of that unfortunate princess, were now reduced to one great, old-fashioned coach; and the noble ladies who shared her

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice of Modena, in the Archives of France.

² Nairne's State Papers. in the Scotch College.

adverse fortunes, were destitute of any conveyance, and frequently went out in hired *remises*.¹

The visit to Livry is thus noticed in sir David Nairne's private report, to one of his official correspondents :

"Sept. 1st.—Wisely [the queen] was here to-day, and dined with Kennedy [the chevalier], who is in better health, and heartier than I ever saw him at Stanley's [St. Germain's]."²

Her majesty and her ladies returned to the convent at eight o'clock in the evening. The chevalier came to dine with his mother again on the Sunday, and the marquis de Torcy had a long conference with him in her majesty's chamber. When that minister took his leave of him, the chevalier said, "Tell the king, your master, sir, that I shall always rely on his goodness—I shall preserve all my life a grateful remembrance of your good offices."

The luckless prince was, nevertheless, full well aware that he had outstayed his welcome, and that he must not linger in the environs of Paris, beyond the seventh of that month. He came again to Chaillot on the sixth, to bid his sorrowful mother a long farewell. He was entirely unprovided with money for his journey; and this increased her distress of mind, for her treasurer, Mr. Dicconson, had vainly endeavoured to prevail on Desmarets, the French minister, through whom her pension was paid, to advance any part of what had been due to her for the last six months.³ The chevalier, true nephew of Charles II., seemed not a whit disquieted at the state of his finances. He thanked the abbess of Chaillot very warmly, for the care she had taken of the queen, his mother, and engaged, if ever he should be called to the throne of England, to make good a broken promise of his late uncle, Charles II., for the benefit of that convent. He talked cheerfully to his mother at dinner, in order to keep up her spirits, and described to the nuns, who waited upon her, some of the peculiarities of the puritans, "such," he said, "as feasting on Good Friday."

The chevalier drank tea with her majesty, and when they exchanged their sorrowful adieux in her chamber, they embraced each other many times with tears, then went together to the tribune, where the hearts of the late king James and the princess Louisa were enshrined, and there separated. Mary Beatrice wept bitterly at the departure of her son, her last earthly tie; he was himself much moved, and tenderly recommended her to the care of the abbess of Chaillot and the nuns, and, especially, to father Ruga, to whom, he said, he deputed the task of consoling her majesty.⁴ He slept that night at Livry, and commenced his journey towards the frontier the next morning. In three days he arrived at Chalons-sur-Marne, where he was to remain, till some place for his future residence should be settled by France and the allies.

The negotiations for a general peace were then proceeding at Utrecht—lord Bolingbroke, during his brief stay at Paris for the arrangement of

¹ MS Memorials.

² Stuart Papers, in Macpherson.

³ MS Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Esté, Archives au Royaume de France

⁴ *Ibid*

preliminary articles, had promised that the long withheld jointure of the widowed consort of James II. should be paid. Mary Beatrice had previously sent in a memorial, setting forth her claims, and the incontrovertible fact, that they had been allowed at the peace of Ryswick, and that the English parliament had subsequently granted a supply for their settlement. Some delicate punctilios required to be adjusted as to the form in which the receipt should be given by the royal widow, without compromising the cause of her son. "Should the queen," observes lord Middleton, "style herself queen mother, she supposes that will not be allowed; should she style herself queen-dowager, that would be a lessening of herself, and a prejudice to the king her son, which she will never do. The question is, whether the instrument may not be good without any title at all, only the word 'we' for inasmuch as it will be signed Maria R., and sealed with her seal, one would think the person would be sufficiently denoted. Our council here think she might sign herself thus—Mary, queen consort of James II., late king of England, Ireland, and France, defender of the faith," &c.' The last clause was certainly absurd; the simple regal signature, "Maria R.," was finally adopted, after the long protracted negotiations were concluded.

Mary Beatrice remained at Chaillot, in a great state of dejection, after the departure of her son. The duchess dowager of Orleans, Elizabeth Charlotte, of Bavaria, came to visit her towards the latter end of September. Her majesty probably considered herself neglected at this sad epoch, by other members of the royal family of France, for tenderly embracing her, she said—"What, madam! have you given yourself the trouble of coming here to see an unfortunate recluse!"² Monsieur and madame de Beauvilliers came soon after to pay their respects to Mary Beatrice: she had a great esteem for them, and they conversed much on spiritual matters and books. Her majesty spoke with lively satisfaction of having received a consolatory letter from Fenelon, archbishop of Cambray, in which, without entering into affairs of state or politics, he had said, "that he prayed the Lord to give the king, her son, all things that were needful for him, and that his heart might be always in the hands of the Most High, to guard and dispose it according to his will." Although neither wealth nor dominion were included in this petition for her son, the royal mother was well satisfied that better things had been asked.

When monsieur and madame St. Sulpice came to pay Mary Beatrice a visit in her retreat, they told her they had heard that the Scotch had made bonfires on the birth-day of the chevalier St. George, and shouted God save king James VIII., and had burned a figure which they called the house of Hanover. "It is true," replied the queen, "and a little time before they burned the prince of Hanover in effigy, but that signifies nothing; our friends expose themselves too much by it—none of them, however, have been punished."

¹ Nairne's State Papers from the Scotch College, printed in Macpherson's *Scotch Papers*.

² MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice.

"It is to be wished, madam," replied her visitors, "that these crimes would augment sufficiently to give a turn to the fortunes of your son." Mary Beatrice spoke little at this crisis, of what was passing in England, but her looks were closely watched; one evening it was observed that she was laughing very much with her ladies over a packet she was reading with them. She afterwards told the curious sisterhood, that it was a paper ridiculing all that had been printed in London about her son. She also told them of a political fan which had a great sale in England, where it was, of course, regarded as a Jacobite badge. The device was merely the figure of a king, with this motto "*Chacun a son tour.*" On the reverse, a cornucopia, with the motto "Peace and plenty." Mary Beatrice spoke very kindly of queen Anne, whom she styled the princess of Denmark, and appeared distressed at the reports of her illness. She requested her friends to pray for her recovery and conversion, adding, "It would be a great misfortune for us to lose her just now."¹

The circular letter of the convent of Chaillot, on the death of her own lamented daughter, the princess Louisa, being finished, Mary Beatrice wished to be present when it was read. "She wept much at some passages, but gave her opinion very justly on others, where she considered correction necessary. They had said, "that the princess felt keenly the state to which her family and herself had been reduced by the injustice of fortune." "Ha!" cried the queen, "but that is not speaking Christianly," meaning that such figures of speech savoured rather of heathen rhetoric, than the simplicity of Christian truth; they altered the sentence thus: "in which she had been placed by the decrees of Providence." "That is good," said her majesty. She desired them to alter another passage, in which it was asserted "that the princess was so entirely occupied at all times and places, with the love of God, that even when she was at the opera, or the play, her whole thoughts were on him, and that she adapted in her own mind the music, songs, and choruses to his praise with internal adoration." This Mary Beatrice said "would have been very edifying, if it had been strictly true, but she thought her daughter was passionately fond of music, songs, and poetry, and took the delight in those amusements which was natural to her time of life, though she was far from being carried away by pleasures of the kind." The nuns appealed to père Gaillar, if it were not so; but he replied, "that he could only answer for that part of the letter which he had furnished—namely, the account of the last sickness, and death of her royal highness." Mary Beatrice then sent for the duchess de Lauzun, who had been on the most intimate terms of friendship with the princess, and asked her what she thought of the passage. The duchess said, "that if they printed it, it would throw discredit on all the rest, for none who knew the delight the princess had taken in songs and music, and had observed, that when she was at the opera, she was so transported with the music, that she could not refrain from accompanying it even with her voice, would believe that she was occupied in spiritual contemplations on such subjects as life, and death.

¹ MS. Memorials, of Mary Beatrice.

and eternity."¹ Her majesty then desired the passage should be omitted. The assertion had doubtless originated from the princess having remarked that some of the choruses in the opera had reminded her of the chants of her church.

In the beginning of October, madame de Maintenon came to pay a sympathizing visit to Mary Beatrice, and testified much regard for her. Her majesty went into the gallery to receive her, and at her departure accompanied her as far as the tribune. Maintenon promised to come again on the 25th of the month, but being prevented by a bad cold, she sent some venison to her majesty, which had been hunted by the king. Mary Beatrice expressed herself, in reply, charmed with the attention of his majesty in thinking of her.² Madame de Maintenon came quite unexpectedly three days after, and brought with her a basket of beautiful oranges as a present for the queen. She had to wait a long time at the gate before the abbess, who was with her majesty, could come to receive her. The duc d'Aumale, who had accompanied madame de Maintenon, was annoyed at having to wait, but she said "it was the mark of a regular house that there should be a difficulty in obtaining admittance."

Mary Beatrice was much agitated two days later, by receiving from this lady a hasty letter apprising her of the alarming illness of Louis XIV. from cold and inflammation, which rendered it expedient to bleed him, an operation never resorted to with persons of his advanced age, except in cases of extremity. "Oh, my God!" exclaimed the exiled queen, when she had read the letter, "what a calamity for France, for his family, and for us poor unfortunates—what will become of us?" She wept bitterly and her ladies wept with her, at the anticipation of losing their only friend and protector whose existence appeared at that moment inexpressibly precious to the destitute British emigrants who were at that time dependent for food and shelter on the annual pension which he allowed their widowed queen.³ Inadequate as this pittance was for the maintenance of the unfortunate colony, at St. Germain's, it was rendered by the rigid economy and personal sacrifices of their royal mistress, a means of preserving several thousands of the faithful adherents of the cause of the Stuarts from perishing with hunger, and it was doubtful whether this fund would be renewed by a regent in the event of Louis XIV.'s death.

The queen was in too painful a state of excitement to eat at dinner. Lady Middleton read to her a chapter out of the "Imitation of Christ," but she sighed heavily and remained in great depression of spirits. All day she was in anxious expectation of receiving tidings of the king's health, but having none, she wrote to madame de Maintenon at eight in the evening to make inquiries. The next morning at nine o'clock, an equerry brought a letter from madame de Maintenon, which reassured her. The king had borne the bleeding well, had passed a good night and was out of danger.

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice.

² MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France

The gratitude of the fallen queen for the shelter and support that had been accorded by Louis to her and her family and their distressed followers, and the scrupulous respect with which he had ever treated her, blinded her to the motives which had led him to confer personal benefits for political ends. How often he had played the part of the broken reed to her unfortunate consort, and disappointed the flattering hopes he had raised in the bosom of her son, she was willing to forget, or to attribute to the evil offices of his ministers.

Mary Beatrice gave her royal friend credit for all the generous romance of feeling that formed the beau ideal of the age of chivalry; the experience of four and twenty years of bitter pangs of hope deferred, had not convinced her of her mistake. One of the nuns of Chaillot told Mary Beatrice that she was wrong to imagine every one was as free from deceit as herself. "Your own nature, madam," said she, "is so upright and truthful, that you believe the same of the rest of the world, and you do not distrust any one; but God, who is good, knows the wickedness of human nature, and I could wish that your majesty would sometimes feel the necessity of a prudent mistrust." "It is true," replied the queen, "that I never suspect ill, and that I have not the spirit of intrigue, that belongs to courts." "Nevertheless, madame," rejoined the religieuse, "your majesty, through the grace of God, acquired in your adversity a wisdom that all the cunning and intrigue in the world could never have given you, that of conciliating and preserving the affection and confidence of the king, your husband." "He knew," said the royal widow, "how much I loved him, and that produced reciprocal feelings in him."¹

A few days after this conversation, Mary Beatrice said she could not think without pain, that the time of her departure from the convent drew near, and that she must return to St. Germain's, to that melancholy and now desolate palace; her tears began to flow as she spoke of the loneliness that awaited her there. "Alas!" said she, "picture to yourselves the state in which I shall find myself in that place, where I lost the king, my lord and husband, and my daughter, now that I am deprived of my son. What a frightful solitude does it appear. I shall be compelled to eat alone in public, and when the repast is ended, and I retire to my cabinet, who will there be to speak to there? Here I find at least a little society; I had thought to remain here always; I have spoken of it to the pères Ruga and Gaillar, and I asked père Ruga to entreat for me enlightenment from God on this subject, but he has told me 'I ought not to think of it.' I must, therefore, make the sacrifice and leave this retreat on which I had fixed my desire, for it will not be permitted me to enjoy it. I have not," continued her majesty, "relied on the opinions of the pères Ruga and Gaillar only; I have consulted madame Maintenon and the duke of Berwick, and all are of opinion that in the present position of my son's affairs, I ought not to retire from the world—in fact, that I ought to remain for some time at St. Germain's, not for any satisfaction that I can find in the world; for I have expe-

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² *Ibid.*

nenced this very day a severe mortification which has touched me sensibly." Mary Beatrice did not explain the circumstance that had annoyed her, but said, "I have written to the king, my son, about it, and see what he has sent in reply," she then read the following passage from the letter she held in her hand:—

"It is not for me, madame, to make an exhortation to your majesty: that would be great presumption on my part, but you know what St. Augustin says: '*Non pervenitur ad summam pacem etiam in silentio nisi cum magno strepitu pugnavit cum motibus suis.*'"

"Which means," explained her majesty, who appears to have been a better Latin scholar than her friends the religieuses, "that one cannot even find peace in the silence of a cloister, if one does not fight manfully against carnal inclinations."

She did not read any more of the letter, but only said, that "although her son had not the brilliant talents of the princess his sister, he had solid sense. "But my daughter," continued the fond mother, "had both the brilliant and the solid, they were united in her, and I may say so without vanity, since she is no more."

The chevalier was an excellent correspondent, and wrote many pleasant and often witty letters to cheer his sorrowful and anxious mother in his absence.

On the 11th of November, lord Galway came to inform Mary Beatrice that he had seen her son as he passed through Chalons, that he appeared thoughtful, but was very well, and even growing fat, though he took a great deal of exercise, and that he made the tour of the ramparts of that town every day on foot. "The king his father was accustomed to do the like," said her majesty; "and rarely sat down to table till he had taken his walk." Lord Galway said that "the prince bade him tell her majesty that he was much better in health than at St. Germain's, and wished she could see him." "It would give me extreme joy to see him again," replied Mary Beatrice, meekly, "but I must not desire what is not the will of God." It was upwards of two months since she had enjoyed that happiness.¹

Her majesty afterwards walked with the community to the orangery, and a detached building, belonging to this conventual establishment, at some little distance in their grounds, which they called the small mansion. She returned vigorously from this walk without being the least out of breath, and having walked very fast, she asked the nun who had had the honour to give her her hand, "if she had not tired her?" to which the religieuse, being too polite to reply in the affirmative, said "there were some moments in which she had not felt so strong as usual." "Your answer reminds me," rejoined the queen playfully, "of what we say in Italy when any one inquires of another, 'Are you hungry?' the reply to which question is not 'yes,' but 'I should have no objection to eat again.'"²

The next day, Mary Beatrice mentioned with great pleasure having

¹ MS. Memorials.

² MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France

received a letter from her aunt, who was then a Carmelite nun; "she writes to me with the most profound humility," said her majesty, "as if she were the least person in the world; I am ashamed to say I have not written to her for a long time. We used to dispute with one another which should be a nun. I was fifteen and she was thirty, when they first spoke of a marriage with the duke of York, and we each said to the other in secret, 'it will be you that will be chosen,' but the lot fell to me."

On the 14th of November, Mary Beatrice found herself weary and indisposed; she had taken one of her bad colds, coughed all the time she was at her toilet, and grew worse towards evening; she had a bad night with cough and sore throat, and difficulty of breathing. At five in the morning, Madame Molza, who slept in her chamber, was alarmed, and called the nun who kept the keys, to come and give her opinion; the nun said her majesty was in a high fever, and went to tell the duchess of Perth, who immediately rose and wrote to St. Germain's for her majesty's physician and M. Beaulieu, her French surgeon, to come to her. They did not arrive till two in the afternoon, which caused great uneasiness, for the queen grew visibly worse, and her mind was so deeply impressed with the death of her daughter, that she thought herself to be dying, and those about her had some trouble to compose her. The fever was so high that it was thought necessary to bleed her, and for two days she was in imminent danger; she was, besides, in great dejection of spirits.

"Her majesty," says our Chaillot diary, "was very sad during her sickness, not so much at the idea of death, but because she had not her children near her as on former occasions; and above all, it renewed in her remembrance the princess, who had been accustomed whenever she was ill, to wait upon her as a nurse." Mary Beatrice had borne the first agony of her bereavement, terrible and unexpected as it was, with the resignation of a Christian heroine; but every day she felt it more acutely, and during her weary convalescence, she pined for her lost treasure with unutterable yearnings.¹

While the poor queen was still confined to her chamber, a striking sermon was preached in the conventual church, on the love of God, by Père Gramin, in which he said, "that sometimes three sacrifices were required by our heavenly Father, which he should briefly express in three Latin words, *tua, tuos, te*—that is to say, "thy goods, thy children, and thyself." When this was repeated to Mary Beatrice, she cried with a deep sigh, "Small is the sacrifice of *tua*, or, the goods, in comparison to *tuos*, the children." On a former occasion she had said, "Job bore the loss of his goods unmoved; but when he heard of the loss of his children, he rent his garments and fell prostrate on the earth."²

Mary Beatrice had the consolation of receiving a most affectionate and dutiful letter from her son, expressing the greatest concern for her

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France
MS. Memorials

illness, and begging her "to take care of her health for his sake, since the most overwhelming of all his calamities would be the loss of her."

The chevalier was still at Chalons-sur-Marne, waiting the event of the negotiations at Utrecht. The payment of two bills of 16,000 francs each, which cardinal Gualterio had persuaded the queen to hold, after she had regarded them as lost money, had enabled her to send him some seasonable pecuniary relief at his greatest need, and also to discharge a few trifling debts of her own in England, of long standing, which had distressed her scrupulous sense of honesty. She gave 1000 francs among the three domestic sisters who had waited upon her in her sickness and during her long sojourn in the convent.

On the first Sunday in Advent, perceiving that all her ladies were worn out with fatigue, and weary of the monotony of the life they led at Chaillot, and hearing, withal, many complaints of her absence from St. Germain's, she at last made up her mind to return thither the next day, Monday, December 5th. She was very low-spirited at the thought of it, coughed very much all night, and in the morning appeared wavering in her purpose; but, seeing everything prepared for her departure, she was about to make her adieux, when she was informed the duc de Lauzun wished to speak to her. It was inconvenient to give audience to any one just as she was setting off on her journey, but she judged that he had something important to communicate, and gave orders to admit him. He was the bearer of evil tidings; for he came to break to her the tragic death of the duke of Hamilton,¹ who had been slain in a duel with lord Mohun, not without strong suspicions of foul play on the part of his antagonist's second, general Macartney. The duke of Hamilton was, at that time, the main pillar of her son's cause in Scotland; he was in correspondence with herself, had just been appointed ambassador to the court of France, secretly empowered, it has generally been supposed, by queen Anne, to make arrangements with the court of St. Germain's for the adoption of the exiled prince as her successor, on condition of his remaining quiet during her life, little doubt existing of the duke being able, by his great interest in parliament, to obtain the repeal of the act of settlement for the royal succession.

The queen was deeply affected by the melancholy news, and the ladies Perth and Middleton wept bitterly. It was a great blow to the whole party, and cast a deeper gloom on their return to the desolate palace of St. Germain's.² Her majesty's chair being brought into the gallery—for she was still too feeble to walk—she prepared to enter it, after she had taken some bread in a little broth; but seeing one of the community, who had waited on her while she was in the convent, she presented her hand to her, and said, "I console myself with the hope of your seeing me again here very soon, if it please God." She was carried into the tribune, where the community attended her; and, having made her devotions there, she was conveyed in a chair to her coach.

Mary Beatrice arrived at St. Germain's at two o'clock in the afternoon

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives of France.

² MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

The interests of her son required that she should stifle her own private feelings, and endeavour to maintain a shadow of royal state, by holding her courts and receptions with the same ceremonies, though on a smaller scale, as if she had been a recognised queen-mother of England. How well did the words of the royal preacher, "*Vanitas vanitatas*," which were so often on the lips of that pale, tearful Niobe, who, in her widow's coil and veil, and sable weeds of woe, occupied the chair of state on these occasions, describe the mockery of the attempt!

The melancholy Christmas of 1712 was rendered more distressing to Mary Beatrice, by the intrigues and divisions that agitated her council, and the suspicions that were instilled into the mind of her absent son, of his mentor, the earl of Middleton, who had accompanied him from St. Germain to Chalons, and acted as his principal adviser. The old story, that he was bribed by the court of St. James's to betray the state secrets of the exiled Stuarts, and had been in the practice of doing this ever since the death of James II., was revived, though without any sort of proof, and all the misfortunes and failures that had occurred were charged on his mismanagement and treachery.¹ It was also stated, that he had neglected the interests of the Stuart cause in Scotland, and had promoted, instead of opposing, the union. Middleton justified himself from those charges, but indignantly offered to withdraw from his troublesome and profitless office. Mary Beatrice, having a great esteem for this statesman, and a particular friendship for his countess, was very uneasy at the idea of his resignation. Her principal adviser, at this time, appears to have been the abbé Innes, who, in one of the mystified letters of that period, thus writes on the subject:—

"Paris, Jan. 9th, 1713.

"I was never more surprised than when the queen showed me some letters the king had sent her about Mr. Massey [*lord Middleton*], and the more I think of it, the more I am convinced that villany must proceed originally either from the Irish to remove one whom they look upon as none of their friends, to make way for one of their friends, or else that it is a trick of the whigs to ruin Jonathan [*the king*], by insinuating a correspondence with them, to give jealousy to the other party, and by that means to deprive *Jonathan* of the only person capable of giving him advice."

Mary Beatrice took upon herself the office of mediating between her son and their old servant, Middleton, whose wounded feelings she, not unsuccessfully, endeavoured to soothe in the following letter:—

"St. Germain, Jan. 28th, 1713.

"I have not had the heart all this while to write to you upon the dismal subject of your leaving the king; but I am sure you are just enough to believe that it has and does give to me a great deal of trouble, and that which I see it gives the king, increases mine.

"You tell me in your last letter upon Mr. Hamilton's coming away, that if your opinion had been followed, you had gone first, but if mine were, you should never go first nor last. But alas! I am grown so insignificant and useless to my friends, that all I can do is to pray for them, and God knows my poor prayers are worth but little. I own to you, that as weary as I am of the world, I am not yet so dead to it as not to feel the usage the king and I meet with. His

¹Stuart Papers in Macpherson, and in the Bibliothèque du Roi.

nobles are more sensible to me than my own, and if all fell only on me, and his affairs went well, and he were easy, I think I could be so too, but we must take what God sends, and as he sends it, and submit ourselves entirely to his will, which I hope in his mercy he will give us grace to do, and then in spite of the world all will turn to our good."¹

It can scarcely be forgotten, that the princess of Orange, when her sister Anne was endeavouring to inveigle her into the conspiracy for depriving their infant brother of the regal succession, by insinuating that he was a spurious child, feeling dubious that she ought to credit so monstrous a charge without inquiring into the evidences of his paternity, propounded, among other queries, which she sent to Anne, the simple, but important question, "Is the queen fond of him?"² Anne, being an interested witness, replied evasively. Nature, who cannot equivocate, has answered unconsciously to the test in the unaffected gush of maternal tenderness, with which Mary Beatrice speaks of her son to lord Middleton in this letter; she says:—

"You told me in one of your former letters, that you were charmed with the king being a good son. What do you think then that I must be that am the poor old doating mother of him? I do assure you, his kindness to me is all my support under God."³

Marry, but our unfortunate Italian queen, on whose ignorance some historians have been pleased to enlarge, could write plain English with the same endearing familiarity, as if it had been her mother-tongue! "Our hissing, growling, grunting northern gutturals," had become sweeter to her ear than the silvery intonations of her own poetic land, and flowed more naturally to her pen. English was the language of those she loved best on earth, the unforgotten husband of her youth and their children; of the last surviving of these, "the Pretender," she thus continues in her letter to his offended minister, the earl of Middleton:—

"And I am confirmed of late more than ever in my observation, that the better you are with him the kinder he is to me, but I am also charmed with him, for being a good master, and a true friend to those who deserve it of him, though I am sorry from my heart that you have not had so much cause of late to make experience of it. "M. R."

"I say nothing to you of business, nor of Mr. Hamilton, for I write all I know to the king, and it is to no purpose to make repetitions. I expect, with some impatience, and a great deal of fear, Humphrey's decision as to France."

The meaning of this enigmatical sentence is, whether queen Anne would permit the chevalier de St. George to avail himself of the asylum which the duke of Lorraine had offered him in his dominions. This was in the end privately allowed by her, and publicly protested against by her ministers. Mary Beatrice writes again to the earl of Middleton, on the 9th of February; she had succeeded in prevailing on him to continue with her son, and she says many obliging and encouraging things

¹ Stuart Papers in Macpherson.

² Correspondence of the princess of Orange and princess Anne of Denmark in Dairymple's Appendix.

Stuart Papers in Macpherson.

to him in this letter, which is however dry, and chiefly on public business. She there speaks of their secret correspondent, Bolingbroke, by the appropriate cognomen of "Prattler,"¹ and certainly appears to set very little account on his flattering professions.

The position of the son of James II., appeared by no means in so bad a light to the potentates of Europe at this period, as it did to the desponding widow who sat in her companionless desolation at St. Germain, watching the chances of the political game. The emperor, though he had publicly demurred for nearly three months, whether he would or would not grant the chevalier a passport to travel through part of his dominions to Bar-le-duc, secretly entertained overtures for connecting the disinherited prince with his own family, by a marriage with an archduchess. The tender age of his daughter, who was only twelve years old, was objected by his imperial majesty as an obstacle to her union with a prince in his five and twentieth year, but he politely intimated, at the same time, that his sister was of a more suitable time of life.² Queen Anne's ill health at this period, the unsettled state of parties in England, and the lingering affection of the people to hereditary succession, rendered an alliance with the representative of the royal Stuarts by no means undeserving of the attention of the princesses of Europe. The chevalier did not improve the opening that had been made for him by his generous friend the duke of Lorraine, with the court of Vienna. His thoughts appear to have been more occupied on the forlorn state of his mother, than with matrimonial speculations for himself. The manner in which he speaks of this desolate princess, in the letter he addressed to Louis XIV. on the eve of his final departure from his dominions, is interesting. After expressing his grateful sense of the kindness he and his family had experienced from that monarch, he says:—

"It is with all possible earnestness that I entreat of your majesty a continuation of it, for me and the queen my mother, the only person who is left of all who were dearest to me, and who deserves so much of me as the best of mothers."³

In writing to Louis XIV. alone, the chevalier would have done little for his mother; he was aware, that to render her asylum secure, he must pay no less attention to the untitled consort by whom the counsels of the aged monarch of France were influenced; and with equal earnestness, recommended her to the friendship of Madame de Maintenon in the following elegant billet, which implies more than appears on the surface in the way of compliment:

"February 19th, 1713.

"Little satisfied, madam, with the letter I have written to the king, in which I have but faintly expressed my sentiments towards him, where can I better address myself than to you, with a request that you would supply for me everything wherein I have failed?

"I venture to rely on the kindness of your heart, and the friendship you have

¹Stuart Papers in Macpherson.

²Stuart Papers. Duke of Lorraine's Correspondence with the Emperor.

³From the original French in the Archives au Royaume de France.

always had for the queen and me, to ask a continuation of it for us both. Permit me to assure you, valueless though it be, of mine, as well as of the high esteem and gratitude I bear you, madam, to whom, after the king, I believe it to be entirely due."¹

Madame de Maintenon was so well pleased with this mark of attention, that the next time she saw queen Mary Beatrice, although she made no remark on the letter addressed to herself, she set her majesty's heart at rest as to the impression produced by that which he had sent to Louis XIV., by saying, "The king your son, madam, has combined, in writing to his majesty (the king of France), the elegance of an academician, the tenderness of a son, and the dignity of a king."²

The royal mother, who had been sent copies of these letters by her son, could not refrain from reading them in the pride of her heart to the community at Chaillot. The abbess and her nuns extolled them to the skies, and begged her majesty to allow them to be transcribed and placed among the archives of their house. Mary Beatrice expressed some reluctance to do so, observing, "that, in the present critical position of her son's affairs, it might be attended with injurious consequences, if letters so strictly private found their way into print." She added, significantly, "that she had been much annoyed, at seeing some things published in the Dutch Gazette, not being able in any manner to imagine how the information was obtained." This was certainly throwing out a delicate hint that her confidence had not been held sacred by some of the members of that community; nevertheless, she was persuaded to allow copies of her son's letters both to the king of France and Madame de Maintenon, to be taken. These have been so carefully preserved, that they have survived the dissolution of the convent.

Mary Beatrice spent the residue of this melancholy winter, the first she had passed without her children, at St Germain's. Her only comfort was hearing from her son that he had been honourably and affectionately received at the court of Lorraine by the duke and duchess who were both related to him. The duchess of Lorraine, being the daughter of the late duke of Orleans by Elizabeth Charlotte of Bavaria, inherited a portion of the Stuart blood, through her descent from James I., and took the most lively interest in her exiled kinsman, and did everything in her power to render his sojourn at Bar-le-duc agreeable.

Mary Beatrice writes to her friend the abbess of Chaillot, on the 20th of March, a letter commencing with excuses for being an indifferent correspondent, because the frequent and long letters she wrote to her son, took up all her time. Her majesty had been making a small, but acceptable present to one of the nuns, for she says, "I am glad sister M. Gabrielle found the tea good, but surely that trifling gift did not merit so eloquent a letter of thanks." Mary Beatrice describes her own health to be better than usual, expresses herself well pleased with the general bulletin lady Strickland had brought of the health of the convent, and then says—

¹ From the original French in the Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot Collection.

² MS. Memorials.

"The king my son, continues well at Bar, where the duke of Lorraine shows him all sorts of civilities. I recommend him earnestly to your prayers, my dear mother, and to those of your dear daughters; he requires patience, courage, and prudence, and above all, that God should confirm him in the faith, and give him grace never to succumb to the temptations with which he will be assailed by his enemies, visible and invisible."¹

Her majesty next recommends her aged protector Louis XIV., to the prayers of the sisters of Chaillot,—

"I hope, continues she, that God will long preserve him to us, and that he may enjoy himself the peace, he gives to others, and which we hope will be signed in this present month of March. I desire it with all my heart, for the sake of others, rather than myself; although it is possible that in time my son may benefit by it. Meanwhile I leave him, and myself also, in the hands of God, to the end that he may do with us all that pleases him; but in whatever state I may find myself, be assured, my dear mother, that I shall be always, and with all my heart, yours,"

"MARIE R."

Endorsed, "For my dear mother, 1713."²

Before the proclamation of the peace of Utrecht, Mary Beatrice sought the welcome repose of her favourite retreat at Chaillot. "The queen of England," says the diary of that convent, "came here on the 5th of May, 1713; she arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon, and testified much joy at finding herself at Chaillot once more. She asked our mother the news of the house, and inquired particularly after all the sisters. While they were preparing her majesty's table, she came into the ante-chamber herself, to speak to the two domestic sisters, Claire Antoinette, and J. M., who were accustomed to serve her. The next day, being very cold, she congratulated herself on having come as she did, for they would never have permitted her to leave St. Germain's in such weather, lest it should make her ill; and she repeated many times, "that she was surprised at finding herself in such good health as she had been for the last six months, considering all she had suffered." On the Sunday after her arrival, her majesty said, "she had prayed to God that he would make her feel his consolations so that she might say with the royal prophet, 'In the multitude of sorrows that I had in my heart thy comforts have refreshed my soul;'" "but that," added she, "is what I have not experienced; the Lord does not make me taste his sweetness."

Mary Beatrice told the nuns "that since the departure of her son, she had no one to whom she could open her heart, a deprivation which she had felt as peculiarly hard; yet," added she, "in losing the persons to whom one is accustomed to unburden our hearts, we lose also some opportunities of displeasing God by our complaints, and acquire the power of passing some days without speaking of those subjects that excite painful emotions." This was, indeed, a point of Christian philosophy to which few have been able to attain. It must be owned, that Mary Beatrice strove to improve the uses of adversity to the end for which they were designed by Him who chastens those he loves.

¹ Autograph Letters of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France
² Ibid.

The moment at length arrived, long dreaded by the sympathizing community of Chaillot, when the abbess was compelled to tell their afflicted guest, that a solemn *Te Deum* was appointed to be sung in their church, as well as all others throughout France, on the day of the Ascension, on account of the peace—that peace which had been purchased by the sacrifice of her son, and had poured the last phial of wrath on her devoted head by driving him from St. Germain, and depriving him of the nominal title of which he had hitherto been complimented by the monarchs of France and Spain.¹ The intimation regarding the *Te Deum* was received by Mary Beatrice without a comment. She knew that it was a matter in which the abbess had no choice, and she endeavoured to relieve her embarrassment by turning the conversation. Her majesty said afterwards, “that a printed copy of the treaty had been sent to her, but she had not yet had time to read it, as it was so bulky a document; and she had told lady Middleton to open it, who had looked for what concerned her, and made no further search.”

On the evening of the 28th, the queen asked the nun who waited on her, “if she had seen the paper that was on her chimney-piece?” “I have not had the courage to look at it,” was the reply. “Ah, well,” said the queen, “then I must for you;” and raising herself in the bed, where she was resting her exhausted frame, she put on her spectacles, and began to read it aloud.² It was a copy of the treaty. When her majesty came to the fourth and fifth articles, which stated “that to ensure for ever the peace and repose of Europe, and of England, the king of France recognised, for himself and his successors, the protestant line of Hanover, and engaged that he who has taken the title of king of Great Britain, shall remain no longer in France, &c. &c.,” she paused, and said, with a sigh, “The king of France knows the truth, whether my son is unjustly styled king or not; I am sure he is more grieved at this than we can be.”

The nun in waiting remained speechless with consternation at what she heard, and the queen resumed, “Hard necessity has no law. The king of France had no power to act otherwise, for the English would not have made peace on any other condition. God will take care of us; in him we repose our destinies.” She added, “that the king, her son, had sent word to her, ‘that his hope was in God, who would not forsake him when every other power abandoned him.’”³

The next morning, she maintained her equanimity, and even joined in the grace-chant before dinner. The nun who was present when she read the treaty on the preceding evening, drew near, and said, “Madam, I am astonished at the grace God has given you, in enabling you to appear tranquil; for my part I was struck with such consternation at what I heard, that I could not sleep. Was it not so with you?” “No I assure you,” said the queen; “I have committed everything to God,

¹ The peace was signed March 30th, by the plenipotentiaries at Utrecht, but not solemnly ratified for several weeks after that date. It was proclaimed in London, May 6th.

² Inedited MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume.

³ Inedited MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, by one of the Nuns of Chaillot.

he knows better what is good for us than we do ourselves." She ate as usual, and manifested no discomposure, even when her ladies came on the following day, and told her of the general rejoicings that were made in England for the peace.¹

A few days afterwards, Mary Beatrice told the nuns, "that her son had sent a protest to the plenipotentiaries at Utrecht, against the articles of the treaty, as regarded England, and had asserted his title to that crown, which had been retorted by the cabinet of St. James's addressing an atrocious libel to the same congress, complaining 'that an impostor like the pretender was permitted to remain so near as Bar-le-duc.'" The mother of the disinherited prince related this with emotion, but without anger. The sympathizing community said all they could to console her, telling her the cause of her son was in the hands of God, who would, they hoped, soon restore him to the throne of his fathers. "If it be God's good pleasure to do so, may his will be accomplished," replied the queen. She said, "that she had received an address from Edinburgh, professing the faithful attachment of the Scotch to the house of Stuart; that both Scotland and Ireland were well disposed, but in want of a leader."²

When Mary Beatrice found that the allied powers had agreed to compensate the elector of Bavaria for the loss of a part of his German territories, by making him king of Sardinia, while the duke of Savoy was in his turn to receive more than an equivalent for his Sardinian province, by the acquisition of the crown of Sicily, she said, with a sigh, "Thus we find that every one recovers his goods, in one shape or other, at this peace, but nothing is done for us; yet, my God," added she, raising her eyes to heaven, "it is your will that it should be so, and what you will, must always be right." Being informed subsequently, that the duke of Savoy was about to embark, to take possession of his new kingdom of Sicily, she said, "Those who have kingdoms lose them, and those who had not acquire them through this peace; but God rules everything and must be adored in all he decrees." The duchess of Savoy, king James's cousin, had written to her in terms expressive of much affection and esteem, on which Mary Beatrice observed, "that she was very grateful for her regard; but she could not have the pleasure of recognising the duke of Savoy as king of Sicily, because her son had protested against everything that was done at the treaty of Utrecht."³ This was, indeed, retaining the tone of a crowned head, when all that could give importance to that dignity was gone.

One day, after the peace of Utrecht had sensibly diminished the hopes that had been fondly cherished by the widowed queen of James II., of seeing her son established on the throne of England, the princess of Conti, who was an illegitimate daughter of Louis XIV., paid her a formal state visit at Chaillot, accompanied by her three daughters. Mary Beatrice, with the delicate tact that was natural to her, always caused all the *rauteuils* to be removed from her reception-room whenever she expected any of the princesses who were not privileged to occupy those

¹ Incited MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, by one of the Nuns of Chaillot

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

sort of seats in her presence. The three young ladies, as they were leaving the room, observing to one another on the absence of the fauteuils, scornfully exclaimed, as if imputing it to the destitution of the royal exile, "What a fine instance of economy! but they cannot be ignorant of our mother's rank. What will people say of this?" Mary Beatrice, who overheard their impertinence, replied, with quiet dignity "They will say that I am a poor queen, and that this is your way of telling me that I have fallen from my proper rank."¹

When the duchess dowager of Orleans came to visit Mary Beatrice, she tenderly embraced her, and told her how much charmed the duke of Lorraine and her daughter were with the chevalier de St. George, and that they were delighted at having him with them. Mary Beatrice was sensibly gratified at this communication, and begged madame to "convey her thanks to their highnesses for their goodness to her son, not having," she said, "words sufficiently eloquent to express her full sense of it herself." The chevalier had found it expedient to leave Bar for a temporary visit to Luneville, where everything was, however, arranged for his comfort, through the friendship of the duke and duchess of Lorraine. His only real trouble, at this time, was his pecuniary destitution, and this caused his mother much greater uneasiness than it did him.

So self-denying was Mary Beatrice in all her personal expenses, that, although she suffered much inconvenience, when at Chaillot, from writing on an ornamental escrutoire, faced with plaques of china, she could not be persuaded to purchase a proper writing-table, even of the cheapest materials and form. Her ladies one day said to her, "Madam, you are not of the same disposition as other princesses, who, before they had been inconvenienced by their writing-tables, as you have been by this, would have changed them a dozen times." "They would have had the means of gratifying their tastes, then," rejoined her majesty. "I have not; the little that can be called mine, belongs to the poor."

The kind-hearted duchess of Lauzun, to whom this conversation was repeated, sent the queen a new writing-table, for a present; but no! Mary Beatrice would not accept the friendly offering. She was the widow of a king of England, the mother of a prince, who claimed the crown of that realm; and, dowerless exile as she was, she would not degrade the national honour of the proud land, over which she had reigned, by allowing any of the ladies of France to minister to her wants. Not that she conveyed her refusal in terms calculated to offend madame de Lauzun; she thanked her courteously, but said, "The table was too low, and that she was about to purchase one, for which she would give proper directions." Mary Beatrice found herself, at last, compelled to buy a writing-table, in order to evade the necessity of accepting the present of the duchess de Lauzun. It cost the mighty sum of five and forty livres,² less than eight and thirty shillings, and even this outlay occasioned the unfortunate queen a pang, when she thought of the starving families at St. Germain, and she asked the nuns, "Whe

¹ Inedited MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, by one of the Nuns of Chaillot

² Diary of Chaillot.

ther she ought to give so much money as five and forty livres for writing-table?" The nuns replied, with much simplicity, "that, indeed they seldom gave tradesmen as much as they asked for their goods, but they thought the table was worth the price named." Her majesty declared, "that she had no intention to cheapen the article, ordered my lady privy-purse to pay for it directly, and to give a proper recompense to the porter who had brought it."¹

Poor Mary Beatrice! she must have been more than woman, if memories of the splendour that once surrounded her, at Whitehall, rose not before her mental vision on this occasion, while hesitating whether she ought to allow herself the indulgence of such an escrutoire as five and forty francs could purchase. It would have looked strangely, that same piece of furniture, in her apartment there, beside the costly cabinets and silver filigree-tables of Italian workmanship, which John Evelyn admired so greatly; and when he saw them decorating the chamber of her royal step-daughter, queen Mary, thought—good conscientious gentleman—"that they ought, in common honesty, to have been returned to their lawful owner."²

The duke and duchess of Berwick and the duchess of Lauzun, came one day to visit her majesty at Chaillot, and were beginning to devise many alterations and additions for the improvement of her apartments there, which were, in truth, in great need of renovation. She listened to everything with a playful smile, and then said, "When my dower shall be paid, I may be able to avail myself of some of your suggestions. All I have power to do, in the meantime, is to follow your advice, by changing the damask bed into the place where the velvet one now stands, which fills up the small chamber too much."³

The chair, in which her majesty was sometimes carried up into the tribune or gallery which she occupied in the chapel, had become so shabby and out of repair, that the nuns and her ladies pressed her: to have a new one made. She refused at first, on account of the expense, but at last yielded to their persuasions. She ordered that it should be like a chair in the infirmary, but a little larger, and yet not too large to be carried through the door of the little alley that led to the infirmary; for she was constant in her visits to the sick, whether she were able to walk or not; and at this period, in consequence of her great debility, she was carried by her attendants in a chair. She wished the height from the ground to the top of the back to be five feet, like her chair of state at St. Germain's, and that it should be covered with a silk, called *gros de Tours*, which, she thought, would be a cheap and suitable material; but when she heard that it was ten livres—that is to say, eight and fourpence an ell, which would make the chair cost altogether two hundred livres, little more than eight pounds, she exclaimed, that she would not have such a sum expended for that purpose. Lady Strickland recommended camelot, a thick-watered silk, with some mixture of wool, as more suitable for the cover of the chair, and the queen

¹ Diary of Chaillot.

² Evelyn's Diary.

³ Inedited MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice D'Esté, in the Secret Archives of Royaume de France.

told her to bring her patterns, with the price; but as she found it would cost fourteen livres more than the other, she decided on having the *gros de Tours*. Of such serious importance had circumstances rendered that trivial saving to a princess who had once shared the British throne, and whose generous heart reluctantly abstracted this small indulgence for herself from the relief she accorded from her narrow income to the ruined emigrants at St. Germain.

"Madame," said one of the sisters of Chaillot, "you put us in mind of St. Thomas of Villeneuve, who disputed with his shoemaker about the price of his shoes, and a few days afterwards gave one of the shoemaker's daughters three hundred rials, to enable her to marry; for your majesty is parsimonious only to enable you to be munificent in your charities and your offerings at the altar." The queen smiled, and said, to turn the conversation, "I certainly have no disputes about the price of my shoes, but I would fain get them for as little cost as I can. When I was in England, I always had a new pair every week, I never had more than two pair of new shoes in any week. I had a new pair of gloves every day, and I could not do with less; if I changed them, it was to the profit of my chambermaids. Monsieur de Lauzun once used some exaggeration in speaking to the king, Louis XIV., on the subject of my penury, when he said, 'Sire, she has scarcely shoes to her feet.' This was going a little too far; but it is true," continued she, playfully, "that they have sewn these ribbons for the second time on my fine shoes;" she laughed, and showed the shoes as she spoke, adding, "they cost me ten livres. I think that is too much to pay for them, but they will not charge less for me. That is the way with the artizans. My mother would never submit to an imposition. She was both generous and magnificent; but she did not like to be charged more than the just price for anything. When, however, she had reason to think her tradespeople had been moderate in their charges, she would give them, out of her own pleasure, something over and above."¹

The poor queen had cause, at this time, to apprehend that the cancer in her breast was going to break out again; she was also troubled with difficulty of breathing and general debility. Dr. Wood, whom her son sent to see her, advised her majesty to quit Chaillot, because he said the air was too sharp for her, and he strenuously objected to the fasts and perpetual succession of devotional exercises, practised in that house, as injurious to her. The abbess and sisterhood were displeased at the English physician's opinion, intimated that *monsieur Oude* had better attend to his own business, and begged their royal guest to send for Beaulieu, her own surgeon, to prescribe for her. Beaulieu contradicted all Dr. Wood had said, except on the subject of fasting, to which he was always opposed. As for the air of Chaillot, he said it was nothing so keen as that of St. Germain, which was almost on a mountain, and recommended her majesty to remain where she was. Mary Beatrice said, "that Chaillot must be a healthy place; for that luxurious princess

¹ Diary of Chaillot.

Catherine de Medicis, built a summer palace there for herself, because she considered it the most healthy site near Paris."¹

The countess of Middleton observing, with uneasiness, that her royal mistress was sinking into ascetic habits, told the nuns one day in a pet, "that the queen spent too much time in prayer at Chaillot, that it was killing her; and if the king of France knew the sort of life she led there, he would come himself, and take her away from them." Mary Beatrice could not refrain from smiling when this was repeated to her by the offended sisters. "I do not think," said she, "that the king of France will trouble himself about my prayers, or that he is likely to interfere with my stay at Chaillot. My ladies, who like better to be at St. Germain, speak according to their own tastes, and are thinking more for themselves than for me, I doubt, in wishing to return; they may find pleasure in it; but, for me—think you the life I lead at St. Germain can be very agreeable, when I am shut up alone in my cabinet every evening, after supper, till I go to bed, writing three or four hours? When I am here, I write in the morning, which is a relief to my eyes. There, all my time is spent among the miserable, for of such alone is my society composed. Here I have, at least, cheerful company after my meals; and if I have a moment of comfort in life, it is here."²

She might have added, it is my city of refuge from the importunities and cares with which I am beset at St. Germain. It was again a year of scarcity, almost of famine, in France, and Mary Beatrice found herself reluctantly compelled, by the necessities of her own people, as she called the British emigration, to withdraw her subscriptions from the benevolent institutions in Paris, to which she had hitherto contributed, feeling herself bound to bestow all she had to give, to those who had the greatest claims on her.³ One day, an ecclesiastic who came from St. Germain to see her, told her that every one there was starving, on account of the dearness of provisions. The intelligence made her very sad; "she could not sleep that night," she said, "for thinking of it, and when she stumbered a little towards morning, she awoke with a sensation, as if her heart were pierced with a pointed cross." It was at this distressing period that the old bishop of Condom de Matignan, who was going to Marseilles, came to solicit the unfortunate queen to send an offering to the shrine of the immaculate Virgin there. Nothing could be more unseasonable than such a request. Mary Beatrice replied, "that in truth, she had nothing to send," and was sorely vexed by his importunity. She told the community, in the evening, of the vexatious application that had been made to her by the aged bishop, and the impossibility of her complying with his request, "since of all the profusion of costly jewels she once possessed, two only remained; one was the little ruby ring, which the late king, her dear lord and husband, when duke of York, had placed on her finger at the ratification of their nup-

¹ Buonaparte, it seems, was of the same opinion, when he demolished the convent, with the intension of building a nursery palace for the king of Rome on the spot.

² Diary of a Nun of Chaillot, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

³ *Ibid*

nial contract, the other was her coronation ring, set with a fair large ruby, sole relic of the glories of the day of her consecration as queen-consort of England, and these she could not part with. The small diamond," added Mary Beatrice, "which, according to the customs of Italy, I received at the previous matrimonial solemnization at Modena, from the earl of Peterborough, I have sent to my son, with my daughter's hair, for which he had asked me."¹ The nuns endeavoured to comfort her, by telling her, "that when her son should be called to the throne of England, she would be able to make offerings worthy of herself on all suitable occasions." "On the subject of the contributions that are frequently solicited of me," said the queen, "I find myself much embarrassed, for it appears unsuitable in me, to give little, and it is impossible for me ever to give much—all I have, belonging rather to the poor than to myself."²

Wisely and well did the royal widow decide, in applying her mite to the relief of God's destitute creatures, rather than gratifying her pride, by adding to the decorations of a shrine. Yet such is the weakness of human nature, the force of early impressions, and the manner in which even the strongest minded persons are biassed by the opinions of the world, that she was deeply mortified at being unable to send the gift that was expected of her, by the old bishop. She at last expressed her regret, that she had given her last diamond to her son, instead of adding it to the coronal of the Virgin of Marseilles. "Madam," replied the nuns, "the use you made of the diamond, in sending it to your son, was perfectly lawful, and these are times when saints themselves would sell the very ornaments of the altar, to afford succour to the poor."³

Mary Beatrice was much entreated to assist at the two-fold nuptials, of the prince de Conti and mademoiselle de Bourbon, and the duke de Bourbon with mademoiselle de Conti, by which a long feud between those illustrious houses would be reconciled. She excused herself, on account of her ill-health and great afflictions, when the princess dowager of Conti came in person to invite her; then the duke de Lauzun came from Louis XIV., to request her presence at Versailles on that occasion; and she declined, for the same reasons she had given to madame Conti. The duke de Lauzun took the liberty of a tried and sincere friend, to urge her to accept the invitation, telling her "that it was necessary that she should appear at Versailles on that occasion, lest the English ambassador should report her as wholly neglected and forgotten since the peace of Utrecht, which would prejudice the cause of her son in England." The royal widow replied, "that he had reason on his side, but for her part, wasted as she was with a mortal malady, and crushed with sorrow, she could not think of casting a gloom over the joy of others. at a bridal festival, by her tears, which, perhaps, she might be unable to restrain; she, therefore, prayed him to make her apologies, and to represent her wasted form, and depressed spirits, and her utter unfitness to appear on that occasion."⁴

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ *Ibid.*

Lauzun represented at Versailles the sickness and grief of the queen and madame Maintenon, to whom her majesty wrote to beg her to make her excuses to the king of France, replied in a consolatory tone of kindness, expressing the regrets of the king and his young relatives at her absence, and requesting her to pray for the happiness of the bridal party. Madame de Maintenon added, "that she hoped to come to Chaillot on the following Monday to see her majesty, but, in the meantime, she could not help informing her that she had learned that many of the English were passing over from London to Calais, on purpose, as it was whispered, to come to Chaillot to pay their respects to her majesty, and to pass on to Bar to see her son." This flattering news was a cordial to the mother of the disinherited representative of the regal line of Stuart, him whom his visionary partizans in England fondly called "the king over the water." The peace of Utrecht had, indeed, driven him from the French dominions, and limited his title there to the simple style of the chevalier St. George, but that very truly would afford ready means of communication between him and those ardent friends who had sworn fealty to him in their hearts, and were ready, like the old cavaliers, who had fought for his grandfather and his uncle, to peril life and limb for his sake. He was remembered in England, and she, his mother, was not forgotten in the land of which she still called herself the queen, though four-and-twenty years had passed away since she had left its shores, on a stormy winter's night, with that son, Heaven's dearest but most fatal gift to her, then a sleeping infant in her arms. Now he had been driven from her, and for his sake she kept her court, in widowed loneliness, at St. Germain's, as a centre and rallying point for his friends, and struggled with the sharp and deadly malady that was sapping her existence.

Some time in the month of July, 1713, a fat English merchant, a member of the society of friends, whom the worthy sister of Chaillot, in her simplicity of heart, calls, "a *Trembleur* or *Coequere* by profession," came to the convent and craved an audience of the widow of his late sovereign James II. Mary Beatrice, who was always accessible to the English, admitted him without any hesitation. Before he entered her presence, the quaker gave his hat to a footman, and thus discreetly avoided compromising his principles by taking it off, or appearing to treat the fallen queen with disrespect, by wearing it before her¹. As soon as he saw her majesty, he said to her, "Art thou the queen of England?" she answered in the affirmative. "Well, then," said he, "I am come to tell thee that thy son will return to England; I am now going to Bar on purpose to tell him so." "But how know you this?" demanded the queen. "By the inspiration of the Holy Spirit," replied the quaker, showing her a thick pamphlet of his visions printed in London. "When will the event of which you tell me come to pass?" inquired her majesty. The quaker would not commit himself by naming any precise time for the fulfilment of his visions, but said, "if he had not been convinced of the truth of his predictions, he would

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

ever have put himself to the trouble and expense of a journey from London to Bar." The queen laughed heartily when she related the particulars of this interview to her friends. The holy sisters of Chaillot, not considering that three clever pinches would have transformed the quaker's broad-brimmed beaver into the orthodox cocked hat of an abbé of their own church, regarded a Jacobite in drab as a very formidable personage; they protested "that he ought to be shut up and treated as a lunatic, and were sure he intended to make some attempt on the life of the king." The reply of Mary d'Esté proved that she was better acquainted with the tenets of the Society of Friends, and entertained a favourable opinion of their practice. "My son has no cause for alarm!" said she; "these poor people are not wicked, they loved the late king very much, and they are so highly esteemed in England for their probity, that they are exempted from the oaths which others are compelled to take. They never overreach others in their merchandize, and they have adopted for their maxim the words of our Lord, when he bids us be meek and lowly in heart, yet they are not baptized." "In England all sorts of religions are permitted!" pursued the queen; "the late king 'said all these varying sects had had one point of negative union, which was to oppose the authority of the pope.' My lord was convinced that he ought not to do violence to the conscience of any one on the subject of religion; they have been persuaded in England, nevertheless, that his majesty had made a league with the king of France to force them to adopt his religion. Yet when that king drove out the Huguenots, they were given refuge in England, as well as in Holland, where they rendered us odious, as was seen about the time of the birth of the king my son, when they conjured up false reports against us," continued she, in the bitterness of her heart, imputing to the harmless refugees whom James had sheltered from the persecutions of his more bigoted neighbour, the calumnies with which his nearest and dearest ties of kindred had endeavoured to stigmatize the birth of the unfortunate prince of Wales.² "We have they accused of things of which I never thought," pursued the fallen queen, "as if I had been as great a deceiver as themselves—they have attributed to me crimes of which I am assuredly in-

¹ Diary of Chaillot.

² That the widow of James II. had been given this erroneous impression of the protestant emigration, by the parties who persecuted and drove them out of France, is not wonderful, but it is pleasant to be able to record one noble exception, at least, among that emigration, from the charge of ingratitude to the unfortunate prince who had received, cherished, and supported them in their distress.

Peter Allix, one of the most learned of the protestant divines, was forced, 1685, to fly from the cruelty of the king of France, and retiring to the protection of James II., he met with the kindest reception from him. Allix showed his gratitude, by writing in English, a book, in defence of Christianity, which he dedicated to James II., in which he warmly acknowledged his obligations to him, and gratefully thanked him for his kind behaviour to the distressed refugees in general. It appears that this book was published after the misfortune of his benefactor, for Peter had to learn the English language before he wrote it. *Biographia Brit., from Ant. a Wood. Oxoniensis.*

capable—of imposing a spurious child, and committing perjuries; others who love me have imputed to me virtues which I do not possess, but God will be my judge.”

The nuns endeavoured to soothe her by saying, “they hoped she would see their religion flourish when her son returned in triumph to take possession of his throne.” “Should my son return,” said the queen, “you will not see any alteration in the established religion; the utmost that he can do will be to shield the catholics from persecution. He will be too prudent to attempt innovations.”¹

Meantime, this beloved object of her maternal hopes and fears, had been ordered to drink the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle, but the princes of Germany would not grant him passports. He wrote, a few days after, to the queen, and told her “he had seen his enthusiastic quaker liegeman, who had related to him his visions, and coolly added, ‘I am not perhaps so great a prophet as Daniel, but I am as true a one.’” The prince said, “he had laughed much at the absurdities of this person, and that it must have appeared strange to him that he did not receive any present, but,” added he, “I am not rich enough to have it in my power to make suitable gifts; all I had to bestow on him were some medals. I do not love either prophets or readers of horoscopes.” This trait of sound sense the prince derived from his royal mother, whose mind revolted from everything of the sort. The same evening after she had read her son’s letter, Mary Beatrice said, “that she could not endure any of those marvellous things, neither revelations nor ecstasies.” Madame Molza, on this, spoke of an Italian lady, “the mother of father Seignery, who had lately died in the odour of sanctity, who often fell into a trance in which she remained until she was roused by the voice of her confessor,” adding, “that her majesty’s mother, the duchess of Modena, was delighted to see her.” “It is true,” replied the queen, “that my late mother took delight in seeing marvels and mysteries, but, for my part, I cannot endure them, and always avoid having anything to do with them.”²

On the 18th of July, Elizabeth Charlotte, duchess-dowager of Orleans, came, with her daughter, the duchess of Orleans, to cheer the royal recluse with a friendly visit. There was a great deal of kindness and good nature in Elizabeth Charlotte, notwithstanding the vulgarity of her person and manners. She had a sincere respect for the virtues and noble qualities of the widowed queen of James II., and although she was so nearly related to the parliamentary heir of the British crown, the elector of Hanover, she expressed a lively interest in the welfare of the unfortunate chevalier de St. George, and when speaking of him to his mother, always gave him the title of the king of England. Both she and her daughter-in-law told the queen again how much affection the duke and duchess of Lorraine expressed for him, and how greatly they delighted in his company. The queen listened some time to them, before she could command utterance; at last, she said, “The duke of Lorraine has compassion on my son; he has had, from his own experience,

¹ *Diary of Chaillot.*

² *Ibid.*

but too much reason to feel for those who are deprived of their rank and possessions.”

The following animated song was composed at this period, and sung at the secret meetings of the convivial Jacobite gentry, in allusion to the friendship experienced by the son of Mary Beatrice from the court of Lorraine. All these poetical lyrics found their way to the convent of Chaillot, though we presume not to insinuate that they were ever hummed by the holy sisters at the hour of recreation :—

SONG. (Tune, “*Over the hills and far awa*.”)

‘Bring in the bowl, I’ll toast you a
health,
To one that has neither land nor
wealth;
The bonniest lad that e’er you saw,
Is over the hills and far awa.
Over the hills and over the dales,
No lasting peace till he prevails;
Pull up, my lads, with a loud huzza,
A health to him that’s far awa.

By France, by Rome, likewise by
Spain,
By all forsook but duke Lorraine;
The next remove appears most plain,

Will be to bring him back again.
The bonniest lad that e’er you saw,
Is over the hills and far awa.

He knew no harm, he knew no guilt,
No laws had broke, no blood had spilt,
If rogues his father did betray,
What’s that to him that’s far away?
Over the hills and far awa—
Beyond these hills and far awa,
The wind may change and fairly
blaw,
And blow him back that’s blown
awa.”¹

The feverish hopes which the inspirations of poetry and romance continued to feed in the bosom of the mother of the unfortunate chevalier de St. George, doomed her to many a pang, which might otherwise have been spared.

Mary Beatrice received so many visits, one day during her abode at Chaillot, that she was greatly fatigued, and said she would see no one else; but, at six o’clock in the evening, monsieur de Torcy arrived. As he was the prime minister of France, he was, of course, admitted. The interview was strictly private; on taking his leave of the royal widow, he said, “Her virtues were admirable, but her misfortunes were very great. The king, her son, might be restored, but it would not be yet.”

At supper, the queen, which was unusual, was flushed and agitated; the nuns took the liberty of saying to her, they feared M. de Torcy had brought her bad news. “It is nothing more than I already knew,” replied the queen. “God be blessed for all: his holy will be done.” She ate little at supper, and went to prayers without saying what afflicted her. She had a restless night, and the next day she was very much depressed. They pressed her to take her chocolate, and at last, in silence the importunities of her ladies, she did. The same morning, she received a letter from Mr. Dicconson, the treasurer of her household, to show her that he could not send her any money. This seemed to

¹ Quoted by sir Henry Ellis, from the *Harleian Miscellany*. The air of this song is very spirited, and, together with other gems of inedited Jacobite minstrelsy, will shortly be published, arranged, with the original melodies, for the voice, with an accompaniment for the pianoforte, by Miss Charlotte Maxwell, of Monreith.

augment her trouble; however, she performed all her devotional exercises as usual, but was so weak and exhausted, that she could not descend the stairs without extreme difficulty. The nuns entreated her to declare the cause of her affliction. She confessed that she had not been able to sleep. "Madame," said they, "it must be something that your majesty has heard from monsieur de Torcy, which has distressed you so much. The heart of that minister must be very hard and pitiless." "It is no fault of M. de Torcy," replied the queen; "he has a very good heart, and has always treated us well."¹

The next day, in the evening, at the recreation, she revealed the cause of her vexation to the community; when she sent the London gazette to her confessor, she said, "That she had seen in it, that both houses of parliament had united in demanding of the princess of Denmark [*queen Anne*] 'not to permit the pretender'—it is thus," said Mary Beatrice, "they call the king—'to be so near their shores;' and the princess had replied, 'that she had already sent a remonstrance to the duke of Lorraine, and would again, which might perhaps induce him to send him out of his dominions, but it was out of her power to force him to do so, as he was too far from the sea to fear the fleets of England.'" It was insinuated that the duke of Lorraine would not have dared to receive the prince, without the consent of Anne, and that he was waiting there to take advantage of a change of popular feeling. "We are," continued the exiled queen, "in the hands of God, why then should we be cast down? I confess that this news disturbed me very much yesterday, so much so, that I did not wish to speak on the subject; I said to myself, why should I afflict these poor girls, who are about me? I ought to keep my trouble to myself, but seeing the news has been made public, I can no longer hide it."²

Phrenologists would say, after looking at the contour of this queen's lofty and somewhat elongated head, that the organs of caution and secretiveness were wholly absent. Her conduct through life, proves that she was deficient in those faculties. She told everything that befel her. She might have said with the Psalmist, "I kept silence, but it was pain and weariness to me; at last the fire kindled, and I spake."

It was generally at the hour of the evening recreation, when the rigid rule of conventual discipline was relaxed, and the sisters of Chaillot were permitted to converse or listen to discourse not strictly confined to religious subjects, that their royal guest gave vent to her feelings by discussing with the sympathizing circle, her hopes and fears on the subject of her son, or adverted to the trials of her past life, and the consolation she derived from religion, with impassioned eloquence. The promises of God in the Psalms, that he would protect the widow and the orphan, were frequently mentioned by her.

One day the duke of Berwick came to visit her, and bring her English news. In the evening, she told the community, "that both houses of parliament had moved an address to queen Anne, that she should write to the allies not to suffer the pretender to be so near to England. It

¹ *Diary of Chaillot, Archives au Royaume de France.*

² *Ibid.*

he course of the debate, an old gentleman of eighty years old, a member of the house of commons, exclaimed, 'Take care of what you do; I was a young man in the time when Cromwell, in like manner, urged the neighbouring states to drive away him whom they only called Charles Stuart.' This bold hint gave a turn to the tone of the debate, which then became sufficiently animated, and it was found that the 'pretender,' as they called her son, had a strong party to speak for him even in that house."¹ The nuns told their royal friend, "that they hoped this good news would reach the king her son before he heard of the endeavour to deprive him of his refuge with the duke of Lorraine." "My son is not easily moved by these sort of things," replied Mary Beatrice; "he cares little about the agitation that is excited against him." The prince was not quite so stoical in this respect. His valet de chambre, St. Paul, who had been delayed on his journey, brought him the intelligence of the vote of the British parliament on St. James's day. He wrote to his mother, "that he had received a fine bouquet, but through God's grace he had not been much disturbed by it." Mary Beatrice wrote to him in reply, "that he had one subject of consolation, that the Lord had dealt with him as with those he loved, for such had their trials in this life."²

A little variation in the monotony of the convent was caused by the arrival of an artist named Gobert, with a portrait of the chevalier de St. George, which he had been painting for the queen at Bar. Her majesty was much pleased with it, but her ladies and the nuns did not think it quite handsome enough to be considered a successful likeness.

The chevalier de St. George had frequently asked his mother to give him her portrait in her widow's dress, and hitherto in vain. A spice of feminine weakness lingered in her heart; aware how strangely changed she was by time, sickness, and sorrow, since the days when Lely painted York's lovely duchess, among the dark-eyed beauties of Charles II.'s court, she refused to allow her likeness to be taken in the decline of life. She playfully explained her reluctance to sit again, by saying, "that cardinal Bellarmin had refused his portrait to his friends, because an old man was too ugly for a picture."³ But when her son wrote to her from Bar, to repeat his request, she said, "she could not refuse him anything that might be a solace to him during their separation, and as it would be more convenient for her to have it done at Chaillot, than at St. Germain, she would send for Gobert, the same artist that had painted his portrait, and sit to him." The abbess and nuns then joined in petitioning her to allow a copy to be made for them, but on this she at first put a decided negative. Gobert came the next day to begin the picture, but it was not without great difficulty that she could be persuaded even then to let him take the outline of her head and the dimensions, for that which was to be placed in the tribune with those of her daughter and her son. At last she said, "she would be painted in the character and costume of that royal British saint, the empress Helena, showing the cross, and that she would have her son painted as Edward the Confessor," drawing in her own mind a flattering inference for her

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena.² Ibid.³ Ibid.

son, from the resemblance between his present lot and the early history of that once expatriated prince of the elder royal line of England, and fondly imagining that the chevalier would, one day, be called, like him, to the throne of Alfred. Mary Beatrice said, "the late princess her daughter should also be painted as a royal English saint;" a blank is left in the MS. for the name, but in all probability, Margaret Atheling, queen of Scotland, was the person intended. Her son wrote to beg her to let him have two copies of her portrait, one for the duke and duchess of Lorraine, and another for the princess of Vaudemonte, who had been very kind to him. He called the princess of Vaudemonte "an amiable saint," and said "that his greatest comfort was talking with her of his mother and the late princess, his sister." Mary Beatrice was very perverse about her portrait—childishly so; for she ought not to have hesitated for a moment to oblige the friends who had given that asylum to her son, which the kings of France and Spain were unable to bestow. Such, however, are the weaknesses of human vanity. She wrote to her son, "that she had already refused her portrait to the community of Chaillot, and what she denied to them she would not grant to others;" to which the chevalier replied, "that he thought it was very hard for her to deny such a trifle to the good nuns, and that she ought to oblige them, and his friends at the court of Lorraine as well." She then reluctantly conceded the point.

When the painter came the next time, the queen was at her toilette, and, before she was ready to take her sitting, the duchess of Orleans came to pay her a visit, and, being admitted, remained with her till dinner time. She told her majesty, "that she thought her looking ill—much altered for the worse in appearance." This remark did not decrease the poor queen's reluctance to go through the business of sitting for her portrait. She took her dinner at half-past one, and appeared much fatigued and out of spirits, saying "she was very sorry she had consented to have her portrait taken," yet when she found Gobert was waiting, her natural kindness of heart caused her to receive him very graciously; she allowed him to place her in her fauteuil in the proper attitude, and gave him a long sitting. In the evening, her majesty, with three of her ladies, went to take the air in the Bois de Boulogne. They all set off in the queen's coach, but the royal owner left lady Middleton and lady Sophia Bulkeley in possession of that vehicle, while she walked on with Madame Molza, and they took a solitary ramble for three hours in the forest glades together. She returned refreshed, and in better spirits from this little excursion.²

On another occasion, when Mary Beatrice and her ladies had been taking an incognito walk in the Bois de Boulogne, when they came to the ferry, her majesty had a great wish to cross the river in the ferry-boat, but, her ladies being afraid, they all crossed the Pont Royal, and returned through the Fauxbourg of St. Germain. There the queen betrayed her incognito by saluting the *touri re* of the convent of the Visitation in that quarter, who, although she was on foot, could not

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena.

² *Ibid.*

help recognising her, even if her coach had not been following, her person being well known to all the *religieuses* of Paris. Mary Beatrice, on her return to Chaillot, was very merry, and related all the little adventures of her walk to the community. Her majesty walked as far as Longchamps, on one of these incognito expeditions, and visited, by way of recreation, a religious house there. The abbess offered her a collation, which she declined, but partook of some maccaroons and fruit, which were handed about in baskets. Mary Beatrice attended the vespers in their chapel, and was so much delighted with the beautiful singing, led by the abbess, whose voice was one of the finest in France, that she remained for the last evening services, which made her and her ladies so late in their return that the gates of St. Marie de Chaillot were closed for the night, and the royal devotee and her noble attendants might have had some trouble in gaining admittance, if père Gaillar had not, by a lucky chance, passed and found them waiting outside.¹

The poor queen being without money at this time, in consequence of the unprincipled delays on the part of Desmarets, in the payment of her pension, was greatly troubled to meet the trifling current expenses even of her present economical way of life. Her coach and horses caused her some uneasiness, for the person at whose mews she had been accustomed to keep them, sent word "that he could not engage for their safety; every one was starving in the suburbs of Paris, and he was afraid they would be stolen from his place." The coachman told her majesty, "he thought it would be desirable to keep the coach, at any rate, in the convent court, where it would be locked up within double doors;" but this also involved a difficulty, for there was no covered place to put it under, and, if exposed to the weather, it would soon fall to pieces.² These petty cares of every-day occurrence, about matters to which the attention of persons of royal birth is never directed, were very harassing to her—more so, perhaps, on the aggregate, than the great reverse of fortune which had caused them. "There were times, Mary Beatrice would say," when she felt so cast down, that the weight of a straw, in addition to her other troubles, appeared a burden, "and she dreaded every thing."

Our Chaillot diary records, that, on the 6th of August, a protestant gentleman, whose name, from the way it is written there, it is impossible to decipher, came to take leave of the queen, before he returned to England, having obtained the leave of her son, whom he called his royal master, so to do. He was one of the St. Germain's protestants, who had attended that prince to Lorraine, and he told the queen, that he and all of his religion had been perfectly satisfied with the liberality of their treatment. The chevalier had taken a protestant chaplain, a regular minister of the church of England, with him, for the sake of his followers of the reformed religion, the earl of Middleton being the only Roman catholic in his retinue.³

¹ Diary of a Nun of Chaillot.

² Diary of Chaillot, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

³ Diary of Chaillot.

On the 12th of August, Mary Beatrice dined early, that she might give Gobert the final sitting for her portrait; she told him, that he was on no account to make any copies of it, which he confessed that many persons had been desirous of obtaining of him.

The princess de Condé, who always treated Mary Beatrice with scrupulous attention, came to visit her in the convent that afternoon, and told her, "that she had sent a gentleman to Bar purposely to announce the recent marriages of her children to her majesty's son; but lord Middleton had warned her envoy, that he must not address him by the title of majesty, as his incognito was very strict; and this had disconcerted the gentleman so much, that he did not know what to say. However, the prince had soon put him at his ease, by the frankness of his reception, and had made him sit down to dinner with him." "It is thus," sighed the widow of James II., "that we have to play the parts of the kings and queens of comedy, or rather, I should say, of tragedy."¹

The princess of Condé intreated her majesty to come and see her in her newly-built palace, the Petit Luxembourg, which she had fitted up with extraordinary taste and magnificence. The queen's ladies, who were, of course, eager to escape for one day of pleasure from the weary monotony of the life they had led at Chaillot, prevailed on their royal mistress to accept the princess's invitation; and the following Wednesday, being the day appointed, Mary Beatrice went, for the first time since the death of her daughter, to Paris in her old state coach, with the arms and royal liveries of a queen of England.² She and her ladies set out from Chaillot at three o'clock, escorted by count Molza, who appears to have performed the duties of vice-chamberlain since the death of old Robert Strickland. When her majesty arrived at the Petit Luxembourg, mademoiselle de Clermont, the eldest daughter of Condé, came to receive and welcome her as she descended from her coach, and conducted her into the apartment of madame La Princesse, who was on her bed. Mary Beatrice begged her not to disturb herself by rising on her account; but the princess insisted on doing the honours of her palace to her illustrious guest. The princess's chamber being in the highest suite of apartments, she requested her majesty to avoid the fatigue of going down so many stairs, by descending in her machine—a light fauteuil, which, by means of a pulley and cord, would lower her, in the course of a few minutes, from the top of the house into the garden. Mary Beatrice seated herself in this machine, and took the cord in her hand, as directed; but she afterwards acknowledged to her ladies, that she felt a slight degree of trepidation when she found herself

¹ Diary of Chaillot.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Madame la Princesse was the title of the consorts of the princes of Condé. The Petit Luxembourg is a palace or hotel situated in the Rue de Vaugirard and is contiguous to the palace of the Luxembourg, and built at the same era by Cardinal de Richelieu, who gave it to his niece, the duchess d'Aquillon, from whom it descended to Henri-Jules of Bourbon Condé. It was inhabited by the princess of Bourbon Condé during the last century, when it was occasionally called the Petit Bourbon.—Delaure's Paris, vol. iii. pp. 9, 10.

suspended so many feet from the ground. However, she performed her descent safely, and was immediately ushered into the gorgeous chapel paved with mosaics, and the walls and roof embellished with gold, crystal, and precious stones, besides the most precious works of art, interspersed with large mirrors that reflected and multiplied the glittering show in all directions. Mary Beatrice said, "that it would take a full week before she should be able to divert her attention from such a variety of attractive objects sufficiently to compose her mind to prayer." An observation characteristic of the wisdom of a devout Christian, who knew how far a wandering eye might lead the soul from God. When the chapel had been duly admired, the superb suite of state apartments that looked upon the gardens of the royal Luxembourg were exhibited. Everything was arranged with equal taste and magnificence; and though the fallen queen of England felt, perhaps, that there was a degree of ostentation in the manner in which madame La Princesse displayed her wealth and grandeur, she praised everything, and appeared to take much pleasure in examining the paintings, sculpture, and articles of *vertu*, with which she was surrounded. She and her ladies were greatly charmed with the hangings of one of the state beds, ornamented with festoons and bouquets of the most delicate flowers of cut paper, the work of nuns, which the princess herself had arranged on white satin, with gold fringes.

When her majesty rose to take her leave, she said, "she could not allow madame La Princesse to take the trouble of attending her to her carriage. It would be quite sufficient if mademoiselle de Clermont accompanied her," and was about to go down with that young lady; but the princess of Condé, seating herself in her machine, as she called the *chaise volante*, was at the foot of the stairs first, and stood in readiness to pay the ceremonial marks of respect due to the royal guest at her departure.

From this abode of luxury, Mary Beatrice and her ladies proceeded to a very different place, the great Ursuline Convent in the Fauxbourg de St. Jacques, where she saw two of her young English ladies, Miss Stafford and Miss Louisa Plowden, the youngest sister of king James's little pet, Mary Plowden. "The queen," says our Chaillot diary, "had pity on *La petite Louison*—for so they called the youngest Plowden—who, not seeing her mother in her majesty's train, began to weep. Miss Stafford was unhappy, because she had been removed from the English Benedictines, where rule was less rigid than in this French house."¹

Mary Beatrice next visited the English Benedictine monastery of St. Jacques. As she was expected, all the world had collected to get a sight of "*la pauvre Reine d'Angleterre*;" so that when she alighted from her coach, count Molza, who had the honour to give her the hand, could not get her through the throng. The abbot and his brethren stood at the gates to receive her; but such was the pressure and excitement of the crowd, that two of the ecclesiastics, who were endeavouring to assist her majesty, found themselves increasing her distress, by stepping on the train of her long black mantle, so that she could neither

¹ MS. Diary of Chaillot.

advance nor recede, and was in some danger of suffocation. At last, through the assistance of the officer of the guard, a passage was forced for her and her ladies. She attended the evening service, in one of the chapels, and afterwards took her tea in the great chamber of assembly, which was full of privileged spectators, and finished with visiting another nunnery in that quarter, having again to encounter fresh crowds of eager gazers in passing to her coach. Mary Beatrice returned to Chaillot at eight in the evening, much fatigued.¹

A general reconciliation had taken place, at the time of the inter-marriages between the Condé, Bourbon and Conti families, among all parties engaged in the late feuds, except the duke de Lauzun, who positively refused to go to a grand entertainment of re-union, given by one of the dowager princesses, on this occasion, at Passy. Mary Beatrice being the only person in the world who had any influence over his stormy temper, endeavoured to persuade him to go. He replied, with some warmth, "that he would not," and mentioned several causes of offence which justified him, he thought, in keeping up the quarrel. "You mean to say that you will not oblige me," observed the queen. "Not oblige you, madam!" exclaimed Lauzun, vehemently; "you know very well, that if you were to tell me to walk up to the mouth of a cannon when it was going to fire, I would do it." "I am not likely to put you to such a test," said her majesty, gravely; "I only ask you to dine with our friends at Passy." She carried her point.²

Early in August, Mary Beatrice received a letter from her absent son, telling her "that he had received the precious gift she had sent him, of the ring, set with the diamond of her espousals, and the hair of the princess his sister," which, he said, "he should keep as long as he lived." He added, and that troubled his anxious mother, "that he had been ordered by his physicians to the waters of Plombières for his health, but he could not undertake the journey without 20,000 livres."³ "I know not how I am to come by them," observed Mary Beatrice to the nuns, when she was reading her son's letter for their edification; "I have written to Mr. Dicconson about it, not knowing what else to do. God will, perhaps, provide!"

The royal widow was certainly right to place her trust in Providence, and not in her luckless treasurer and his exhausted funds. It is impossible not to compassionate the case of this poor Mr. Dicconson, who was called upon by every one for money, from the queen and her son, to their famishing followers. So far from obtaining any supply from St.

¹ MS. Diary of Chaillot.

² MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, Archives au Royaume de France.

³ The chevalier St. George was self-denying and moderate in his personal expenses from a child. He had been allowed 8000 livres (about three hundred and twenty pounds) a-year during his minority for pocket-money, and little pleasures in which young persons of rank indulged, but this money he always gave away in alms. His expenses while at the court of Lorraine amounted to 80,000 livres a-year, for he was compelled to maintain some sort of state, and to be liberal in his fees to the officials there, where he was on a precarious footing; it was his only city of refuge, so completely had the treaty of Utrecht excluded him from all the other courts in Europe.

Germaines, her majesty received a heart-rending letter from her old almoner, père Ronchi,¹ describing the destitution of every one there, especially the poor Irish, "many of whom," he said, "must perish for want of food, not having had a sous amongst them for the last two months." Mary Beatrice, who was much in the same case, as regarded ready money, was penetrated with grief at being unable to assist them. "For myself," said she, "I have some remains of credit to procure the necessaries of life, but these poor people have not." She appeared very sad, and her only comfort was that a great many of her followers were beginning to take advantage of the peace to steal back to England. She told the community of Chaillot, "that of 20,000 persons, of whom the emigration at first consisted, not more than 6000 able-bodied men were left. That a great many had perished in the French armies; but the maintenance of their widows and children had fallen upon her;" this had been provided out of her French pension. "How often," said the unfortunate queen, "have I bewailed with bitter tears the life I led in England!" Her ladies, knowing how irreproachable her conduct had always been from her youth upwards, told her that she could have no cause for repentance. "Yes, indeed," she said, "I have, considering how little good I did when I had much in my power, especially in the way of charity. I see now, that many things which I then fancied necessary I might well have done without, and then I should have had more to bestow on others. I give now, in my adversity and poverty, double the sum in alms annually that I did when I had the revenues of a queen-consort of England." Infinitely precious, doubtless, in the sight of God, were the self-sacrifices which enabled the fallen queen to minister to the wants of the numerous claimants of her bounty at St. Germaines. It was literally, in her case, the division of the widow's mite among those whose necessities she saw were greater than her own.²

The object of père Ronchi's pathetic representations was to induce Mary Beatrice to make a personal appeal to Louis XIV. on the subject of the unpunctual payment of her pension. No persuasions could prevail on her to do this on her own account, or even that of her son, her pride and delicacy of mind alike revolting from assuming the tone of an importunate beggar. Her ladies, her counsellors, her ecclesiastics, the sisters of Chaillot, all united in urging her to make the effort, telling her, "that the elector of Bavaria had made no scruple of complaining to his majesty of the inconvenience he had suffered from the procrastination of the officers of the exchequer in disbursing his pension, and that it had been paid regularly ever since." "But," said Mary Beatrice, "I shall never have the courage to do it." "All in St Germaines will die of hunger in the meantime, if your majesty does not," was the reply. Greatly agitated, she retired to her closet, threw herself on her knees, and prayed long and earnestly for spiritual succour and strength.³ She was going that day, August 26th, to Marli, to see Louis XIV. and madame de Mau-

¹ Père Ronchi had been in her service ever since she was duchess of York, being the same ecclesiastic who escaped from the wreck of the *Gloucester* by clinging to a plank.

² Diary of Chaillot.

³ *Ibid.*

tenon, before they went to Fontainebleau for the rest of the autumn Madame de Maintenon had written to the exiled queen from a sick-bed requesting her to come and see her at Marli, for she was suffering very much from inflammation in the face, had been bled, and dreaded the approaching removal to Fontainebleau, and all the courtly fatigues that awaited her there. "The young princesses," she said, alluding to the brides of Bourbon and Condé, "were charmed with the anticipation of their visit; but, at her time of life, people felt differently."

Mary Beatrice appeared much concerned when she read this letter, for she knew the writer was turned of eighty; she said, "madame de Maintenon had been a true friend to her, and she knew not what she should do if she were to lose her;" adding, "that she had reckoned on her good offices in speaking to the king for her." The day was intensely hot, and she was herself far from well; and as the hour for her journey approached, she became more and more restless and agitated. However, she composed herself by attending vespers; and after these were over, set off, attended only by Lady Sophia Bulkeley. She arrived at Marli at five o'clock, and found madame de Maintenon in bed, and very feeble. While they were conversing *tête à tête*, the king entered the chamber unattended. Mary Beatrice, who had not seen him for several months, was struck with the alteration in his appearance, for he was much broken. Regardless of the ceremonial restraints pertaining to her titular rank as a queen, she obeyed the kindly impulse of her benevolence by hastening to draw a fauteuil for him with her own hand, and, perceiving it was not high enough, she brought another cushion to raise it, saying, at the same time, "Sire, I know you are incommoded by sitting so low." Louis, once the soul of gallantry, now a feeble, infirm old man, tottering on the verge of the grave, but still the most scrupulously regardful of all the courtesies due to ladies of every degree, made a thousand apologies for the trouble her majesty had given herself on his account. "However, madam," said he, "you were so brisk in your movements, you took me by surprise: they told me you were dying." Mary Beatrice smiled, but had not the courage to avail herself of this opportunity of telling her adopted father that her sufferings had been more of the mind than the body, then declaring the cause, and appealing to his compassion. She said afterwards, "that she talked of subjects the most indifferent in the world, while her heart was ready to burst, not daring to give vent to her feelings."

When the king went to take his evening walk, or rather, to show himself, as usual, on the promenade, Mary Beatrice told madame de Maintenon "that she had a great desire to speak to the king on the subject of her pension, as eight months had passed since she had received any portion of it, and that in consequence, every one at St. Germain was dying of hunger—that she came partly to represent this to his majesty, but her courage had failed her, though her heart was pierced with anguish at the sufferings of so many people whom she knew so well." Madame de Maintenon appeared touched by this discourse, and said

¹ Diary of Chaillot.

'she would not fail to mention it to the king, who would be much concerned.' She added, "that she was, however, surprised to hear it, as she had been told that her majesty had been paid the sum of 50,000 livres the last time she came." "It is true," replied the queen, "but that 50,000 was the arrear of a previous seven months' delay, and was, of course, all anticipated."¹ The payment she now requested had been due for two months when the last instalment was disbursed, and she ought to have received it then, but it was too painful to her to press for it. "It is well known," continued she, sighing, "that I should not ask for it now, were it not for those poor Irish. How much do you think was reserved for my use of that last 50,000 livres? Less than a thousand crowns, to put in my privy purse for necessary expenses. Of that sum, the larger half went to the relief of urgent cases of distress."² When the poor queen had thus unburdened her mind, she went to make her round of visits to the princes and princesses. As she was passing through the salon where the great ladies had assembled to make their compliments to her, Lady Sophia Bulkeley told her that madame de Beauvilliers and madame de Remiremont were following her. Her majesty, who had not observed them in the noble circle, immediately turned back to speak to them, with every mark of respect, and gave them her hand to kiss. She would not, however, appear as if she were assuming the state of a queen of France holding a court, by sitting down, but stood while she conversed with the ladies, who expressed themselves charmed with her politeness to them, one and all, and the graciousness of her deportment. When she visited the princesses, she made a point of speaking courteously to their ladies, so that she left an agreeable impression everywhere she went.³

"The queen," says our Chaillot chronicler, "did not return here till near ten o'clock. As she had said she would be here at nine, lady Middleton and madame Molza were waiting with us at the gate.⁴ They were very uneasy, because they feared that the queen, who was not well when she went away, had been taken ill at Marli. It wanted about a quarter to ten when her majesty arrived. She made great apologies for being so late, and begged that the sisters who waited on her would go to bed, but they entreated to be permitted to remain. She would not herself go to bed till she had attended prayers in the tribune, before she performed her private devotions in her own apartments. Lady Sophia Bulkeley was well pleased with this visit. She said, "that all the ladies at the French court had been charmed with her majesty; that they had talked of her at supper, and declared 'that no lady in France since the queen-mother, Anne of Austria, had afforded so perfect a model of dignity and politeness.'"⁵ Thus, we see, that in the midst of all her trials

¹ Diary of Chaillot.

² *Ibid.*

³ Inedited MSS. in the Archives au Royaume de France.

⁴ This expression shows that the author of the Diary of Chaillot and Memoirs of Mary Beatrice must have been either the portress or the *lourriere* of the convent, or one of the lay sisters, as the rule would not have permitted the others to have been at the gate.

⁵ Diary of Chaillot.

and poverty, Mary Beatrice had the singular good luck of maintaining in that fastidious and fickle court, the favourable impression she had made at her first appearance there, in 1689, when Louis XIV. had said of her, "See what a queen ought to be!"¹

The French ladies had told lady Sophia Bulkeley that they were always charmed with the queen of England's visits to Fontainebleau. Her ladyship would have repeated more of the agreeable things that had been said of her royal mistress to the nuns, but Mary Beatrice, who always discouraged everything like flattery, interrupted her by saying, gravely, "The ladies here have much kindness for me, which was not the case in England, truth to tell; but I have lived since then to become wiser by my misfortunes." At the evening recreation, she said to the nuns, "Can you believe that I have returned, without having ventured to speak to the king on my business; but I hope what I have done will be the same as if I had, as I have spoken to Madame de Maintenon." The mind of the fallen queen misgave her that she had committed herself, and she cried, "But what shall I do if she should fail me? all would be lost then! But I am wrong," continued she, correcting herself; "my God, it is in Thee only that I should put my trust; Thou art my stay."²

So pressing was the want of money, that Mary Beatrice was reduced to the painful necessity of taking up a sum to relieve the direful pressure of distress, at this crisis. She found a merchant willing to accommodate her with a loan for three months, on the security of her French pension. "It was a painful duty," she said; "but if she waited till she touched what had been so long due to her, two-thirds of St. Germain's would have perished."³ She was also very anxious about her son's health, and determined to supply him with the means of going to the waters of Plombières, at any sacrifice.

One little expense which Mary Beatrice indulged herself in out of this loan, was to give a day of pleasure to some lowly individuals in her household, to whom so long a sojourn in a convent had probably been weary work. Our Chaillot diary records, "that on Tuesday, August 29th, the queen hired a coach for the filles de chambres of her ladies to go to Paris, to see a young person, of their own degree, take the novitiate habit of a *sœur-domestique*, at the Ursuline convent, and in the afternoon to see the *Petit Luxembourg*. The girls came back in raptures, for the princess de Condé hearing that they were in the family of the queen of England, had, out of respect to their royal mistress, ordered all the grand apartments to be thrown open to them, and even that they should be introduced into her own private apartment, where she was playing cards."

The day Mary Beatrice was at Marli, she had called on the duc de Berri, the grandson of Louis XIV., as etiquette required, but he was not at home. On the morrow, he sent a gentleman of his household to make his compliments to her majesty, and to express "his regret that he

¹ Madame de Sévigné.

² Diary of Chaillot, MSS. in the Archives au Royaume de France.

Ibid.

was absent, hunting in the plains of St. Denis, when she did him the honour of calling, but that he should take an early opportunity of returning her visit." The queen, who had no wish for his company, told the equerry, "that she thanked his royal highness for his polite attention, which she considered all the same as if he had put himself to the trouble of coming."¹

This, her majesty told the abbess, she had said, in the hope of being excused from his visit, as he was a prince for whose character she had no esteem; "nevertheless," added she, "you will see that he will come." The following day his royal highness made his appearance at the customary hour for formal calls—four o'clock. He came in state, and as he was the next in succession to the throne of France, after the infant dauphin, etiquette required that the abbess of Chaillot should pay him the respect of going with some of the community to receive him at the grate. She only took five or six of the sisters—doubtless, the elders of the house—and her reception was not the most courteous in the world, for she begged him not to bring any of his followers into her house. His royal highness appeared a little surprised, and explained that his visit was to the queen of England, and not to her reverence; however, the holy mother was resolute not to admit any of his train. He was, therefore, compelled to tell the chevalier du Roye and three other nobles of high rank, who were with him, that they could not enter; at which they were much offended.² The queen received him in the apartments belonging to the princess dowager of Condé, which were on the ground floor, "to spare him the trouble," as she politely observed, "of going up stairs," but doubtless in the hope of being rid of his company the sooner. However, he seated himself by her on the canapé, and appeared in no hurry to depart. While he was conversing with the queen, the duchess of Perth wondering what had become of the lords of his retinue, went to inquire, and found them very malcontent, in consequence of the slight that had been put upon them; attributing their exclusion to the pride or over-nicety of the queen of England. Lady Perth returned, and told her royal mistress in English, of this misunderstanding. Her majesty, who had never thought of such a thing, was much vexed, and when the duke of Berri begged that she would permit his gentlemen to enter, she said, "Sir, it is not for me to give that order; the power rests with you, and I beseech you to use it." The gentlemen were then admitted, but chose to mark their displeasure by remaining with the princess de Condé, instead of entering her majesty's presence. "I am sure," said Mary Beatrice, "it was no fault of mine." She was greatly annoyed at the circumstance, trivial as it really was, but she felt the insecurity of her position in that court, and beheld in the duke of Berri the probable regent of France."³

The queen's principal physician, M. Garvan, came on the 13th of

¹Diary of Chaillot.

²Ibid.

³He died the following spring, having shortened his life by his own excursions, leaving the post of guardian to the infant heir of France to be disputed between the duke of Maine, the son of Louis XIV. by Montespar, and the duke of Orleans, who obtained it.

September, to try and persuade her to return to St. Germain's, but she would not hear of it. She said she should write to her son, to prevent him from paying any attention to those who were pressing him to importune her on that subject. "Nothing that any one else can say, will make me do it," added she; "but if my son asks me, I cannot refuse him."¹

The duchess dowager of Orleans came to see Mary Beatrice in her retreat, and brought her a very kind letter from her daughter the duchess of Lorraine, expressing "the great satisfaction that both herself and her lord had experienced in the society of the chevalier de St. George whom she styled a most accomplished prince." The delighted mother could not refrain from reading this letter to the sisters of Chaillot; she expressed her gratitude to the duke and duchess of Lorraine, and begged madame the duchess of Orleans to tell them "that she regarded them as friends, whom God had raised up for her and her son at their utmost need, when they looked in vain for any other succour." The duchess of Orleans said, "her daughter was greatly altered, which she attributed to the number of children she had had." "Or rather," rejoined the queen, "by the grief of losing them; for," added she, with great emotion, "there is nothing so afflicting as the loss of children." "Her majesty," continues our recording nun, "repeated this several times; and it appeared as if it were only by an effort of virtue that she refrained from speaking of the princess her daughter."² That grief was too deep, too sacred to be named on every occasion; there was, withal, a delicacy of feeling in Mary Beatrice, which deterred her from wearing out sympathy by talking too much of her bereavement. When some one remarked in her presence, that people often loved their grandchildren better than they had done their own children, she replied, "When I shall have grandchildren, I hope my affection for them will not lead me to spoil them; but I am sure I shall not love them better than I love the king my son, or than I loved my poor daughter."³ The affection of Mary Beatrice, for these her youngest children, was of so absorbing a nature as to render her apparently forgetful of her buried family in England, her three elder daughters, and her first-born son, the infant duke of Cambridge. If any one alluded to the loss of those children, which had been among the trials of the first years of her wedded life, she generally replied, "that she acknowledged the wisdom and mercy of her Heavenly Father in that dispensation, as well as in all his other dealings with her; for now she felt an assurance of their eternal happiness, which she might not otherwise have done. Happy," she would add, "are those mothers who bear for the Lord."⁴

On the 16th of Sept., 1713, being the 12th anniversary of king James's death, her anguish was renewed by the commemorative offices at which she had assisted in the tribune, where the hearts of the husband and daughter she had loved so fondly were enshrined, yet she said, "that in the midst of her grief she had consolation in the thought that they were

¹ Diary of Chaillot.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Diary of the Nun. of Chaillot, MSS. Archives au Royaume de France

commission, it seems, to admiration; for she made a choice of a beautiful piece of red brocade, flowered with gold and silver, and edged with a splendid gold fringe with a rich heading. Sister Marie Helène, who possessed the pen of a ready writer, composed, by the queen's desire, some verses, suitable to the occasion, to accompany the present. Meantime, the matter was kept as secret as anything could be, in which three ladies were concerned, till the important day arrived. After the abbess had received all the other little offerings, they were placed in the chamber of assembly, and the queen was invited to come and look at them. Her majesty had something obliging to say of everything; and when she had inspected all, she bade sister Marie Helène bring her gift, and present it to the abbess, with the verses, in her name. It was quite a surprise, and the whole community were eloquent in their admiration of the elegance and magnificence of the offering; but the queen imposed silence, not loving to hear her own praise.¹ The community wished to have the arms and initials of the royal donor emblazoned on the *parament*; but Mary Beatrice would not permit it, saying, "that it would appear like vanity and ostentation, and that she should consider it highly presumptuous to allow anything to her own glorification to be placed in a church."

Cardinal Gaulterio, who had seen the chevalier de St. George, at the court of Lorraine, after his return from Plombières, came to bring letters from him to his widowed mother, and rejoiced her heart with good accounts of his health and commendations of his conduct. Mary Beatrice told the nuns, "that she had laughed and cried alternately at the sight of the cardinal, who was her countryman, because she had thought to see his face no more."

The "*cocquere*," as our Chaillot chronicle designates the enthusiastic broad-brimmed Jacobite before mentioned, paid the queen a second visit about this time. Mary Beatrice received him in the presence of her friend, cardinal Gaulterio, and behaved so graciously to him, that he left her highly delighted with the interview. The conference between so remarkable a trio as our Italian queen, a cardinal, and a quaker, must have been an amusing one.²

¹ Chaillot Diary.

² Three years prior to this date, 1714, we find some curious particulars of the quaker, Bromfield, in the inedited diary despatches of secretary St. John to the earl of Strafford, ambassador to the states-general, which appear very similar to our nun's account of the *cocquere*. St. John writes April 20th, 1712:

"As to the quaker, Bromfield, the queen (Anne) hath had one or two letters from him, wherein he gives such an account of himself as would serve to convey him to Tyburn, and I own I look upon him as a madman. Your excellency will not, I believe, think fit to give him any passport. If you can make use of him to discover any Jacobite correspondence, it will be of service.

"May 18th.—Bromfield, the quaker, I have been in search of, ever since your excellency gave me notice of his being come over; my messenger has at last found him out, and he is in custody."

The Earl of Strafford, in his letter from the Hague to St. John, writes, April 21: "There is one Bromfield, a quaker, who wrote me a letter with one enclosed to the queen, showing that the fellow had formerly been a private secret

Martine, the Hessian envoy at Paris, notices the quaker's visit to the chevalier de St. George, in a letter to Robethon, the Hanoverian minister,¹ in which he mentions the return to Paris of one of his friends who had spent two months with the exiled prince at Bar, where he got much into his confidence, and spoke very favourably of him. The chevalier himself told Martine's friend, "that a quaker, who was much spoken of in England at that time, came to Bar on purpose to see him, and when he entered the room, addressed him in these words: 'Good day, James; the Spirit desired me to come to thee to tell thee that thou shalt reign over us, and we all wish it. I come to tell thee, that if thou hast need of money, we will pay thee amongst us from three to four millions.'" The prince wanted to make him some present, but he would not take anything. The prince made him eat at his own table.²

Mary Beatrice would gladly have ended her days in the retirement of Chaillot; but for the sake of her beloved son's interest, she was induced to return to St. Germain's towards the end of November, to the great joy of her ladies, the duchess of Perth, the countess of Middleton, lady Sophia Bulkeley, and madame Molza, who, though they were zealous Roman Catholics, appear to have considered six months' conformity to conventual rules rather too much of a good thing. Before

tary to the late king James, and was no fool. I sent for him to see what I could get out of him. He at first inferred that he would sell his secret to no one but the queen; but I made him sensible that could not be done, and that he must trust me before I could let him have a pass." Strafford goes on to say that Bromfield's mighty secret was that he knew of a nobleman in France, who was the rightful representative of the house of Valois, and might be easily set up as a pretender to the crown of that realm, to disturb the government. He was very desirous of a pass to England, that he might have a private conference with queen Anne; but the ambassador says "he hopes to make a better use of him by getting secret intelligence of the court of St. Germain's, against which Bromfield appeared much irritated." Strafford told him to get into the confidence of Taylor, a nonjuror, and the head of the Jacobite party at Rotterdam. Bromfield said he wanted money to keep company with them; to which Strafford replied, "that if he found him deserving of encouragement he should not want for money." He confessed "that he had been imprisoned by king William, having been sent over by king James to raise loans for him in England, in which he had succeeded," he said, "to the amount of two millions; adding, that there were people engaged in doing the same for his son, and that there was certainly some design on foot." The duke of Marlborough says he remembers to have heard of him as a person in credit, as master of the mint to king James in Ireland. 12th of May, Strafford writes, "I proposed to Bromfield, the quaker, to send me a letter for some of his friends at St. Germain's, that the answers might be directed to the merchant at Rotterdam who sells me my wine, which part he accepted of. Really the quaker is no fool. 22nd of May.—I am informed that the quaker, Bromfield, who I mentioned to you in my former letters, finding I would not give him a pass, has contrived to go over without any, in the last merchant's ship that went from Rotterdam. He sent me the letter of his correspondent at Paris only as a blind, that I might not hear of his going over. You will easily discover him. He is of a middle stature, between fifty or sixty years old, with a long grisy beard."—Collection of State Letters and Papers Birch MSS.

¹ Dated Paris, March 23rd, N. S., 1714. Bothmar State Papers in Macpherson

² Ibid

the widowed queen quitted Chaillot, one of the nuns congratulated her on the beneficial effects the waters of Plombières had produced on the weakly constitution of the chevalier de St. George, adding, "that she should pray for the improvement of his health and the preservation of his life, as the most important things to be desired for him." "How can you say so?" cried the queen. "Is there no other good thing to be desired for my son?" "Madam," replied the nun, "we know that on these depend his fortunes." "Ah, my sister!" said the royal mother, "think not too much of his temporal good, but rather let us ask sanctification and constancy in his religion for my son, and the accomplishment of God's holy will, whatever it may be." With this strong feeling on her mind, Mary Beatrice ought not to have coveted the throne of a protestant realm for her son. Such, however, are the inconsistencies of maternal ambition.

General reports were, at that time, prevalent, that the chevalier de St. George was about to comply with the earnest solicitations of his friends of the church of England, by abjuring that of Rome. The resignation of the earl of Middleton, the only Roman catholic in his train at Bar, appeared a preliminary to that step. Few could believe that he would hesitate to imitate the example of his great-grandfather, Henry of Navarre, when, under similar temptations, he had sacrificed his protestantism for a crown. The unfortunate family of Stuart were, with one exception only, singularly deficient in the wisdom of this world. The Merry Monarch was the only man of his line who possessed sufficient laxity of principle to adapt himself to the temper of the times in which he lived.

The son of James II. had not only been imbued by his parents with strong prejudices in favour of the faith in which he had been educated, but a feeling of spiritual romance induced him to cleave to it, as a point of honour, the more vehemently, whenever he was assailed with representations of how much his profession was opposed to his worldly interests.

Among the Chaillot records,¹ a paper is preserved, in the well-known hand of the widow of James II., enclosed in a letter to the abbess of Chaillot, headed—

"EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THE KING MY SON, WRITTEN BY HIM TO ME IN ENGLISH, THE 30TH OF DECEMBER, 1713.

"I doubt not that the reports, positive and circumstantial as they are, which are in circulation of my having changed my religion, have reached you, but you know me too well to be alarmed; and I can assure you, that with the grace of God, you will sooner see me dead than out of the church."²

¹ In the Archives au Royaume de France.

² To render this extract intelligible to her friend, her majesty has translated it into French, of which the above is the literal version. If ever the original should be forthcoming, the phraseology will of course appear somewhat different. It may therefore be a satisfaction to the reader to see the inedited French document, of which, through the favour of monsieur Guizot, I was permitted to take a transcript, from the autograph of the royal mother, who, in her ardent zeal for the church of Rome, afforded, in this communication, sufficient reason for the exclusion of her son from the throne of a Protestant realm.

Under this, the royal mother has, with characteristic enthusiasm, written :

"For my part, my dear mother, I pray God that it may be so, and rest in firm reliance that God in his mercy will never abandon that dear son whom he has given me, and of whom his divine Providence has, up to the present time, taken such peculiar care.

"At St. Germain, January 26th, 1714.

MARIA R."

In the letter wherein the preceding extract is enclosed, the queen says—

"I have been delighted to see these lines written by his hand, and am well persuaded that they are imprinted on his heart. I have written to this dear son, that I threw myself on my knees after I had read them, and thanked God with all my heart that through his mercy both were inspired with the same sentiments, he in wishing rather to die, and I in desiring rather to see him dead than out of the church."¹

The name of bigot will, doubtless, be applied to Mary Beatrice by many readers of the above passage, and perhaps with justice, for confining exclusively to one peculiar section a term which includes the righteous of every varying denomination of the great Christian family. The accidents of birth and education had made this princess a member of the Latin church, but if she had been born and brought up as a daughter of the church of England, or any other protestant community, there can be little doubt but she would have been equally zealous and sincere in her profession, and no less ready to sacrifice temporal advantages for conscience' sake.

The enthusiastic attachment of Mary Beatrice to her own religion prompted her to give as much publicity to her son's assurances on the subject of his determination to adhere to the Romish communion, as if it had been her great object to exclude him from the throne of England. Among Bothmar the Hanoverian minister's papers, there is an intercepted letter, headed thus in Robethon's hand :

"Paris, 31st January, 1714. — From the secretary of the Pretender's mother to lord Aylesbury."

Which ends with these words :—

"Our friend at Bar-le-duc remains firm to his persuasions as yet, though many

*** EXTRAIT D'UNE LETTRE DU ROY MON FILS, QU'JL M'A ESCRITE EN ANGOIS LE 30 DECEMB. 1713.**

"Je ne doute pas, que les bruits positifs, et pleins de circonstances qui concernent de mon changement de religion ne soient arrivés jusques à vous, mais vous me connoissez trop bien pour en estre allarmé, et je puis vous assurer, qu'avec la grace de Dieu, vous me verrez plus tost mort que hors de l'Eglise."

"Pour moi, ma chere mere, je prie Dieu qu'il soit ainsi, et je me tiens en repos, quant une ferme confiance, que Dieu par sa misericorde, n'abandonnera jamais ce cher fils qu'il m'a donné, et du quel sa Divine Providence a jusques jey pris un soin si particulier.

MARIE R.

"A St. Germain, ce 26 Janr."

1714.

¹ *See also* : — Janvier 1714 sur la perseverance du Roy Jacques 3^{me} dans nouvelle Religion.

² Archives au Royaume de France. Inedited autograph.

efforts have been made to bring him over. It was a great comfort to his mother to find his firmness in that point, by a letter under his own hand. We shall see what the darling hopes of a crown will do when proper steps are made towards it."¹

The death of queen Anne was almost hourly expected at that time; all Europe stood at gaze, awaiting, with eager curiosity, the proceedings of the rival claimants of the crown of Great Britain. That the prospects of the expatriated son of James II. and Mary Beatrice were regarded at that crisis as flattering may be inferred from the encouragement given by the emperor of Germany to the secret overtures for a matrimonial alliance between that prince and the archduchess his sister.² The favourable dispositions of the dying sovereign of Great Britain toward her disinherited brother, were generally asserted, and it may, perhaps, be considered as symptomatic of the state of her mind at the approach of death, that she was willing to accord the long withheld provision of her royal father's widow.

Early in the year 1714, Mary Beatrice received the first, last, and only instalment from the British government, ever paid to her of the jointure settled upon her by the parliament of England. Queen Anne, on the 23d of December, 1713, signed the warrant authorizing the payment of 11,750*l.* out of 500,000*l.* lately granted by parliament for the liquidation of her own private debts. 50,000*l.* per annum was the sum originally claimed by the exiled queen, but her necessities, and above all her desire of entering into amicable relations with queen Anne, for the sake of her son, induced her gladly to accept a first quarter's payment on the lord treasurer Harley's computation of the dower at 47,000*l.* The acquittance she gave was simply signed "Marie, Reine."

This transaction was subsequently made one of the heads of Harley earl of Oxford's impeachment in the house of lords, when, among other political offences, he was accused

"Of having by means of Matthew Prior (the poet) held secret correspondence with Mary, consort to the late king James, and that he had also had frequent conferences with the abbot Gualtier, a Popish priest, her emissary, to concert settling the yearly pension of the said 47,000*l.* upon her, for her life, under pretence of those letters-patent, and that he had advised her majesty, queen Anne, to sign a warrant to himself, reciting the said grant of the late king James for payment thereof."³

To this accusation the earl of Oxford pleaded, "that the consort of James II. was legally entitled to receive the jointure, which had been secured to her by an act of parliament, and guaranteed by the private

¹ Hanover State Papers, in Macpherson. "The chevalier St. George," says the duchess of Orleans, "was the best man in the world, and complaisance itself. One day he said to lord Douglas, 'What can I do to please my country, meaning England. 'Take a dozen Jesuits,' replied Douglas, 'embark with them, and when you land, hang them all publicly. You cannot do anything more agreeable to the English than that!'"—Fragments Historique.

² Letters of the duke of Lorraine, and the secretary of state to the court of Vienna.

³ State Trials, vol. viii. 316.

articles of the treaty of Ryswick, and the legality of her claims not being doubted by her majesty queen Anne's counsel-at-law, he had considered it his duty to pay proper attention to it; and being a debt he had thought himself authorized to pay it out of the fund of 500,000*l.* which had been provided for the liquidation of her majesty's debts."¹ The arrears of the dower, for all the years that this unfortunate queen had been deprived of her provision, amounted to upwards of a million of sterling English money; her urgent necessities rendered her glad to compound that claim, for the sake of touching the above eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds, in ready money; that sum enabled her to relieve the distresses of her unfortunate followers, who had been for many months perishing, before her eyes, of want.

The earl, or as he was entitled in that court, the duke, of Melfort, having returned to St. Germain, died there in the beginning of the year 1714, leaving his wife and family almost in a state of destitution. He was a man, whose violent temper, defective judgment, and headlong zeal for the interests of the church of Rome, contributed to the ruin of his royal master and mistress; but the assertion that the exiled family regarded him in any other light than that of a faithful servant, is disproved by the affectionate manner in which the chevalier de St. George recommended his family to the care and protection of queen Mary Beatrice. The following inedited letter of condolence, addressed by that prince to lady Melfort, which, through the courtesy of the present duke de Melfort, is here, for the first time, placed before the historical reader, must set that dispute at rest for ever:

"Bar, Feb. 3, 1714.

"The true sense I have of the late duke de Melfort's long and faithful services, makes me sincerely share with you in the loss both you and I have made of him. It is a sensible mortification to me not to be able to be of that comfort and support to you and your son and whole afflicted family, which you so justly deserve from me. All I could do, was to recommend you all to the queen's goodness and bounty, which I did before the duke of Melfort's death, whose merit is too great ever to be forgot by me, who desire nothing more than to have it in my power of showing you and your family how truly sensible I am of it, and the particular esteem and kindness I have for yourself. JAMES R.

"For the duchess of Melfort."²

In consequence of her son's recommendation, her majesty appointed the duchess de Melfort as lady of the bedchamber, and one of her daughters maid of honour. The same young lady, probably, who while in the service of the late princess Louisa, was celebrated by count Hamilton by the name of mademoiselle de Melfort, among the beauties of St. Germain. A melancholy change had come over those royal bowers since then. After the death of the princess, and the enforced absence of her brother, the sportive lyre of their merry old poet, chevalier Hamilton, was never strung again. His gay spirit was quenched at last with sorrow, age, and penury.³

¹ *Journals of the Lords. State Trials, vol. viii.*

² From the original autograph in possession of the duke de Melfort, peer of France

³ His sister, the countess de Grammont, was dead, and he retired to Louvèré.

Towards the spring of 1714, Mary Beatrice was attacked with so severe an illness that she was given up by her physicians. She received the intimation with perfect calmness; life had now nothing to attach her except a longing desire to see her son. Louis XIV. and madame de Maintenon came to take leave of her, and testified much concern; they paid her great attention during the whole of her illness, from first to last. After she had received the last sacraments of her church, contrary to all human expectation, she revived, and finally recovered.¹ Her great patience, tranquillity, and docility in sickness, were supposed to be the reasons that her feeble frame had survived through illness that would have proved fatal to younger and more vigorous persons, so true it is, "that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." The queen's beloved friend, Angelique Priolo, was so dangerously ill at the same time that her life was despaired of also, and she too recovered. The first letter written by Mary Beatrice during her convalescence, dated May 22, was to congratulate that lady on her amendment, and to express her regret that in consequence of bad weather she was unable to come and see her, and recruit both mind and body by spending a few days at Chaillot:

"It is very proper," she says, "that I should come to testify in person the joy I feel in the new life that God has given you, and that I should give you some signs of that which he has also restored to me, for no one could be nearer death, than I have been, without dying. I believe, however, that you have not been in less danger than I was, only you did not see it so plainly, for my head was perfectly clear and self-possessed, even when it was supposed that I had less than an hour to live. But I was not worthy to appear before God, and it is meet that I should suffer still more in this life to do penance for my sins, and I shall be too happy, if God, in his mercy, will spare me in the other."

Her majesty goes on to express "her intention of coming to Chaillot as soon as the weather should change for the better, provided her health continues to amend, seeing she gains strength very slowly." She sends affectionate messages to the "sisterhood in general, and to some of the invalids by name, requesting the prayers of the community for herself and her son, who is at present," she says, "at the waters of Plombières." This very interesting letter concludes with these words:

"Adieu, my dear mother, till I can give you in person the particulars of the state of mind and body in which I am at present, and of my feelings when I believed myself dying, at which time both my heart and soul were far more tranquil than when I am well. It was one of the effects of God's mercy on me."²

The utter prostration of physical powers in which the royal widow remained for many weeks after this severe and dangerous illness, is probably the reason that her name is so little mentioned in connexion with

live on the alms of his niece, who was abbess of the convent there, rather than increase the burdens of the widow of his royal master. He died at an advanced age, somewhere about the year 1716.

¹ *Memoirs de St. Simon.* Chaillot Records.

² Autograph Letter of the widow of James II., to the abbess of Chaillot in the Archives au Royaume de France.

the political history of a crisis, in which, as the mother of the chevalier de St. George, she was only too painfully interested. The stormy conflicts, on the subject of the succession, that rudely shook the ebbing sands of her august step-daughter, queen Anne, will be related in the biography of that queen.¹

During the last weeks of queen Anne's illness, Mary Beatrice transmitted the intelligence, she obtained on that subject, regularly to her son. Her proceedings were of course closely watched. Prior, in his dispatch to lord Bolingbroke, of August 17, expresses himself uncertain whether his royal mistress were alive or dead. The widow of James II. had received earlier tidings of the event, for we find, by the same letter, that she had sent off an express to her son in Lorraine. This express was dispatched by Mary Beatrice on the 12th of August, the day the news of queen Anne's death reached her. The moment the chevalier de St. George learned the demise of his royal sister, he took post and travelled incognito, with the utmost speed, from Bar to Paris, to consult the queen, his mother, and his other friends, "having resolved," says the duke of Berwick, "to cross over to England to assert his rights."² As he was prohibited from entering France, Mary Beatrice came to meet him at Chaillot, where the duc de Lauzun had hired a small house, in his own name, for the reception of the royal adventurer, whose person was too well known at St. Germain for him to venture to brave the authority of his most Christian majesty by appearing there. Surrounded as both the mother and son were with spies, the secret of his arrival in the purlieus of Paris was quickly carried to the court of France. Louis XIV. had paid too dearly for his romantic sympathy for the widow and son of James II. on a former occasion to commit himself a second time, by infringing the peace of Utrecht, as he had done that of Ryswick, to dry the tears of an afflicted queen.

France was not in a state to maintain a war; her monarch was turned of seventy-six—the age of chivalry was over; instead of trusting himself to listen to the impassioned pleadings of the Constance and Arthur of modern history, he wisely sent his cool-headed minister, de Torcy, to persuade the luckless claimant of the British crown to return whence he came, and if he could not prevail, to tell him that he had orders to compel him to leave France without delay. As no invitation arrived from England, but on the contrary George I. had been peacefully proclaimed, it was judged unadvisable for the chevalier to attempt to proceed thither, destitute as he was of money, ships, or men, and uncertain where to land.³ To have had the slightest chance of success, he ought to have been on the spot before the death of queen Anne, ready to carry the field by a prompt appeal to the suffrages of the people. Now there

¹ The general history of that exciting period has been ably condensed by a noble historian of the present day, Lord Mahon, who, having carefully collected many inedited documents, connected with the events related in the authorized annals of the times, gives a more impartial view of things, that so closely affected the passions and prejudices of contemporaries, than can rationally be expected from partisan writers on either side.

² *Memoirs du marshal de Berwick*, vol. ii. p. 134.

Ibid.

was nothing to be done but to await quietly the effect that might be produced by the manners and appearance of the new sovereign, who had been called to the throne of the Plantagenets.

Mary Beatrice and her son perceived, too late, how completely they had been fooled by the diplomacy of Harley. It must be confessed that neither the queen nor the earl of Middleton had put any confidence in the professions of that statesman, till by the disbursement of a quarter's payment of the long-contested dower, he gave a tangible voucher of his good intentions towards the Stuart cause. It was, in sooth, eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds cleverly employed, in throwing dust in the eyes of those whose confidence he, by that politic sacrifice, succeeded in winning.¹

The parting between Mary Beatrice and her son was, of course, a sorrowful one. The prince returned to Bar, and from Bar proceeded to Plombières, where he issued a manifesto, asserting his right to the crown of England, and proclaiming "the good intentions of the late princess, his sister, in his favour." This declaration turned, in some measure, the table on the treacherous members of queen Anne's cabinet, who had played fast and loose with the court of St Germain, and was followed by the disgrace of Harley, Ormond, and Bolingbroke.

The young queen of Spain, who was a princess of Savoy, sister to the late dauphiness, Adelaide, and granddaughter of Henrietta, of England, kept up an affectionate correspondence with Mary Beatrice, whom she always addressed as her dear aunt. Mary Beatrice received a very pleasing letter from this friendly princess, during her abode at Chaillot, telling her, "how much pain she had felt at the reports of her illness, and thanking her for her goodness in having had prayers for her and her consort put up in the convent of Chaillot." Her majesty entreated, "that those might be continued till after her delivery, as she was now in her eighth month, and should be compelled to remain in bed for the rest of the time."

On the birth of the expected infant, which proved a son, the king of Spain wrote, with his own hand, to announce that event to Mary Beatrice; and as she was still treated by that monarch and his ceremonious court with the same punctilious respect as if she had been the queen-mother of a reigning sovereign, the royal letter was delivered to her, in all due form, by the secretary to the Spanish embassy, who came in state to Chaillot, and requested an audience of her majesty for that purpose. Mary Beatrice received also a letter from the princess des Ursins, giving a very favourable account of the progress of the queen, and tell

¹ Harley played too fine a game to be understood by the obtuse faculties of the sovereign whom he was the means of placing on the throne of Great Britain. He incurred the hatred and contempt of both parties by his diplomacy. The Jacobite mob threw halters into his coach as he went to proclaim George I.; and George I. in return for that service, took an early opportunity of impeaching him of high treason, for having entered into secret correspondence with the court of St. Germain; that correspondence which had, in effect, beguiled the sor of James II. from coming over to make a personal appeal to the feelings of his sister and the people of England.

ing her, "that the new infant was to be named Ferdinand—a name revered in Spain." Mary Beatrice wrote, in reply, to the king of Spain, congratulating him on this happy event. In her reply to the princess des Ursins, after expressing her joy at the safety of the queen of Spain, she says:—

"I pray you to embrace for me the dear little prince of the Asturias, to whom I wish all the blessings spiritual and temporal, that God in his *graco* may be pleased to bestow; and I beg you to tell him as soon as he can understand what it means, that he has an old great-great-aunt who loves him very much."¹

Meantime, in consequence of the death of the duc de Berri, the last surviving grandson of France, in the preceding May, the court of Versailles was scarcely less agitated with cabals and intrigues, regarding the choice of the future regent for the infant dauphin, than that of England had recently been on the question of the regal succession. The exiled queen of England has been accused of aiding, with her personal influence, the attempt of madame de Maintenon, to obtain that high and important post for her pupil, the duc de Maine, Louis XIV.'s son by Montespan, in preference to the duc d'Orleans, to whom it of right belonged; and, for this end, she constantly importuned his majesty to make a will, conferring the regency on the duc de Maine. The veteran intrigante, to whom the weight of four-score years had not taught the wisdom of repose from the turmoils of state, fancied, that if her pupil obtained the regency, she should still continue to be the ruling power in France. Louis XIV. was reluctant to make a will at all, and, still more so, to degrade himself in the opinion of the world, by making testamentary dispositions, such as he knew would be very properly set aside by the great peers of France. Madame de Maintenon carried her point, nevertheless, by the dint of her persevering importunity. The part ascribed to Mary Beatrice is not so well authenticated; on the contrary, it appears, that it was to her that the vexed monarch vented the bitterness of his soul on this occasion. When he came to Chaillot to meet her, on the 28th of August, 1714, the moment he saw her, he said, "Madam, I have made my will. They tormented me to do it!" continued he, turning his eyes significantly on madame de Maintenon as he spoke; "and I have had neither peace nor repose till it was done." Mary Beatrice attempted to soothe his irritation, by commending him for his prudential care in settling the government for his infant heir before his death. The answer of the aged king was striking: "I have purchased some repose for myself, by what I have done, but I know the perfect uselessness of it. Kings, while they live, can do more than other men; but after our deaths, our wills are less regarded than those of the humblest of our subjects. We have seen this by the little regard that was paid to the testamentary dispositions of the late king, my father, and many other monarchs. Well, madam, it is done, come what may of it; but, at least, they will not tease me about it any more."²

"The queen Beatrix Eleanora, wife of James II., king of England,"

¹Diary of Chaillot.

²St Simon. Duclos, and the duke of Berwick's Autobiography.

says Elizabeth Charlotte, the mother of the regent Orleans, "lived too well with the Maintenon for it to be credible that our late king was in love with her. I have seen a book, entitled, 'The Old Bastard Protector of the Young,' in which was recounted a piece of scandal of that queen and the late père de la Chaise. This confessor was an aged man, turned of four-score, who bore no slight resemblance to an ass, having long ears, a large mouth, a great head, and a long face. It was ill imagined. That libel was even less credible than what they have said about our late king."¹

It is rarely, indeed, that our caustic German princess rejects a gossip's tale; and her departure from her wonted custom, of believing the worst of every one, is the more remarkable in this instance, inasmuch as the widowed consort of James II. was the intimate friend, and in some things unadvisedly the ally, of "*La vieille Maintenon*." The duchess of Orleans complains, that the latter had prejudiced the queen against her, so that she had, on some occasions, treated her with less attention than was her due. "For instance," she says, "when the queen of England came to Marli, and either walked with the king, or accompanied him in his coach on their return, the queen, the dauphiness, the princess of England, and all the other princesses, would be gathered round the king but me, for whom alone they did not send." This implies a negative rather than a positive slight: for the exiled queen certainly had no power of sending for any lady in that court. She ought, perhaps, on observing the absence of madame, to have inquired for her, especially as she was a family connexion of her late lord, king James, being the granddaughter of his aunt, the queen of Bohemia, and the widow of his brother-in-law and cousin, the late duke of Orleans. Our grumbling duchess is, however, candid enough to attribute the friendship with which Mary Beatrice honoured Maintenon, to the idea that ingenuous princess had formed of her sanctity. "She feigns so much humility and piety when with the queen of England," continues the duchess of Orleans, still speaking of Maintenon, "that her majesty regards her as a saint."² It was considered a conclusive evidence of the matrimonial tie between Louis XIV. and madame de Maintenon, when it was seen that she occupied a fauteuil in the presence of the consort of James II., who never abated one iota of the state pertaining to a queen of England in matters on which that ceremonious court placed an absurd importance.³

As soon as it was known that the king had been to visit queen Mary Beatrice at Chaillot, all the court considered it necessary to follow the royal example; and as she made a point of offending no one, by refusing to grant receptions, she found herself so much fatigued as to be glad to return to St. Germain. The following affectionate billet appears to have been written by her to the abbess of Chaillot after her return:—

"It is now eight days since I quitted you, my dear mother, in the crowd and embarrassment of visits which fatigued me much, and were troublesome, not

¹ *Fragmens Historique.*

² *Ibid*

³ *St. Simon*

only in themselves, but from having deprived me of the pleasure of conversing with you. It seemed to me, however, that I left you in a state of repose. I wish to-day to learn if that continues, and if the little depression in which you found yourself had any other effects. I hope that it is removed and that your heart is in that peace which I desire for it, as for my own. And I pray to God that he will grant it to us, as it is only Him who has power to give us what we wish. I shall go to-morrow to St. Cyr, and on Wednesday week to Fontainebleau, if it please God. You shall have tidings of me once before then. Send me yours, which cannot be indifferent to me assuredly, since I love you with all my heart."

This letter has no other date than Saturday, but certainly belongs to the period of her last utter loneliness, as there is no mention of husband or children, and the solitary pronoun "I," which she uses with reference to her visits to St. Cyr and Fontainebleau, tells the melancholy case in which the royal widow stood, after death had bereaved her of her sweet companion and comforter, the princess Louisa, and cruel circumstances had deprived her of the society of her son.

The following spring, strange manifestations of popular feeling in favour of the disinherited representative of the old royal line broke forth in various parts of England. The cries of "No foreign government—no Hanover!" "Down with the roundheads!" "St. George for England!" were reiterated in Oxford, London, Bristol, and Leicester, and other large towns. The oak leaves were, in spite of all prohibition, triumphantly displayed once more on the national festival of the 29th of May, with the words—"A new restoration," super-added in many places. In London, on the 10th of June, white roses were worn, in honour of the birth-day of the chevalier de St. George; and at night, the mob compelled the householders to illuminate, and broke the windows of those who did not, and finished their saturnalia by burning the effigy of William III. in Smithfield.¹ It was the 27th anniversary of the birth of the son of Mary Beatrice, and the only one which had been celebrated with anything like popular rejoicings. At Edinburgh, his health was publicly drunk at the town-cross, by the style and title of king James VIII., with acclamations.² The object of this wild enthusiasm was, like Robert the Unready, too tardy to take advantage of the movement which might have borne him triumphantly to a throne, if he had been at hand to encourage his friends. He waited for foreign aid: if Henry IV., Edward IV., and Henry VII., had done so, neither would have died kings of England. The timidity of Mary Beatrice, arising from the excess of her maternal weakness for her son, continued to paralyse the spirit of enterprise that was requisite for the leader of such a cause. She declared, as lord Stair affirms, "that without a fleet, and a proper supply of arms and troops, her son ought not to imperil the lives and fortunes of his devoted friends, by attempting a descent either on England or Scotland."³

It was, probably, for the purpose of impressing this caution on the

¹ Jesse's History of the Two Pretenders. Calamy bears record of the excited state of the populace in favour of the pretender, and the insults offered to the reigning sovereign.

² Loc. cit. of Carnwarth.

³ Stair's Despatches.

mind of her son, that we find the royal invalid rousing herself to personal exertion once more, and commencing a journey to Plombières, in a litter, on the 12th of June, to obtain an interview with him, as he was prohibited from entering the French dominions. The chevalier de St. George came to meet his mother at Plombières; and after she had reposed herself there for a few days, induced her to accompany him on his return to the court of Bar, where she was most affectionately received by the friendly duke and duchess of Lorraine. The earl of Stair was immediately, as in duty bound, on the alert to trace the proceedings of the exiled queen and her son. On the 24th of July he writes to his own cabinet—

“I sent Barton to Lorraine, to be informed of the pretender's motions; I met the abbé du Bois in a wood, and gave him an account of the intelligence I had concerning the pretender. I desired he would be particularly careful in informing himself concerning the pretender's designs, and how far the court meddled with them. I set a man to observe lord Bolingbroke.”¹

Our ambassador also held secret intelligence with Mr. Hooke, a protestant divine, in the establishment of the chevalier, formerly chaplain to Monmouth, a fabricator of libels against James II., whom that infatuated prince, in an evil hour for himself, pardoned and took into his own service and confidence, fancying that by favours he could convert a factious divine into a friend. Barton returned on the 29th of July from Bar, and on the same day lord Stair reports that “the pretender is still there with the queen (his mother); everything quiet, and few people there. They talk of his (the pretender) going to Britain; when his mother comes back, he will probably set out.”

The following passage, in a letter from the duke of Berwick to Torcy, the French minister, dated August 24, 1715, affords an amusing comment on the conduct and character of his renowned uncle:—

“I have received a letter from the duke of Marlborough, in which he expresses to me that he hopes much to enjoy the protection of M. le chevalier (St. George), accompanying these professions with a second present of two thousand pounds sterling. This gives me much hope, considering the character of my uncle, who is not accustomed to scatter his money thus, unless he foresees that it will prove of some utility.”

¹Miscellaneous State Papers, in 2 quarto vols., printed for Cadell, vol. ii. p. 533

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

JUEN CONSORT OF JAMES II. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

CHAPTER XII.

Mary Beatrice returns to St. Germain's—Attends the death-bed of Louis XIV.—Retains her influence to the last—Her deposition touching Louis's will—Her constancy of friendship to madame de Maintenon—Their meeting at Chaillot—Lord Bolingbroke jealous of her majesty's influence with her son—Failure of promises made to Mary Beatrice in behalf of her son—The rebellion of 1715—Mary Beatrice prayed for as queen-mother in England and Scotland—Lady Sophia Bulkeley's letters—Queen's uncertainty as to the fate of her son—His dangerous journey from Lorraine—Secret visit to Paris—Queen meets him at Chaillot—His frightful peril at Nonancourt—Queen writes to the post-mistress of that place—Chevalier sails for Scotland—Queen's suspense—Letters of Lady Sophia Bulkeley, descriptive of her feelings—Conflicting rumours of successes and defeats—Queen receives news of her son's landing—Her sickness—Flattering news from Scotland—Reports of her son's coronation—Melancholy reverse—Desperate position of Jacobite cause—Queen's convalescence—Excited state of her court—Unfeeling conduct of lord Bolingbroke to the queen—Her pecuniary distress—Her son lands in France—Comes to St. Germain's to see his mother—Compelled to leave her—His inconsiderate conduct—Maternal anxiety of the queen—Her son's rupture with Bolingbroke—Queen offers to mediate—Bolingbroke's rude reply—His dishonourable practices—Letters of lady Sophia Bulkeley—Depression of the queen and her ladies—Fate of Jacobite prisoners—Distress of Mary Beatrice—Her son goes to Arington—Queen remains at St. Germain's—Respect felt for her in France—Lingering affection in England for the Stuart cause—Oak-apple day and White-rose day—A new courtier presented to queen Mary Beatrice—Matrimonial projects for her son—Her correspondence with the old Jacobites—Plots for her son's restoration—Queen's letter to abbess of Chaillot—Her seals—Armorial bearings—Jacobite correspondence—Affectionate relations with her son—Her last illness—Unfinished farewell letter—Particulars of her last moments—Recommends her son to the regent Orleans—Her care for her ladies—Her death—Testimonials of her virtues—Malicious reports of her enemies—General lamentations at St. Germain's—Funeral honours paid to her remains—Inedited letter of her son—Respect paid by the regent to her last request—Refuge granted to her ladies—Her apartment at St. Germain's—Tradition of the place—Her portrait in old age.

MARY BEATRICE returned to St. Germain's in time to attend the death-bed of her old friend, Louis XIV., and to use her influence with him once more in behalf of her son. The dying monarch exerted himself to write with his own hand to his grandson, the king of Spain, urging him to render all the assistance he could to his adopted son, as he called the chevalier de St. George, to aid in establishing him on the British throne.¹ Louis had himself actually entered into serious engagements with queen

¹ Lemontey's Histoire du Regency.

Mary Beatrice to furnish arms for ten thousand men, and ships to transport them to Scotland. He had issued his commands for the preparation of the armament, and it was in a state of forwardness at the time when his death frustrated all the dispositions he had made in favour of the expected rising in the north of England.¹ "He gave," says the duke of Berwick, "all the orders that were necessary, and then calmly awaited his last hour. He had told the queen of England several times that he was not ignorant, that at his advanced age he must soon expect to die, and thus he prepared himself for it, day by day, that he might not be taken by surprise. They had a very different opinion of him in the world, for there they imagined that he would not suffer any one to speak to him of death. I know to a certainty, that what I have stated is true, having had it from the mouth of the queen herself, a princess of strict veracity."²

Louis XIV. breathed his last, September 1st, 1715.

Mary Beatrice, who was greatly afflicted, not only for the loss of her old friend, but on account of the damp that event was sure to cast on the hopes of the Jacobite cause at that painfully exciting crisis of the fortunes of her son, withdrew to Chaillot to indulge her grief. In the dispute which took place, touching the guardianship of the infant king, his successor, the exiled queen was appealed to by the duke of Maine and his party, as a person more in the confidence of the deceased monarch than any one. Her majesty deposed in the presence of the duke and duchess de Lauzun, what had been said to her by Louis XIV. on the subject of his testamentary dispositions. On which, the duke of Orleans, who had possessed himself of the power, observed with some point, "that a testament could be of little value when the testator doubted whether it would ever be carried into effect."³

It was unfortunate for Mary Beatrice, that by a sort of negative implication with the rival faction patronised by madame de Maintenon, she incurred the ill-will of the regent Orleans, and furnished him with an excuse for repudiating the cause of her son. The death of Louis XIV. had produced an entire change in the aspect and interests of the French court. Madame de Maintenon found herself, in her present adversity, as carefully shunned by the minions of fortune, as she had recently been courted and caressed. The fallen queen of England was of a different spirit from the time-serving flatterers who feared to offend the prince, into whose hands the power of the French crown had fallen, by appearing to show the slightest marks of respect to his adversary.

Not so wise in her generation as the children of this world, and acting in the kind sincerity of an honest heart, Mary Beatrice treated her afflicted friend with the tender sympathy and attention that were due to the relict of the deceased sovereign. Their first meeting was by mutual appointment, at Chaillot. Madame de Maintenon was dressed in the deepest mourning, and looked ill and dejected. As soon as the queen saw her, she extended her arms towards her, and when they drew near

¹ Lemontey's *Histoire du Regency. Memoires du Berwick.*

² *Ib.*

³ Duclos, *Memoirs of the Regency*, vol. i. p. 102-3.

each other, tenderly embraced her; both burst into tears. Their communications were long and affectionate. Mary Beatrice recurred frequently to the memory of her departed lord, king James, but with that holy sorrow which time and religion had softened and subdued. With her, there was a joy in her grief; and, whenever madame de Maintenon related any instance of piety shown by Louis on his death-bed, her majesty was sure to rejoin, "that was like my sainted king—even he could not have done better." Madame de Maintenon repeated this observation afterwards to the sisters of Chaillot, and said it had given her much comfort. Mary Beatrice returned the same evening to St. Germain's. When she was ready to leave her chamber, after she had taken an affectionate farewell of madame de Maintenon, she asked for the abbess of Chaillot, who, with a train of the oldest sisters, attended her majesty to the gate. She spoke warmly in praise of madame de Maintenon, and the admirable frame of mind in which she appeared. The abbess replied, "that her majesty's example had been very proper to animate that lady." The queen raised her eyes to Heaven with a look that sufficiently indicated the humility of her heart, and, entering the chapel, she knelt down for a few moments in the act of silent adoration, with an air of such perfect self-abasement, that all present were deeply touched. She took the arm of the abbess as they left the chapel, and talked much of madame de Maintenon, and what she had been saying of Louis XIV.,—repeating, "that it reminded her of her own sainted monarch." She bade the abbess a very gracious farewell, and requested her prayers for her son; and then, turning to the nuns, entreated that they would also pray for him.¹

Mary Beatrice returned to St. Germain's to hold her anxious councils with Berwick, and her son's new secretary of state, lord Bolingbroke, as to the means of obtaining the necessary supplies for the Jacobite rising in Scotland. Bolingbroke's frequent solicitations for that purpose to the regent Orleans, only served to expose the designs of the friends of the cause, and to put the British government on the alert. The arms and stores that had been secretly provided by the friendship of the deceased king, Louis XIV., were on board twelve ships lying at Havre; but just as they were ready to sail, sir George Byng came into the roads with a squadron, and prevented them from coming out of harbour, and lord Stair, the British ambassador, demanded of the regent that they should be given up, as they were intended for the service of the pretender. The regent, instead of doing this, ordered the ships to be unloaded, and the arms and ammunition to be carried to the king of France's arsenal.² This was one of the leading causes of the failure of the enterprise, since the bravest champions can do little without weapons.

The rebellion in Scotland broke out prematurely, hurried on by the ardour of misjudging partisans; its details belong to our national annals; all we have to do with it is to trace its effects on the personal history of the royal mother of the representative of the fated line of Stuart. Bolingbroke, in his letter to that prince, of September 21st, after inform-

¹Inedited MS. Fragments in the Secret Archives au Royaume de France

²Documents in Lord Malton's Appendix. Berwick's Memoirs. St. Simon.

ing him that her majesty's almoner, Mr. Innes, and captain O'Flanighan had been consulting about providing a vessel to convey him to the scene of action, says :

"The queen orders Mr. Innes to furnish money to O'Flanigan, and by that means he will guess at the service intended, as well as by what was said to him before my return; but I shall say nothing to him, nor any one else of the measure taken, because I know no better maxim, in all business, than that of trusting no creature with the least circumstance beyond what is absolutely necessary he should know in order to enable him to execute his part of the service."¹

An excellent maxim, doubtless; but the object of the new minister was evidently to alienate the confidence of his master from the queen and her counsellors, and more than that, to estrange him from the only person capable of giving good advice, the duke of Berwick; and that he had succeeded in creating a coolness, may be perceived even from the manner in which he speaks of the duke :

"The duke of Berwick is gone to St. Germain, so that I shall have no opportunity of making either a secret or a confidence of this to him. I add no more as to his grace, though I should have something to say, because the queen tells me she has writ to your majesty her opinion, in which I most humbly concur."

The self-importance of the new secretary of state was piqued at finding Mary Beatrice confided implicitly in Berwick, and only partially in himself, and that, instead of having to communicate intelligence to her, she communicated it to him. He intended to be the head of the Stuart cause, and he found himself only employed as the hand. The queen and Berwick transacted all the secret important correspondence and negotiations together, and then employed him, not as a minister of state, but as an official secretary. Berwick had been empowered by her majesty to press the king of Sweden for performance of his promise of landing 8000 troops in Scotland, to assist her son; but Charles was himself in great difficulties, being closely besieged at Stralsund at the very time his aid was solicited, and could only express his regret at being unable to accord the needful succours. The king of Spain revoked his promise of a pecuniary loan at the same time; and both these inauspicious circumstances being communicated by Mary Beatrice to Bolingbroke, he thus briefly announces the twofold disappointment to the luckless chevalier de St. George :

"I enclose to your majesty," continues Bolingbroke, "two letters from Stralsund with great reluctance, since you will find by them that all our hopes of troops are vanished. I received them from the queen, whose packet accompanies this, and who intends to send your majesty's servants down to you."²

The chevalier replied, "that his affairs had a melancholy aspect, but that so far from discouraging him, it confirmed him in his determination to set out at once, since matters only became worse by delay, and that he ought to have been on the spot six months before."³ It was necessary for him to come to Paris or its environs, in order to hold a private council with his mother and friends previous to his embarkation from one of the ports on the coast of Bretagne.

¹ Lord Mahon's Appendix.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

Some political overtures were made, at this time, in the vain hope of propitiating the regent, for a marriage between his unmarried daughter mademoiselle de Valois, and the chevalier de St. George.¹ How far the queen was concerned in promoting this project, does not appear; it certainly was not pushed, with any degree of earnestness, on the part of the prince, who apprehended that it would be injurious to his popularity with his party in England. It has been said, that the young lady herself, being greatly in love with the royal knight-errant, who, at the period, excited a very romantic interest in France, besought her father to make her his wife, to which the cautious regent replied, "*Nous verrons, ma fille—nous verrons!*"

Meantime, the standard of the chevalier had been raised in Scotland, and a formidable insurrection, headed by lord Derwentwater and Mr. Forster, took place in Northumberland. On the second Sunday in October, the protestant clergymen, who acted as chaplains to the rebel muster, prayed for the son of James II., by the style and title of king James, and for Mary Beatrice, by the designation of "Mary, queen-mother."² The same was done at Kelso, where a mixed congregation of protestants and Roman catholics met in the great kirk, to listen to a political sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Patten, on the text, "The blessing of the first-born is his." The gentlemen of the latter persuasion told the preacher, "that they approved very well of our liturgy, which they had never heard before."³

On the 28th of October, the chevalier left Bar. Information was immediately given to the British ambassador, lord Stair, who went to the regent Orleans, and demanded, in the name of his sovereign, George I., that orders should be issued to prevent his passage through France. The regent, according to the duke of Berwick's statement, replied, "If you can point out, to a certainty, the precise place where he may be found, I will have him re-conducted to Lorraine; but I am not obliged to be either spy or gaoler for king George." Some days afterwards, lord Stair assured the regent, "that the pretender would arrive on such a day, which he named, at Chalons, in Champagne." "Prudence," says Lemontey, "prescribed to the regent a conduct, oblique enough to satisfy George I., without discouraging the Jacobites; but the events precipitated themselves, as it were, with a rapidity, which rendered it difficult to preserve a course sufficiently gliding."⁴ He summoned Contades, the major of the guards, into his presence, and there, before lord Stair, gave positive orders to him to intercept the prince on the road, and conduct him back to Lorraine; but aware of the unpopularity in which such a proceeding would involve him, he secretly instructed Contades not to find the person of whom he went in quest."⁵ Berwick adds, "that the chevalier, being warned of the intended arrest, kept out of the danger, by taking a circuitous route. Contades, on his return, gave a flourishing account to Stair of all he had done during an absence of several

¹Boilingbroke's Correspondence.

²Notes on the Life of Calamy.

³Patten's History of the Rebellion.

⁴Memoires du Regence par M. Lemontey.

⁵Memoires du Regence, by Lemontey. See also Ducloux and St Simon.

days; and his excellency affected to be satisfied; yet he shrewdly suspected, that the regent had no particular desire to hinder the passage of the chevalier, and Contades no great relish for the commission that had been imposed on him. Stair had also sent his myrmidons out in all directions to try to discover the road the prince was taking; but he was so well disguised, and travelled with so few companions, that he never heard of him till it was too late to be of any use."¹

No one was more uncertain of the movements of her son than the queen; for he dared not write to her, lest his letters should be intercepted. He had, withal, too much reason to suspect, that she could not keep a secret, and that there were traitors at St. Germain, and spies within the hallowed pale of her favourite retreat at Chaillot.

The feelings of the anxious mother, though they have never been unveiled to public view, may be imagined, after her only son, her last surviving child, had left a place of security, and set forth to join a desperate enterprise, with a bill of attainder hanging over him, and the price of blood on his head, when a fortnight had elapsed since she had heard tidings of him. Twelve precious inedited letters from the queen's faithful lady-in-waiting, lady Sophia Bulkeley, who generally performed the office of private secretary to her royal mistress, when unable to write herself, to her friends at Chaillot, afford much interesting information, connected with the personal history of Mary Beatrice, at this period. They are addressed to the abbess and ex-abbess, *la mere déposée*, of Chaillot, written in very bad, but perfectly intelligible French, though illiterately spelled. Lady Sophia, though a Scotchwoman, and a Stuart of Blantyre by birth, had, during her seven and twenty years' exile with her royal mistress, nearly forgotten her mother tongue, and writes Perth, *Paite*, and Stirling, *Sirle*. There is, however, a warmth of feeling, an affectionate simplicity in her style, that are worth all the meretricious graces and elegantly-turned periods of the classic Bolingbroke. The first letter, of this valuable series of domestic documents, is dated merely "this 13th of November," the date preceded by St. Andrew's cross, the distinctive mark of this lady's correspondence, from which our limits will only permit us to select such extracts as relate to the queen. Lady Sophia commences her first letter to the ex-abbess, written, she says, by desire of the queen, with inquiries after the health of the sisters of Chaillot, and then proceeds:

"God be thanked, that of the queen is good, though she looks ill enough, which is not wonderful, considering the painful inquietude she suffers, and must continue to do, till the king, her son, be established. Her majesty commands me to inform you, of what you have probably heard some time ago, which is, that the king, my master, has left Lorraine; but this is all she can tell you at present, except that his affairs go on prosperously in Scotland, and that we reckon that the earl of Mar has at Perth twenty thousand men, well disciplined, and firmly united for the good cause, and that the duke of Argyle has not more than three thousand men in his camp. Moreover, in the north of England, four provinces [*counties*] have declared for the good cause, and the Scotch—that is to say, a considerable portion of the army of the earl of Mar, are going, if possible

to join our friends in the north; but as Argyle is encamped at Stirling, and guards the passage of the river and the bridges, where he is strongly entrenched, it is difficult to free it; nevertheless, they hope soon to pass into England."¹

Such was the exaggerated account of the state of her son's affairs in Scotland, which flattered the maternal hopes of the widowed consort of James II., while she was, at the same time, tortured with suspense and uncertainty on his account, not knowing what had become of him, whether he was in France, Scotland, or England, living or dead, at this momentous crisis of his fortunes. The earl of Mar had written to her on the 12th of October, giving her a statement of the proceedings of the insurgents, and earnestly demanding the presence of him they styled their king.²

Lady Sophia Bulkeley concludes her letter to the abbess of Chaillot in these words:

"The queen begs you, my dear mother, and all the community, to redouble, if it be possible, your holy prayers for the preservation of the person of the king, and for the success of this great enterprise, and for the preservation of his faithful subjects. Her majesty ordered me to write yesterday, but we waited till this evening, having a hope that the letters from England, which ought to come to-day, might furnish some fresh news; but as the post is delayed, her majesty would no longer defer inquiring what tidings you have, and communicating hers to you. For myself, permit me, my dearest mother, to assure you, that no one can esteem and honour you more entirely than your very obedient servant,

"S. BULKELEY.

"I hope that Miss Plowden and her lady mother are both well. Have the goodness, my beloved mother, to tell my dear Catharine Angelique, that the queen is very sorry she has not time to answer her letter; but she must not allow that to discourage her from writing, as her majesty is very glad to receive letters from her."

Endorsed, "To the very reverend mère déposée de Mouffe of the ladies of St. Marie de Chaillot, at Chaillot."³

Almost immediately after the date of this letter, the queen received an intimation of the movements of her son, who, dodged by the spies of the British embassy, had been playing at hide and seek for many days, without venturing to approach the coast, though his friend, lord Walsh, lay at Nantes, with a light-armed, swift-sailing vessel, ready to convey him down the Loire. The chevalier de St. George and his friend, William Erskine, brother to the earl of Buchan, who were wandering about in disguise, observed that portraits and descriptions of his person were set up in some of the post-houses to facilitate his apprehension. Another of his attendants, colonel Hay, falling in with a party that were lying in wait to seize the royal adventurer, very narrowly escaped being assassinated, in mistake for him, as he was travelling in one of his post-carriages.⁴ All of a sudden, the chevalier determined to come to Paris, to attend a general council of his friends, both French and English, that was to be held at the hotel de Breteuil, the house of

¹Inedited Stuart Papers in the Secret Archives au Royaume de France.

²Letter of the Earl of Mar in Mrs. Thomson's Lives of the Jacobites, vol. I.

³Inedited Stuart Papers in the Hotel Soubise, by favour of M. Guizot.

⁴Stuart Papers.

the baron de Breteul et de Preully, a nobleman of great wealth, and of distinguished family, who had married the beautiful daughter of lord and lady O'Brien Clare, who had accompanied queen Mary Beatrice on her voyage to France, when she fled with her infant son in 1688. Lady Clare was the state housekeeper at St. Germain's, and one of the ladies of the bedchamber to the queen. The hotel de Breteul was the resort of all that was gay, gallant, and *spirituel* in Paris; it was also, of course, a general rendezvous for the friends of the house of Stuart. It was in the salons of the marquise de Chatelet, the sister of the baron de Breteul, they held their conferences.¹

When the queen was informed that her son meant to take Paris in his route, she came to Chaillot to avail herself of the opportunity of making all necessary arrangements with him, and bidding him a personal farewell.² The following interesting particulars are recorded in the autobiography of one of the nieces of the baron de Breteul. "The chevalier de St. George came very privately to Paris in the dress of an abbé, with only one or two companions. He went directly to the hotel de Breteul, where he met all his friends and confederates." It should seem, the young ladies of the family had the honour of being presented to him, which made a great impression on madame de Crequi, then mademoiselle de Froulay, a girl in her teens, who continues, "He was at that time a very handsome and accomplished prince, and did not appear more than five or six and twenty years of age. We had the honour of making our courtesies to him, and he addressed some complimentary words to us, after which, he withdrew with his followers into my uncle's cabinet, where they remained in conference great part of the night. At the dawn of day he departed for Chaillot, where the queen, his mother, who had come to meet him, was waiting for him at the convent of the Visitation. He slept in a little house which the duc de Lauzun had, no one knew why, retained for his own use in that village. He remained there four and twenty hours."³ Mary Beatrice felt this parting with her son on an expedition so full of peril, a severe trial; he was dearer to her than ever—the last tie that bound her to a world of care and sorrow; but she suspected not, that the only serious danger he was to encounter would be within a few hours after he had bidden her adieu.⁴

The hotel de Breteul was a marked place, and everything that passed there was watched with jealous attention by the spies of lord Stair; there was, besides, an unsuspected traitress within the domestic circle. Mademoiselle Emilie de Chatelet was so greatly piqued at the preference evinced by one of the prince's gentlemen in waiting, lord Keith, for her cousin mademoiselle de Froulay, that she did all she could to injure the Jacobite cause out of revenge. Secret information of whatever designs came to her knowledge was communicated by her immediately to the earl of Stair.⁵ It was, therefore, in all probability through the ill offices

¹ Souvenances de la Marquise de Crequi.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid

⁴ Chaillot Records.

⁵ Souvenances de la Marquise de Crequi.

of this inimical member of the family circle at the hotel de Breteul that the intelligence of the chevalier de St. George's visit was conveyed to the British embassy, together with the information that he was to set out the following day for Chateau Thierry, on his way to the coast of Bretagne, and that he would change horses at Nonancourt. If we may believe the following statement of madame de Crequi, which is corroborated by Lemontey, Duclos, St. Simon, and several other contemporary French writers, lord Stair, misdoubting the regent Orleans, instead of claiming his promise of arresting the unfortunate prince, determined to take surer measures on his own account, by sending people in his own employ to waylay him. Be this as it may, it is certain that the prince, after he had taken leave of the queen, his mother, started from Chaillot in one of the post-carriages of the baron de Breteul, attended by some horsemen who had put on the livery of that noble French family. At the entrance of the village of Nonancourt, which is not more than twenty leagues from Paris, a woman begged the postilions to stop, and, stepping quickly on the boot of the carriage, she addressed the feigned abbé in these words: "If you are the king of England, go not to the post-house, or you are lost, for several villains are waiting there to murder you."

Rather a startling announcement, for a man on whose head the tremendous bribe of 100,000*l.* had been set by the British government. Without betraying any discomposure, he asked the woman who she was, and how she came by her information. She replied, "My name is L'Hopital. I am a lone woman, the mistress of the post-house of Nonancourt, which I warn you not to approach, for I have overheard three Englishmen, who are still drinking there, discussing with some desperate characters in this neighbourhood a design of setting upon a traveller, who was to change horses with me to-night, on his way to Chateau Thierry, where you are expected, on your road to England." She added, that she had taken care to intoxicate the ruffians, and having locked the door upon them, had stolen out to warn him of his danger, beseeching him at the same time to confide implicitly in her good intentions, and allow her to conduct him to the house of the curé, where he would be safe.¹

There was something so simple and earnest in the woman's manner, that, stranger as she was to him, the royal adventurer resigned himself to her guidance, with that frank reliance on the generous impulses of the female character, which no one of his race had ever cause to rue. She led him and his attendants safely to the house of the village pastor, and then ran to summon M. D'Argenson, the nearest magistrate, who came properly supported, and took three persons into custody at the post-house: two of them were Englishmen, and produced lord Stair's passports; the other was a French baron, well known as a spy in the employ of that minister.² The leader of the party was colonel Douglas, son of sir William Douglas, an attaché to the embassy, who assumed a

¹ Souvenances de la Marquise de Crequi.

² Lemontey. Duclos. St. Simon. Madame de Crequi. See the depositions signed by the magistrates in Lemontey's Appendix.

tigh tone, and said "that he and his companions were in the service of the British ambassador." The magistrate coolly observed that "ne ambassador would avow such actions as that in which he was engaged," and committed them all to prison.¹

Meantime, the worthy L'Hopital despatched one of her couriers to the marquis de Torcy, with a statement of what had occurred, and took care to send the chevalier forward on his journey in another dress, and in one of her own voitures, with a fresh relay of horses, with which he reached Nantes, and finding the vessel in waiting for him, descended the Loire, and safely arrived at St. Maloes.

Mary Beatrice wrote with her own hand to mademoiselle L'Hopital, a letter full of thanks for the preservation of her son; but that which charmed the good woman most, was the acknowledgments she received from the regent, who sent her his portrait as a testimonial of his approbation of her conduct on this occasion. Reasons of state compelled the regent to stifle the noise made by this adventure, and he prevented the depositions of the post-mistress of Nonancourt and her servants from being published.²

Lady Sophia Bulkeley gives the superior of Chaillot the following confidential account of the state of mind in which her royal mistress and herself remained, during a second interval of suspense that intervened before tidings of the chevalier's proceedings reached the anxious little court at St. Germain's :

"This 28 of November.

"As the queen intends to write to you, my dear mother, I shall not say much, except to let you know that, through the mercy of God, the queen is well, and received yesterday news from Scotland and the north of England; but still her majesty can hear no tidings of the king, her son. Her majesty doubts not of the fervour and zeal of your prayers to the Lord for his preservation. The lively and firm faith of the queen supports her, which makes me every moment reproach myself for being so frequently transported with fears for the safety of the king. I take shame to myself when I see how tranquil the hope she has in Divine Providence renders the queen; but I pray you not to notice this in your reply, for I put on the courageous before her majesty."³

Under the impression that her son had embarked at St. Malo, Mary Beatrice enclosed a packet of letters for him to the earl of Mar in Scotland, to whom she also wrote.⁴ But the chevalier, though he went on

¹ Lemontey. Duclos. St. Simon. Madame de Crequi. See the depositions signed by the magistrates in Lemontey's Appendix.

² But those documents are still in existence, and have been printed in the Appendix of Lemontey's *Histoire de la Regence*. See also Letter of Marechal D'Uxelles to M. Iberville, Minister from France to the Court of Sweden, dated 9th December, 1715.

The duke of Berwick, a great authority, affirms, "that there were no just grounds for imputing to the earl of Stair, the foul charge of suborning these men to assassinate the chevalier de St. George, and that he considered his lordship too honourable a man to be capable of such a design." In Paris, it was thought otherwise; and after he claimed the men and took them into his family again the French nobility universally shunned him, and very few ladies would receive his visits, or admit him into their circles.

³ Inedited Autograph Letter in the Hotel de Soubise.

⁴ Mar Correspondence in Mrs. Thomson's *Lives of the Jacobites*

board ship, waited several days for a favourable wind, and finally learning that the forces of George I. occupied Dunstaffnage,¹ where he intended to land, and that there was a squadron on the look-out for him came on shore again, and travelled privately on horseback to Dunkirk, where he embarked on board a small vessel of eight guns, attended by six gentlemen only, who were disguised like himself in the dress of French naval officers.² He was seven days in performing the voyage, and it was long ere the news of his safe landing reached the court of St. Germain.

On the 5th of December, lady Sophia Bulkeley writes by the desire of her royal mistress, to the superior of Chaillot, to inquire after the health of the community, and to tell them the floating rumours that had reached her from the scene of action. "Her majesty," she says, "continues well, but, as you may truly suppose, very restless till she can receive sure intelligence of the arrival of the king, her son, in Scotland. There are reports, but we imagine without foundation, that the faithful friends of the king have been defeated in England, and, on the other hand, they say that the earl of Mar has beaten our enemies in Scotland, but that wants confirming. However, there are many letters which corroborate the latter rumour, yet we dare not flatter ourselves at present, for if it be really so, there will surely arrive between this and to-morrow morning, the verification, which the queen will not fail to communicate to the dear sister Catharine Angelique, as she intends to write to her; therefore, it will not be necessary for me to inflict on you the trouble of reading a longer letter of my scrawling."³ "*Griffonage*" is the word; it is certainly graphically descriptive of the queer calligraphy of the noble amanuensis, to say nothing of her misapplication of capitals to adjectives and adverbs, and small letters for names of places; but her unaffected sympathy for the royal mistress, whose exile and adversity she had shared for seven-and-twenty-years, makes every word from her pen precious. She adds two postscripts to this letter—the first, to tell the abbess that the duke de Lauzun had just arrived at St. Germain, but was not likely to remain more than twenty-four hours; the second, which is dated five o'clock in the evening, shows that he was the bearer of heavy tidings, which lady Sophia thus briefly intimates:

"The bad news from the north of England having been confirmed, and that from Scotland none too good, the queen orders me to tell you, my dearest mother, that she cannot write; and I am to tell you that she doubts not that you will redouble your prayers for the preservation of the person of the king, her son, for the prosperity and consolation of his faithful subjects."⁴

The disastrous intelligence which Lauzun had come to St. Germain to break to Mary Beatrice, was no less than the death-blow of her son's cause in England, in consequence of the cowardly or treacherous conduct of Mr. Forster at Preston, and the defeat and surrender of the rebel

¹ Memoirs of the Duke of Berwick.

² Lord Mahon's History of England from the peace of Utrecht.

³ Stuart Papers in the Hotel de Soubise.

⁴ Inedited Stuart Papers in the Hotel de Soubise.

army there on the 13th of November, together with the loss of the battle of Sheriff-muir in Scotland on the same day.

The queen and her faithful ladies spent their melancholy Christmas at St. Germain's, in painful uncertainty of what had become of the chevalier de St. George. Lady Sophia Bulkeley writes again to the superior of Chaillot on the 29th of December, telling her "that the queen continued well, and had been able to attend for nine successive days, the services of the church for that holy season, which," continues lady Sophia, "have been very consolatory to her majesty, who only breathes for devotion." Her ladyship goes on to communicate the messages of her royal mistress to her cloistered friend in these words:—

"The queen commands me to tell you, that as soon as she receives any good news, she will not fail to impart it. She says, you are not to give credit to the report, which she understands you have heard, that the Scotch wish to make peace with the duke of Hanover, for it is not true, although their affairs are not in so good a condition as they were. The season is so inclement there, that they cannot do anything on either side. God has his seasons for all things, and we must submit to his holy will, and not cease to hope in his mercy, since our cause is just."¹

The manner in which lady Sophia speaks of her royal mistress is very interesting:

"Although you know the great virtue of the queen, my dear mother, you would be surprised to see with what firmness her majesty supports all the trying events that have come upon her since she has been at St. Germain's. Return thanks to God, my dear mother, for all the grace He has given the queen, and request of Him a continuation of it for her and her preservation, who is so dear to us."

This unaffected tribute of affection and esteem from one of the noble British matrons of her bedchamber, who had lost everything for her sake, surely affords a presumptive evidence of the moral worth of the consort of James II. It is a common saying, that no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre; but this proverb appears reversed with regard to our unfortunate queen, for the more we search into the records that have been borne of her by her personal attendants, and all those who enjoyed the opportunity of observing her conduct in her most unreserved hours of privacy, the brighter does the picture grow. Be it also noted, that no one who knew her intimately has ever spoken ill of her, although she was not, of course, free from the faults and errors of judgment inherent in human nature. It will be said, that those who have commended Mary Beatrice were partial witnesses, being her servants and personal friends; nor can this be denied, seeing that they gave proofs of attachment not often to be met with among courtiers. Partial they were, for they preferred her in her poverty, exile, and adversity, to her powerful and prosperous rivals, the regnant queens, Mary and Anne. They preferred her service to their own interests, and were contented to be poor expatriated outlaws for her sake; and being thus faithful in deeds, is it likely that they would be unfaithful in their words, or less worthy of credit than the unscrupulous writers who performed an acceptable service to her powerful enemies by calumniating her?

¹Inedited Stuart Papers in the Hotel de Soubise.

The new year, 1716, opened drearily on Mary Beatrice: every day agitated her with conflicting rumours of victories and defeats, and it was not till the 10th of January that she received certain tidings that her son had reached his destination in safety. The following animated letter from the lady Sophia Bulkeley gives a brief but pleasing account of the welcome news to the abbess of Chaillot, and will best describe the feelings with which it was received by the royal mother:

"This Friday, 10th of Jan.

"By the order of the queen, my dearest mother, I have the honour and the pleasure of informing you, that, by the grace of God, the king, my master, landed in Scotland on Tuesday week, at *Peter's Head* [Peterhead], in spite of fourteen or fifteen English vessels that were hovering on the coast to take him. After that, can we doubt that Holy Providence protects him in all things, or of the goodness of God towards our dear king for the time to come? The queen is well, thanks be to the Lord! her majesty, and all of us are, as you may well believe, transported with joy. Will you assist us, my very dear mother, in offering up thanksgivings to God for his goodness, and asking of Him a continuance of them. I cannot tell you more at present."

Endorsed, "To the very reverend mother, superior of the ladies of St. Marie de Chaillot, at Chaillot."¹

The letter of the chevalier himself, announcing his arrival, was written to his secretary of state, lord Bolingbroke, and is dated three weeks earlier; it is very short, and will, perhaps, be acceptable to the reader.

JAMES STUART TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.²

"Peterhead (Scotland), Dec. 22. 1715.

"I am at last, thank God, in my own ancient kingdom, as the bearer will tell you, with all the particulars of my passage, and his own proposals of future service. Send the queen³ the news I have got, and give a line to the regent *en attendant*, that I send you from the army a letter from our friends, to whom I am going to-morrow. I find things in a prosperous way; I hope and will go on well, if friends on your side do their part as I shall have done mine. My compliments to Magni; tell him the good news. I don't write to him; for I am wearied, and wont delay a moment the bearer. J. R."

In his letter dated Kinnaird, January 2, 1716, the chevalier sends several messages to the queen, his mother; he speaks of his own situation cheerfully, though he owns with some humour, that he has nothing to begin the campaign with, "*but himself*."

"All was in confusion," he says, "before my arrival; terms of accommodation pretty openly talked of; the Highlanders returned home, and but 4000 men left at Perth. Had I retarded some days longer, I might have had a message not to come at all. My presence, indeed, has had, and will have, I hope, good effects. The affection of the people is beyond all expression. . . . We are too happy if we can maintain Perth this winter; that is a point of the last importance. We shall not leave it without blows.

"I send to the queen, my mother, all the letters I mention here, that she may peruse them, and then agree with you the best ways of forwarding them. You will show her this, for mine to her refers to it. There will go by the next messenger a duplicate of all this packet, except my letter to the queen."⁴

¹ Inedited Stuart Papers, in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.

² Lord Mahon, vol. i., Appendix, p. xxxiv.

³ His mother, queen Mary Beatrice.

⁴ Lord Mahon's Appendix, from Stuart Papers in her Majesty's Collection at Windsor.

Mary Beatrice had endured the conflicts of hope and fear, the pang of disappointment, and the tortures of suspense for upwards of four months, with the patience of a Christian, and the firmness of a heroine; so that, as we have seen by lady Sophia Bulkeley's letters, every one was astonished at her calmness, when all around her were in a state of excitement and alarm; but directly she received the cheering intelligence that her son had landed in Scotland, where his presence had been vainly demanded for the last thirteen years, the revulsion of feeling overpowered her feeble frame, and she was attacked with a nervous fever, which rendered her incapable of further exertion.

Lady Sophia Bulkeley, to whose correspondence with the *religieuses* of Chaillot we are indebted for these interesting particulars connected with the almost forgotten mother of the chevalier de St. George, at the period of the disastrous attempt of his friends in Scotland to restore him to the throne of his forefathers, writes on the 29th of January, 1716, by desire of her royal mistress, to the abbess of Chaillot, to tell her, "that her majesty was progressing favourably towards convalescence, though still feeble. After having kept her bed fifteen days, the queen had sat up the day before, for the first time, and was so much better, that nothing but her weakness prevented her from being dressed and going on as usual; that she now slept well, and the chevalier Garvan, her physician, would not allow her to take bark oftener than twice in four and twenty hours, which he meant her to continue for some time to come. If the weather were not so inclement, her majesty would soon be restored," continues lady Sophia, "for, thank God! she recovers very rapidly after these sort of illnesses, when once the fever leaves her, by which we perceive that her constitution is naturally good. The queen has not received anything since the arrival of the courier from the king, who brought the news of his landing. She is expecting every moment to see one arrive, but apparently the contrary winds cause the delay. In the meantime, some of the letters from Edinburgh notice that the king arrived at Perth on the 7th, and that all the nobles in the duke of Mar's army went on before to receive his majesty. They appeared transported with joy to see him, and the following day he reviewed his army at Perth." The enthusiastic affection of lady Sophia Bulkeley for the cause, combined with her droll French, has the effect of making her identify herself in this letter with the Jacobite army at Perth; for she says:—"The enemy threatens much to attack us before our forces can be drawn together. Their numbers much exceed ours at Perth; therefore," continues her ladyship, "we have the more need of your prayers for them." After communicating the usual petition of the queen to the community of Chaillot, for more prayers for the success and preservation of the king, she adds:

"To tell you the truth, I fear he will have much to do ere he can be put in possession of his crowns; but I doubt not that time will come after many troubles, for I should fail in my duty to God, if I doubted of his protecting the king, my master, after having preserved him through so many perils from the time he was three months old. I should have little faith, if I could doubt that his Holy Providence would always take care of our lawful king, and, after having thoroughly

proved him as gold in the furnace, giving him the victory over his perfidious enemies."

After this enthusiastic burst of loyalty, which may be forgiven to a lady who claimed kindred with the royal house of Stuart, and who had been present at the birth of the exiled heir of that ill-fated line, lady Sophia adverts to a subject of nearer, if not dearer interest to herself:

"May I not venture," she says, "my dearest mother, to entreat you to think of me in your prayers to the Lord, and of my son, who set out on Wednesday fortnight for Scotland. God grant that he be arrived in some safe port; but, unhappily, a gentleman belonging to the king, my master, named Mr. Booth, is supposed to have perished on the English coast, or to have been taken prisoner: God grant that the fate of my son may be better!"

Nothing could be nearer to a tragic termination than the expedition in which Mr. Bulkeley, the son of this noble lady, and his two companions, the marquis of Tynemouth, eldest son of the duke of Berwick, and Sir John Erskine were engaged. They had been deputed by the queen and the duke of Berwick to convey to the aid of the chevalier, in Scotland, a hundred thousand crowns in ingots of gold, which the king of Spain had at last granted to the earnest importunities of the royal widow in behalf of her son; "But," says the duke of Berwick, "everything appeared to conspire to ruin our projects. The vessel in which they were was wrecked on the coast of Scotland, and, as it was in the night, they had barely time to save themselves, by means of the shallop, without being able to carry away any of the ingots, which they had concealed in the hold of the ship."²

The queen still kept her chamber, when lady Sophia Bulkeley wrote by her desire on the 5th of February, to communicate to the abbess of Chaillot the intelligence of her son's proceedings in Scotland. A gentleman had just arrived from Perth with letters, and had rejoiced the anxious ladies at St. Germain's, and their royal mistress, with an account of the universal rapture which had pervaded all ranks of the people, in that quarter of Scotland, at beholding the representative of their ancient monarchs among them again, or, as the refrain of the Jacobite song written on that occasion has it,—

"The auld Stuarts back again."

"The queen," writes lady Sophia Bulkeley,³ "has waited, that she might send

¹ "Poor Booth," writes the chevalier de St. George to Bolingbroke, "I am in pain for; we passed Dunkirk together, and I heard no more of him after the next day that his ship lagged behind mine."—Stuart Papers in Lord Malton's Appendix, from her Majesty's Collection at Windsor.

² The vessel was lost near the mouth of the Tay, for want of a pilot. A royal dindem was to have been made for the intended coronation of the luckless son of James II. at Scoon, of some of the gold with which this bark was freighted. Well might that prince, in his address to his council, observe: "For me it is no new thing if I am unfortunate. My whole life, even from my cradle has been a constant series of misfortunes." He was, at that time, suffering from the depressing influence of the low intermittent fever, to which he inherited, from his mother, a constitutional tendency.

³ Unedited Stuart Letter in the Hotel de Soubise.

you her tidings, which, thanks to the Lord, are good! She was hoping to tell you all about the king, her son, because she was expecting every moment the arrival of a courier from him; and now a gentleman has just come, who left the king, my master, in perfect health on Saturday week. All the Scotch in that neighbourhood were delighted beyond description to see him. All the world came to kiss his hand in such crowds, that he was obliged to extend them both at once, so that he might be able to save a little time to attend to business. The noblemen and officers were charmed to find that he could understand them so well.

"My lord Edward wrote to my lady, his wife, that without seeing, no one could conceive the joy with which the people were transported. The gentleman who has come, says, 'that he believes the king is crowned,' that is to say, consecrated: for he was to be in a few days, at the time of his departure. In short, my dear mother, the affairs of his majesty are in as favourable a train as they can be in this inclement season: for they have just the same weather 'across here, only the cold is more severe."¹

A melancholy reverse is presented to this flattering picture, by turning to the history of the rebellion, by which it appears, that at the very time queen Mary Beatrice and her ladies were rejoicing and offering up thanksgivings to God, for these imaginary successes, and the royal mother was pleasing herself with the idea, that the coronation of her son, as king of the ancient realm of Scotland, had actually taken place, that his recognition in London would quickly follow, and that her eyes would look upon his consecration in Westminster Abbey, the desperate enterprise was already at an end, and he in whose behalf it had been undertaken was a fugitive.

The duke of Berwick declares, "that from the first there were no hopes of a successful issue to this desperate enterprise, and that when the prince arrived in Scotland, he found his cause in a most melancholy position. His army, which the earl of Mar had, in his letters, exaggerated to sixteen thousand men, did not amount to more than four or five thousand, ill-armed, and badly disciplined, while Argyle had a great train of artillery, and a very great superiority in numbers of well-armed veteran troops."² Argyle was, at one time, within eight miles of Perth, and, for reasons best known to himself, refrained from attacking the Jacobite forces.³ It might be that he was willing to spare the slaughter of so many of his countrymen, and wished not to bring the blood of the unfortunate representative of the ancient royal line of Scotland on his house; but, from whatever motive, it is certain, that he allowed him to escape, when he might have annihilated him and his little army.

The chevalier, at first, refused to avail himself of the opportunity of retiring from Scotland; and it was not till he was assured, that by withdrawing, he would enable his unhappy friends to make their peace with the Britannic government, that he could be induced to do so.⁴ When he embarked for Montrose, he sent a sum of money, the remnant of his

¹ Edited Stuart Papers, in the Hotel de Soubise Letter of Lady Sophia Bulkeley to the Superior of Chaillot.

² Memoires du Marechal Berwick.

³ Lord Mahon's Hist. of England. Chambers' Hist. of the Rebellion.

⁴ Lord Mahon's Hist. of England. Chambers' Hist. of the Rebellion. Memoires du Marechal Berwick.

slender resources, with a letter to Argyle, desiring it might be applied to the relief of the poor people whose villages he had reluctantly given orders to burn. "So that," said he, "I may, at least, have the satisfaction of having been the destruction of none, at a time when I came to free all."¹ Such tenderness of conscience passed for an unheard of mixture of folly and weakness in times like those, and produced, as the unerring result, an overflowing access of calumny.

But to return to the queen, his mother, of whom lady Sophia Bulkeley gives the superior of Chaillot the following intelligence, in a letter dated Feb. 5th :—

"Her majesty had entirely left her bed since my last, and had been daily taking a few turns in her chamber till yesterday, when the gout attacked her two feet. The chevalier Garvan (her physician) entreated her to keep in bed, because the inflammatory action would pass off the sooner. This her majesty has proved : for she is much better to-day than she was yesterday. Her majesty sends her regards to her dear friends."

— In her concluding paragraph, lady Sophia adverts to the frightful peril in which her own son had been involved, of which she had just heard from the gentleman who had brought the letters from the chevalier to queen Mary Beatrice. She says :—

"I entreat you, my dear mother, to have the goodness to assist me in returning thanks to the Almighty for the escape of the earl of Tynemouth and my son, about a fortnight back, from the wreck on the coast of Scotland. Happily, they were not above twenty miles from Perth, and the gentleman who has arrived here to-day, says, that they had joined the king before he departed. You see what great cause I have to offer up my thanksgivings to God, which I can never do sufficiently by myself without your charitable aid, and that of our dear sisters."²

The sanguine anticipations which had been raised at St. Germain's by the flattering reports of the prince's messenger, were too quickly destroyed by accounts of the hopeless position of the Stuart cause.

On the 16th of February, lady Sophia Bulkeley tells the abbess of Chaillot, "that anguish of heart had made the queen ill again ; but still she trusted, that her majesty would rally in a day or two, unless some very sad news should arrive to agitate her."

"That which we have from England this evening."³ continues her ladyship, "intimates that our enemies intend to give us battle soon, if they have not done so already, as they far outnumber the king's army, and are all regular troops. We have much to fear. I tell you these things frankly, my dear mother, that you may see what need there is of your prayers ; but make no observation, if you please, on this passage, for the queen reads all your letters herself."⁴

Thus we see that lady Sophia, although she was writing this letter in her capacity of private secretary to her majesty, was able to introduce information, of which the considerate ladies at St. Germain's had deemed it expedient to keep their royal mistress in ignorance. Nothing

¹ Lord Mahon. Chambers.

² Inedited Stuart Papers, in the Hotel de Soubise, through the favour of M Guizot.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ *Ibid.*

could be more pitiable than the state of trembling apprehension in which both the queen and her noble attendants awaited the arrival of letters and newspapers from England, Scotland, and Holland. The Dutch Gazette was, at that time, a less restricted medium of publishing the events of the day than any English journal whatsoever. Editors and printers in London had, it is true, occasionally been induced to venture their ears for gold, but not during the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act.

The queen's distress of mind, at this trying season, was aggravated by the conduct of her son's secretary of state, lord Bolingbroke, who, instead of showing the slightest consideration for her maternal anxiety, treated her with marked disrespect, and neither attempted to communicate intelligence, nor to consult her on what steps ought to be taken for the assistance of him he called his master. Ever since the death of Louis XIV., he had regarded the cause of the chevalier de St. George as hopeless; and according to lord Stair's report, he did his utmost to render it so, by squandering, in his own profligate pursuits, the money with which he had been too confidently entrusted to buy powder and other supplies for the Jacobite muster.¹

Mary Beatrice was, meantime, suffering great pecuniary difficulties, which are alluded to by lady Sophia Bulkeley, in reply to some appeal that had been made to her majesty's benevolence, through the abbess of Chaillot, to whom she says: "The queen orders me to tell you, that she is much grieved (her finances are so scanty) that it is out of her power to do anything for this lady. The queen, between ourselves," continues lady Sophia, "has never been in greater distress for money than she is at present. They are now [the old story] eight months in arrear with her pension. The Lord, I hope, will comfort her majesty, and reward her great patience, by giving her shortly her own. I can not cease to believe it, and to hope in God against all human hopes. The prisoners taken in England are condemned to death. There are many catholics among them."²

The next event in the life of Mary Beatrice, was the return of her luckless son. The chevalier de St. George, landed safely at Gravelines,³ about February 22, and came secretly in disguise to see her at St. Germain's, where, in spite of the interdict against his presence in the French dominions, he remained with her several days⁴—a consolation she had scarcely ventured to anticipate, after the disastrous termination of his expedition to Scotland. More than once she had said, during his absence, that she could be content if he were spared to her; to say, like Jacob, "It is enough; Joseph, my son, yet liveth;"⁵ but to look upon his face once more, she had scarcely ventured to expect.

The morning after the arrival of the chevalier at St. Germain's, lord

¹ Letter of the Earl of Stair to Horace Walpole. Walpole Correspondence by Coxé.

² Inedited Stuart Papers, in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.

³ Letter of Lord Bolingbroke to Wyndham.

⁴ Memoires du Mareschal de Berwick.

⁵ MS. Memorials by a Nun of Chaillot.

Bolingbroke came to wait upon him, and advised him to return to Bat as quickly as possible, lest he should be denied an asylum there.¹ It was, however, an indispensable matter of etiquette, that permission should first be requested of the duke of Lorraine, and that the prince should wait for his answer. After lingering at St. Germain's longer than prudence warranted, he bade his widowed mother farewell, and set out for Chalons-sur-Marne, where he told her and Bolingbroke it was his intention to wait for the reply of the duke of Lorraine; but he proceeded no farther than Malmaison, and then, retracing his steps, went to the house of mademoiselle de Chausseraye, at Neuilly; and her majesty had the surprise and mortification of learning that he spent eight days there,² in the society of several intriguing female politicians, and held private consultations with the Spanish and Swedish ambassadors, from which his best friends were excluded. The royal mother would possibly have remained in ignorance, of circumstances, alike painful to her and injurious to him, if his ill-managed rupture with Bolingbroke had not betrayed the unsuspected secret to her and all the world.

The duke of Berwick, dazzled, with the wit and literary accomplishments of Bolingbroke, attached a value to that false brilliant, which he was far from meriting, and declared, "that the chevalier had committed an enormous blunder in dismissing from his service the only Englishman capable of managing his affairs."³ Mary Beatrice, who placed a greater reliance on Berwick's judgment than on her own, acted, probably, in compliance with his suggestions, in sending a conciliatory message to Bolingbroke, assuring him "that she had had no concern in his dismissal, and expressed a hope, that she might be able to adjust the differences between him and her son." The tone in which "all-accomplished St. John" rejected her proffered mediation, savoured more of his Roundhead education than of the classical elegance of phraseology for which he has been celebrated. "He was now," he said, "a free man, and wished his arm might rot off if he ever again drew his sword or his pen in her son's cause."⁴ It is doubtful, whether butcher Harrison, or any other low-bred member of the Rump, could have replied to a fallen queen and distressed mother, in terms more coarsely unmannerly.

¹ *Memoirs du Berwick. Bolingbroke Correspondence.*

² *Berwick.*

³ The loss of the services of a statesman, who had changed his party rather oftener than the vicar of Bray, and had been false to all, was, with all due submission to honest Berwick, no great misfortune. "The enormous blunder," committed by the chevalier de St. George, was, in ever having employed and placed confidence in a person, devoid alike of religious principles and moral worth, and having done so, to dismiss him, in a manner which afforded a plausible excuse for proving that his enmity was not quite so lukewarm as his friendship. As might be expected, a series of treacherous intrigues between Bolingbroke and the Walpole ministry, were commenced, to pave the way for his return from exile. Dr. Johnson's abhorrence of this infidel was founded more on principles of moral justice than on his own well-known predilection for the Jacobite cause.

⁴ *Lord Mabon's History of England.*

Lord Stair, who appears to have been somewhat better acquainted with Bolingbroke's proceedings than the duke of Berwick, gives the following jeering account of the affair to his friend, Horace Walpole:—

“Poor Harry is turned out from being secretary of state, and the seals are given to lord Mar; they call him knave and traitor, and God knows what! I believe all poor Harry's fault was, that he could not play his part with a grave enough face; he could not help laughing now and then at such kings and quæns. He had a mistress here at Paris, and got drunk now and then; and he spent the money upon his mistress that he should have bought powder with, and neglected buying the powder or the arms, and never went near the queen [Mary Beatrice]. For the rest, they [the Jacobites] begin to believe that the king is unlucky, and that the westerly winds and Bolingbroke's treasures have defeated the finest project that ever was laid.”¹

The letters of Mary Beatrice to her friends at Chaillot at this exciting period, have been apparently abstracted from the collection preserved in the hotel de Soubise, for although she generally employed lady Sophia Bulkeley as her amanuensis in the Chaillot correspondence, she occasionally wrote herself, when time and the state of her health permitted, as we find from the commencing words of the following touching note, of that faithful friend, which, it seems, inclosed one of hers:

“This 6th of March.

“As I have the honour to put this envelope to the queen's letter, I have no need, my dearest mother, to give you the trouble of reading one in my bad writing, save to tell you that we have great cause to praise God that her majesty continues well. The Lord gives us much consolation in that, while He chastens us in other things. His name be blessed for all. We remain in a constant state of uncertainty as to what will become of our friends who remain in Scotland, especially our husbands and sons. Permit me, my dear mother, to entreat a continuance of your charitable prayers for them, and believe me to be, with much attachment, your very humble and obedient servant,

“S. BULKELEY.”

The son of lady Sophia happily escaped the dreadful penalty suffered, by too many of the unfortunate noblemen and gentlemen, who had been rash enough to engage in the desperate enterprise, which, in evil hour, was undertaken in 1715, for the restoration of the house of Stuart. “My son, and Mr. Bulkeley,” says the duke of Berwick, “whom the king had not been able to bring off with him, instead of endeavouring to conceal themselves in the highlands like the others, ventured to come from the north of Scotland to Edinburgh, where they remained undiscovered for eight days, and hired a vessel to land them in Holland, whence they made their way to France. The regent, at the solicitation of lord Stair, deprived them of their places under the French government.”

The extreme depression in which the queen and her ladies remained during the melancholy spring of 1716, when every post from England brought them sad tidings of the tragic fate of the devoted friends who

¹ Walpole Correspondence, by Coxe, vol. ii. pp. 307, 308. Letter of Lord Stair to Horace Walpole, brother of sir Robert Walpole, dated March 3, 1716, from Paris.

had engaged in the cause of the chevalier de St. George, is feelingly noticed by lady Sophia Bulkeley, in a letter to one of the sisters of Chaillot, dated March the 20th. She says:—

“The weather and ourselves are both so dismal, my dear sister, that I have scarcely courage to write to you, much less to come and see you, though the queen has had the goodness to propose it to me; but I have thought it better to defer it till Easter, in the hope that the holy festivals may a little tranquillize our spirits, which find little repose at present. Her majesty's health is, thanks to God! good, in spite of the continual and overwhelming afflictions with which she is surrounded. The deaths of the earls of Derwentwater and Kenmore have grieved her much. Nothing can be more beautiful than the speech of the first; if it were translated into French, I would send it to you. The other (Lord Kenmore) said nothing then, but merely delivered a letter addressed to our king, which he begged might be sent to him. He afterwards embraced his son on the scaffold, and told him, ‘that he had sent for him there to show him how to shed the last drop of his blood for his rightful king, if he should ever be placed in like circumstances.’ His poor son was not more than fourteen or fifteen years old. The three other lords were to die last Wednesday, but it is hoped they will be pardoned. Meantime, we can know nothing more till we have letters from England, and they will not arrive before Monday.”

We may imagine the agonizing feelings that agitated the sad hearts of the anxious queen and her ladies during the interval. An unconfirmed rumour of the successful enterprise of that noble conjugal heroine, Winifred, countess of Nithesdale, for the preservation of her husband's life, had reached the court of St. Germain, and caused great excitement in the tearful circle there, as we find from the context of lady Sophia Bulkeley's letter, in which she says—

“The earl of Nithesdale, who married one of the daughters of the duke of Powys, and sister of lady Montagu, has been fortunate enough to escape out of the Tower, on the eve of the day appointed for his execution. Lady Nithesdale, who came to see him that evening, dressed him in her clothes, and he went out with two other ladies who had accompanied her. Some letters say that lady Nithesdale remained in the Tower in his place; others, more recent, affirm, that she went away with him; but this is very certain, that they did not know the husband from the wife, and that they cannot punish her for what she has done. My letter begins to get very long, and is so scrawled, that you will find it difficult to decipher some passages.”

The “*griffonage*” for which her ladyship apologizes, is, truth to tell, so bad, that if the holy sister of Chaillot succeeded in making out the next paragraph, she was cleverer than all the experienced transcribers of queer caligraphy in the hotel de Soubise, who were unable to unriddle the mystery. For the satisfaction of the curious reader, it may, however, be confidently affirmed, that neither Jacobite intrigues nor popish plots lurk in those unintelligible sentences, but rather, as we are inclined to suspect, some trifling matters of costume, of which, the nomenclature, as spelled by the noble writer, would be somewhat puzzling. Her ladyship, in conclusion, requests the nun, “to tell her daughter,” who was *en pension* in the convent, “that she sends her four pairs of gloves, of the then fashionable tint, called *blanc de pomme de terre*, that she had requested a person to bring her some pairs of brown gloves to wear in the holy week, but as they could not arrive till the morrow

he thinks she may manage with her white ones, and to take a discreet opportunity of sending back all her soiled gloves to her." The last clause implies a piece of domestic economy practised by the impoverished ladies of the household of the exiled queen at St. Germain's—namely, cleaning their own gloves.

The late unsuccessful enterprise of the Jacobites in Scotland and the north of England had not only involved in ruin and misery all the devoted partisans who had engaged in it, and exhausted the pecuniary resources of friends who had taken a more cautious part, but it had placed the son of Mary Beatrice in a far worse position with the powers of Europe, than that in which he had been left at the peace of Utrecht. His generous friends, the duke and duchess of Lorraine, were reluctantly compelled to exclude him from the asylum he had hitherto enjoyed at Bar, neither durst the prince of Vaudemonte or any other of the vassal princes of France or Germany receive him.

He was advised to retire to Sweden or Deux Ponts, as more likely to please the people of England than a residence in the papal dominions; but he chose to fix his abode at Avignon.¹

Lady Sophia Bulkeley, in the postscript of a letter to the abbess of Chaillot, merely dated "*Ce Vendredy St., au soir,*" says—

"Lady Clare has just come to tell me, that the queen commands me to inform you that the king, my master, is well, and arrived on the 2nd of this month at Avignon. The queen awaits with impatience the fine weather to come and see you."²

The regent Orleans, though he would neither assist nor tolerate the presence of the chevalier de St. George in France, could not be induced to deprive his widowed mother of the royal asylum and maintenance she had been granted by his late uncle, Louis XIV. Profligate as he was himself, Orleans regarded with reverence and compassion, a princess whose virtues and misfortunes entitled her to the sympathies of every gentleman in France. Even if he could have found it in his heart to listen to the remonstrances of the British ambassador against her residence at St. Germain's, it would have been regarded as derogatory to the national honour of the proud nation whose majesty he represented, to do anything calculated to distress or trouble her, who was so universally beloved and venerated by all classes of people. Mary Beatrice therefore remained unmolested in the royal chateau of St. Germain's, and retained the title and state of a queen dowager of England, and was treated as such in France, to her dying day. Her courts and receptions were attended by the mother of the regent, and all the French princes and princesses, with the same ceremonials of respect as in the lifetime of her powerful friend, Louis XIV. It would doubtless have been more congenial with the taste and feelings of Mary Beatrice, either to have passed the remnant of her weary pilgrimage in the quiet shades of Chaillot, or to have accompanied her beloved son to Avignon; but his interest required that she should continue to support, at any sacrifice, the

¹ Lord Mahon. Chaillot Records and Correspondence.

Ibid

² Inedited Stuart Papers, in the Hotel de Soubise

state of queen-mother, and keep up friendly and confidential intercourse with the wife, mother, and daughters of the regent of France. The marquis de Torcy, mareschal Villeroy, and others of the cabinet of Versailles, cherished great respect for her; and through the ladies of their families she enjoyed the opportunity of obtaining early information as to the political movements in England. It was, under these circumstances, much easier for the Jacobite correspondence to be carried on through the widow of James II., at the chateau of St. Germain, than with the more distant retreat of her son at Avignon. The communications between these two courts, as they were fondly styled by the adherents of the exiled family, were unremitting; and the pen of the royal mother was, during the last two years of her life, actively employed in secret correspondence with her old friends among the English and Scotch nobility, in behalf of her son.

The little Stuart sovereignty at St. Germain had been thinned by the events of the last few months. Many a brave gentleman, who had departed full of hope to join the Jacobite movement in the north, returned no more: the mourning garments and tearful eyes of their surviving families afforded only too sad a comment on the absence of well-remembered faces. Independently, however, of those who had perished by the contingencies of war, or, sadder still, by the hand of the executioner, the number of the faithful friends, who had held offices of state in her household, or that of her late consort, king James II., was diminishing every year by death. Among these, no one was more sincerely lamented by Mary Beatrice than James, earl of Perth, or, as he was entitled in her court, the duke of Perth, who died in the spring of 1716. If she had followed the energetic councils of that nobleman, in the first years of her regency, her son would, in all probability, have recovered the crown to which he had been born heir apparent, or, at any rate, established himself as an independent sovereign of Scotland.

The following interesting letter of condolence was written by the chevalier de St. George, with his own hand, to the son and successor of his old preceptor:—

"Avignon, May 17. 1716.

"I was more troubled than surprised to hear this morning of your father's death. I lose in him a true, faithful friend, whose merits were known to me, and had been recompensed by me, if he had lived till it shall please God to give me happier days. I desire you will let the duchess of Perth and all your family know the share I take in their just grief, and the desire I have of giving them proofs of that regard and favour they deserve so well on their own as well as his account.

"I believe your absence will be now shorter than you first intended it. You know how desirous I shall be of your company whilst abroad, and that I shall like it always, yet more to give you all the marks of favour and kindness my circumstances will allow of, or your merits deserve. J. R."

Addressed—"For the duke of Perth."¹

The disastrous result of the Jacobite insurrection in the preceding

¹ Royal Stuart Letters, No. 17, in the Archives of the Baroness Willoughby de Eresby. Through the courtesy of this noble lady, the descendant and representative of the ancient historical family of Drummond of Perth, the above inedited letter is for the first time introduced to the public.

year, ought to have convinced the widow and son of James II of the hopelessness of devising plans for the renewal of a contest which had cost the partisans of the Stuart cause so dear. They were, however, far from regarding that cause as desperate, seeing that the terrors of the sanguinary executions, which had just taken place in London and elsewhere, did not deter the people from wearing oaken boughs, in defiance of the prohibition of government, on the 29th of May, and white roses on the 10th of June.¹ Imprisonments, fines and scourgings were inflicted on those who would not resign those picturesque badges of misdirected loyalty to the soldiers, who were stationed in various parts of the city, to tear them from the hats and bosoms of the contumacious.

The names of "Oak apple day," for the 29th of May, and "White rose day," for the 10th of June, are still used by the peasantry in many parts of England, and tell their own tale as to the popularity of the customs to which they bear traditionary evidence. The symptoms of lingering affection for the representative of the old royal line, of which these badges were regarded as signs and tokens, were observed with uneasiness by the Walpole administration, and very severe measures were taken to prevent them.² A legislative act for the reform of the British kalendar, by the adoption of new style, would have done more to prevent white roses from being generally worn on the anniversary of the chevalier's birth, than all the penalties sir Robert Walpole could devise as a punishment for that offence. But owing to the ignorant bigotry of his party, in opposing the alteration in style, as a sinful conformity to popish fashions, the day called the 10th of June in England was, in reality, the 20th, when white roses are somewhat easier to obtain than they are ten days earlier, especially in cold, ungenial seasons.

In the autumn of 1716, an unwonted visitor appeared at St. Germain's, and requested the honour of a presentation to the queen-mother, as Mary Beatrice was called there. This was no other than the young marquis of Wharton, the son of one of the leaders of the revolution of 1688. He had been sent to finish his education in republican and Calvinistic principles at Geneva; and, out of sheer perversity, broke from his go-

¹ Calamy, in his History of his own life and times, pours forth a jeremiad on the perversity of the people in displaying a spirit so inconsistent with their duty to that gracious sovereign, George I. He affirms, that when the general service of thanksgiving for the suppression of the late tumults and seditions took place at St. Paul's, on the 7th of June, they were anything but suppressed; and instances the serious riots at Cambridge, on the 29th of May, when the scholars of Clarehall and Trinity College were miserably insulted for their loyalty to King George I., besides the pulling down of meeting-houses in various towns, which he, oddly enough, mentions among the tokens of disloyalty to the protestant branch of the royal family who had been called to the throne for the protection of the Established Church of England. He also groans in spirit over the number of white roses which he saw worn on the 10th of June, to do honour to the birth day of the pretender. *Life and Own Times*, by Edmund Calamy, D. D.

² On the 29th of May, 1717, "guards were placed to apprehend those who durst wear oaken boughs, and several persons were committed for this offence." Moreover, on the 6th of August following, "two soldiers were whipped almost to death in Hyde Park, and turned out of the service, for wearing oak boughs in their hats, 29th of May."—*Chronological History*, vol. ii. pp. 63—7. 72

vernor, travelled post to Lyons, whence he sent a present of a valuable horse to the chevalier de St. George, with a request to be permitted to pay his homage to him. The exiled prince sent one of his equerries to conduct him to his little court at Avignon, where he gave him a flattering reception, invested him with the order of the Garter, and admitted him into the number of his secret adherents. Wharton afterwards proceeded to St. Germain's, on purpose to pay his court to queen Mary Beatrice,¹ who, like her son, was, doubtless, flattered by the attention. The British ambassador, lord Stair, having had full information of Wharton's presentation to the widowed consort of James II., made a point of expostulating with him very seriously on his proceedings, as likely to have a ruinous effect on his prospects in life, and earnestly recommended him to follow the example of his late father, the friend and counsellor of William III. Wharton made a bitterly sarcastic retort; for he had wit at will, and used that dangerous weapon, as he did all the other talents which had been entrusted to him, with a reckless disregard to consequences. Wharton was a character made up of self-isms—a spoiled child of fortune, whose whim had been a law both to himself and all around him. He had never felt the necessity of caution—a quality in which villains of high degree are often found deficient. His apparent artlessness, at first, inspired confidence in those who did not perceive the difference between candour and audacity. The captivating manners and brilliant accomplishments of this young nobleman made, of course, a very agreeable impression on the exiled queen and her little court; but he was, in reality, a false diamond of the same class as Bolingbroke, equally devoid of religion, moral worth, or political honour, and proved, ultimately, almost as mischievous an acquisition to the cause of her son as that anti-Christian philosopher.

The attention of Mary Beatrice was a good deal occupied for the last two years of her life, in the various unsuccessful attempts that were made by her son to obtain a suitable consort. He was the last of the male line of Stuart, and many of those who were attached to his cause were reluctant to risk a scaffold, and the ruin of their own families, on the contingency of his single life. The backwardness of the English nobles and gentlemen of his own religion, during the rebellion of the preceding year, was considered mainly attributable to his want of a successor. The death of his sister, the princess Louisa, had robbed the Stuart cause of its greatest strength, and was a misfortune that nothing but the offspring of a royal alliance of his own could repair. Of all the princesses that were proposed, the daughter of her uncle, Rinaldo d'Esté, duke of Modena, would have been, undoubtedly, the most agreeable to Mary Beatrice for a daughter-in-law, and also, it should appear, to her son, who writes with impassioned eloquence to the father of the lady to implore his consent. "My happiness, my dear uncle," he says, "is in your hands, as well as that of all my subjects; and religion itself is not less interested in your decision."²

¹ Life of Philip, duke of Wharton.

² Stuart Papers, in possession of her Majesty the Queen, edited by J. H. Glover Esq., vol. i. p. 15.

The answer was unfavourable, and much regret was felt in consequence. The son of Mary Beatrice was almost as much at discount in the matrimonial market, at this period, as his uncle Charles II. had been during the protectorate, but not quite, seeing that there was one princess, highly connected, and possessed of great wealth, who was romantically attached to him from report. This was Clementine Sobieska, the granddaughter of the illustrious John Sobieski, king of Poland, whom he afterwards married. Queen Mary Beatrice did not live to witness these espousals. Almost the last time this queen's name is mentioned in connexion with history, is in the correspondence between count Gyllenberg and baron Spaar, the Swedish ministers at London and Paris, and Charles XII.'s minister, baron Gortz, relating to the secret designs of that monarch for the invasion of Scotland with 12,000 men, to place her son on the British throne.¹ Spain, and even Russia, were engaged in the confederacy. In September, Bolingbroke writes, "The people who belong to St. Germain and Avignon, were never more sanguine in appearance."²

It appears from one of count Gyllenberg's intercepted letters to Gortz, dated January 18th, 1717, that the merchant of whom a large loan had been procured, was to remit 20,000*l.* into France, to be paid into the hands of the queen-mother, Mary Beatrice, who would hand it over to the persons empowered to take the management of the financial arrangements.³ The most sanguine anticipations of the success of this confederacy were cherished; but secret information being conveyed to the British government, Gyllenberg, who had undoubtedly forfeited the privileges of an ambassador, was arrested, January 29th, 1717, by general Wade. His papers were seized, which contained abundant evidence of the formidable designs in preparation, which were thus happily prevented.⁴

Mary Beatrice paid her annual visit at Chaillot in the summer. She was in very ill health, and returned to St. Germain much earlier in the autumn than usual. The following is an extract from a letter to the abbess of Chaillot, written apparently soon after:—

St. Germain, Nov. 4th.

"The fine weather we have had since I quitted you, my dear mother, was not necessary to make me regret the abode at Chaillot, which is always charming to me, but it certainly makes me regret it doubly, although I cannot deny that since the three weeks I have been here, I have had more time to myself, and more solitude than during the whole period of my stay at Chaillot. This does not prevent me from wishing often for the company of my dear mother, and all the beloved sisters, in which I hope much to find myself again, if God gives me six months more of life. I took medicine last Friday because I have had during the last few days a return of the malady which has tormented me all the summer, but I have been better since then, thank God! and in three or four days I shall leave off the bark."⁵

After a page of kind inquiries after the health of the abbess, and the invalid sisters, whom she had left in the infirmary, and affectionate mes-

¹ Stuart Papers, in her Majesty's possession, edited by Glover.

² Intercepted correspondence, published in London, 1717.

³ Lord Mahon.

⁴ Letters of Count Gyllenberg

⁵ Lord Mahon's Hist. of England.

⁶ Inedited Letter of Mary Beatrice, in the Chaillot MSS.

sages to Catherine Angelique, and others of her particular friends, in the community, the royal writer refers to some untoward occurrence connected with a religieuse of another convent, in which the name of her son is brought up:

"I send you, my dear mother, the letter of the mother of St. Antoine on that disagreeable business of the sister of Tibejeau. The king my son has never written to me about it, but as I know that he has much friendship for the family of Sillery, it must have been to do them a pleasure that he has mixed himself up in the affair, not knowing your customs, nor my opinion thereupon. I do not think that you ought to apply to Rome at present about it, but only to the regent [Orleans] by the cardinal de Noailles, who has promised me and the abbess that he will do it, and he hopes to obtain a promise from the regent, but he can do no more during the minority of the king [Louis XV.], and after that he must try to obtain one from the king himself."

Her majesty leaves the mystery unexplained, by telling her correspondent, "That she will enter more fully into the subject when she sees her, but must now bid her adieu, for her supper is on table."¹

This letter is, apparently, one of the last of that curious correspondence of the exiled queen with the religieuses of Chaillot, which, surviving the dissolution of that monastery and all the storms of the revolution, has enabled her biographer to trace out many interesting incidents in her personal history, and more than this, to unveil her private feelings, as she herself recorded them in the unreserved confidence of friendship.

All the letters written by Mary Beatrice in her widowhood are sealed with black. Some bear the impression of her diamond signet, her regal initials "M.R.," crowned and interlaced; but more frequently of a seal a size larger, having the royal arms of England, France, Ireland, and Scotland, on the dexter side, and her own paternal achievement of Esté of Modena and Ferrara, on the sinister—viz., on the first and fourth quarters, *argent*, an eagle displayed, *sable*, crowned, *or*; the second and third, *azure*, charged with the three *fleur-de-lys*, *or*, within a *bordure* indented, *or* and *gules*. One supporter is the royal lion of England, the other, the crowned eagle of Esté. This was her small privy seal, the miniature of her great seal, as queen-consort of England, of which there is an engraving in Williment's Regal Heraldry.

In the commencement of the year 1718, Mary Beatrice, though fast approaching the termination of her weary pilgrimage, was occupied in corresponding with her old friends in England, in behalf of her son. Her pen appears to have been more persuasive, her name more influential, than those of the secretaries of state, either at Avignon or St. Germain. Early in January that year general Dillon writes to lord Mar, "that Atterbury, whom he figures under the political alias of Mr. Rigg, presses earnestly for Andrew's [*the queen-mother*] writing to Hughes [lord Oxford] about the mantle affair, and thinks the most proper time for compassing that matter, will be during the next sessions of Percy [*parliament*], whilst friends are together in town."² This mantle affair seems

¹ Inedited Letter of Mary Beatrice, in the Chaillot MSS.

² Smart Papers, in her Majesty's possession, edited by J. H. Glover, Esq., vol. i p. 19

to relate to a subscription loan for the use of the chevalier de St. George. It is further recommended, "that her majesty," signified by the soubriquet of "Andrew,"¹ should send her instructions to the earl of Oxford, in order to bring him to the point," rather a difficult matter with so notable a shuffler, we should think. Her majesty was also to be asked if any applications had recently been made to her by the duke of Shrewsbury, because, Atterbury had been informed that he had said, "that if he were sure Mr. Knight [the chevalier] had any project on foot, and a secure person to deal with, he would advance him ten thousand pounds on his own behalf, and engage that another gentleman, a friend of his, (whose name he would not mention,) should do the same;"² and, as Atterbury could not, with propriety, take any steps in the matter, he thought her majesty would do well to find a proper method of applying to the duke.³ The queen was also to be requested "to write a letter to Mrs. Pooley, [*lady Petre*,] thanking her for what she had done, and informing her that her son's affairs required further assistance; and another letter to the same purpose to Mr. Newcomb, [*the duke of Norfolk*,] and to send with these letters two blank powers for raising money, one for Mr. Allen [*the earl of Arran*], which he might make use of with such of the Primrose family [protestants] as he should think fit, and another for any person which he and the duke of Norfolk should think proper to be employed among Rogers's people [Roman catholics]."⁴ Another paper to the same purpose, in her majesty's collection, is supposed, by the learned editor of the newly published volume of the Stuart papers,⁵ containing the Atterbury correspondence, to have been sent, first, to the queen-mother at St. Germain, who forwarded it to James, at Urbino, where he was then residing.

From the same volume, it appears that the chevalier had been justly displeased with the conduct of her majesty's almoner, Mr. Lewis Innes, who, when employed to make a French translation of a letter addressed by that prince to the reverend Charles Leslie, and through him to the whole body of the protestant clergy, had put a false interpretation on certain passages. A most insidious piece of priestcraft, intended by Innes for the benefit of his own church, but calculated, like all crooked dealings, to injure the person he pretended to serve. James, in a letter to the duke of Ormond on the subject, expressed himself disgusted with the proceedings of the coterie at St. Germain, and said, that, with the exception of the queen, his mother, he did not desire to have anything more to do with any of them. "Their principles and notions, as mine," continues he, "are very different; former mistakes are fresh in my memory, and the good education I had under Anthony [queen Mary Beatrice] not less; so that I am not at all fond of the ways of those have lived so long with, nor the least imposed on by their ways and reasonings."⁶

¹ Stuart Papers, in her Majesty's possession, edited by J. H. Glover, Esq., vol. i. p. 19.

² Stuart Papers, in her Majesty's possession, edited by Glover, vol. i. p. 20.

³ J. H. Glover, Esq., Librarian to her Majesty, Queen Victoria.

⁴ Stuart Papers, edited by Glover, vol. i. pp. 24, 25.

Not contented with a strong expression of his displeasure at the generous liberty taken by Innes, James very properly insisted on his being dismissed from the queen-mother's service. Implicit submission to his authority was yielded, both by her majesty and her spiritual director. "The king is master," wrote Innes, to the dukè of Ormond, "and I, having the honour to be both his subject and his servant, think myself doubly obliged simply to obey his majesty's orders, without saying anything for myself."¹

This unpleasant occurrence happened towards the end of February, but whatever consternation the spirited conduct of the chevalier de St. George created among the reverend messieurs of the chapel royal of St. Germain, it is certain that it did not in the slightest degree disturb the affectionate confidence which had subsisted between the royal mother and her son, and which remained unbroken till the hour of her death.²

The coldness of the weather, and the increasing debility of the queen, prevented her from paying her accustomed visit to Chaillot, at Easter. The fatal malady in her breast, though for a time apparently subdued, had broken out again with redoubled violence in the preceding summer. She had borne up bravely, and endured with unruffled patience the torturing pangs that were destroying the principles of life, and continued to exert herself in her beloved son's cause till within a few days of her decease.

Her last illness attacked her in the month of April, 1718. She had recovered from so many apparently more severe, that a fatal termination was not at first apprehended. A deceptive amendment took place, and she even talked of going to Chaillot, but a relapse followed, and she then felt an internal conviction that she should not recover.³

The following letter without date or signature, in her well-known characters, which is preserved among the Chaillot papers in the hotel de Soubise, appears to have been written by the dying queen, to her friend Françoise Angelique Priolo. It contains her last farewell to her, and the abbess and sisters; under such circumstances, it must certainly be regarded as a document of no common interest.

"*Patientia vobis necessaria est.*"

"Yes in verity, my dear mother, it is very necessary for us, this patience; I have felt it so at all moments. I confess to you that I am mortific'd at not being able to go to our dear Chaillot. I had hoped it till now, but my ~~return~~ returned since three o'clock, and I have lost all hope. There is not, however, any thing very violent in my sickness, it has been trifling: but I believe that in two or three days I shall be out of the turmoil, if it please God, and if not, I hope that he will give me good patience. I am very weak and worn down, I leave the rest to lady ———, embracing you with all my heart. A thousand regards to our dear mother, and our poor sisters, above all to C. Ang———."⁴

Angelique⁵ she would have written, but the failing hand has left the name of that much-loved friend unfinished.

¹Stuart Papers, edited by Glover, vol. i p. 24, 25.

²Chaillot Records, inedited in the Hotel de Soubise.

³Ibid.

⁴Translated from the original French.

⁵Catharine Angelique du Mesme is the religieuse indicated; her other friend Claire Angelique de Beauvais, had already paid the debt of nature. Mary Beatrice in one of her preceding letters says, "I shall never cease to lament the

About six o'clock on Friday evening, the 6th of May, Mary Beatrice finding herself grow worse, desired to receive the last sacraments of her church, which after she had prepared herself, were administered to her by the curé of St. Germain's. As it was impossible for her to enjoy the consolation of taking a last farewell of her son, she resigned herself to that deprivation, as she had done to all her other trials, with much submission to the will of God, contenting herself with praying for him long and fervently. She desired, she said, to ask pardon, in the most humble manner, of all those to whom she had given cause of offence, or by any means injured, and declared she most heartily pardoned and forgave all who had in any manner injured or offended her. She then took leave of all her faithful friends and attendants, thanking them for their fidelity and services, and recommended herself to their prayers, and those of all present, desiring "that they would pray for her and for the king, her son, (for so she called him,) that he might serve God faithfully all his life." This she repeated twice, raising her voice as high as she could; and for fear she might not be heard by everybody, the room being very full, she desired the curé to repeat it, which he did. Growing weaker, she ceased to speak, and bestowed all her attention on the prayers for a soul departing, which were continued all night.¹

The dying queen had earnestly desired to see her friend, marshal Villeroy, the governor of the young king of France, and when in obedience to her summons he came, and drew near her bed, she rallied the sinking energies of life to send an earnest message to the regent Orleans, and to the royal minor, Louis XV. in behalf of her son. Nor was Mary Beatrice forgetful of those who had served her so long and faithfully, for she fervently recommended her servants and destitute dependants to their care, beseeching, with her last breath, that his royal highness, the regent, would not suffer them to perish for want in a foreign land, when she should be no more.²

These cares appear to have been the latest connected with earthly feelings that agitated the heart of the exiled queen, for though she retained her senses to the last gasp, she spoke no more. More than fifty persons were present when she breathed her last, between seven and eight in the morning of the 7th of May, 1718, in the sixtieth year of her age, and the thirtieth of her exile. She had survived her unfortunate consort, James II. sixteen years and nearly eight months.

"The queen of England," says the duke de St. Simon, "died at St Germain's, after ten or twelve days' illness. Her life, since she had been in France, from the close of the year 1688, had been one continued course of sorrow and misfortune, which she sustained heroically to the last. She supported her mind by devotional exercises, faith in God, prayer, and good works, living in the practice of every virtue that constitutes

loss of my dear Claire Angelique." A packet of letters from the exiled queen to that religieuse, preserved in the Chaillot Collection, is thus endorsed: "Ces lettres de la reine ont été écrites à notre très humble Mère Claire Angelique de Beauvais, pendant son dernier Trianal fini à cette ascension, 1709."

¹ MS. Lansdowne, 849, fol. 308. Brit. Mus. Inedited Stuart Papers. Chaillot Coll. ² *It. a.*

true holiness. Her death was as holy as her life. Out of 600,000 livres allowed her yearly by the king of France, she devoted the whole to support the destitute Jacobites with whom St. Germain's was crowded." The same contemporary annalist sums up the character of this princess in the following words:—"Combined with great sensibility she had much wit, and a natural haughtiness of temper, of which she was aware, and made it her constant study to subdue it, by the practice of humility. Her mien was the noblest, the most majestic and imposing in the world, but it was also sweet and modest."¹

The testimony of St. Simon is fully corroborated by that of a witness of no less importance than the mother of the regent Orleans—a princess who, from her near relationship to the royal Stuarts, and an acquaintance of nearly thirty years, had ample opportunities of forming a correct judgment of the real characteristics of the exiled queen; and as she is not accustomed to speak too favourably of her own sex, and certainly could have had no motive for flattering the dead, the following record of the virtues and worth of Mary Beatrice ought to have some weight, especially as it was written in a private letter of the duchess to one of her own German relatives.

"I write you to-day with a troubled heart, and all yesterday I was weeping. Yesterday morning, about seven o'clock, the good, pious, and virtuous queen of England died at St. Germain's. She must be in heaven. She left not a dollar for herself, but gave away all to the poor, maintaining many families. She never in her life," a strong expression, and from no hireling pen, "did wrong to any one. If you were about to tell her a story of anybody, she would say—'If it be any ill, I beg you not to relate it to me; I do not like histories which attack the reputation.'"²

As the besetting sin of the writer of this letter was the delight she took in repeating scandalous tales, she was doubtless among those to whom this admonitory check was occasionally given by the pure-minded widow of James II., who not only restrained her own lips from speaking amiss of others, but exerted a moral influence to prevent evil communications from being uttered in her presence.

Mary Beatrice had suffered too severely from the practices of those who had employed the pens and tongues of those political slanderers to undermine her popularity, to allow any one to be assailed in like manner; nor was she ever known to retaliate on the suborners of those who had libelled her. The eagle of Esté, though smitten to the dust, could not condescend to imitate the creeping adder, "which bites the horse by the heel to make his rider fall backward;" it was not in her nature to act so mean a part. "She bore her misfortunes," continues the duchess of Orleans, "with the greatest patience, not from stupidity, for she had a great deal of mind, was lively in conversation, and could laugh and joke very pleasantly. She often praised the princess of Wales. [Caroline, consort of George II.] I loved this queen much, and her death has caused me much sorrow."³

¹ *Memoires du duc de St. Simon*, vol. xv. pp. 46, 47.

² From the *Historical Correspondence and remains of Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans*. Paris, 1844.

³ *Ibid.*

Though Mary Beatrice was now where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest, hearts were found hard enough to falsify, for political purposes, the particulars of her calm and holy parting from a world that was little worthy of her. She had forgiven her enemies, her persecutors, and, those who were hardest of all to forgive, her slanderers; but those who had thus sinned against her, not only continued to bear false witness against her, but they accused her of having borne false witness against herself, by pretending, "that on her death-bed she had disowned her son, and adopted their calumny on his birth." The absurdity of this tale, which appeared in the Dutch Gazette a few days after her death, is exposed in a contemporary letter, written by a gentleman at Paris, who, after relating the particulars of her late majesty's death, which, he says, "he had from a person who was in the room with her when she died, and sat up by her all night, as most of her servants and many others did," adds:¹

"You will wonder therefore, upon what your Holland Gazetteer could ground such an apparent falsity, as to insinuate, that she disowned at her death, the chevalier de St. George's being her son, for whose safety and happiness she professed, both then, and at all times, a much greater concern than for her own life, as was manifest to all that were well acquainted with her, and to above fifty persons that were present at her death: for as she loved nothing in this world but him; so she seemed to desire to live no longer than she could be serviceable to him. She had suffered near thirty years' exile for his sake; and chose, rather to live upon the benevolence of a foreign prince, than to sign such a receipt for her jointure, as might give the least shadow of prejudicing what she thought her son's right. And yet what is still more wonderful, the said gazetteer infers, from her desiring to see the mareschal de Villeroy, that it was to disown her son; whereas, quite the contrary, it was to recommend him to the regent of France with her dying breath; hoping that might induce his royal highness, to have a greater regard for him; and likewise to recommend her servants, and those that depended upon her, to his generosity, that he might not suffer them to perish for want, in a foreign country.

"The story of her being at variance with her son was as groundless as the rest; there was not a post but they mutually received letters from each other; and packets came from him directed to her, every post since her death, and will undoubtedly, till he hears of it. Her last will was sent to the chevalier de St. George by a courier. In fine, (to use my friend's words,) never mother loved a son better! Never mother suffered more for a son, or laboured more zealously to assist him! But if malicious men will still pursue that oppressed princess with lies and calumnies, even after her death; that with the rest must be suffered. It is easier to blacken the innocent, than to wipe it away."²

It is now evident, whence Onslow, the speaker, derived the vague report, to which he alludes in his marginal note on Burnet's History of his Own Times, "that the widowed queen of James II. took no notice of her son in her will, and left all she had to dispose of to the regent Orleans." Poor Mary Beatrice! Her effects were literally personal, and those she disposed of as follows, without bestowing the smallest share

¹ MS. Lansd. 849, fol. 308.

² This remark illustrates the political maxim of the earl of Wharton, when he reminded his royal friend, William III., "that a clever lie, well believed answered their purpose as well as the truth."

on the regent. Her heart to the monastery of Chaillot, in perpetuity, to be placed in the tribune beside those of her late husband, king James, and the princess, their daughter; her brain and intestines to the Scotch college, to be deposited in the chapel of St. Andrew,¹ and her body to repose unburied in the choir of the conventual church of St. Marie de Chaillot, till the restoration of her son, or his descendants, to the throne of Great Britain, when, together with the remains of her consort and their daughter, the princess Louisa, it was to be conveyed to England, and interred with the royal dead in Westminster Abbey.²

Never did any queen of England die so poor as Mary Beatrice as regarded the goods of this world. Instead of having anything to leave, she died deeply in debt to the community of Chaillot; "this debt, with sundry small legacies, she charged her son to pay, out of respect to her memory, whenever it should please God to call him to the throne of his ancestors."³

After the customary dirges, prayers, and offices of her church had been performed in the chamber of the deceased queen, her body was embalmed. The following day, being Sunday, it remained at St. Germain, where solemn requiems were chanted in the cathedral church for the repose of her soul.⁴ All wept and lamented her loss, protestants as well as persons of her own faith; for she had made no distinction in her charities, but distributed to all out of her pittance. The poor were true mourners.

Her ladies, some of whom had been five and forty years in her service were disconsolate for her loss, so were the officers of her household. The French, by whom she was much esteemed, also testified much regret, so that a general feeling of sorrow pervaded all classes. The duke de Noailles, as governor of St. Germain, and captain of the guards, came, by the order of the regency, to make the necessary arrangements for her funeral, which was to be at the expense of the French government, with the respect befitting her rank, and the relationship of her late consort to the king of France, but without pomp. A court mourning of six weeks, for her, was ordered by the regent; but the respect and affection of the people made it general, especially when her remains were removed, on the 9th of May, attended by her sorrowful ladies and officers of state. In the archives of France the official certificate of the governor of St. Germain is still preserved, stating, "that being ordered by his royal highness, the regent, the duke of Orleans, to do all the honours to the corpse of the high, puissant, and excellent queen, Marie

¹ Stuart Papers in the Archives au Royaume de France. The chapel dedicated to St. Andrew, at Paris, still exists, and contains a beautiful monument of marble erected by the duke of Perth to the memory of James II., beneath which was placed an urn of gilt bronze containing the brain of that monarch. Monuments and epitaphs of Mary Beatrice, wife, and of Louisa Mary, daughter of James, and also of several members of the Perth family, are still to be seen, together with the tombs of Barclay the founder, and of Innes.

² Chaillot Records. Memorials de la Reine d'Angleterre, in the Archives of France.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Ibid.

Beatrice Eleanora d'Esté of Modena, queen of Great Britain, who deceased at St. Germain-en-laye, 7th of May, he found, by her testament, that her body was to be deposited in the convent of the Visitation of St. Marie, at Chaillot, to be there *till the bodies of the king her husband, and the princess her daughter, should be transported*; but that her heart and part of her entrails should rest in perpetuity with the nuns of the said convent, with the heart of the king her husband, and that of his mother (queen Henrietta); and that he has in consequence, and by the express orders of the king of France, (through M. le Regent) caused the said remains of her late Britannic majesty to be conveyed to that convent, and delivered to the superior and her *religieuses* by the abbé Ingleton, grand almoner to the defunct queen, in the presence of her ladies of honour, lord Middleton, &c."¹

There is also an attestation of the said father Ingleton, stating, "that he assisted at the convoy of the remains of the royal widow of the very high and mighty prince, James II., king of Great Britain, on the 9th of May, 1718, to the convent of Chaillot, where they were received by the devout mother, Anne Charlotte Bocharé, superior of that community, and all the *religieuses* of the said monastery, in the presence of the ladies of her late majesty's household, the earl of Middleton, her great chamberlain; Mr. Dicconson, comptroller-general of the household; count Molza, lord Caryl, Mr. Nugent, and Mr. Crane, her equerries, and père Gaillar, her confessor."

The following letter was addressed by the chevalier de St. George to the abbess of Chaillot, in reply to her letters of condolence, and contains a complete refutation of the malicious reports that were circulated as to any estrangement between the deceased queen and her son. The original is in French, written in his own hand:—

"June 16, 1718.

"My reverend mother,—You will have seen by a letter I have already written, that I am not ignorant of the attachment and particular esteem that the queen, my most honoured mother, had for you and all your community, and the affection with which it was returned.

"So far from disapproving of the letter of condolence you have written in your name, and in that of your holy community, I regard it as a new proof of your zeal, and I have received it with all the sensibility due to the sad subject. I require all your prayers to aid me in supporting the great and irreparable loss I have just sustained, with proper resignation. Continue your prayers for me, I entreat. Unite them with those, which I hope that righteous soul offers this day in heaven—for you as well as for me. This is the best consolation that her death has left us.

"In regard to her body and heart, they are in good hands, since they are where the queen herself wished them to be, and doubt not, that in this, as in all other things, the last wishes of so worthy a mother will be to me most sacred, and that I shall feel pleasure in bestowing on you and all your house, marks of

¹The date of this paper is the 12th of May. It certifies the fact that the remains of this unfortunate queen were conveyed with regal honours from St. Germain to Chaillot, by order of the regent Orleans, two days after her decease but that her funeral did not take place till the end of the following month.

my esteem and of my goodwill, whenever it shall please Providence to give me the means.

Votre Bon Amy

Jacques R

"Urbino, this 16th of June, 1718."

The obsequies of Mary Beatrice were solemnized in the conventual church of Chaillot, on the 27th of June. The sisters of that convent, and all the assistant mourners, were, by the tolling of the bell, assembled in the great chamber at noon on that day, for the procession, but as the ceremonial and offices were according to the ritual of the church of Rome, the detail would not interest the general reader."¹

The earnest petition which the dying queen had preferred to the regent Orleans, in behalf of the faithful ladies of her household, who, with a self-devotion not often to be met with in the annals of fallen greatness, had sacrificed fortune and country for love of her, and out of loyalty to him they deemed their lawful sovereign, was not in vain. Orleans, however profligate in his general conduct, was neither devoid of good nature or generosity. Mary Beatrice had asked that the members of her household might be allowed pensions out of the fund that had been devoted to her maintenance by the court of France; and above all, as they were otherwise homeless, that they might be permitted, they and their children, to retain the apartments they occupied in the chateau of St. Germain, till the restoration of her son to his regal inheritance. Long as the freehold lease of grace might last, which a compliance with this request of the desolate widow of England involved, it was frankly granted by the gay, careless regent, in the name of his young sovereign. Thus the stately palace of the Valois and Bourbon monarchs of France continued to afford a shelter and a home to the noble British emigrants who had shared the ruined fortunes of the royal Stuarts. There they remained, they and their families, even to the third generation undisturbed, a little British world, in that Hampton Court on the banks of the Seine, surrounded by an atmosphere of sympathy and veneration, till the revolution of France drove them from their shelter.²

¹ The particulars are preserved among the Archives of France in the Hotel de Soubise.

² The countess of Middleton survived her royal mistress eight-and-twenty years. She lived long enough to exult, in her ninety-seventh year, in the news of the triumphant entrance of the grandson of James II. and Mary Beatrice, Charles Edward Stuart, into Edinburgh in 1745, and died in the fond delusion that a new restoration of the royal Stuarts was about to take place in England. This lady was the daughter of an earl of Cardigan.

Till that period, the chamber, in which Mary Beatrice of Modena died, was scrupulously kept in the same state in which it was wont to be during her life. Her toilette-table, with its costly plate and ornaments, the gift of Louis XIV., was set out daily, as if for her use, with the four wax candles in the gilt candlesticks ready to light, just as if her return had been expected. Such at least are the traditionary recollections of the oldest inhabitants of the town of St. Germain, relics, themselves, of a race almost as much forgotten in the land as the former Jacobite tenants of the royal chateau.

A time-honoured lady, who derives her descent from some of the noble emigrants who shared the exile of James II. and his consort, has favoured me with the following particulars in corroboration of the French traditions of the palace of the royal Stuarts:—

“I was a very young girl,” writes her ladyship, “when I saw the castle of St. Germain; there were apartments there still occupied by the descendants of king James’s household. Among these were my father’s aunt, Miss Plowden,”—no other, gentle reader, than that ‘petite Louison’ whose childish burst of grief and disappointment at not seeing her mother among the ladies in attendance on the queen, moved her majesty’s kind heart to pity the poor child—“niece to the earl of Stafford, and my mother’s aunt, also an old maiden lady, sister to my grandfather, lord Dillon. The state-rooms were kept up, and I remember being struck with the splendour of the silver ornaments on the toilet of the queen. At the French revolution, all was plundered and destroyed.”

An original portrait of Mary Beatrice, probably the last that was ever painted of her, is one of the few relics of the royal plunder that has been traced, authenticated, and preserved. It is now in the collection of James Smith, Esq., of St. Germain, and is a highly interesting and curious memorial of this unfortunate queen. Its value is not as a work of art, but as affording a faithful representation of Mary Beatrice of Modena in her last utter loneliness.

She is in her widow’s dress, sitting by the urn which enshrines her husband’s heart; she points to it with a mournful air. A large black crape veil is thrown over her head, according to the fashion of the royal widows of France, one corner forming a point on the forehead, and the rest of the drapery falling like a mantle over the shoulders nearly to the ground. Her robes are of some heavy mourning stuff, with hanging sleeves, which are turned back with white lawn weepers, and display the hands and arms a little above the wrist. She wears the round white lawn tippet, which then formed part of the widow’s costume, and about her throat a single row of large round pearls, from which depends a cross. Her hair is shown from beneath the veil: it has lost its jetty hue, so have her eyebrows; and though decided vestiges of beauty may still be traced in the majestic outline of her face, it is of a different character from that which Lely and Kneller painted, and Waller, Dryden, and Granville, sang. A milder, a more subdued expression, marks the features of the fallen queen, the desolate widow, and bereaved mother, who had had so often cause to say with the Psalmist, “Thine in-

dignation lieth hard upon me. Thou hast vexed me with all thy storms." But the chastening had been given in love, the afflictions had been sent in mercy; religion and the sweet uses of adversity had done their work; every natural alloy of pride, of vanity, and impatience, had been purified from the character of this princess. There is something more lovely than youth, more pleasing than beauty, in the divine placidity of her countenance, as she sits in her sable weeds by that urn, a mourner, but not without hope, for the book of holy writ lies near, as well it might, for it was her daily study. It was the fountain of consolation whence Mary Beatrice of Modena drew the sweetness that enabled her to drink the bitter waters of this world's cares with meekness, and to repeat, under every fresh trial that was decreed her,

"It is the Lord, he is the Master, and his holy name be for ever blessed and praised."¹

The life of the unfortunate widow of James II. can scarcely conclude more appropriately, than with the following characteristic quotation from one of her letters, without date, but evidently written when the cause of her son was regarded, even by themselves, as hopeless:

"Truth to tell, there remains to us at present neither hope nor human resource from which we can derive comfort of any kind whatsoever, so that, according to the world, our condition may be pronounced desperate; but, according to God, we ought to believe ourselves happy, and bless and praise Him, for having driven us to the wholesome necessity of putting our whole trust in Him alone, so that we might be able to say—

'Et nunquam est expectatio mea! Nonni dominus.
Oh, blessed reliance! Oh, resource infallible.'"²

¹ MS. *Lettres de la Reine d'Angleterre, Veuve de Jacques II., in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.*

² *Unedi ed Letter of Mary Beatrice of Modena, to Françoise Angélique Priolo. (Caillet Collection, in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.*

